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D. W. GRIFFITH COLLECTION
MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY

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D. W. GRIFFITH'S HOLLYWOOD

PROGRAM #17

( ) ( )
10:00- 10:15 P.M. MARCH 1, 1933 WEDNESDAY

(ORCHESTRA: FANFARE)

(SIGNATURE.....FADES DOWN UNDER)

KEECH: One again the makers of Hinds Honey and Almond Cream present Mr. D. W. Griffith, the great motion picture director. But before Mr. Griffith begins tonight's story...let me ask you a question. Who is your favorite movie star? Wouldn't you like to have hands as divinely soft, white...as hers? You can, and in only 3 days from now...no matter how rough, red, and toil-worn your hands are. There's a famous quick action hand lotion that does the trick. Simply rub Hinds Honey and Almond cream on your hands after they have been in water, after exposure and always at night. Then at the end of 3 days see how, smooth, white, exquisitely soft and alluring they are. And what's more, ladies, you can prove this at our expense. Listen carefully to the closing announcement, which tells you how to get a bottle of this remarkable hand lotion absolutely without cost.
And now...here is Mr. D. W. Griffith. ....

GRIFFITH: Thank you, Mr. Keech. Ladies and gentlemen...tonight I want to try to re-enact for you the Babylonian sequence, of the picture "Intolerance" ~~the Fall of Babylon"~~ one of the greatest tragedies of all time... ~~the Fall of Babylon.~~

Imagine for a moment that Belshazzar, King of Babylon is celebrating the defeat of Cyrus the Great, Commander of the Persian forces, whom Belshazzar has driven from the city walls. The ragged Mountain girl, played by Constance Talmadge, stands looking from a distant doorway, past the armed guards into the banquet hall, upon the great feast of Belshazzar. THE MOUNTAIN GIRL HAD BEEN FREED FROM SLAVERY BY BELSHAZZER - AND WAS DEVOTED TO HIM. The scenes of revelry re-enacted in this banquet hall are to be photographed from a moveable camera stand sixty feet in height. This camera stand has elevators on which the cameras are placed. As the great platform moves forward, these elevators move down, so as to keep correct focal distance as the platform moves on into the very heart of the scene being played, getting intimate close views of the ten thousand guests at the feast.

(MUSIC..... SENSUAL.....ORIENTAL....STEALS IN)

(MURMUR OF VOICES)

First, here [redacted] in the foreground, a noble clasping a beautiful, [redacted] girl....listen...

NOBLE: (FADING IN) Your hair is like a dusky purple veil on the mountains of Assyria. Your body is like untouched snow beneath it!

GIRL: Hold me...hold me...closer. Love me...love me!

NOBLE: I have a million kisses for you! Your hair..your lips... those fluttering hands!.....and you....you!

(MUSIC SWELLS A SECOND.....THEN DOWN AGAIN)

GRIFFITH: There we see a giant Prince of Babylon, holding a leashed black leopard with his terrible right hand. His left holds by the hair a brown Bedouin slave girl, from the Arabian desert....a wild, savage beauty. The Prince speaks..

GIANT: Little slave...Look...your eyes outgleam my leopards. I tamed him! I'll tame you!

GIRL: Master! Master! Beat me as you did him and I'll be tame!

(MUSIC.....LAUGHTER...VOICES SWELL..THEN DIM DOWN UNDER)

GRIFFITH: Try to imagine it...Belshazzer's Banquet Hall in the center of his great palace...a palace supposed to be two and a half miles long and two miles wide...easily accomodating Hall ten thousand guests.

GRIFFITH: Think of the talk people make about a little Hollywood party...today...when they take a night off! Perhaps a weekend or a couple of days. Belshazzer's feasts ran for months. Their food and wines were gathered from all parts of the globe. Their wines, snow-cooled.... hundreds of oxen, sheep and so forth roasted at one time.

(MUSIC . . . . FADES OUT)

But while this feast is going on the powerful High Priest of Babylon has journeyed secretly to Belshazzar's enemy, Cyrus, the Persian King. FOR A CERTAIN REWARD He betrays Belshazzar by promising Cyrus he will open the great gates of Babylon. But the Mountain Girl, poking her nose into everything, standing by the great gates, is astounded to see the High Priest's retinue thunder out the gates toward the tents of Cyrus.

Just then a ~~tipsy~~ DRUNKEN chariot driver makes advances to her...

(HORSE AND CHARIOT RUMBLE UP)

DRIVER: Hold!

(HORSE STOPS)

Ah, the fairest flower in Babylong....standing alone by the gate!

MOUNTAIN GIRL:

Be off, camel driver!

DRIVER: (LAUGHS) And Spirit, too!...Well, a morsel fit for the Gods..in spite of her rags....Come here, little one!

MOUNTAIN GIRL:

If you want me....clib out of that chariot and come and get me!

DRIVER: On my oath....I'll do that...I'll: .....

(SMACK)

Owwwww!

MOUNTAIN GIRL:

Take that, pig!!

(HORSE STARTS RAPIDLY...WHEELS RECEDE)

MOUNTAIN GIRL:

(LAUGHS....FADING)

DRIVER: (YELLS) Come back here...Come back....(THEN SADLY TO HIMSELF) By the Beard of the Prophet, she has stolen my chariot!

(MUSIC .....FADES DOWN UNDER)

GRIFFITH: So the spunky Mountain Girl in her stolen chariot follows the treacherous High Priest. While waiting near the Temple Gates she had heard sinister mutterings, a word dropped now and then. As she was only a vagabond of the streets, she was not deemed any possible danger, so now when, from a distance in her chariot, she sees the great army of Cyrus forming.....marching toward Babylon , she patches the truth together. (cont. next page)

Belshazzar's enemies are coming to catch Babylon in an unguarded moment!

(BANQUET MUSIC)

(SOUND OF REVELRY STEALS IN)

Now back we got to the banquet hall again. Belshazzar sits with his Princess Beloved, slave girls, singing girls, surrounding them. The Princess Beloved speaks.

PRINCESS BELOVED: Oh, Lord of Lords, my beloved...See, in my little Chariot of gold, drawn by doves, I send you my gift, a white flower!

BELSHAZZAR: Beloved.....beloved...the very dearest one of my dancing girls....the very clearest pearl of all my pearls!

PRINCESS: Your people! Look....they drink to you!

(ROAR OF CROWD.....FADES DOWN)

(MUSIC AND VOICES FADE OUT UNDER NEXT SPEECH)

GRIFFITH: Here...the ten thousand guests were supposed to advance, raise their cups in unison and drink to Belshazzar. People have often asked me how a director handles a scene as huge as this...so I'll explain. We worked everything from the Camera platform, where I sat with my assistant, George Siegman, and a battery of telephone operators. The extra people were divided into companies, each numbered. When a certain portion of the mob were supposed to advance, after my orders, Siegman called out commands to the operators.

(RUMBLE OF CROWD IN...BUILDING)

They telephoned to the loud speaker before the companies. The Captain of the company signalled Lieutenants and they moved as directed.

(CROWD CONTINUES UNDER)

GRIFFITH: Order there! Both sides forward with cups raised! The last company starts first...then straight down the line..

SIEGMAN: (ORDERING) Telephone girl...company number twenty advance. number nineteen..

1ST GIRL: All right...

SIEGMAN: (ALL RAPID-FIRE) Seventeen advance...

GIRL: All right..

SIEGMAN: Sixteen advance.....

GIRL: All right...

SIEGMAN: Fifteen... ...

(SIEGMAN'S AND GIRL'S VOICE FADE)

(CROWD BUILDS UP)

GRIFFITH: Then...as Belshazzar, the King rises..he lifts his cup...we hear the sound of Cymbals.....

(CRASH OF CYMBALS AWAY)

And the shouts of the great crowd...."Belshazzar.... Belshazzar, the King of Kings!!"

(CROWD ROAR WAY UP)

(MUSIC.....FADES DOWN)

GRIFF: While this is going on the Mountain Girl in her stolen chariot races through the opening gates leading into the city. She turns back, sees them still open and unguarded, and the hosts of Cyrus pouring through into the doomed city. In her haste to warn Belshazzar, she drives her chariot pell mell into the banquet hall, past the guards, and up to the captain who is guarding Belshazzar.

(SOUNDS OF REVELRY...MUSIC...UP A FEW SECONDS FADES)

(HORSE AND CHARIOT APPROACH RAPIDLY)

(CRIES...MUSIC STOPS)

CAPT: Stop!! What does this mean?

M GIRL: Oh Captain... Captain.. the Armies of Cyrus!! They are entering the Gates of Babylon.

CAPT: (LAUGHING) The armies of Cyrus are forty leagues away!

M GIRL: Hear me! Hear me, I say... The gates are left open!

BELSH: (APPROACHING) What is it, Captain?

CAPT: This mountain girl...

M GIRL: (INTERRUPTING) Oh, my king, my king... it is the truth! Cyrus is entering the city.... Look, here are other messengers.

(MESSENGERS COME RUNNING IN)

1st MES: Oh, my King..the enemy has entered the gates!

2nd MES: It is true, my Lord.. we have seen them. There are thousands upon thousands!

BELSH: We are lost... lost!!

(ROAR OF CROWD...FADES DOWN)

GRIFF: Then we go to the streets, where the chariots of Cyrus are riding down the populace. Listen . . .

(RUMBLE OF CHARIOTS)

(TRUMPETS)

(BEAT OF WAR DRUMS)

(SCREAMS..,CRIES)

VOICES: The Persians... the Persians! Traitors have betrayed us!!

(FADE A LITTLE)

GRIFF: Through all that great city were heard the words that will live forever.."Babylon is Falling!!"

(EFFECTS FADE OUT)

In the temple the priestesses pray, and the Princess beseeches her Goddess.

PRINCE: Oh, Ishtar... mother, Queen of Heaven..Oh send thy lightening and thunder upon the enemy!! Save us, Oh Ishtar!!

(EFFECTS IN AGAIN..BUILDING)

GRIFF: Belshazzar is holding the gates of his own Palace with only twelve guards that are faithful to him. The captain is trying to pull Belshazzar from out the battle.

(CRIES CRASHING OF WALLS DIM)

1st G: Go, Oh King..we cannot hold the gate much longer... You must not be dragged as a captive behind the war car of Cyrus.

(SOUND OF SCREAMING TRUMPETS)

(BEATING OF DRUMS)

(WAR CRIES)

(SOUNDS OF WALLS BEING BROKEN DOWN)

1st G (CONTINUES)

To your thrown...and death upon it! Listen, the walls are being broken in..Go! (Exit)

GRIFF: So... Belshazzar goes to his throne. With the twelve guards at the gate was the Mountain Girl, fiercely fighting. When she is fatally wounded by a Persian arrow, she staggers off after the King, to her death at the foot of the throne of Belshazzar! Then the Princess comes to the King on his throne!

(UNDER ALL THIS..CRASHING OF WALLS..ETC BUILDING)

PRINC: BELOVED: (ENTERING) Belshazzar! Belshazzar! Oh, king of Kings!

BELSH: Oh, Princess Beloved...we must quickly to honorable death!

PRINC: Quickly...we must not be captured...Your sword! Come, slaves...Neither can you be captives of the Persian dogs...upon this sword..quickly!

ONE G: I come, Mistress! Pierce quickly!

2nd G Let me shut my eyes..and run upon it.

3rd G: I am afraid..I am afraid.

PRINC: Bare your breast! You go with your King...to the death Halls of Allet!

BELSH: Strike quickly...the walls are falling!

PRINC: Let me strike myself...let me pierce my own breast first! Oh, King...see! I strike! Oh... how easy it is to die!

BELSH: I strike!

(THEN AS THOUGH HE HAD PLUNGED SWORD INTO HIS OWN HEART)

Oh, Princess Beloved!

(TERRIFIC CLIMAX ON EFFECTS..CRASHING WALLS ETC FADES A LITTLE)

GRIFF: And so, erect upon the throne, their heads close together, their faces one against the other, royal in death...Thus Cyrus, with the traitorous High Priest beside him, views his conquered foe, who was yet unconquered, and the Priest, with malignant screaming tones..

[redacted] The King, Belshazzar, is dead...Long live Cyrus, King of Kings, Lord of Lords!

(AND THIS IS ECHOED FROM THE GREAT PALACE)

[redacted] Long Live Cyrus, King of Kings and Lord of Lords!

(MUSIC...SHORT....DRAMATIC)

GRIFF: Well, we have thought that we buried old rulers and laws and Kings, but I am afraid... if we look around a little, Italy, Germany, Russia... we will find they have only changed their clothes, and the King business is going on about the same as usual.

(SIGNATURE)

ANNOUNCER:

Ladies - will you accept, please...with our compliments, a 7 day trial bottle of Hinds Honey and Almond Cream, enough for 18 or 20 applications. This is our gift to you. You pay nothing, send no limerick lines, no package labels. We simply want you to try the famous, quick-action hand Lotion that brings new hand beauty in three days. The lotion that ends chapping pain instantly, heals sore, cracked, chapped skin overnight.

And with your gift bottle you will receive a notice telling you how to get the necessary preparations for a famous new facial beauty treatment absolutely without cost.

Just mail your name and address in a letter or post-card to Hinds - H I N D S - Bloomfield, B L O O M F I E L D New Jersey, and your complimentary bottle of Hinds Honey and Almond Cream will be mailed to you.

The Hinds Honey and Almond Cream program comes to you every Wednesday and Sunday at 10 P.M.

In tonight's program was impersonated by

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This is the National Broadcasting Company

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#16

Babylon is Falling Mr Griffith Copy.

MR. GRIFFITH: We have told in our last sequence how Constance Talmadge secured the part of the Mountain Girl in the Babylonian period play "Intolerance". For a long time she has been adoring the great King - Belshazzar - from a distance mostly. Now we come to her part in the reenactment of one of the greatest tragedies of all history -- the Fall of Babylon!

The Mountain Girl looking from a distant doorway past the armed guards into the banquet hall, upon the great feast of Belshazzar. The scenes of revelry reenacted in this banquet hall are to be photographed from a camera stand sixty feet in height, from a distance of about a half mile, in to the close views of the banquet. This camera stand has elevators on which the cameras are placed. As the great platform moves forward, these elevators move down, so as to keep correct focal distance as the platform moves on into the very heart of the scene being played, getting close views of the ten thousand guests at the feast.

MR. KEECH: That must have been some banquet!

MR. GRIFFITH: It was imaged after the splendors of an older day. The banquet hall was the center of a great palace supposed to be two and a half miles long and two miles wide. It could easily accommodate the ten thousand guests.

MR. KEECH: That would make our modern parties look rather meager.

MR. GRIFFITH: Yes... Imagine the talk people make about a little Hollywood party -- an orgy -- when they take a night off? Perhaps a weekend or a couple of days. Belshazzar's feasts ran for months. They were real affairs! When they'd eaten and drunk all they could, they had vomitoriums... and after they got rid of the surplus of their over-filled stomachs, they could rest a while and start all over again. Yes, our most prolonged and terrible modern whoopee parties seem very kindergartenish compared to one of these blow-outs of Belshazzar's. Their food and wines were gathered from all parts of the globe. Their wines, snow-cooled... hundreds of oxen, sheep etc. roasted in the cheaper quarters.

On this occasion, Belshazzar was celebrating his defeat of Cyrus, the Great, Commander of the Persian forces, whom he had driven from the city walls.

MR. KEECH: But how were all those people managed? I saw it; I remember they worked in unison backward and forward. They looked like tens of thousands and hundreds of chariots.

MR. GRIFFITH: From the camera platform by telephone operators. The extra people were divided into companies, each numbered. When a certain portion of the mob were supposed to advance, after my orders, the assistant called out commands to the operators... They telephoned to the loud speaker before the companies. The Captain of the company signalled Lieutenants and they moved as directed. But before the entire banquet hall is photographed, / running cameras captured the intimate close views.

Note: Through this goes sensuous oriental music, softly played... lutes... harps...

MR. GRIFFITH: On a couch a noble, clasping a beautiful, half-clad girl.

LOVER: Your hair is like a dusky purple veil on the mountains of Assyria! Your body is like the untouched snow beneath it!

GIRL: Hold me... hold me... closer! Love me... love me!

LOVER: I have a million kisses for you! Your hair... your lips... those fluttering hands! --- and you.. you!

MR. GRIFFITH: Then to a Prince of Babylon, holding a black leopard with his terrible right hand.... and a brown slave from the Bedouin desert.. a wild savage beauty.... So it seems this giant Prince holds two wild things at the same time.

GIANT: Little slave! Look... your eyes outgleam my leopard's. I tamed him! I'll tame you!

GIRL: (In a passion-laden voice) Master! Master! Beat me as you did him and I'll be tame!

MR. GRIFFITH: But while this feast is going on the powerful High Priest of Babylon has journed secretly to Belshazzar's enemy, Cyrus, the Persian King. He betrays Belshazzar by promising Cyrus he will open the great gates of Babylon. But the Mountain Girl, walker of the streets, polking her nose into everything, standing by the great gates, is astounded to see the High Priest's retinue thunder out the gates toward the tents of Cyrus.

At this time a tipsy chariot driver makes advances

to her. She readily responds but once in the chariot, easily pushes the drunkard out, and seizing the reins, follows the High Priest.

Near the Temple Gates she had heard strange mutterings, a word dropped now and then. As she was only a vagabond of the streets, she was not deemed any possible danger so now when she, from a distance in her chariot, saw the great army of Cyrus forming... marching toward Babylon, she patched the truth together.

Belshazzar's enemies were coming to catch Babylon in an unguarded moment!

Then back again we go.

Belshazzar sits with his Princess Beloved, slave girls, singing girls, concubines around him.

PRINCESS BELOVED: Oh, Lord of Lords... My beloved! See, in my little chariot of gold, drawn by doves, I send you my gift... a white flower!

BELSHAZZAR: Beloved... beloved.... the very dearest one of my dancing girls... the very clearest pearl of all my pearls!

PRINCESS BELOVED: Your people! Look... they drink to you!

(Then from the camera stand)

MR. GRIFFITH: Order there! Both sides forward with cups raised! The last company starts first.... then straight down the line!

SIEGMAN: (ordering) Telephone girl.... company number twenty advance... number nineteen.....

1st GIRL: All right....

SIEGMAN: Seventeen advance... sixteen advance... fifteen...
(very rapid)
(Between this the answering girls call: "All right")
(With this going on underneath, Mr. Griffith continues story.)

MR. GRIFFITH: Then, as Belshazzar, the King, rises, he lifts his cup. There are heard the sounds of timbales and cymbals, and amid these, the shouts of the great crowds.... "Belshazzar... Belshazzar! The King! The King of Kings!
The great crowd advances,lifting cups....
Then we go to the Mountain Girl, in her swiftly flying chariot.... coming to warn Belshazzar....
Then behind, the great hosts of Cyrus, advancing to Babylon's destruction.
Then to the myriads in the palace... the dancing girls! The maidens devoted to the love temples... to the intimate scenes.... All are unaware of the doom that is racing down upon them.

YOUNG MAN TO GIRL: This ring... I place it now upon your finger....

GIRL: Yes... yes....

YOUNG MAN: I place it upon your finger for we shall be wed tomorrow...

GIRL WITH LOVER CLOSE BESIED A GARDEN:
Look, this rose shall bloom tomorrow....

MR. GRIFFITH: Then the Mountain Girl, using the signet scroll of Belshazzar around her wrist, goes through the opening gates leading into the city. She turns back, sees

them still open, and the hosts of Cyrus pouring through into the doomed city. She drives her chariot pell mell through the banquet hall, and breaking between the guards, she tells the Captain guarding Belshazzar.

MOUNTAIN GIRL: Oh Captain... Captain! The armies of Cyrus!!!. They are entering the gates of Babylon!

CAPTAIN: (laughing) The armies of Cyrus are forty leagues away!

MOUNTAIN GIRL: Hear me! Hear me, I say.... The gates are left open!

BELSHAZZAR: (approaching) What is it, Captain?

CAPTAIN: This mountain girl .....

MOUNTAIN GIRL: (interrupting) Oh, my King, my King... it is the truth! Cyrus is entering the city.... Look, here are other messengers!

(Messengers come running in)

1ST MESSENGER: Oh, my King... the enemy has entered the gates!

2ND MESSENGER: It is true, my Lord... we have seen them! There are thousands upon thousands!

MR. GRIFFITH: Then we go to the streets... the screaming of the populace... "The Persians... the Persians!

Other voices; - "Traitors have betrayed us!"

(Sound of galloping horses, rolling chariots, the constant beating of war drums, the shrill of trumpets.)

MR. GRIFFITH: Through all that great city was heard the words to live forever.... "Babylon is falling!" Babylon ~~is falling~~ that great city is falling

Belshazzar holds the gates of his own palace with only twelve guards that are faithful to him... battling....

In the Temple, the priestesses pray, and the Princess beseeches her Goddess. - *

PRINCESS: Oh, Ishtar, Mother, Queen of Heaven.... Oh, send thy

*(Underneath Griffith's voice, the sound effects, tho slightly subdued, are still heard. Babylon is falling! Babylon, that great city, is falling...

lightning and thunder upon the enemy! Save us, Oh Ishtar!

MR. GRIFFITH: We go to the guards at the gate. Two of them are pulling Belshazzar from out of the battle.

ONE GUARD: Go, Oh King! We cannot hold the gate much longer... You must not be dragged as a captive behind the war car of Cyrus!

(Again the sounds of screaming trumpets, the beating of drums and war cries... and the sounds of walls being broken down)

To your throne... and death upon it! Listen... the walls are being broken in... Go!

MR. GRIFFITH: With the twelve guards is the Mountain Girl, fiercely fighting. When she is fatally wounded by a Persian arrow, she staggers off after the King, to her death at the foot of the throne of Belshazzar!

PRINCESS BELOVED: (as though entering) Belshazzar... Belshazzar! Oh, King of Kings!

BELSHAZZAR: (as though approaching) Oh, Princess Beloved..... we must quickly to honorable death!

PRINCESS BELOVED: Quickly.... we must not be captured! Your sword! Come, slaves.... Neither can you be captives of the Persian dog! Upon this sword... quickly!

ONE GIRL: I come, Mistress! Pierce quickly!

ANOTHER GIRL: Let me shut my eyes... and run upon it!

THIRD GIRL: I am afraid.... I am afraid!

PRINCESS BELOVED: Bare your breast! You go with your King... to the death halls of Allet!

BELSHAZZAR: Strike quickly!

(Sound of sword, ~~and the great [illegible] showing~~ Cyrus' army pouring in at the back of the hall with lumbering war chariots.. people fleeing in terror... flying in every direction)

sounds of Cyrus' army

PRINCESS BELOVED: Let me strike myself! Let me pierce my own breast first! Oh, King... see! I strike! Oh... how easy it is to die!

BELSHAZZAR: I strike!

(Then as though he had plunged the sword into his own heart.)

Oh, Princess Beloved!

MR. GRIFFITH: And so, erect upon the throne, their heads close together, their faces one against the other, royal in death.... Thus Cyrus, with the traitorous High Priest beside him, views his conquered foe, who was yet unconquered, and the Priest, with malignant screaming tones, -

HIGH PRIEST: The King, Belshazzar, is dead. Long live Cyrus, King of Kings, and Lord of Lords!

(And this is echoed from the great palace.)

VOICES: Long live Cyrus, King of Kings and Lord of Lords!

MR. GRIFFITH: This little act may give some idea that there were busy times in the old days. Well, most everybody living today has seen some busy times, as far as war is concerned.

We have thought that we buried old rulers and laws and kings but I am afraid - if we look around a little - Italy, Germany, Russia.... we will find they have only changed their clothes, and the King business is going on about the same as usual.

Dictators abroad and the great banking houses dictating at home..... Let's run a Charlie Chaplin film... I want to laugh!

#27

on "LOVE"

D. W. GRIFFITH COLLECTION
MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY

WJZ D. W. GRIFFITH'S HOLLYWOOD

( )( )
10:00 - 10:15 P. M. PROGRAM #19

MARCH 8, 1933 WEDNESDAY

(FANFARE)

(SIGNATURE.....FADES DOWN UNDER)

KEECH: The makers of Hinds Honey and Almond Cream present Mr. D. W. Griffith ... motion picture director and star-discoverer ... in another of his dramatic programs. But before Mr. Griffith begins ... here is a message to the housewifes of the audience ...

What will be the next name to flash across the world from that famous starting place, Hollywood! It's a maker and a breaker of dreams, that place! And how the little things count!

Many say it was the expressive, soft white loveliness of her hands that singled out from the crowd that lucky girl who just the other day made the grade from extra girl to steller role.

Are your hands helping you to get what you want in the world? Or are they a handicap? Remember, only 3 days of special care with Hinds cream will make coarse, red roughened hands soft, smooth and white as if you never did a tap of work. And you can prove this absolutely without cost to yourself. I'll tell you how in the closing announcement.

MR. GRIFFITH: Thank you, Mr. Keech.

Ladies and Gentlemen: A certain class of people have often asked me why we have what they call "so much love" in pictures. They say it seems as if nearly every picture is on the subject of love... of one kind or another. Young love, vampish love, middle-aged love, etc. Well, thinking it over, is there anything strange about this? From the beginning of history, on down to the present time, men have built temples, cities, great office buildings.. isn't this mostly all... if you come down to the bottom of it... to show off before some woman? Books, plays, paintings, music... mostly to show off before the world... and isn't a large part of this world womankind?

Why is it that girls, young and old, want to make themselves beautiful if it is not their desire for love? The high-brow critics... they pretend to scoff at love and everything about it. Yet... if the truth were told, don't they write their smart stuff for the applause and admiration of other human beings? Now the word "love".. as a general term, is applied to many different emotions... and I'd like to give a few examples.

GRIFFITH:(CONT) You have often heard the phrase "the great lovers of the screen" ... referring to both men and women. But did you ever stop to think that they wouldn't interest an audience for a moment if the audience were not itself interested in the subject? The Ronald Colemans, Clark Gables, Greta Garbos, Dietrichs, Gishes, Janet Gaynors ... well ... all on down the line ... are only displaying emotions to which the audience itself has reacted. First imagine the type Janet Gaynor plays ... the type old as the hills. Now, Miss Gaynor, you know the scene. What we want is the very essence of youthful love. You come quickly on...your heart all aflutter ... to your sweetheart waiting for you underneath the trees. Now your lines ...

GAYNOR: Am I late? I hurried as fast as I could.

FARRELL: Only a few minutes.. but you know, every minute waiting seems like a year. I am always afraid something might happen to you and I'll lose you ...

GAYNOR: Oh, don't be foolish, dear, nothing's going to happen to me.

FARRELL: But you're all I've got in this world... and if it did ... I wonder if anybody ever had it as bad as I've got it.

GAYNOR: I wonder the same thing. I don't think there's a minute all the day, wherever I am, whatever I'm doing... that I don't think about you.

FARRELL: Oh, look...the moonlight on the water there!

GAYNOR : (TENDERLY) ....SOFTLY) ...Darling.... .

FARRELL: You dear kid.

(MUSIC.....FADES DOWN)

GRIFFITH: So under the spring moonlight, ~~with arms around each other, they go down the pathway~~, an ecstasy of youth and dreams surround them, such as not all the money in the world could buy ...Oh boy! that's a great time in life!

~~Now~~ Later we show them again...~~this time the fates have ordained that they are to be separated~~.

Now, Miss Gaynor, you know ~~the~~ this scene. Your sweetheart is going away to the war. You tell him, "No matter what happens, I shall wait for you. I belong to you, only you ... now and eternally." Now, the lines.....

GAYNOR: Of course I know you have to go..everybody who is called has to go.....

FARRELL: It's my duty, dear. You know yourself you'd be ashamed if I was a coward or if I did not do it. It won't be long and I'll have the memory of all the little picnics and all the parties and the walks. ~~and all the grand times we had together~~.

GAYNOR: Thay have been such sweet times....I am afraid you may think that I have been a little silly...lightheaded.

FARRELL: Oh no...no don't say that.

GAYNOR: Oh yes...I imagine I have been, but I have been so happy I must have seemed a little foolish at times.

FARRELL: My company is ready to march. I must go, dear. We won't say goodbye. Just until we meet again.

GAYNOR: (REPEATING) Until we meet again...don't ever doubt one minute, darling...I'd wait for you forever.

(MUSIC.....FADES DOWN UNDER)

now in the play

GRIFFITH: She did wait for him, but she didn't have to wait forever. And she was strong enough to resist all sorts of temptations, that to her were not temptations. She was capable of that love that passeth all understanding and though he came back broken and torn, from the wars, her love enveloped him so that he seemed whole again. Now let's go to the Hillside Inn, Hollywood. This is an unobtrusive, hideaway sort of place. Here we will see what you might term another kind of love...or at least it passes for love. [redacted].

(DANCE MUSIC.....FADES IN)

...From the dance floor you can look down on the lights of all Los Angeles. Extra girls and picture people who are not famous enough to be afraid of being seen having a good time, are here. Let's listen as the dancers pass by.

GRIFFITH: (CONT) Remember, these extras generally have a favorite star that they immitate. They imagine they are as good as or better than that star. Here's a tough Cagney impersonation....

MAN: Say, blue eyes...you might have come here with that guy, but you're leaving this joint with me...do you get it?

GIRL: Oh, Jack...you're so masterful! You, you terrible cave man...you're squeezing me to death, honey.

MAN: Yeah...I'll break your slats in and your boy friend's too, if he puts up any interference.

GIRL: Oh, now, don't talk naughty...I can't do a thing like that.

MAN: Say, Peaches...you goes with me 'cause otherwise you wouldn't look good when you gets up tomorrow morning..... and I've made your blue eyes black.

GIRL: All right, honey...I'll shake him some way. Don't kiss me right here and everybody looking on....!

MAN: Let 'em have an eyeful...if it does 'em any good. I'll educate these guys in the lovin' business.

(MUSIC SWELLS FOR A FEW SECONDS.....THEN DOWN)

GRIFFITH: And here's another couple...the girl won a beauty contest in Atlantic City. She got it on her figure but her face isn't so bad. She's doing a Marlene Dietrich.... though she came from the sticks and ~~probably~~ doubtless never even saw a German until she was full grown and the man with her is under the delusion that he's Ronald Coleman.

GIRL: Ah..h...you are nice, yah..yah..I love the Englishmans...

MAN: (IMMITATING ENGLISH ACCENT A LA RONALD COLEMAN) Oh yes, we believe in a certain amount of reserve...still I like the way you cling as you dance.

GIRL: I was not clinging too close...nein...nein....

MAN: Did you see what I saw?...Why, look..people kissing each other in front of everyone! [redacted]

GIRL: I rather like it...it's what you call"Preem-e-tive," yah? Ich liebe dich....ich liebe dich....

MAN: Yes, and that means?.....

GIRL: That means...I loove you...Ach, mein Gott, let's throw away the world tonight.....

MAN: Your mouth...it was made for kisses.....

GIRL: (SUBDUED ENTHUSIASM) Yah...yah...ich liebe dich.....

MAN: Oh, dear one....

GIRL: Oh..let's dance slower....I'm trembling so.....

(MUSIC SWELLS UP.....THEN DOWN UNDER)

GRIFFITH: And so they go...love in immitated French, German and even Russian. But there's no use going on with this. You have seen this kind of scene too often. It is what is generally known as hot love stuff.

(MUSIC.....FADES OUT)

GRIFFITH: (CONT) Now, let's show still another kind of love, without which naturally none of us would be here....Mother love.. We begin with the mother, with children all around her, working all day long to take care of them and bring them up the best way possible. Imagine I am directing Miss Mae Marsh in such a scene. Now, Miss Marsh...you have your newest born child, your baby, in your arms. All right...begin the scene.

MARSH: [redacted].Mama's own precious little darling. Yes..the beautifulest baby ever born in all the world...

(HUMS A LITTLE..."SLEEP, BABY SLEEP, CLOSE TO MY BREAST".....)

Now, go to sleep, nobody's going to hurt you, now. Mama's arms are around you. ([redacted]

[redacted]

[redacted]...Oh Papa...Papa..you know something...I'm afraid that baby's going to be a naughty, naughty boy when he grows up! (THEN MYSTERIOUSLY AS THOUGH IT IS OF TREMENDOUS IMPORTANCE) You know when he was born, he didn't cry..he laughed at us...and all the other babies just bawled something terrible! Look at him now! He's almost winking!

FATHER: (LAUGHS) You'll have him reciting Shakespeare.

MARSH: (TO BABY) Shut those little black eyes..shut them, I say...Mama spank...go to sleep.....

(MUSIC.....FADES DOWN)

GRIFFITH: Now we go to twenty odd years later. The mother's prophecy about Harry turning out to be a naughty boy unfortunately has come true. His father died when the boy was very young and the mother worked from early morning till late at night to raise her large family; they all turned out well, excepting Harry.
As the story develops, we come to Harry at the railway station. It looks as though a friend is beside him, but in reality, Harry is hand-cuffed to the man at his side.

MAN: Well, Harry...I don't see any great crowd down here seeing you off.

HARRY: No...I'm not being smothered with no flowers.

[redacted]

MAN: Wish that train would hurry yp.

HARRY: Makes no difference to me..though I guess at that it will be the last ride I'll have for some time.

MAN: Say, even your own family gave you the slip, didn't they? Well, [redacted] anyhow it shows they've got some sense...They oughtn't be seen mixing up with bums like you. If I'd been the Judge, I'd have given you ten years, instead of six.

HARRY: You always was a kind-hearted guy.

MAN: What's that old dame running around about? She's peering all around over her glasses..looks like she's nuts.

HARRY: For Gosh sake...let's get around the corner.

MAN: What's the matter?

HARRY: Shut up..will you? That's me ma. I don't want her to see me like this.

MAN: Well, if that's her, she's seen you already. She's coming.

MOTHER: (APPROACHING) Oh Harry...Harry...

HARRY: Yes, ma...it's me...

MOTHER: I just found out they're taking you now. They tried to keep it from me....or I'd have been with you all the time.

HARRY: Oh ma..I didn't want any woman hanging around blubbering and making a scene.

MOTHER: I'm not going to blubber any, Harry...I know you didn't do any wrong. They just put the blame on you.

HARRY: (IN UNCONVINCING TONE) Sure, Ma..I tell you I was innocent.

MAN: (SUPPRESSED CYNICAL EJACULATION) Yeah?

MOTHER: I just want to tell you, Harry..Something I was afraid to say before on account of the other children. I always loved you more than any of the rest of them..from the time you were a baby. I'm going to hold on to the old house and then after thesix years..well...it's waiting for you.

HARRY: That's nice of you, ma...(QUITE UNEMOTIONAL TONE)

MOTHER: And I'll pray for you every day..and when you come back you'll start all over again and show 'em all...won't you, Harry?

MAN: (UNBELIEVING TONES) Sure he will, Missus.

HARRY: (CHANGE OF ATTITUDE..STIRRED TO SOME SINCEREITY) Yes, and I will, too! What do you know about that, you big .....Ma..I've just made up my mind that I'm going to do just that very thing! We'll show 'em all, won't we?

(SOUND OF TRAIN APPROACHING)

MOTHER: Goodbye, Harry...'til we meet again.

HARRY: Allright, old skinny...'til I gets back.

MOTHER: Harry...you're squeezing the breath out of me....

(TRAIN FULL UP....COMES TO A STOP)

CONDUCTOR: All aboard...all aboard!

(MUSIC.....FADES DOWN)

GRIFFITH: Well, the various kinds of love may not be perfect, but we imagine the strongest and the nearest to perfection is the mother's love. Think of all the various elements that are a part of love...pity..charity..forebearance... that forebearance is a grand word. A woman listening to some man telling the same story over and over again and seldom complaining.... that's forebearance. I think women have a pretty tough time of it anyhow. How many millions of them endure some guy bragging about himself.. ..not by the hour...but by the days, weeks, and years? Perhaps in most cases the only one in the world who would listen to him is some forebearing lady, whether sweetheart, wife or whatnot..and so it goes.

GRIFFITH: (CONT) ~~Well, we have~~ Now.....for many centuries.....we have had leagues of governments swear to preserve peace for the world. But these Kww covenants have always been easily broken. Personally I ~~do not~~ dont believe that there is any chance of maintaining universal peace excepting through one thing...and that is understanding, which is a blood relative itself of Love. Through this only, will we have real peace in this topsy-turvy world of ours.

(SIGNATURE)

KEECH: Now here's how you get your seven-day trial bottle of Hinds Honey and Almond Cream as a Gift from us. Simply send your name and address in a letter or a card to Hinds....H-I-N-D-S...Bloomfield...B-L-O-O-M-F-I-E-L-D.... New Jersey. You will be sent your gift bottle of Hinds Cream and also a notice telling you how to secure a complete new facial beauty treatment absolutely without cost. Send today for this generous gift. The address again...is Hinds, H-I-N-D-S...Bloomfield..... B-L-O-O-M-F-I-E-L-D...New Jersey. Remember, Hinds Cream is the quick action hand lotion that brings new beauty in only three days to rough, red, toilworn hands.

(MUSIC..... ...)

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LH
3-6-33

#50

Greatest Thing in Life

MR. GRIFFITH: Thank you, Mr. Keech. Ladies and Gentlemen:

A certain class of people have often asked me why we have what they call so much love in pictures. They say it seems nearly every picture is on love, of one kind or another. Young love, vampish love, middle-aged love etc. Well, thinking it over, is ther anything strange about this, I wonder? From the beginning of history, on down to the present time, men have built temples, cities, great office buildings... isn't this mostly all -- if you come down to the bottom of it -- to show off before some woman? Books, plays, paintings, music... mostly to show off before the world. And isn't a large part of this world womankind?

Why do the girls, young and old, take care of their bodies, see that they are clean, beautiful as possible, in their every act of life? What's at the bottom of it all, if it isn't love and the desire for love? Even the high-browed cynics who would carp at this very idea, if the truth were told, isn't the very thing they criticize the motivation that makes them try to write brilliant criticisms and be different from other guys? -- for the applause and admiration of human beings? ~~You can even forgive all sorts of show-offs their antics... they certainly wouldn't pull their stuff before trees or office buildings. No indeed... It is only to win laughs, tears, the attention of mankind.~~

The word "love" is applied to so many emotions, let us give a few samples.

You have often heard the phrase "the great lovers of the screen" - both men and women. They wouldn't interest an audience if the audience itself were not interested in the subject. The Ronald Colemans, Clark Gables, Greto Garbos, Dietrichs, Gishes, Janet Gaynors... well all on down the line... Now for the type Miss Gaynor plays .... the type old as the hills -- from Penelope who waited twenty years for Ulysses'- her husband - to return.

Imagine Miss Gaynor and Mr. Farrell.

MR. GRIFFITH: Now, Miss Gaynor, you know the scene. Your sweetheart is going away to the war. You tell him - "No matter what happens, I shall wait for you. I belong to you... only you... now and eternally." Now, the lines....

MISS GAYNOR: Of course I know you have to go... Everybody who is called has to go...

MR. FARRELL: It's my duty, dear. You know yourself you'd be ashamed if I was a coward or if I did not do this very thing. It won't be long and I'll have the memory of all the little picnics and all the parties and the walks and all the grand times we have had together.

MISS GAYNOR: They have been such sweet times... I am afraid you may think that I have been a little silly.... lightheaded...

MR. FARRELL: Oh, no... no... don't say that...

MISS GAYNOR: Oh yes... I imagine I have been but I have been so happy I must have seemed a little foolish at times.

MR. FARRELL: My company is ready to march. I must go, dear. We won't say goodbye. Just until we meet again...

MISS GAYNOR: (repeating) Until we meet again... Don't ever doubt one minute, darling; I'd wait for you forever!

MR. GRIFFITH: This is just a small sample of Youth's trust and dreams. It is as old as the world. There's the story written centuries ago, Homer's "Helen of Troy". If they didn't make people read it in the school books, they'd understand how up to date it is, for all the various chaps of that day were, in their youth, in love with Helen of Troy. And they all told her if she ever needed a friand to send for him. You can make a safe bet there are about a million young men saying that very same thing this night. -- "If you ever need a friend, kid, dend for me!" But in Homer's story, many many years went by and most of these chaps doubtless had forgotten all about that promise. But Achilles was a very up-to-date gent. When they came to him to fulfill his promise to help Helen out, what does the brave hero do but disguise himself as a washwoman to escape having to go to Helen's aid. Charlie Chaplin never thought of any better slspstick than this! Imagine this big bull hieing himself in among the women and trying to look like a lady all on account of having made that silly promise!

~~Greta Garbo doing one of her sophistacates languishing, drooping eyes, mysterious meeting falling in love with a gentleman, also of some sophistication.~~

MR. GRIFFITH: Now let us go to the Hillside Inn, Hollywood. This is an unobtrusive, hideaway sort of a place. From the dance floor you can look down on the lights of all Los Angeles. Extra girls and bold ones of the pictures who are not afraid of being seen having a good time, are here. Let's listen as the dancers pass by:

Note: JAZZ MUSIC.

(A close locked couple)

MAN: Say, baby, you're some peach! Where have you been all my life?

GIRL: Why, just waiting for you, kid... just waiting for you.

MAN: Some dancing gazelle, you are!

MR. GRIFFITH: There goes another couple... Remember, these extras generally have a favorite star that they immitate.. They imagine they are as good as or better than that star. Here's a tough Cagney impersonation....

MAN: Say, blue eyes.... you might have come here with that guy but you're leavin' this joint with me.... do you get it?

GIRL: Oh, Jack, you're so masterful! Oh, you terrible cave man... you're squeezing me to death, honey.

MAN: Yeah -- I'll break your slats in and your boy friend's too if he puts up any interference.

GIRL: Oh, now, don't talk naughty.... I can't do a thing like that.

MAN: Say, Peaches... you goes with me 'cause otherwise you wouldn't look good when you gets up tomorrow morning and I've made your blue eyes black.

GIRL: All right, honey... I'll shake him some way. Don't kiss me right here and everybody looking on....

MAN: Let 'em have an eyefull, if it does 'em any good. I'll educate these guys in the lovin' business.

MR. GRIFFITH: And here's another couple... The girl won a beauty contest in Atlantic City. She got it on her figure but her face isn't so bad. She's doing a Marlene Dietrich (German accent) though she came from the Styx and probably never even saw a German uhtil she was full grown....

GIRL: Ah-h.. you are nice, yah...yah... I love the Englishmans... In my language... sehr schoen Englisher.

MAN: (Immitating English accent a la Ronald Colman) Oh, yes... we believe in a certain amount of reserve.... still I like the way you cling as you dance.

GIRL: I was not clinging too close... nein... nein....

MAN: Did you see what I saw? Why, these people are just kissing each other in front of everyone. Most the young ladies have their heads quite obscured in the shirt fronts of the gentlemen.

GIRL: I rather like it... it's what you call "preem-e-tive", yah? Ich liebe dich.... Ich liebe dich.....

MAN: Yes... and that means? ----

GIRL: That means - I loove you.... Ach, mein Gott, let's throw away the world tonight....

MAN: Your mouth.... it was made for kisses....

GIRL: (with subdued enthusiasm) Yah... yah... Ich liebe dich....

(Sound of kissing)

MAN: Oh, dear one....

GIRL: Oh, let's dance slower..... I'm trembling so... I'm trembling all over....

MR. GRIFFITH: And so they go.... love in immitated French, German and even Russian... but the Russian couple we couldn't understand.... they were so full of clingskis, itskis and biteskis..... we'll let them pass, merely remarking that it was overwhelming all right!

And this modern dash of paprika recalls to me Greta Garbo doing one of her sophisticates..... languishing, drooping eyes, mysterious..... Meeting and falling in love with a gentleman, also of some sophistication.

Miss Garbo, in trailing negligee, with wan, pale face, framed by her hair, pushed back from good-looking ears.

MISS GARBO: I am so tired, tired... I've seen everything... I've known everything... every experience. Love -- bah! It's a golden fruit that turns to ashes when you touch it....

MR. GRIFFITH: Miss Garbo then goes swaying beautifully toward the closet where the audience, by experience in such things, knows there must be poison. But the lover, all unseen, is watching her. He goes quickly forward in time to save her.

LOVER: No.. no.. What were you about to do? You are so beautiful... you couldn't think of such a thing....

MISS GARBO; I am so tired... I am so tired.... I am bored with life.

LOVER: Perhaps you are bored for lack of love.

MISS GARBO: No, I am through with that...

LOVER: Don't talk that way. You can never be through with that. Your soul shines out to me. You are the most wonderful woman I have ever met. I have loved you, just watching you when you did not know it. Dreamed about you... thought of nothing else.

MISS GARBO: You have done this? Let me look at you... Oh, you have a very interesting face. Where have you been? Why did you not arrange to meet me before? You have magnificent eyes.

LOVER: (taking her in his arms) You beautiful thing!

MISS GARBO: (with love tones) Isn't it the crazy world? A moment

ago I felt there was nothing to live for. Now... that's it... Kiss me... Hold me... tight... again... Your passion burns me like wine of fire running through my veins....

MR. GRIFFITH: But there is no use going on with this. You have seen this kind of scenes too often. It is what is generally known as hot love stuff.

Well, heat makes the worlds to be born and the planets to be created. Without a certain amount of heat we'd have no new flowers. Well enough.... A little heat, perhaps, is necessary.. And then a different kind of love, without which none of us would be here.

Imagine Miss Mae Marsh in "Over the Hills to the Poor House", just as a sample of the universal thing. Children all around her. Working from morning to night to take care of them and bring them up the best way possible. She has a baby in her arms.

MISS MARSH: Hoochey-koo; hoochey-koo.... Mama's own precious little darling... Yes, the beautifulest baby ever born in all the world.

(Here she hums a little "Sleep Baby sleep, close to my breast")

Now go to sleep; nobody's going to hurt you now. Mama's arms are around you.

(change of voice)

Will you children please.... Don't make so much noise. Go on up to bed now.

(softly humming again)

Sleep, baby, sleep.

MR. GRIFFITH: So this is then a different kind of love. Roughnecks couldn't be rough, cynics couldn't be cynical, ladies and gents alike could hardly do anything much, do you think, (and of course this is rather a self-evident fact) unless they'd had a mother. And incidentally, the toughest job imaginable. The best and the worst of us are not easily brought into being.. but through worry, anxiety, pain, and suffering of some woman.

The various kinds of love may not be perfect but we imagine the strongest and the nearest to perfection is the mother's love. A human can't claim any patent on this. Dogs, cats, birds, monkeys, and most all of our animal friends have mothers who show their love just about as clearly as we do.

Think of all the various elements that are a part of love... pity, charity, forebearance.... That forebearance is a grand word. A woman listening to some man telling the same story over and over again and seldom complaining... I think the women have a pretty tough time of it anyhow. How many millions of them endure some guy bragging about himself -- not by the hour... but by the days, weeks and years? Perhaps in most cases the only one in the world who would listen to him is some forebearing lady, whether sweetheart, wife or whatnot...

And so it goes... We have been having peace conferences for many centuries. We have had leagues of

governments and leagues of nations for thousands of years. The governments have made promises to each other that would fill volumes, to maintain peace. With what results you know, for there is only one thing in the world that will bring the various nations to friendship, one to the other, and that is understanding. No nation would scornfully call Italians, wops, Germans, huns, Frenchmen, frog-eaters, Americans money-mad Yankees, if they understood one another. The only reason you could have gotten all the nations in the world to horribly murder each other was for the simple reason that these men did not understand. The ones that suffered to be maimed, blinded, gassed and murdered, on both sides of the line, were just the same sort of human beings. One no better nor no worse than the other. And only when they come to understanding each other, and love, will we have real peace in this old silly world of ours.

MIDDLE OF PAGE 9

GRIFFITH: Now, let's show still another kind of love, without which none of us would be here -- Mother Love. We begin with the mother, with children all around her, working from morning until night to take care of them and bring them up the best way possible.

Now, Miss Bruce, you have your newest born child, your baby, in your arms. Alright, begin the scene.

MISS BRUCE: Hoochey-koo, hoochey-koo....Mama's own precious little darling....Yes, the beautifulest baby ever born in all the world.

(Hums a little, "Sleep, Baby Sleep, Close to my breast"....)

Now, go to sleep, nobody's going to hurt you, now. Mama's arms are around you.

(Change of voice)

Will you children please.....don't make so much noise.... Go on up to bed now.

(Softly humming again)

"Sleep, Baby, Sleep"..... Oh, Papa, Papa, you know something, I'm afraid that baby's going to be a naughty, naughty boy when he grows up.

(Then mysteriously as though it is of tremendous importance)

You know when he was born, he didn't cry, he laughed at us -- and all the other babies just bawled something terribly! Look at him now! He's almost winking.

DADDY: You'll have him reciting Shakespeare.

MISS BRUCE: (To Baby) Shut those little black eyes....shut them, I

say, - Mamma spank -- go to sleep.

MR. GRIFFITH: Now we go to twenty odd years later when the mother's prophecy about Willie going to be a naughty boy turned out only too true. His father died when he was but a little child and the mother worked from early morning til late at night to raise her large family; and they all turned out very well indeed excepting Willie.

As the story developed we come to Willie at the railway station. It looks as though two friends were beside him but in reality, he is hand-cuffed to one of the men at his side. The other man is talking to him in a very sarcastic manner.

MAN: Well, Willie.... I don't see any great crowd seeing you off.

WILLIE: (in tough hard tones) No, I'm not being smothered with no flowers.

MAN: Not that I notice...

WILLIE: Well, I never did like flowers nohow....

OTHER MAN: Wish that train would hurry up....

WILLIE: Makes no never-mind to me... though I guess at that it will be the last ride I'll have for some time.

MAN: Say, even your own family gave you the slip, didn't they, Willie. Well, that the way..... but anyhow it shows they've got some sense.... They oughtn't to be seen mixing up with the likes of you. If I'd been the Judge, I'd have given you ten years, instead of six.

WILLIE: Youse always wuz a kindhearted guy...

MAN: What's that old dame running around about... she's peering all around over her glasses... looks like she's nuts....

WILLIE: For Cripe's sake... let's get around the corner...

MAN: What's the matter?

WILLIE: Shut up... will you? That's me ma... I don't want her to see me like this...

MAN: Well, if that's her, she's seen you already. She's coming fast.

MOTHER: (as though approaching) Oh Willie... Willie....

WILLIE: Yes, Ma... it's me...

MOTHER: I just found out they's taking you now... They tried to keep it from me or I'd have been with you all the time...

WILLIE: Oh ma... I didn't want any women hanging around blubbering and making a scene...

MOTHER: I'm not going to blubber any, Willie. I know you didn't do any wrong. They just put the blame on you.

WILLIE: (in unconvincing tone) Sure, Ma.... I tell you I was innocent...

MAN: (with a low suppressed cynical ejaculation) Yeah?

MOTHER: I just want to tell you, Willie, something I was afraid to say before on account of the other children... I always loved you more than any of the rest of them.... from the time you was a baby. I'm going to hold on to the old house and then after the six years.... well it's waiting for you.

WILLIE: That's nice of you Ma. (in quite unemotional tone)

MOTHER: And I'll pray for you every day, Willie, and when you come back you'll start all over again and show 'em all, won't you, Willie?

MAN: (in unbelieving tones) Sure he will, Missus....

WILLIE: (with a change of attitude) (stirred to some real sincerity) Yes, and I will too. What do you know about that, you big

---- - Ma, I'm just making up my mind that I am going to do just that very thing and we'll show 'em all, won't we?

MOTHER: Goodbye, Willie... until we meet again...

WILLIE: All right, old skinny, 'til I gets back....

MOTHER: Willie.,, you're squeezing the breath out of me...

(SOUND OF TRAIN APPROACHING - COMING TO A STOP)

CONDUCTOR: All aboard... all aboard....

N O T E ----
(This ends at the top of page 10)

GRIFFITH: Now, Miss Gaynor, you know the scene. What we want is the very essence of youthful love. You come quickly on - your heart all aflutter - to your sweetheart waiting for you underneath the trees. Now your lines.

MISS GAYNOR: Am I late? I hurried just as fast as I could.

FARRELL: Only a few minutes - but you know, every minute waiting seems like a year. I am always afraid something might happen to you and I'll lose you.....

MISS GAYNOR: Oh, don't be foolish, dear, nothing's going to happen to me.

FARRELL: But you've all I've got in this world and if it did.... I wonder if anybody ever had it as bad as I've got it.

MISS GAYNOR: I wonder the same thing. I don't think there's a minute all the day - wherever I am, whatever I'm doing - that I don't think about you.

FARRELL: Oh, look! -- the moonlight on the water there!

MISS GAYNOR: (Tenderly, softly) Darling!

FARRELL: You dear kid!

GRIFFITH: So under the spring moonlight, with arms around each other, they go down the pathway, an ecstasy of youth and dreams surrounding them, such as not all the money in the world could buy ---- Oh boy! that's a great time in life!

Now later we show them again - this time the fates have ordained that they are to be separated.

(This is to be inserted in Page 3, after the line concerning Penelope who waited 20 years for her husband Ulysses to return)

MISS BRUCE: (Cont'd)

say....Mama spank....Go to sleep now.

GRIFFITH: Now, it happened in our story that Mother's prophecy about Willy going to be a naught boy turned out only too true, for Willy grew up to be a very restless and wild, young Indian. It happened that this family were farmer people and very religious. The father died while Willy was still a child, and the mother was left alone to raise up her children. From early morning until late at night she worked, bossing the farm, selling butter, eggs, milk, and she gave them all a fair education. One had gone away and was climbing as a lawyer, another as a businessman. The girls had married off. John, the older brother and his wife, lived at their home but Willy was an unrepressible cut-up - told jokes, read books, wasn't any good on the farm at all - was generally a bad boy.

MISS BRUCE: It's time for the evening prayers, John, my son.

JOHN: Yes, Mother. We're all here.

MOTHER Where's Willy?

JOHN: I don't know -- oh, there he is - outside there... in the yard. Look at him, he's turning hand springs - making all sorts of faces - just showing off before those other boys.

MISS BRUCE: He heard the bell.

JOHN: I guess he did - but he didn't pay any attention to it.

MISS BRUCE: I don't know what we'll ever do with Willy.

JOHN: Well, we have a black sheep like everybody else.

MISS BRUCE: (Cont'd)

say....Mama spank....Go to sleep now.

GRIFFITH: Now, it happened in our story that Mother's prophecy about Willy going to be a naught boy turned out only too true, for Willy grew up to be a very restless and wild, young Indian. It happened that this family were farmer people and very religious. The father died while Willy was still a child, and the mother was left alone to raise up her children. From early morning until late at night she worked, bossing the farm, selling butter, eggs, milk, and she gave them all a fair education. One had gone away and was climbing as a lawyer, another as a businessman. The girls had married off. John, the older brother and his wife, lived at their home but Willy was an unrepressible cut-up - told jokes, read books, wasn't any good on the farm at all - was generally a bad boy.

MISS BRUCE: It's time for the evening prayers, John, my son.

JOHN: Yes, Mother. We're all here.

MOTHER Where's Willy?

JOHN: I don't know -- oh, there he is - outside there... in the yard. Look at him, he's turning hand springs - making all sorts of faces - just showing off before those other boys.

MISS BRUCE: He heard the bell.

JOHN: I guess he did - but he didn't pay any attention to it.

MISS BRUCE: I don't know what we'll ever do with Willy.

JOHN: Well, we have a black sheep like everybody else.

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MINUTES IN TRANSIT	
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MISS RUTH GRIFFITH=

SANTAANNA CALIF=

HOPE YOU ALL ARE STILL HOUSED ANSWER GRIFFITH PARK CENTRAL HOTEL LOVE=

DAVID ALBERT.

398-M
phone P
2 3 P
DJ

This wire was phoned to me with a comma after Park, — So we supposed N.Y. had honored you by naming a Hotel for you-

WESTERN UNION GIFT ORDERS SOLVE THE PERPLEXING QUESTION OF WHAT TO GIVE

PATRONS ARE REQUESTED TO FAVOR THE COMPANY BY CRITICISM AND SUGGESTION CONCERNING ITS SERVICE 1201-S

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NAF 10 55 4 EXTRA DUPLICATE OF TELEPHONED TELEGRAM VIA DLY=

SANTAANA CALIF MAR 12

MINUTES IN TRANSIT	
FULL-RATE	DAY LETTER

DAVID W GRIFFITH=

PARK CENTRAL HOTEL=

DEAR DAVID OUR HOUSE IS ALL RIGHT NO DAMAGE ON OUR BLOCK WE EAT AND SLEEP IN OUR CAR IT IS QUITE COMFORTABLE AUNTIE WAS WEAK AND NEARLY SICK AFTER FIRST TERRIBLE NIGHT SLEPT WELL LAST NIGHT AND OK NOW YOUR WIRE HELPED A LOT LOVE TO YOU AND ALBERT=

RUTH..

942A

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D. W. GRIFFITH COLLECTION
MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY

on THE LADY OF THE PAVEMENTS

WJZ TIME:( )

D. W. GRIFFITH'S HOLLYWOOD (REVISED)

PROGRAM NO. 20

( )( )
10:00 - 10:15 P. M. MARCH 12, 1933 SUNDAY

(FANFARE)

(SIGNATURE FADES DOWN)

KEECH:

The makers of Hinds Honey and Almond Cream bring you the great motion picture director, Mr D W Griffith. But before Mr Griffith begins tonight's fascinating story of Hollywood, let me ask you a question:- What do your hands tell about you? Are you clever? Have you a good business head? Are you affectionate? Will you travel? Will you be successful? Will you be happily married?

It's wonderful fun to read your own hands, your friends' hands. And now you can do it with the wonderful new book on Palm Reading "Lucky Hands" written by Capini Vequin, one of the worlds most famous authorities on palm-reading. Through a most unusual offer, presented by the makers of Hinds Honey and Almond Cream, you can have this valuable book entirely without cost. We will tell you of this offer at the end of this program.

KEECH: (CONTINUES)

Whether your palm is being read, whether you are at a bridge party, dinner party, at a dance, or entertaining company --- hands are always a giveaway. No matter how beautifully you are gowned, it counts for nothing if your hands are red, rough or work-worn. Yet it is so easy to make unattractive hands soft, white and alluring. And in only 3 days, mind you! Just smooth Hinds Honey and Almond Cream on them and in three days you will be amazed to see how truly beautiful they have become.

GRIFFITH: Ladies and gentlemen:

Of course at the present time everybody is talking about the crisis in financial affairs. ~~Fortunately for our American spirit most of the people seem to take it like regular fellows. It would seem from the surface, the situation has created more laughs than it has tears. Never mind, I'm not~~ Now I'M not going to discuss financial affairs, but tell you about a crisis which occurred in the motion picture industry a few years ago... when the talkies came in and knocked the old silent drama higher than a kite.

Just before the appearance of talking pictures, I was casting a picture which you may or may not have seen.. "Lady of the Pavements." In this picture a French nobelwoman was jilted by her handsome young lover, whom she had been engaged to marry. Being a vindictive soul, she worked out a more or less subtle plot to avenge herself on him. She procured a girl of common birth from one of the cheapest cabarets in Paris, dressed her up, had her schooled in manners, and then introduced her as a lady of noble birth from a French Province and engineered the affair so that her noble ex-lover made public his engagement to this girl. The jilted lady then arranged a brilliant society supper where all the young lover's friends and the elite of Court circles would be present, and secured the orchestra from the cabaret where the girl had formerly played, so that she could be exposed as what she really was.

GRIFFITH: This friendly little surprise party would make her ex-lover the laughing stock of Paris. We rehearsed lots of young women for the part of the cabaret girl, Finally a certain young girl was brought to me as a fitting candidate for the part. She was black-haired, slim, vibrant, with glowing black eyes.

GRIFFITH: Well, young lady, I saw your performance in that last picture of yours. In that part you were just a firebrand. But this part calls for real emotion, pathos, comedy and everything else.

GIRL: (WITH HEAVY SPANISH ACCENT) Well, Mr. Griffith, I can be a very good actress. I play every part.. any part! In Mexico they say I am very good!

GRIFFITH: Yes, but besides calling for passion.. fire.. this part calls for lots of pathos. I can't imagine you doing pathos.

GIRL: Ah.... Mr. Griffith... you listen to what everybody says. They see me hop and jump and act wild. They do not know me.. me.. myself. I can be very deeferent.

GRIFFITH: Well, you know,to really act and get into pathos, an actress must have had a tough time herself. You never were hungry and poor and up against it. How can you act it?

GIRL: Oh, Mr. Griffith.. I have not? You do not know.. Mr. Griffouth, I come to Los Angeles and I have just so much money to get me there on the trains.. I do not know one persons. I have no money to pay for taxi. I walk. I no speak Engleesh then hardly at all. I have what you say... my greepe.. in my hand.

GIRL: I ask peoples about a hotel and they scared of me, and I walk.. and walk until my dogs all gone. And I sit on the sidewalks and cry.. like a babee...

GRIFFITH: I never heard anything about that.

GIRL: I did not tells them. I have four dollar.. two of them Mexican and no good.. and I cry on the sidewalks.. boo-hoo...boo-hoo...like a babee cry. Caramba.. I don't know what to do...

GRIFFITH: Well, that's different. I always thought of you as a vest-pocket Mount Vesuvius.

GIRL: Then I say to myself.. Lupe.. Lupe.. this is no good. Nobody likes people that cries. I look for that Hollywoods.. I find him.. I knock him in the neck and make everybody say.. Lupe Velez.. she may come from Mexico but she show them mooch.. plenti.. ~~so I asks a man that looks like our peoples and finds the hotels and finds Hollywood.~~ Mr. Griffouth, I play that part for you like nobody's beeziness.

(MUSIC -- FADES DOWN)

GRIFFITH: And so Miss Lupe Velez was given a chance to rehearse the part in a cast which included Mr. William Boyd, Mr. Jean Hersholt, Miss Jetta Goudal and Mr. Albert Conti. Remember this cast was originally secured for a silent picture. It was a cast of all nations, which you will see later (When sound pictures came in) got me into plenty of trouble. But now we're trying Lupe out in rehearsal.

GRIFFITH: Now Lupe.. we'll rehearse that love scene.

LUPE: But Mr. Griffouth, who do I make love with? Myself?

GRIFFITH: No.. no.. Mr. Boyd is going to play the part of the Baron... your lover. He's working on another picture so he can't be here till next week. Now here's the idea of this scene. You and your lover have had a quarrel. He walks out on you, after bawling you out scornfully. Then he thinks it over and comes back to you.

LUPE: (INDIGNANTLY) He would not come back to me.. I would give him a keek in the pants.

GRIFFITH: No.. no.. this isn't real life. Listen, this is a picture.. stand still a minute... listen...

LUPE: (IN A VERY SOOTHING TONE) Mr. Griffouth.. I listen to every word you say but that isn't good.. that part.

GRIFFITH: When he begs your forgiveness, he gets down on his knees and humbles himself.. you feel sorry for him...

LUPE: Oh, well.. if he gets on his knees.. that's different.

GRIFFITH: Now he says to you: I am very sorry little one... I don't care where you came from... I cannot eat.. I cannot sleep... I want you for my wife. I want you... you.. only you.... You beautiful little wild blackbird. I love you...I love you.

LUPE: Oh, Mr. Griffouth.. Oh, that is so nice... you make me tingle.. Oh, I go right in the arms....

GRIFFITH: But wait a minute.. wait a minute.. not so fast.. You look at him, then you go into his arms. You are subdued by all your sorrows.. quiet.. go on, try it now.

LUPE: That makes me crazy that you say that..(ECSTATICALLY AND NOT AT ALL QUIETLY) I have always been crazy about you.. I love the ground you walk on.. I love you... Caramba.., I burn up for you...

GRIFFITH: But Lupe.. that isn't the way the part is written... You are supposed to be all subdued with your sorrows and troubles. Don't you think that would be better?

LUPE: (HUMBLY) But I forget it.. when a man I like does that to me, I don't think of the troubles.. I grab heem queek and say... good... good. I am glad you got sense and come back.

GRIFFITH: (PUZZLED) Well, maybe you're right... it's good either way!

(MUSIC.... FADES DOWN)

GRIFFITH: ~~There was no doubt about it... she was something original and something different.~~ However she played this scene I knew she was going to be good. Then we rehearsed the great denunciation scene, where she was exposed by the villainous lady before the world as an imposter.

Now Lupe.. when they expose you, you run up the steps, you point to the old orchestra leader and say... Yes, he is my friend... my good friend. Yes, he is just a poor musician in a cheap cabaret but he is a good man and my friend, and just because you've got good clothes and jewels and names it means nothing to me... you can all go to the devil!

LUPE: A-ah...Mr. Griffouth...I tear that to pieces. They should go to the devils.

GRIFFITH: All right...start the scene...the beginning...

LUPE: I speak the truth what I feels. All of you go to the devils...Theese fat mans is my friend and I loves heem. He play good music.

GRIFFITH: Wait....wait a minute. You've got it backward..

LUPE: All right.....I get it straight, Mr. Griffouth. I soon show you I can say its.

(MUSIC.....FADES DOWN)

GRIFFITH: There was no doubt about it...she could do it. This was just in her line...standing there, with fire blazing out of her eyes...denouncing her false aristocratic associates and sticking up for her old friends of the cabaret. When we finally took the scene...as it was a silent picture...we let Lupe play it in Spanish and she was still more magnificent.

Well....after much time in rehearsals, getting costumes, etc., the picture was finished, and seemed a very likely silent picture. But in the meantime, the talking pictures had come in, and audiences clamored for nothing but the talking variety. After much consideration we determined to put talk into it, at least in the last part. So we had dialogue written, gave Lupe a theme song written by Mr. Irving Berlin, to sing through the picture, and prepared to take the great exposure and denunciation scene in dialogue.

GRIFFITH: When we started the rehearsals this time the headaches began. Miss Goudal, who played the part of the aristocratic villianess, had a very strong French accent...Mr. Conti a decided Austrian accent..Mr. Hersholt, a broad German....Miss Velez a Spanish dialect! But everybody said they could study their parts and would speak perfect English at the final rehearsal. Well...the final rehearsal finally arrived...and I was so petrified at the "perfect English" of my international cast that I let the rehearsal go on, just to see what would happen.....

Now, Miss Velez....you know this scene...as Nanette, the counterfeit society girl, you are attending the brilliant supper party given by the French ~~nobelwoman~~ Great Lady. Now..you walk over to the orchestra...the leader recognizes you. All right, Mr. Hersholt..your lines..

HERSHOLT: Why...Nanette...it iss like old times to see you. Maybe we play for you, ja?

GRIFFITH: Now, Miss Goudal....as you see them shaking hands...and the girl embarrassed...you come in with the dialogue.

GOUDAL: (STRONG FRENCH DIALECT) Look! Look! The leader of the orchestra....he knows her...see! He recognizes her!

(MURMUR OF VOICES....BACKGROUND)

HERSHOLT: Ja....this is der little madchen...Nanettchen...we play for her very good..ja ?

GOUDAL: (LOUDLY) You see!? She is from the gutter! Monsieur le Baron...he is bethrothed to Nanette...a cafe singer from the slums of Paris! (LAUGHS)

(CROWD MURMUR....LOUDER)

GRIFFITH: Now, Lupe..your lines...go ahead ..

LUPE: Si...si...senora...it is truth..Yes, I am Nanette.. I tell youse the truth..I do know these people in the orchestra.....Caramba, they are very goods people. Because you have fine clothes you are no good. I from thees place go. I nevaire want my eyes to look on you again...nevaire..(INTERRUPTING) Mr. Griffouth...I cannot talk it...I am so nervouse. I cannot be Nanette, Mr. Griffouth...I am Spanish..Oh, Mr. Griffouth, I am so nervouse...

GRIFFITH: Never mind, Lupe..go on..it's fine. Finish in Spanish then..

LUPE: No, I make the drama in English plain.

GRIFFITH: That's right..run up the steps...turn on them..now give it to them!

LUPE: So all of you see....look...these people in the orchestra ...they are my friends. They are good peoples...if they do belong in the cabarette...You, with your fine clothes and your la-da-das (IMMITATION OF WOULD BE SOCIETY) you alls make me seek. And you, Mr. Bill Boyds..I mean le Baron..I nevaire want set eyes on none of you no more..so long as I live..to the devils..to the devils...all of you!

(MUSIC: FADES DOWN)

GRIFFITH: At this she made a grand exit...amidst the supposed consternation of all the people in the cast. But their consternation was nothing to mine. I had sent for Mr. Joe Schenk to listen to what might happen at our talking rehearsal. As we finished, he turned to me and said.."What is this ? A conference of the League of Nations?" I said..."No, I think it sounds more like an international dog fight."

....So "Ladies of the Pavements" did not become a talking picture. But, despite the fact that audiences in general would have nothing but talking pictures, the picture went over very successfully.

And incidentally, Miss Lupe Velez made a tremendous hit!

(SIGNATURE _____)

AGENCY:EJ:MFH

3-9-33

#54

MR. GRIFFITH: Ladies and Gentlemen:

Of course at present everybody is talking about the crisis in financial affairs. Fortunately for our American spirit most of the people seem to take it like regular fellows. It would seem from the surface it has created more laughs than it has tears. Never mind, I'm not going to discuss financial affairs but tell you about a crisis which occurred in the motion picture industry a few years ago..... at the time that the talkies came in and knocked the old silent drama higher than a kite. Parson me just a moment.... I saw a gentleman with a real dollar bill. No, it's too late... He's gone so we'll get back to our mutton.

Just before the talkies came in, I was casting a picture which you may or may not have seen -- "Ladies of the Pavements". In this picture a lady of the nobility was jilted by her handsome young lover whom she had been engaged to marry. She worked out a more or less subtle plot to avenge herself on him. She procured a girl of common birth from one of the cheapest cabarets in Paris, had her schooled in manners etc., introduced her as a lady of noble birth from a French province and engineered the affair so that her noble ex-lover made public his engagement to this girl, and then arranged a brilliant society supper where all the young lover's friends and the elite of Court circles would be present and secured the orchestra

from the cabaret where the girl had formerly played so that she could be exposed as what she really was and thus make her ex-lover the laughing stock of Paris. We rehearsed lots of young women for this part of the cabaret girl. Finally, a certain young girl was brought to me as a fitting candidate for the part. She was black-haired, slim, vibrant, with glowing black eyes.

MR. GRIFFITH: Well, young lady... I saw your performance in that last picture. In that part you were just a firebrand. But this part calls for real emotion, pathos, comedy and everything else.

GIRL: (with heavy Spanish accent) Well, Mr. Griffoouth, I can be a very good actress. I play every part... any part... in Mexico. They say I am very goode.

MR. GRIFFITH: Yes, but besides calling for passion... fire... this part calls for lots of pathos. I can't imagine you doing pathos.

GIRL: A-ah... Mr. Griffouth... you listen to what everybody saye. They see me hop and jump and act wild. They do not know me.... me... myself. I can be very deefer-ent.

MR. GRIFFITH: Well, you know, to really act and get into pathos, an actress must have had a tough time herself. You never were hungry and poor and up against it. How can you act it?

GIRL: Oh, Mr. Griffouth, I have not? You do not know.... Mr. Griffouth, I come to Los Angeles and I have just so much money to get me there on the trains... I do not

know one persons. I have no money to pay for taxi. I walk. I no speak Engleesh then hardly at all. I have what you say... my greepe... in my hand. I ask peoples about a hotel and they scared of me and I walk... and walk until my dogs are all gone. And I sit on the sidewalks and cry... like a babee.....

MR. GRIFFITH: I never heard anything about that..

GIRL: I did not tells them. I have four dollar.... two of them Mexican and no good... and I cry on the sidewalks boo-hoo..... boo-hoo..... like a babee cry. My God, I don't know what to do....

MR. GRIFFITH: At this she got so stirred up over her memories that she looked most pathetic as the makeup just poured down her face.

MR. GRIFFITH: Well, that's different. I always thought of you as a vest-pocket Mount Vesuvious.

GIRL: Then I say... Lupe... Lupe.... this is no good. Nobody likes peoples that cries. I look for that Hollywoods... I find him... I knock him in the neck and make everybody say -- Lupe Velez.. she may come from Mexico but she show them mooch... plenti.... So I asks a man that looks like our peoples and finds the hotels and finds Hollywood. I play that part for you like nobody's beeziness.

MR. GRIFFITH: And so Miss Lupe Velez was given a chance to rehearse the part in a cast which included Mr. William Boyd, Mr. Jack Hersholt, Miss Jetta Goudal and Mr. Albert Conti.

MR. GRIFFITH: This was for a silent picture. I had a cast from all nations which you will see later (when sound pictures came in) got me into plenty of trouble.

MR. GRIFFITH: Now, Lupe, we'll rehearse that love scene. Mr. Boyd will play the part of the lover. He finishes up another picture this week. You see, this is after he has found you deceived him by pretending to be a noble girl of society and he finds out you came from a cheap cabaret. He gives you the go-by and bawls you out scornfully. Then he thinks it over and comes back to you.

LUPE: (indignantly) He would not come back to meeze... I would give him a keek in the pants.

MR. GRIFFITH: No... no.... This isn't real life. Listen, this is a picture... stand still a minute... listen....

LUPE: (in a very soothing tone) Mr. Griffouth.... I listen to every word you say but that isn't good... that part....

MR. GRIFFITH: When he begs your forgivness, he gets down on his knees and humbles himself.... You feel sorry for him.

LUPE: Oh, well... if he gets on his knees... that's different.

MR. GRIFFITH: Now he says to you: I am very sorry little one... I don't care where you came from... I cannot eat.... I cannot sleep.... I want you for my wife. I want you... you... only you. You beautiful little wild blackbird. I love you... I love you.

LUPE: Oh, Mr. Griffouth.... Oh, that is so nice.... You make me tingle.... Oh, I go right in the arms....

MR. GRIFFITH: But wait a minute... wait a minute.... not so fast... You look at him... Then you go into his open arms. You are subdued by all your sorrows.... quiet.... Go on... try it now.

LUPE: That makes me crazy that you say that..... (ecstatically and not at all quietly) My Gott... I have always been crazy about you... I love the ground you walk on... I love you... My Gott... I burn up for you....

MR. GRIFFITH: But Lupe, don't you think the way the part is written you are all subdued with your sorrows and troubles?

LUPE: (humbly) But I forget it... When a man I like so that to me, I don't think of the troubles... I grab heem queek and say... good.... good. I am glad you got sense and come back.

MR. GRIFFITH: (puzzled) Well, maybe you're right... It's good either way.

MR. GRIFFITH: There was no doubt about it... she was something original and something different. However she played this scene I knew she was going to be good. But now we had to go to the great denunciation scene where she was exposed by the villainous lady before the world as an imposter.

MR. GRIFFITH: Now, Lupe, when they expose you, you run up the steps. You point to the old orchestra leader and say -- Yes, he is my friend... my good friend. Yes, he is just a poor musician in a cheap cabaret but he is a good man and my friend, and just because you've got

good clothes and jewels and names it means nothing to me... you can all go to the devil!

LUPE: A-ah, Mr. Griffouth... I tear that to pieces. They should go to the devils.

MR. GRIFFITH: All right, start the scene... the beginning...

LUPE: I speak the truth what I feels. All of you go to the devils... Theese fat mans is my friend and I loves heem. He play good music....

MR. GRIFFITH: Wait... wait a minute. You've got it backward...

LUPE: All right... I get it straight, Mr. Griffouth. I soon show you I can say its.

MR. GRIFFITH: There was no doubt about it... she could do it.. This was just in her line.. As she stood, with fire blazing out of her, denouncing her false aristocratic associates and stick up for her old friends of the cabaret... In this scene - as it was a silent picture - we let her do it in Spanish and she was still more magnificent... to this effect:

MR. GRIFFITH: And so Lupe Velez got the part. Then after much time in rehearsals, getting costumes etc., it was made, and seemed a very likely silent picture. But in the meantime, the talking pictures had come in and the audiences clamored for nothing but talking pictures so after much consideration we determined to put talk into it, at least in the last part. So we had dialogue written, gave Lupe a theme song to sing through the picture, which was written by Mr. Irving Berlin and prepared to take the great exposure and denunciation scene in

dialogue. The theme song, by the way, was "The Song of Songs" and Lupe worked like the deuce on it and sang it beautifully to the great delight of her audiences.

MR. GRIFFITH: When we started the rehearsals this time the headaches began. Miss Goudal had a very strong Frendh accent.... (Her part was that of the aristocratic villainess) Mr. Conti a tremendously decided Austrian accent.... Mr. Hersholt, a broad German... Miss Velez a Spanish dialect. But everybody said they could study their parts and would speak perfect English at the final rehearsal.

MR. GRIFFITH: Now, Miss Velez.... You go to sing with the orchestra before the aristocrats as the counterfeit society girl. The orchestra leader recognizes you.

HERSHOLT: It's like old times to play for you, Nanette.

MR. GRIFFITH: Now, Miss Goudal.... as you see them shaking hands, and the girl embarrassed, you come in with the dialogue. Ah, look! That's where she really came from!!! Then you expose her.
(turning to Boyd)
Mosieur le Baron is betrothed to a cocotte from the slums of Paris. Then the consternation of the guests. All right... begin.... begin Hersholt....

HERSHOLT: Yah... this is de little madschen, Nanetty.... we play for you veery goode, yah?

MR. GRIFFITH: I was so petrified at this "clear English" I let the

rehearsal go on to see what would happen. When the French lady started... then the German.... Can you imagine it? And all supposed to be speaking clear English.....

MR. GRIFFITH: Now, Lupe... you say -- Monsieures, mesdames.... This is the one... La Belle Mademoiselle (Here we should have a little French) She is from the gutter, eh, ... oui, certainment..... from the gutter... oui, she is...

CONTI: Oh, vas is los? sehr gut, nein? nein? nein? Das kleine Madschen ist weildbloomer, nicht?

MR. GRIFFITH: Then, Lupe broke in.....

LUPE: Si... si... senors.... It is truth.... Yes, I am Nanette.. I tell youse the truth.... I do know these peoples... Caramba, they are very goods peoples. Because you have fine clothes you are no good. I from thees place go. I nevaire want my eyes to look on you again... nevaire....

(interrupting)

Mr. Griffouth.... I cannot talk it... I am so nervoouse. I cannot be Nanette, Mr. Griffouth... I am Spanish.... Oh, Mr. Griffouth, I am so nervouse.....

MR. GRIFFITH: Never mind, Lupe. Go on.... it's fine... Finish in Spanish then.....

LUPE: No, I make the drama in English plain.

MR. GRIFFITH: That's right... run up the steps... turn on them.... Now give it to them....

LUPE: So all of you see...look....these are my friends.... They are good peoples... if they do belong in the cabarette.... You, with your fine clothes and your

la-da-das (immitation of would-be society) You alls make me seek. And you, Mr. Bill Boyds, -- I mean le Baron --- I nevaire want set eyes on none of you no more -- so long as I live... to the devils.... to the devils... all of you.

MR. GRIFFITH: At this she made a grand exit, amidst the supposed consternation of all the people in the cast. But their consternation was nothing to mine. I had sent for Mr. Joe Schenk to listen to what might happen at our talking rehearsal. I turned to him and he said - "What is this? A conference of the League of Nations?" No, I said, I think it sounds more like an international dog fight....

So "Ladies of the Pavements" did not become a talking picture but, despite the fact that audiences in general would have nothing but a talking picture, the cast were all excellent silent actors and Lupe's fire and wiggor put the picture over very successfully, and Miss Lupe Velez was a knockout. Incidentally if the others had been Americans, Lupe could have done her part in broken English, with a Spanish accent, beautifully, and would have been grand... that is if we could have kept her still long enough to get her lines into any microphone. We had figured it would have taken about ten or fifteen to follow her around.

NOTE:

Dear Mr. McKnight:

It might be possible in this, if you want more drama, to have at the same time that we are trying out Lupe, try out another girl, an affected, meany sort of a person, so the audience would pull for Lupe and she would get the part.

D. W. G.

Mar. 13-1933.
Mon. 10 a. m.

Dear uncle David.

Thanks you so much for your phone call and wire; it did much to brace us; and relieved me of anxiety. Auntie was so weak from the first terrible night of shocks; that I think I would have put her in the car and gone to the Mts.; or Arizona had our car been in good condition, and had we had enough cash; but the odds were against us and the responsibility rested on me.

My back is terrible, but a trained nurse lives next door and she would have driven for us. We are fortunate in having her for a friend — she is always at our service.

You will scold me for not keeping our car up; but I've tried so hard not to be an extra expense to you. and in my desire for the three of us to live as cheaply as Auntie could alone; I really under-estimated

the amount she needs monthly. I made no provision for gas or car expense; so we have not used the car since last June except for shopping right here in town, and we have had to spend $40.00 in order to use it at all. The car is 8 or ten years old and this is the first year we have had to spend much on it. ~~more~~. Since we use it so little we did not think it advisable to spend more money on it; but it would surely be a relief if it were in better condition now. However, as a bed it is a dandy and we are glad we have it.

We are still sleeping in the car, and I keep it ready to go, in case we should be ordered to leave town; I'd start out with the others and go as far as we could. Seal Beach ordered its people to vacate the first night of the quake. We believe the worst is over, but are still having occasional hard shocks, one at five this morning that rattled the

dishes and furniture according to our neighbors that slept indoors, but this morning is quite calm. We feel that our experience is not worth mentioning, compared to the suffering that Long Beach people are enduring. 3.30 P.M. Mar. 13.

Your wire saying that you are sending money has just been received; suppose the money will come within a few days. Bless your heart you are a Dear. Auntie loves you more every day of her life and so do we all. Wish you could realize what a God-send you are to us.

Will write again tomorrow; am just too tired to think now. I repeat we are in splendid condition. Our house is holding up well. We feel this will be our

last uneasy night — but we will continue sleeping out until we are sure.

For once Auntie is taking orders from me. She is as obedient as a lamb and I am humoring her in every way.

Our shocks are very far apart today and we all feel much more at ease. Auntie will write later.

The first 24 hrs. we had over 200 shocks but today they come hours apart; we have not had a hard one since 5 a. m., and very few quivers — so don't worry the worst is over.

Love + thanks,

Ruth

Jerry, Auntie and all send love.

Love to Evelyn it was nice of you to introduce us;

D. W. GRIFFITH COLLECTION
MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY

New York, N. Y.,
March 15, 1933.

Mr. Jeremiah Maguire,
President, Federation Bank & Trust Co.,
34th Street & 8th Avenue,
New York, N. Y.

Dear Mr. Maguire,

I am submitting herewith for your inspection original agreement of compromise and settlement in the suit of D. W. Griffith against D. W. Griffith, Inc. I am also handing you a copy of the stipulation and certified copy of the order of discontinuance of the action.

At a stockholders meeting, notice of which was duly given by mail to every stockholder of record, held at the regular office of the Corporation at Baltimore, Md. on the 7th day of February, 1933, and at which meeting 752 shareholders were represented in person or by proxy holding a total of 418,583 shares out of a total of 496,693 shares outstanding, this suit by Mr. Griffith against the Corporation and the settlement thereof was brought up for consideration. The allegations in the pleadings, the claims of both parties and all the facts bearing on the controversy were placed before the meeting and discussed at length, and a resolution unanimously adopted approving the action of the officers and directors in making such settlement.

I ask that you kindly return the agreement as it is the original. There is, of course, no objection to your retaining a copy for your files.

I have discussed the matter with Captain O'Brien and Mr. Griffith and it is the concensus of opinion that it is best to have the United Artists stock transferred to Mr. Griffith on the books of the United Artists Corporation.

I am informed it is the wish of the Griffith Corporation to obtain a loan on the security of the mortgage and stock exchange collateral that you now hold and if his plans go through, as I have previously explained to you, Mr. Griffith has consented to make such loan. I assume it will be entirely agreeable to you to transfer the mortgage and stock exchange collateral upon payment of the amount due by the Corporation and upon receipt from the Corporation of a request to so transfer such collateral. As I understand it, you prefer the adoption of this plan rather than selling the collateral outright.

Will you kindly advise me if this meets with your approval.

Very truly yours,

WRO/RK

W.R.O.

March 13, 1933.

Federation Bank & Trust Co.,
34th Street & 8th Ave.,
New York, N. Y.

Dear Sirs,

We have been endeavoring to procure a loan on the mortgage and the stock (with the exception of the United Artists Corporation stock which belongs to Mr. Griffith) with which to pay our indebtedness to you.

Mr. D. W. Griffith has consented to make us this loan if he secures the necessary funds through negotiations he is now conducting. As an aid to carrying through this arrangement, we are giving you this advance notice and request to transfer the said mortgage and stock to Mr. Griffith, or to such firm or individual as Mr. Griffith may desire, as security for the new loan, upon payment to you of the balance owing you.

We are advised that it will facilitate Mr. Griffith's arrangement in procuring the necessary money to make us this loan if the 500 shares of the United Artists Corporation stock which you now hold, but which really belongs to Mr. Griffith, is transferred to his name on the books of the United Artists Corporation, and we are hereby requesting that you present this stock certificate to the United Artists Corporation for transfer. We understand, of course, that it will not be actually delivered to Mr. Griffith until your lien thereon has been disposed of.

Yours very truly,

D. W. GRIFFITH, INC.

President.

WRO/RAK

I hereby certify that at a meeting of the Board of Directors of D. W. Griffith, Inc., held at the office of the Corporation, 1619 Broadway, New York N. Y. on the 28th day of February, 1933 at 5:30 P. M. ALEXANDER W. FOX and FRANK D. REYNOLDS were elected PRESIDENT and SECRETARY, respectively, of the CORPORATION.

CERTIFIED TO this 16th day of March, 1933, at New York, N. Y.

_____
Secretary.

D. W. GRIFFITH COLLECTION
MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY

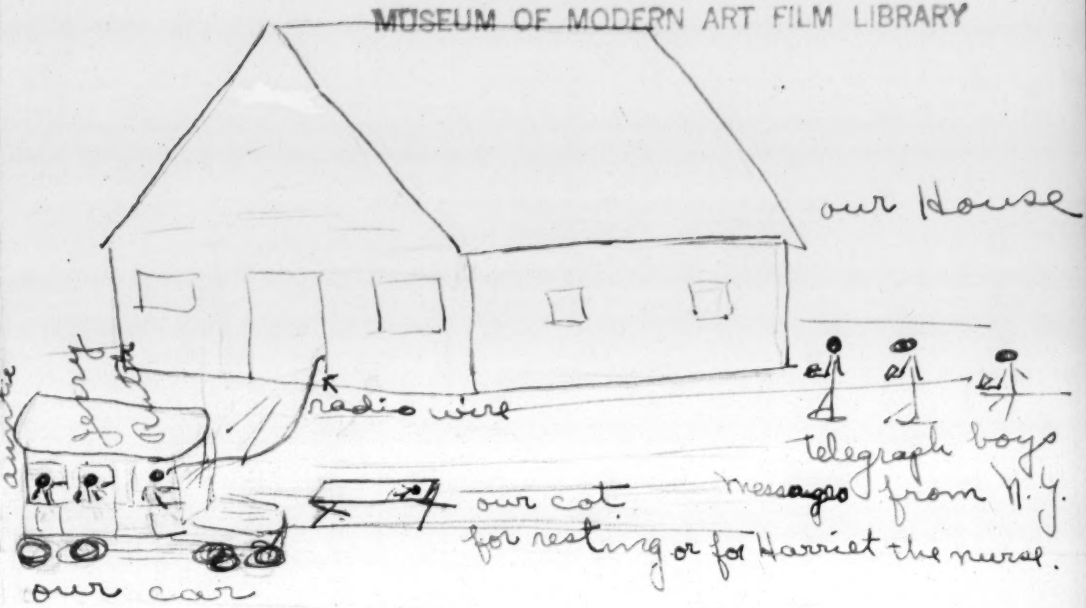
(mid-Life 3/17/33) Mon. night 7:20 P.M.

Dear uncle David:-

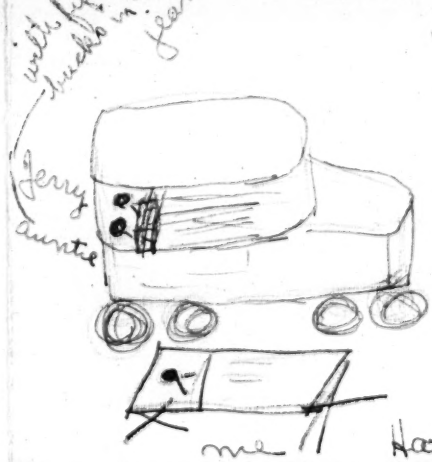
Your money came to us at seven this evening. Thanks you so much. We will have to use some of it for repairing our car or I will be in the Hospital. Our town is restricted so that we have to travel a mile or two to get to a place seven blocks away. We haven't taught Jerry to drive and Harriet is helping the injured in Long Beach - so what driving we have to do depends on me. If I can just get the steering made a little looser I can handle it alright. It will be cheaper in the long run to do that; but we will not put much money into the car as it isn't worth it. Except for the quake we could

Griffith family during day.

D. W. GRIFFITH COLLECTION
MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY



lot across the street at nights.



A church lot by the way. going to Heaven on good ground if we go.

Harriet joins me at 2 P.M. when she returns from nursing in Long Beach.

have gotten along without a car — but now we can't. Thanks so much for coming to our rescue.

Wires are all tied up here — so messages are going out very slowly. Exchange said a night letter would travel as fast as a day message. They are about a thousand behind.

Had a gun stuck in our faces twice today — started in on forbidden ground going after your wire. It was phoned out from L.A. and I wanted the copy. Got a permit and we saw into a lot of the restricted district as we went to the telephone office for a copy. We all go every where together. We don't mind what happens so long as we three are together.

Auntie and Jerry are scared stiff without me, and I'm as strong as a burnt match.

Do not worry — we are grateful and happy.

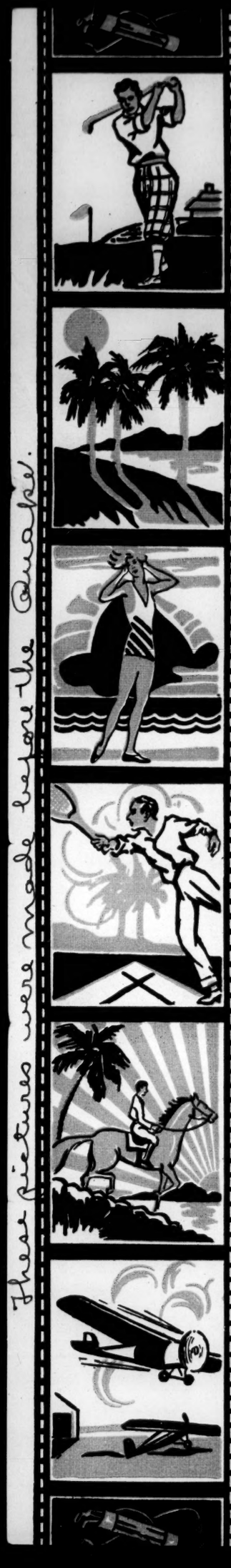
Clyde and mother are O.K. and are good company and a help to us in lots of ways.

Haven't had a shock for hours. Maybe they are all over.

Love from all,

Ruth

Western Union has an office in this town & delivery service.



SANTA ANA, CALIFORNIA

Mar. 17 - 1933.

St. Patrick's Day and all is well.

Dear uncle David:

Again you've saved our lives.

The mechanic said our car was not safe and he didint see how I had managed to drive it. With the extra money from you we felt we could afford to have the car fixed. It cost nearly $30. but is safe now, and he took a check; so we are resting easy.

Tuesday night was another record. One tremblor after another. No sleep for any of us. The last two nights have been calm and we have made up for lost sleep.

Auntie says she will write you when she calms down. Guess she still feels quivery inside.

Love from all of us.

Please have some one let us know when you are on the air.

Ruth

#51

BIOGRAPH DAYS
MARY PICKFORD
(REVISED)

D. W. GRIFFITH COLLECTION
MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY

D. W. GRIFFITH'S HOLLYWOOD (a)

WJZ PROGRAM #21

( )( )
10:00 - 10:15 P. M. MARCH 19 1933 SUNDAY

(FANFARE)

(SIGNATURE.....FADES DOWN)

KEECH: The makers of Hinds Honey and Almond Cream present Mr. D. W. Griffith....the great motion picture director and star-discoverer. But before I turn the microphone over to Mr. Griffith here is something I want to say.

And now may I present Mr. D. W. Griffith.....

GRIFFITH: Thank you, Mr. Keech. Ladies and gentlemen, I am going to tell you a story this evening that I think will concern most of you. Imagine I have just drifted into the studio. There, before the Projection Room, chattering together, are two rather well-known gentlemen, namely: LIONEL BARRYMORE and CHARLIE CHAPLIN.

Good morning, Actors. This looks like a conference of the idle rich.

BARRYMORE: Idle enough...but not rich!

CHAPLIN: Artists should never be rich.

GRIFFITH: Yeah? Say, Charlie, if I had yours, I'd put out scrip of my own.

CHAPLIN: We were just waiting here to see if you would buy us something to eat.

GRIFFITH: I suspected as much. I tried to come in through the other gate, but I guess I made a mistake.

BARRYMORE: I thought you looked like a likely gent to cash a $50.00 check.

GRIFFITH: All right, I'll pay you in doughnuts, and we'll all have breakfast together.

BARRYMORE: (DISGUSTEDLY) Look at those two girls...nothing on their minds but blond hair...they're laughing, imagine that!

GRIFFITH: ~~Well~~ Say, if we were as good looking as that, we'd laugh too!

BARRYMORE: Well, what about those doughnuts?

GRIFFITH: Well, you and Chaplin go across the street, get them, and charge them to me. I've got to go to work.

W

(MUSIC.....FADES DOWN)

I went into my office. through the window I could see all the busy preparations going on for the making of pictures. ~~Through my window I could see~~ the stars driving in, stars whose salaries would make that of the President of the United States look like nothing at all. I could see lines of extra people. The whole scene resembled ~~looked like~~ a masquerade. Here goes a group who look like they might have walked out of the Bible, going to work in a religious play. Moses, and a group of the children of Israel; going into a room where they're making a jazz picture, dancers whose wardrobe cloaks scarcely conceal they're wearing nothing in particular underneath them. In the air, the music from the various studios, running from the chant of the ancients to the blaring horns of an up-to-date orchestra. And everywhere ambitious ones, wanting to make good, trying to convince people that they can act, dreaming they are future stars.

My mind goes back to how we discovered that a very famous ingenue of today could do dramtic acting.

A small studio. I am talking to Mack Sennett, the now famous slapstick and bathing beauty king.

GRIFFITH: Say Sennett, who do you think could do that gal in the hoarder picture?

SENNETT: Why not get a regular actress from the stage, like Miss Marguerite Clarke?

GRIFFITH: You talk like you owned a bank...Is Miss Pickford in her dressing room?

SENNETT: Yes, I saw her just go in.....a few minutes ago.

GRIFFITH: Get her out here, I'm going to try her.

SENNETT: Say, you don't think she could do dramatic stuff, do you? Why, she's only a comedienne and a curly-haired ingenue.

GRIFFITH: Get her here and I'll soon find out.

SENNETT: How?

GRIFFITH: Well, I thought I'd try to stir her up ~~getting~~ her mad. If I can make her mad enough, I'll see whether she's a dramatic actress or not?

SENNETT: (LAUGHS) Say, you'll never make Mary mad!

GRIFFITH: Won't do any harm to try. Call her!

SENNETT: Just as you say. (CALLS) Miss Pickford.....Mary.....

PICKFORD: (AWAY) Yes?

SENNETT: Come here a minute..

PICKFORD: All right. (APPROACHING VERY INGENUE) Oh.... good morning, Mr. Griffith.

GRIFFITH: Morning Miss Pickford. Say, I asked ~~Mack~~ Sennett to call you. I wanted to ask you if you'd ever done any dramatic work?

PICKFORD: Why no....I haven't...nothing you'd really call dramatic..

GRIFFITH: You've ~~not~~ got very much temper, have you?

MARY: Well, I'm Irish.

GRIFFITH: Yes, that's right. Incidentally I didn't tell you, but the "bosses" were going to fire you yesterday.

PICKFORD: (STILL QUIETLY) Fire me? What for?

GRIFFITH: Well, they said those curls around your face made your head seem too big.

PICKFORD: (STIRRING A LITTLE) Oh, they did, did they?

GRIFFITH: And I came near losing my job, too, because I stood up for you. In fact, we both nearly lost our jobs.

PICKFORD: That was very nice of you. (NOW GETTING STRONGER) I want to tell you something, Mr. Griffith, and you can tell the Biograph Company too. Before I'm through with these pictures, I'll be making $100 a week....and you're not the only director and the Biograph Company isn't the only company!

GRIFFITH: No, we know that. By the way...you know, everybody's raving about Miss Mae Marsh in the "Sands of Dee". Don't you really think she gave a great performance?

PICKFORD; (SARCASTICALLY) Oh, I thought she was good. Wasn't a very hard part...all she had to do was just walk around.

GRIFFITH: Well, I have a good strong dramatic part, I was thinking about giving it to her...or getting a regular actress from the stage.

PICKFORD: (BREAKING OUT...PLENTY OF TEMPER) Oh, you are...are you? Well, you can get whomever you please, but I want to tell you one thing...I'll never forget as long as I live, that you gave that part in the "Sands of Dee" to somebody else. You know right down in your heart I should have had that part! When you get any silly little pictures with nothing to do, you give them to me. When you get a real part, somebody else gets it! The company can't fire me!

GRIFFITH: I'd like to know why not?

PICKFORD: Because I'm quitting. I'm through! I'm going to walk out of this studio and I'll never come back. (RECEDING) Now just put that in your pipe and smoke it!

GRIFFITH: Miss Pickford...Miss Pickford! Wait a minute.

PICKFORD: I'll not be waiting.

GRIFFITH: But, Miss Pickford, listen! Don't run away. Please! I was really figuring on you for the next big dramatic part.

PICKFORD: Oh, you were, were you? Well, what's all that other talk about?

GRIFFITH: I didn't mean it to be serious.

PICKFORD: Well, I'll play no more parts for you...What sort of part is it, anyhow?

GRIFFITH: The part just fits you. It's the part of a spunky little wife, very young...very young just past 16 and your young husband, ~~who is~~ head a doctor. He's afraid to trust the banks so he draws all his money out with the idea of ~~hoarding~~ hiding it at home. Then the house is attacked by robbers and you'll have a chance to act all over the place.

PICKFORD: Well, I'll consider it!

(MUSIC.....FADES DOWN)

GRIFFITH: ~~So~~ Afterwards....we started to work on the picture., First we shot the scene where the young doctor, played by Arthur Johnson, comes to his lonely home in the country with $5,000 in cash which he has taken from the bank, because he has heard rumors that the banks are going to close. As he reaches the house, the telephone rings...It is a Mrs. Wilson, who needs the doctor immediately. Arthur hides the money under a chair cushion and rushes out.

GRIFFITH: (CONT) Mary, as the wife...is left alone in the house with the cash. Outside, watching, are three suspicious-looking characters. When the doctor has gone, they approach the front door and knock.

(HEAVY KNOCKING)

GRIFFITH: All right, Mary. This is where you answer the door. Don't open it at first...start your lines.

PICKFORD: Yes, what do you want....please?

MAN'S VOICE: (OUTSIDE) My friend here was just hurt in an automobile accident. We want to see the doctor.

PICKFORD: (INSIDE) Well, the doctor isn't here.

MANS VOICE: He'll be in soon, won't he?

PICKFORD: (FRIGHTENED) I don't know...

MANS VOICE: We just want to bring our friend in...We've got no place to take him. He's very badly hurt. Open the door.

(DOOR OPENS ON A CHAIN)

PICKFORD: I'm here all by myself...couldn't you take him somewhere esle?

MANS VOICE: (WHISPERS) Open the door quickly now, before she gets wise...

(DOOR SLAMS...BOLTS AND CHAINS)

PICKFORD: Oh, no, you don't. Don't break that door in now! You can't come in here!

(VERY HEAVY POUNDING ON DOOR)

MAN: (MUFFLED) Let us in!!

PICKFORD: No! Oh dear..what'll I do.. the telephone....

(CLICK OF RECEIVER)

Operator...Main 620..and hurry! Please hurry!

VOICE: (OVER PHONE) Hello?

PICKFORD: Oh, is the doctor there yet?

VOICE: Yes...just got here..

PICKFORD: Get him...quick..hurry...please hurry!

JOHNSON: (OVER PHONE) Hello...that you, Mary?

PICKFORD: Listen..there are three men trying to break into the house!

JOHNSON: What?

PICKFORD: I wouldn't let them in. And now they're trying to break the door down.

JOHNSON: Good Lord...I'll come...

PICKFORD: Arthur...wait! You can't possibly get here in time...

JOHNSON: Yes but...

PICKFORD: Hush up and listen to me! Where did you put the pistol?

JOHNSON: It's in the right hand drawer of the desk?

PICKFORD: Wait a minute.

(DRAWER SLIDES OPEN)

Yes, I've found it.

JOHNSON: Be careful....

PICKFORD: I'll just try to scare them...

(WITH THIS...CHANGE OF TONE)

Dear, it's not loaded.

JOHNSON: Not loaded?

PICKFORD: No! There are not cartridges in it!

JOHNSON: Be calm! Wait a minute..Yes, I remember, that's right!

PICKFORD: The cartridges...where are they?

JOHNSON: Look in the same drawer...they must be there.

PICKFORD: No, they're not here..

JOHNSON: The left drawer...look in it..the lower one...

(DRAWER SLIDES)

JOHNSON: (CONT) (MORE EXCITED) Mary, Mary, Mary! Haven't you found them? Mary?

(SOUND OF DOOR SPLINTERING)

PICKFORD: I've found them...I'm frightened so! They're breaking in the door.

MAN: So there you are! Drop that phone...

(CLATTER)

Where's the money!!!!.

PICKFORD: (SCREAMS) DON'T...I DON'T KNOW! LET ME ALONE!

MANS VOICE: You do know! Where is it? He left it here with you.

PICKFORD: (SCREAM) DON'T! LET ME ALONE!

JOHNSON: Mary! Mary! Answer! What's happened? Why don't you answer? Oh, my Heavens!

(MUSIC.....FADES DOWN)

GRIFFITH: After these few seconds of ~~horror~~ terror, Johnson drives furiously back to his home, leaving the audience in suspense as to what had happened to his wife. In the meantime, while one of the men had tried to force a confession from Mary, the other two had ransacked the room and discovered the money. All this Johnson learns later. Now we find him entering the house.

JOHNSON: Mary, Mary! Where are you? There she is...lying on the floor...Oh ....Mary! Mary!...

PICKFORD: (WEAKLY) Yes, dear.

JOHNSON: Are you all right? They didn't hurt you?

PICKFORD: I don't know. I don't think so.

JOHNSON: Well, thank heaven for that.

PICKFORD: They got...they got...

JOHNSON: Yes?....

PICKFORD: They got the money...

JOHNSON: (GREATLY RELIEVED) To the devil with that...just so long as you're all right.

PICKFORD: I think I will be if you'll push my heart down out of my throat.

JOHNSON: I'll have to get mine fixed first. I had that car pushed up to 40 miles an hour and broke all speed records.

PICKFORD: Oh, suppose you'd had an accident.

JOHNSON: Well, I didn't. But now we've lost all our money!

PICKFORD: Well, that doesn't mean anything to me...because I never dreamed you had that money anyway!

(MUSIC.....FADES DOWN)

GRIFFITH: This mello melodrama showed Mary Pickford in a new and dramatic light, and also for those days was quite a high falutin success It was made about 20 years ago, written concerning a panic of the past, but perhaps ~~some~~ elements of it may seem, in a way, to fit some of the conditions we have just been through.

(ORCHESTRA.....SIGNATURE)

LH
3-16-33

GRIFFITH: Ladies and Gentlemen, I am going to tell you a story this evening that I think will concern most of you. Imagine I have just drifted into the studio. There, before the Projection Room, chatting together, are two rather well-known gentlemen, namely: LIONEL BARRYMORE and CHARLIE CHAPLIN.

Good Morning, Actors. This looks like a conference of the idle rich.

BARRYMORE: Idle enough - but not rich!

CHAPLIN: Artists should never be rich.

GRIFFITH: Yeah? Say, boy, if I had yours, I'd put out scrip of my own.

CHAPLIN: We were just waiting here to see if you would buy us something to eat.

GRIFFITH: I suspected as much. I tried to come in thru the other gate, but I made a mistake.

BARRYMORE: I thought you looked like a likely gent to cash a $50.00 check.

GRIFFITH: Alright, I'll pay you in doughnuts, and we'll all have breakfast together.

BARRYMORE: (Disgustedly) Look at those two girls -- nothing on their minds but blonde hair.----They're laughing, imagine that!

GRIFFITH: Well, if we were as good looking as that, we'd laugh too.

BARRYMORE: Well, what about those doughnuts?

GRIFFITH: Well, you and Chaplin go across the street, get them, and charge them to me. I've got to go to work. I'm working on a good melodrama. I've got to find an actress who can put it over.

I went into the office. On my desk I could see all the busy preparations going on for the making of pictures. Through my window I could see stars driving in, stars whose salaries would make that of the President of the United States look like nothing at all. I could see lines of extra people. The whole panorama looked like a masquerade. Here goes a group who look like they mig ht have walked out of the Bible, going to a religious play. Moses, and a group of the Children of Israel, going into a room where they're making a jazz picture, dancers whose wardrobe cloaks scarcely conceal they're wearing nothing in particular underneath them. In the air, the music in the various studios, running from the chant of the ancients to the blaring horns of an up-to-date orchestra. And everywhere ambitious ones, wanting to make good, trying to convince people that they can act, dreaming they are future stars.

My mind goes back to how we discovered that a very famous ingenue of today could do dramatic acting.

A small studio. I am talking to Mack Sennett, the now famous slapstick and bathing beauty king.

GRIFFITH: Say, Mack Sennett, whom do you think could do that gal in the hoarder picture.

SENNETT: Why not get a regular actress from the stage, like Miss Marguerite Clarke.

GRIFFITH: You talk like you owned a bank.-----Is Miss Pickford in the dressing room?

SENNETT: Yes, I saw her just go in - a few minutes ago.

GRIFFITH: Get her out here, I'm going to try her.

SENNETT: Oh, you don't think she could do dramatic stuff, do you? Why, she's only a comedienne and a curly-haired ingenue.

GRIFFITH: Well, get her here and I'll soon find out.

And so Miss Pickford came out, with her usual ingenue smile, dimples and curls.

MISS PICKFORD: (In a very ingenue, nice, light tone) Good Morning, Mr. Griffith.

GRIFFITH: Good Morning, Miss Pickford.

(In the meantime I was thinking as deeply as my scatter-brains would allow me, trying to figure out something that would stir up and get the dramatics out of her.)

You've never done any strong dramatic work, have you, Miss Pickford?

MISS PICKFORD: No, I never have yet.

GRIFFITH: You've not got very much temper, have you?

MARY: Well, I'm Irish.

GRIFFITH: Yes, that's right..... I didn't tell you, but you know the "bosses" fired you yesterday.

MARY (Still quietly) Fired me? What for?

GRIFFITH: Well they said those curls around your face made your head seem too big.

MARY: (Stirring a little) Oh, they did, did they?

GRIFFITH: And I came near losing my job, too, because I stood up for you. In fact, we both nearly lost our jobs.

MARY: That was very nice of you. (Now getting stronger) I want to tell you something, Mr. Griffith, and you can tell the Biograph Company too, before I'm thru with these pictures, I will be making $100.00 a week -- and you're not the only director and the Biograph Company isn't the only company!

GRIFFITH: No, we know that.

(While I saw this stirred her considerably, I realized I'd have to get something stronger than this to find out how much real dramatic power she had. So I took another tack)

You know, everybody's raving about Miss Mae Marsh in the "Sands of Dee." Didn't you think she was good?

MARY: (Sarcastically) Oh, I thought she was good. Wasn't a very hard part - all she did was just walk around.

GRIFFITH: Well, I have a good strong dramatic part - I was thinking about giving it to her - or getting a regular actress from the stage.

MARY: (Breaking out - plenty of temper) Oh you are - are you? Well, you can get whomever you please, and I want to tell you one thing, I'll never forget as long as I live, that you gave that part in the "Sands of Dee" to somebody else. You know right down in your heart I should have had that part! When you get any silly little pictures with nothing to do, you gave them to me. When you get a real part, somebody else gets it!! The company can't fire me!

GRIFFITH: I'd just like to know why not?

MARY: Because I'm quitting! I'm going to walk out of this studio and I'll never come back. Now just put that in your pipe and smoke it! I'm through!

GRIFFITH: To say I was surprised at this display was putting it mildly. There was no doubt she had dramatic ability and plenty of temper. So all I had to do was to remember how she looked and acted when she was aroused, and get it into the picture.

GRIFFITH: By this time she was leaving so I had to act quickly.

Miss Pickford! Miss Pickford! Wait a minute.

MARY: I'll not be waiting.

GRIFFITH: But, Miss Pickford, listen! Don't run away. Please! I'm just figuring on you for this next big dramatic part.

MARY: Oh, you were, were you? Well, what's all that other talk about?

GRIFFITH: Well, I didn't mean it to be serious.

MARY: Well, I'll play no more parts for you - I want that understood.

GRIFFITH: Why, Miss Pickford?

MARY: Well -- what sort of a part is it anyhow?

GRIFFITH: The part just fits you. Now you're going to have a chance to act all over the place. It's the part of a spunky little wife, very young - just past 16 - and your young husband, afraid to trust the banks, brings some money home. He is called away and while he's gone, some burglars who have been watching him when he got the money, try to rob you. Then you have a desperate scene, where with danger outside, you call your husband on the telephone and he directs you by telephone how to defend yourself.

MARY: That sounds good.

GRIFFITH: You've got every kind of dramatic action.---- Here's Mr. Johnson, let's run through it right now. Now, Arthur, I told you about this story. You've just come home. Mary's going to play your wife. Show her the money. Alright. We'll get in a huddle and talk it over and then we'll rehearse it.

(MUSIC FOR TIME LAPSE)

Now, alright, we'll go through the whole thing. You begin, Mary.

MARY: Hello, darling. What made you so late? I've been waiting for you - it seems like years.

JOHNSON: Oh, I had important business.

MARY: Oh, dearest, you look all troubled.

JOHNSON: Well, I should say I should be troubled! You know all the banks are about to close - everybody's scared to death.

MARY: Oh, I know, isn't it just terrible!

JOHNSON: Well, I'll tell you what I did---I got a good tip from the inside--and I just got all the cash money I had out of the bank, because by tomorrow, nobody knows what's going to happen. They all may go broke and catch us without anything.

MARY: How much have we got, darling?

JOHNSON: Here it is right in my pocket.

(As though bringing it out)

Look, there is $5,000.

MARY: (Much awed) $5,000! It's not real money? Oh dear, you mustn't carry that money around, somebody will kill you. The papers say they're just holding up people everywhere.

JOHNSON: I'm not going to carry it around. I'm going to put it right in the old sock.

MARY: But where are you going to put the sock?

JOHNSON: Well, I don't know----let's see.

(AT THIS THE TELEPHONE RINGS. MARY ANSWERS.)

MARY: Oh, yes, Mrs. Wilson. Oh, the doctor's right here. (To Johnson) It's for you, dear.

JOHNSON: (At telephone) Your baby? Worse, you say? Why, surely, I'll be over right away. (Turns to Mary) I've got to go right away, Mary.

MARY: Well, now, don't take that money with you. You never can tell. Here, we'll put it under the chair-cushion - nobody would ever suspect it's there.

JOHNSON: Well, I won't be gone long. Lock the front door after me. Of course, there's no danger, but you'd better lock it anyway.

GRIFFITH: At that Johnson got into the car and drove away. As he went down the drive we see two suspicious looking characters, behind the bushes, watching him. They are joined by one "ratty" looking individual, who tells them he saw the doctor give a package to his wife.

GRIFFITH: They had seen him get the money from the bank and followed him as best they could. The three thugs then went quickly to the house. (All this is supposed to take place in a lonely house in the country) As the lower windows were barred, the only possible entrance was through the front of the house. They went to the front door. They knock loudly.

Alright, Mary, this is where you go to the door.

MARY: Yes---what do you want, please?

MAN'S VOICE: (Outside) My friend here was just hurt in an automobile accident. We want to see the doctor.

MARY: (Inside) Well, the doctor isn't here.

MAN'S VOICE: Well, he'll be in soon, won't he?

MARY: (The man's tone of voice frightens Mary) I don't know.

MAN'S VOICE: Well, we just want to bring our friend in. We've got not place to take him. He's very badly hurt.

MARY: (Opening door as though held by chain) Well, I'm here all by myself----couldn't you take him somewhere else?

MAN'S VOICE (Subdued) Open the door quickly now, before she gets wise.

(MEN TRY TO OPEN THE DOOR)

MARY: Oh, no, you don't. Don't break that door in now! You can't come in here!

(SOUND AS THOUGH MEN ARE PUSHING IN DOOR. SOUND OF ANOTHER DOOR SLAMMING.)

GRIFFITH: Mary had peeked out the door and seen enough to convince her by the appearance of the men that they were after the money.

Then we show Mary at the telephone.

MARY: Is this Mrs. Wilson's? I want to talk to the Doctor - has he arrived yet?

GRIFFITH: At the other end of the line the young doctor takes the phone.

JOHNSON: Yes, Mary, what is it?

MARY: (In subdued but excited tones) There are three men trying to break in the house!

JOHNSON: Yes! Yes!

MARY: I wouldn't let them in. And now they're trying to break the latch on the door.

JOHNSON: Have you the chain on?

(ALL THIS RAPID THOUGH THE DOCTOR TRIES TO BE COOL)

MARY: Yes. And I put the big chair against the knob.

JOHNSON: Can't you get out the back door.

MARY: No, one of the men is there too/ I'm in the studio and I've got both doors locked.

(THROUGH THIS YOU HEAR THE SOUND OF THE MEN WORKING ON THE DOOR)

MARY: Dear, where did you put the pistol?

JOHNSON: It's in the right hand drawer.

MARY: Wait a minute.

(PAUSE)

Yes, I've found it.

JOHNSON: Be careful --

MARY: I'll just frighten them --

(With this, change of tone)

Dear, it's not loaded!!

JOHNSON: Not loaded?

MARY: No! There are no cartridges in it!

JOHNSON: Be calm! Wait a minute. Yes, I remember, that's right.

MARY: The cartridges - where are they?

JOHNSON: Look in the same drawer - they must be there.

MARY: No, they're not here---there's no sign of them.

JOHNSON: The left drawer -- look in it -- the lower one!

(PAUSE)

(More excited) Mary, Mary, Mary! Haven't you found them? Mary!

MARY: I've found them. I'm frightened so! They're breaking in the door.

(AT THIS THERE IS A SCREAM OF "DON'T! DON'T! I DON'T KNOW! LET ME ALONE!")

MAN'S VOICE: You do know! Where is it! He left it here with you!

(THEN A SCREAM, "DON'T! LET ME ALONE!")

JOHNSON: Mary! Mary!! Answer! What's happened? Why don't you answer! Answer me!

GRIFFITH: After these few seconds of horror, Johnson leaves the house and drives furiously back to his home, leaving the audience in suspense as to what had happened to his wife.

GRIFFITH: While one had tried to force a confession from Mary, the other two had ransacked the room and discovered the money. All this Johnson learns later.

JOHNSON: (Upon entering the house) Mary, Mary! Where are you?

GRIFFITH: Then he sees a crumpled figured on the floor by the desk. He goes quick to it, fearful that he has been too late to save her.

JOHNSON: Mary! Mary!

MARY: (Weakly) Yes, dear.

JOHNSON: Are you alright? They didn't hurt you?

MARY: I don't know, I'm so scared and upset, I don't think so.

JOHNSON: Well, thank goodness, for that.

MARY: They got---they got----

JOHNSON: Yes?

MARY: They got the money --

JOHNSON: (Greatly relieved) To the devil with that -- just so long as you're alright.

MARY: (Comically) I think I will be if you'll push my heart down out of my throat.

JOHNSON: I'll have to get mine fixed first. I had that car pushed up to 40 miles an hour and broke all speed records.

MARY: Oh, suppose you'd had an accident.

JOHNSON: Well, I didn't!---Now we've lost all our money.

MARY: Well, that doesn't mean anything to me - because I never dreamed you had that money.

GRIFFITH: This meelodrama showed Mary Pickford in a new and dramatic light, and also was quite a high falutin success. It was made about 20 years ago, written concerning a panic of the past, but perhaps some elements of it may seem, in a way, to fit things going on with us today. But perhaps shortly such songs as "Sister, Can You Spare a Nickel," and "Are you Knitting?" will be made out of date by the aid of our new leader, FRANKLIN DELANO ROOSEVELT!

* * * *

Room 614, 1619 B'way,
New York, N. Y.,
March 20, 1933.

Mr. Jeremiah Maguire,
President, Federation Bank & Trust Company,
34th Street & 8th Avenue,
New York, N. Y.

Dear Mr. Maguire,

After my telephone conversation with you this morning I talked with Captain O'Brien and was informed instructions have been given for the calling of the Annual Meeting of the Stockholders of United Artists Corporation in Delaware on the third day of April. We have not yet received our notice of this meeting but am told it will include as part of the business to be transacted the consideration and taking action that will provide for the carrying through of the agreement with Mr. Griffith. This means, of course, the actual closing and payment of the money will not take place until after that meeting.

In the meantime, Captain O'Brien insists that the United Artists Corporation stock now standing in the name of D. W. Griffith, Inc. be transferred on the books to Mr. Griffith. He states the other stockholders, or at least some of them, in consenting to retire this stock, and pay Mr. Griffith out of the surplus the amount agreed, were motivated by a willingness to meet the personal wishes of Mr. Griffith, one of the organizers and for a long time one of the largest producers of business for the Corporation. This personal element should be kept in the picture to obviate any alibi for a possible refusal to carry through.

I deem it most important that this stock should stand in Mr. Griffith's name on the books of the Corporation before this annual meeting of the stockholders. The new certificate will be in your possession, of course, with Mr. Griffith's endorsement on the back and in every way as subject to your claim as at present.

As I have heretofore advised you, Mr. Griffith will attend with your representative at the office of the United Artists Corporation and endorse the new certificate simultaneously with its issue and delivery to you in exchange for the old one which you now hold. The time for such exchange will be arranged to suit your convenience.

Awaiting your response, I am

Very truly yours,

WRO/CC

D. W. GRIFFITH COLLECTION
MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM L

FAIRBANKS & THE LAMB

D W GRIFFITH'S HOLLYWOOD

PROGRAM #22

D. W. GRIFFITH COLLECTION
MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY

WJZ TIME: ( )

( ) ( )
10.00 - 10.15 PM MARCH 22 1933 WEDNESDAY

(FANFARE)

(SIGNATURE... FADES DOWN)

KEECH:

Once again the makers of Hinds Honey and Almond Cream bring you Mr. D W Griffith... director of such great motion pictures as "Way Down East", "Broken Blossoms", "Abraham Lincoln" and hundreds of others. Incidentally, in response to those who have written in to ask, the trumpet call used each time at the opening of this program is the original Klan Call from Mr Griffith's famous picture, "The Birth of a Nation". Here is a message from the makers of Hinds Honey and Almond Cream:- Have you ever had your palm read? Whether you quite believe it all or not, it's fascinating fun finding out whether you're going to marry -- travel -- live long -- become rich -- famous. Why not learn to read palms yourself -- surprise all your friends? It's really very simple. There's a book called "Lucky Hands" that will make you an "expert" at it in no time. You can get a copy of this remarkable book without cost from the makers of Hinds honey and Almond Cream. Be sure to listen for full details about this astonishing offer later in the program.

"Lucky Hands!" -- I think I hear some of my listeners say. "Lucky Hands belong to the woman who's lucky enough not to have to do housework.

(continued the next page)

KEECH (CONTINUES)

She can keep her hands smooth and soft and white. I can't!" But, ladies, you're very much mistaken. Even though you do your own housework, you can keep your hands as satin-smooth and soft -- as alluringly lovely as any "lady of leisure's". Just use Hinds Honey and Almond Cream. Rub a little on after any hand-roughening task and always at night. In just 3 days of this simple care rough, red hands become so beautifully soft and white you can hardly believe your eyes..And as you continue to use Hinds, they'll get smoother and lovelier every day. Try it -- you'll be amazed!

And now may I present Mr. D. W. Griffith.....

GRIFFITH: Thank you, Mr. Keech, Ladies and gentlemen: - It sometimes seems to me that too little attention is paid to the tremendous educational values of motion pictures. ~~Because really we have, for the first time since the beginning of history, a medium that holds a mirror before the other half of life.~~

As a concrete example, TAKE ~~I think~~ athletic sports. ~~As viewed on the screen have been of great value to people in general.~~ No one can under-estimate the ~~tremendous~~ value of a good healthy body. This was brought to my mind recently as I watched Douglas Fairbanks going through his daily regime. Close to his dressing room, which includes a steam bath and pool, is a single large athletic room, about one hundred and fifty feet long, where Doug plays a new kind of tennis he has invented... said to be about twice as fast as the regular game of tennis. To see Doug, who is somewhat past what we term middle-aged, take on all comers in this bewilderingly speedy game is a sight good for the eyes. In fact when Doug was quite a little past forty, he was a far better athlete than he was when he first went into pictures about sixteen years ago.

GRIFFITH: ~~In most all of his pictures, his fencing, running,~~ ~~horseback feats, [illegible] swinging from chandeliers, trees,~~ ~~or what-have-you, must have been an influence~~ ~~on the youth of America to do similar things.~~ ~~Incidentally his athletic prowess has been a great~~ ~~power in earning him tremendous fame and fortune.~~

All of which brings back to me a conversation I had some years ago, when "The Birth of a Nation" was playing at the 44th Street Theatre in New York. I was standing at the back of the theatre talking to Jack Manning, the house manager.

GRIFFITH: Say, Manning... who is that chap swinging along back of the railing there?

MANNING: Which one?

GRIFFITH: Over there in the gray suit... now he is coming around the aisle. Boy, he certainly has a springy walk.

MANNING: Oh, that's Douglas Fairbanks. He's gotten to be a star in the theatre.

~~GRIFFITH: Never seen him... Is he a good actor?~~

~~MANNING: Well, quite popular...~~ plays those breeze athletic parts.

GRIFFITH: Athletic parts?

~~MANNING: Oh, he does it in his own [illegible] but he's~~ ~~got an athletic vim and vigor.~~

~~GRIFFITH: I wish I had his vitality.~~

MANNING: Sh! Here he comes....

FAIRBANKS: Pardon me.. but you're Mr. Griffith, aren't you?

GRIFFITH: Right the first time.

FAIRBANKS: My name's Fairbanks... Douglas Fairbanks...

GRIFFITH: Glad to meet you.

FAIRBANKS: Say, the pleasure's all mind.. I've been wanting to meet you for some time... ever since I saw this "Birth of a Nation" picture of yours.

GRIFFITH: Really?

FAIRBANKS: You know I've had several offers to go into pictures, but all my friends advised me against it. So I'd given up all thoughts of leaving the stage for pictures until I saw this play of yours, but it's got me all stirred up... it's a whiz bang. If you can do pictures like this... well... it's just tremendous... tremendous.

GRIFFITH: Well, that's the kind of talk we always like to hear.

FAIRBANKS: Say do you want to do me a favor?

GRIFFITH: If I can...

FAIRBANKS: Come over and see me in the show I'm playing in... and then tell me if you think I could do anything in pictures....

(MUSIC.....FADES DOWN)

GRIFFITH: Well, the business heads of the Triangle Film Company, with which I was connected at the time, got very excited over the thought of getting this Broadway stage star into their pictures. So finally arrangements were made and he was engaged at one of the biggest salaries so far paid to a screen actor. I framed up a story for him which we called "The Lamb." It was rehearsed and a few scenes taken and these takes or rushes as they were called were shown on the screen.

GRIFFITH:(CONT) The general staff, after looking at them, were somewhat disappointed. Mr. Fairbanks sensed this and came to me.

FAIRBANKS: Oh, Mr. Griffith...

GRIFFITH: Yes, Mr. Fairbanks...

FAIRBANKS: Listen....I'm scared to death.....

GRIFFITH: What's the matter?

FAIRBANKS: I don't think I am going to be a go in pictures. You know I've got it in my contract that you have to supervise and take charge of my pictures.....

GRIFFITH: Yes, that's right....

FAIRBANKS: (IN A PERTURBED VOICE) Well, remember what you said? I told you I wouldn't go into pictures under anybody but you. I'm trusting to you ~~and I don't think these other fellows know any too much about it~~. What do you think is wrong?

(MUSIC.....FADES DOWN)

GRIFFITH: Well, this was a poser. I knew there was something wrong but what it was I couldn't for the life of me discover. So I proposed to go out on the set where they were ready for him to take a scene and rehearse.

Out on the set, Withey, the director I had appointed to do the actual taking, had the scene all ready. Fairbanks was playing the part of "The Lamb," the character being that of an effete Easterner who had come West to a ranch owned by his father, it being the father's idea that the western life would make a man out of him.

GRIFFITH: Now, everybody on the set....let's rehearse it all over again. Now Burley, you and Pedro start it.

BURLEY: Ain't he the sweet tenderfoot? (LAUGHING) He's got a pink shirt on. [redacted] He's some lamb all right. He'll be a dead lamb before he gets through with that horse.....

PEDRO: (MEXICAN DIALECT) Savy, Boss... I gave him the muleskin! He buck like a jack rabbit.

BURLEY: I HOPE the tenderfoot breaks his neck [redacted]

PEDRO: There's Miss Flora and her old man watching...

BURLEY: Maybe she won't cotton up to him so much when she sees what a bum rider he is.

(HORSE BUCKING)

PEDRO: Look...look! the horse he buck! (THIS WITH GREAT GLEE) The Lamb.... look, the lamb! on the ground the first buck...

BURLEY: (LAUGHING) Right in the mudhole... well, he ain't so pretty now!

GRIFFITH: All right, now Mr. Fairbanks... that's where you [redacted] get up all covered with mud, and the wind knocked out of you... you make a sorry sight as you come up to Miss Flora, the boss's daughter. All right now... your business....

FAIRBANKS: (IN A HESITATING LAMB LIKE VOICE) Good morning, Miss Flora... good morning, sir...

FLORA: Oh they shouldn't have put you on that horse.. that's a bad horse...

FAIRBANKS: They didn't put me on the horse. I put myself on.. and as you say, the horse put me off. He's very particular...eh what?

FLORA: I'll let you ride my horse until you get used to it..

FAIRBANKS: Well, I might for a time...(THEN IN A CHANGED VOICE) But before I get through, I'm going to ride that muleskin!

[redacted]

GRIFFITH: That's fine, Mr. Fairbanks...that's just the idea.. Now, Burley, this is where you kid him as he comes up to you . . .

[redacted]

BURLEY: Say, DUDE [redacted] the best place for you is back East where you can ride those horses on the merry-go-round!

FAIRBANKS: Yes, I've tried them...they are very nice... Well, I'll be going...Goodmorning..

BURLEY: (SOTTO VOCE) Pedro, I'd give my new saddle to give that dude a kick in the pants..

[redacted]

FAIRBANKS: (APPROACHING) How was that, Mr. Griffith?

GRIFFITH: That first part's fine. Now; let's run through the .....scene we are ready to take, where western life has made an athlet out of you. [redacted] You have found out that PEDRO AND BURLEY have been rustling from Miss Flora's ranch .. all right, Flora...start the lines....

FLORA: Father just can't believe that it's Burley that's the head of those cattle rustlers. [redacted] In this last raid they killed two of father's best hands. I'm trying to get father to get out of the country. We can't stand it any longer.

GRIFFITH: Now, Mr. Fairbanks, [redacted]!

FAIRBANKS: Your father won't have to get out of the country and you're not going to lose any more cattle. I have found out that Burley and Pedro are at the head of it.

FLORA: Are you sure?

[redacted]....

FAIRBANKS: Yes, and they are the ones that killed your brother too and it won't be safe around here till that bunch are cleaned out.

FLORA: But [redacted] we're helpless to fight them.....

FARIBANKS: That's what you think, Miss Flora, you go into the house with your father and stay there!

FLORA: What are you going to do?

FAIRBANKS: Well, just about now the Lamb is going to start barking like a wolf!

(MUSIC FAES DOWN)

GRIFFITH: Well, so far it seemed to me Fairbanks was doing pretty well in the part. I couldn't seem to put my finger on anything wrong. Then we came to the big scene...where fairbanks was supposed to go into an old barn to fulfill his promise to wipe out the bullies who had been robbing his sweetheart's family. All right, Withey...go ahead and rehearse the scene for the regular take.

WITHEY: Yes, Mr. Griffith....(CALLS) Now Fairbanks...move over there and stand still...then we'll get a close-up of you showing your expression as you glare at the villains. Then the camera switches back and forward between you.

FAIRBANKS: (AWAY) All right...here goes...

WITHEY: No...no...stand still...on that spot...I've marked the place on the floor in chalk!

FAIRBANKS: All right...I'll try again. Here I come!

GRIFFITH: Now stop there, Fairbanks!

FAIRBANKS: Sorry, I guess I muffled it.

WITHY: You see, he just can't come to one place and stop there! He's all over the place!

GRIFFITH: So I see...(CALLS) All right Fairbanks...We want to talk this scene over a little...you can rest...

WITHY: You see what I'm up against....

GRIFFITH: Well, we'll just have to take time with im. Sooner or later he'll catch it.

(MUSIC _____)

GRIFFITH: But I wasn't so sure he would catch it. To get Douglas Fairbanks to keep still and act in the accepted style of pictures, with the many close-ups and switchback which we were doing at that time, seemed so difficult that I was almost ready to give up. And just then, although I don't suppose he realized it ....came the crucial moment in his career. [redacted] It may have been accident or Fate that the following occurred. Whatever it was, it made Douglas Fairbanks!

I heard a murmur from the extra people. The back of the set had a high window. There were some rafters across the top...while Withey and I were busy in our troubled talk, the murmur attracted my attention to the set. And there was Fairbanks swinging from one of the rafters... then to another...from hand to hand..and then to the floor. Then he made a leaping leap to the window, got it and pulled himself up...and the light dawned on us..... through our thick dumbness

GRIFFITH: ~~I've got it~~...I've got it....Withay, cut out the inserts..Set the cameras back..get plenty of room where we can take ~~his full~~ IN HIS WHOLE body.. Mr. Fairbanks...

FAIRBANKS: Yes, here I am.

GRIFFITH: We're going to give you plenty of room..cut out the insert stuff...see these lines for marking off the space.. that gives you the whole set to work in.

FAIRBANKS: Gee, that's great ... almost like the stage.

GRIFFITH: Sure..now go outside.. come through that window.. swing to the rafter and while the three villains are plotting against you, drop right down on their necks. You knock one of them out, and as the other two come up, sock them in the jaw. You knock all of them out...

FAIRBANKS: That'll be easy, once I catch them off their guard...

GRIFFITH: After you've cleaned them up, back to the window the same way. All right.. let's rehearse it .. get ready for your entrance through the window, Fairbanks. Now Burley, start your lines.

BURLEY: This little lamb, he shoots off his mouth too much.

PEDRO: He's getting too smart. ~~He tells the people that we are the cattle rustlers and means he going to stop us.~~

BURLEY: ~~He's going to stop us!~~ (LAUGHS) ~~That's good~~ Say— I'll break his neck with one hand.

~~PEDRO: Sh-h-h, somebody might hear us.~~

~~BURLEY: In this saloon we're all friends. No one else comes. We'll go and put an end to this quarrel.~~

~~PEDRO: [redacted]~~

~~BURLEY: [redacted]~~

3RD VILLAIN: He send word he will be very easy to find for he will come to you and break your neck first before you get a chance.

BURLEY: (LAUGHING) Oh, the Lamb talk like the Wolf but he is still a lamb .. imagine him coming to see me...

GRIFFITH: This was the cue for Fairbank's entrance. The villains were all HUDDLED together in the center of the room, scornful of the Lamb. Then through the window like a shot came Fairbanks, hand over hand, down the rafters, and leaping on the villains huddled together knocked them sprawling on the floor.

(EXCLAMATIONS AD LIB...BLOWS CRIES)

FAIRBANKS: So you thought I would not come. Well, what do you think about it now?

GRIFFITH: Two of the villains struggled to their feet but before they could get their hands on their guns, Fairbanks tossed one of them over his head and dropped the other with a sizzling right.

(THROUGH THIS GOES MUTTERING...SOUNDS OF STRUGGLE CRASHING OF FISTS AND EJACULATIONS)

FAIRBANKS: (SHOUTS) This is the vengeance of the Lamb. Remember wolves, the Lamb has turned!

(MUSIC FADE DOWN)

GRIFFITH: Then Burley and Pedro draw their guns.. but Fairbanks is too quick. He drops both of them, thus wiping out the ring-leaders of the gang. Then a few of Burley's followers rushed out the door and began a pursuit which took Fairbanks over the sheds, through windows, over walls, and finally through the branches of a convenient tree, where he disappeared into the woods in safety. This daring got rid of the cattle-rustlers, so the Lamb saved his sweetheart and her family and everything was Jake.

From then on Douglas Fairbanks followed more or less this same formula.. and he worked it out himself into splendid perfection, as illustrated by the "Thief of Bagdad," "Robinhood" and "The Three Musketeers." Perhaps this small incident was the means of making his tremendously successful career. For I think that had he sat down and waited, instead of leaping from rafter to rafter, in that first rehearsal, we might have continued trying to make him into the stereotyped moving picture actor common to that period, and if we had pursued that course, Mr. Fairbanks would have been robbed of his particular and principal charm .. and certainly would not have been the great sensation in the picture business that he was and is .. today!

ORCHESTRA: (SIGNATURE)

(KEECH)

CLOSING ANNOUNCEMENT: 3

KEECH

Every woman wants to keep her hands smooth, white, attractive. That's why thousands today use Hinds Honey and Almond Cream regularly because they have found no other preparation so satisfactory for healing and beautifying rough, red hands -- keeping them satin-smooth and lovely in spite of housework. You, yourself, have been meaning to try Hinds, haven't you? Then why not do so NOW?

Earlier in the program I told you about a remarkable new book called, "Lucky Hands" that makes palm-reading so simple, you can master this fascinating accomplishment in almost no time. Wouldn't you like a copy of this book? Here's the way to get it without cost.

Purchase your bottle of Hinds at once -- in any drug or department store. Send the front panel of the carton to Hinds, H-I-N-D-S, Bloomfield, B-L-O-O-M-F-I-E-L-D, N.J., with your name and address. By return mail we will send you a copy of "Lucky Hands". But, remember, the supply of books is limited. This offer must be withdrawn soon. Act now -- mail the front of the Hinds carton at once!
This is the National Broadcasting Company.

hm

3 21 33

MR. GRIFFITH: Little attention is paid to the tremendous educational values of motion pictures. For the first time since the beginning of history we have a medium that tells all the world how the other half lives. Since there are picture theatres all around the world, very ludkily, a nation sees daily intimate views of all their fellow human beings. The mothers, for instance, can see all the other mothers of all the nations. Often they see them holding babies, with children at their sides. This eventually is bound to bring the understanding of a very simple truth -- that all the races are sisters under the skin, which eventually will serve a great purpose in understanding and will certainly make it more difficult in the future to stir up hatred between nations and bring on wars.

In another way I think, athletic sports as viewed on the screen have been of great value to the people in general. No one can under-estimate the tremendous value of a good healthy body. This was brought to my mind particularly as I watched Douglas Fairbanks going through his daily regime. Close to his dressing-room, which includes a steam bath and pool is a single large athletic room, about one hundred and fifty feet long, where Doug has invented a new kind of tennis, said to be about twice as fast as the regular game of tennis; and to see Doug who is somewhat past what we term middle-aged, take on all

comers in this bewilderingly speedy game is a sight good for the eyes. In fact when Doug was quite a little past forty, he was a far better athlete than he was when he first went into pictures about sixteen years ago.

In most all of his pictures, his leaping, running, horseback feats, dare-devil swinging from tree to tree, or wall to wall, must have been a tremendous influence on the youth of the world to cultivate strong bodies. Incidentally his athletic prowess has been a great power in earning him tremendous fame and fortune.

Which recalls to my mind a conversation (in the back of the 44th Street Theatre when, some goodly number of years ago "The Birth of a Nation" was running in New York) with Jack Manning, the house manager.

MR. GRIFFITH: Say, Manning... who is that chap swinging along back of the railing there?

MANNING: Which one?

MR. GRIFFITH: Oh, the one with that springy walk.... There he is in the gray suit... Now he is coming around the aisle.

MANNING: Oh, that's Douglas Fairbanks. He's become quite a popular star in the theatre.

MR. GRIFFITH: I've never seen him.... Is he a good actor?

MANNING: Well, quite popular... plays those breezy athletic parts.

MR. GRIFFITH: Athletic parts?

MANNING: Oh, he doesn't do any athletics on the stage but he's got an athlete's vim and vigor.

MR. GRIFFITH: At this our conversation was interrupted by the approach of this same athletic figure.

FAIRBANKS: This is Mr. Griffith, isn't it?

MR. GRIFFITH: Yes... you're right the first time.

FAIRBANKS: My name's Fairbanks... Douglas Fairbanks...

MR. GRIFFITH: Glad to meet you...

FAIRBANKS: Same here. You know I've had several offers to go into pictures but all my friends advised me against it. I had given up all thoughts of leaving the stage for pictures until I saw this play of yours. That's got me all stirred up.... It's a whiz bang. If you can do pictures like this... well it's just tremendous... tremendous....

MR. GRIFFITH: Well, that's the kind of talk we always like to hear. Come over and see my show and see if you think I could do anything in pictures....

MR. GRIFFITH: So I saw the show and a new combination that I was in -- the Triangle Film Co. -- (I mean the business heads) were very excited over the thought of getting this Broadway stage star into their pictures. So finally arrangements were made and he was engaged at one of the biggest salaries so far paid to a screen actor. I framed up the story for him which was called "The Lamb". It was rehearsed and a few scenes taken and these takes or rushes as they were called were shown on the screen. The general staff, after looking at them, were somewhat disappointed. Mr. Fairbanks sensed this and came to me.

FAIRBANKS: Oh, Mr. Griffith.....

MR. GRIFFITH: Yes, Mr. Fairbanks....

FAIRBANKS: You know I'm scared to death. I don't think I am going to be a go in pictures. You know I've got it in my contract that you have to supervise and take charge of my pictures...

MR. GRIFFITH: Yes... that's right....

FAIRBANKS: (in a perturbed voice) Well, you remember what you said. I told you I wouldn't go into pictures under anybody but you. I'm trusting to you and I don't think these other fellows know any too much about it. What do you think is wrong?

MR. GRIFFITH: Well, that was a poser. I knew there was something wrong but what it was I couldn't for the life of me discover. So I proposed to go out on the set where they were ready for him to take a scene and rehearse.

Out on the set the director I had appointed to do the actual taking had the scene all ready. Fairbanks rehearsed the part of "The Lamb" which he was playing, the character being that of an effete Easterner who had come West to a ranch owned by his father, it being the father's idea that the western life would make a man out of him.

MR. GRIFFITH: Now, everybody on the set.... let's rehearse it all over again.

Now, Burley, you and Pedro start it.

BURLEY: Ain't he the sweet tenderfoot? (laughing) He's got a pink shirt on. And jumping rattlesnakes... look at

chaps! He's some lamb all right. He'll be a dead lamb before he gets through with that horse...

PEDRO: (Mexican dialect) Savy, Boss... I gave him the muleskin! He buck like a jack rabbit.

BURLEY: If he breaks his neck I'll not do any crying.... Stuck-up dude.....

PEDRO: There's Miss Flora and her old man watching....

BURLEY: Maybe she won't cotton up to him so much when she sees what a bum rider he is.

PEDRO: Look.... look! The horse he buck! (This with great glee) The Lamb.... Look, the lamb.... On the ground the first buck!

BURLEY: (laughing) Right in the mudhole.... Well, he ain't so pretty now!

MR. GRIFFITH: All right now, Mr. Fairbanks.... That's where you are supposed to be all covered with mud, and the wind is knocked out of you.... You make a sorry sight as you come up to Miss Flora, the boss' daughter. All right now... Your business....

FAIRBANKS: (in a hesitating lamblike voice) Good morning... Miss Flora. (then to her father) Good morning, Sir..

FLORA: Oh they shouldn't have put you on that horse... That's a very bad horse....

FAIRBANKS: They didn't put me on the horse. I put myself on... and, as you say, the horse put me off. He's very particular... eh what?

FLORA: I'll let you ride my horse until you get used to it...

FAIRBANKS: Well, I might for a time... (then in a changed voice) But before I get through, I'm going to ride that muleskin!

Well, I think I'll be scraping some of the mud off me... Thanks for your sympathy... see you later....

MR. GRIFFITH: That's fine, Mr. Fairbanks... that's just the idea. Now, Burley, this is where you kid him as he comes up to you.

BURLEY: Well, we gave you the gentlest horse we got. I told you he had a curve in his spine.

FAIRBANKS: Oh, yessir.... Thank you a lot.

BURLEY: Don't you think the best place for you is back East where you can ride those horses on the merry-go-round?

FAIRBANKS: Yes, I've tried them... They are very nice.... Well, I'll be going... Good morning...

BURLEY: Pedro, I'd give my new saddle to give that dude a kick in the pants.

PEDRO: Me too...

BURLEY: And it's not going to be long before I give it to him either. I'm going to kick him through a barn door and off this ranch if it's the last thing I do...

MR. GRIFFITH: That first part's fine, Fairbanks. Now, let's run through the scene we are ready to take, where western life has made an athlete out of you. You've been practicing on the side and the villains don't know anything about it. .... You remember, the scene just before you come in the loafing place of Burley and Pedro, after you have found out that they have been rustling from Miss Flora's ranch. .... All right, Flora....

FLORA: Father just can't believe that it's Burley that's the head of those cattle rustlers. They've taken away our best

cattle in the last six months. In this last raid they killed two of father's best hands. I'm trying to get father to get out of the country. We can't stand it any longer.

MR. GRIFFITH: Now, Mr. Fairbanks, this is an entire change of voice where you say: "Your father won't have to and so on....."

FAIRBANKS: Your father won't have to get out of the country and you're not going to lose any more cattle. I have found out that Burley and Pedro are at the head of it.

FLORA: Are you sure?

MR. GRIFFITH: Now there you go on, Fairbanks.... you remember....

FAIRBANKS: Yes, and they are the ones that killed your brother too and you won't have any peace at all til that bunch are gotten rid of.....

FLORA: But they've done away with our best men and we are helpless to fight them now...

FAIRBANKS: You just don't bother, Miss Flora... The Lamb is going to start barking like a Wolf. Go right on into the house. That's the house you and your father are going to stay in too.

MR. GRIFFITH: Now, Fairbanks, here's your big scene, where you go into this place to fulfill your promise to wipe out the bullies who have been robbing your sweetheart's family and are driving them out of the country.

All right, Withey.... Rehearse it for the regular take...

DIRECTOR: Now, Mr. Fairbanks... Go down to that place and stand still... Then we'll get a close-up of you showing your expression as you glare at the villain... then the pictures back and forward between you two.

FAIRBANKS: All right... here goes....

MR. GRIFFITH: To get him to keep still and do the accepted idea of pictures, with many closeups and switchbacks which we were doing at that time, was so difficult that we marked out the floor in squares so as to get him in just the right place.

FAIRBANKS: Here I come....

MR. GRIFFITH: Stop there, Fairbanks....

MR. GRIFFITH: But Fairbanks couldn't stop there.. He was all over the place.

DIRECTOR: You see, Mr. Griffith....He just can't come to one place and stop.

MR. GRIFFITH: All right, Fairbanks.... We just want to talk over this scene a little... You can rest.

DIRECTOR: You see what I am up against?

MR. GRIFFITH: Well, we'll have to take time with him. He'll catch it.

DIRECTOR: Well, did you think his expressions were good in those inserts?

MR. GRIFFITH: Well, I don't know....

And just then, although I don't suppose Mr. Fairbanks

ever realized it, came the crucial moment in his career. For certainly he was not going to be a successful picture actor if we used the usual methods of big close-ups and facial expressions. It may have been accident or Fate that the following occurred. Whatever it was, it made Douglas Fairbanks!

I heard a murmur from the extra people.... The back of the set had a high window. There were some rafters across to give the top of the set. While the assistant director and I were busy in our troubled talk, the murmur attracted my attention to the set. And there was Fairbanks swinging from one of the rafters... then to another .... from hand to hand.. and then to the floor. Then he made a leap to the window, got it and pulled himself up.... and the light dawned on us....

MR. GRIFFITH: I've got it.... I've got it.... Withey, cut out the inserts.... Set the cameras back.... Get plenty of room where we can take his full body..... Mr. Fairbanks....

FAIRBANKS: Yes, here I am....

MR. GRIFFITH: We're going to give you plenty of room.... cut out the insert stuff.... See these lines for marking off the space... That gives you the whole set to work in.

FAIRBANKS: Gee, that's great.... Almost like the stage...

MR. GRIFFITH: Sure... Now go outside.... Come through that window.... swing to the rafter and while the three villains are plotting against you, drop right down on their necks. You knock one of them out, and as the other two come

up, sock them in the jaw. You knock all of them out....

FAIRBANKS: That'll be easy, once I catch them off their guard....

MR. GRIFFITH: After you've cleaned them up, back to the window the same way. All right.... let's rehearse it.....

BURLEY: This little lamb; he shoots off his mouth too much.

PEDRO: He's getting too smart. He tells the people that we are the cattle rustlers and swears he's going to stop us.

BURLEY: He's going to stop us! (laughs) That's good. I'll break his neck with one hand.

PEDRO: S-sh.... somebody might hear you.

BURLEY: In this saloon we're all friends. Now is the time... We'll go and put an end to this upstart.

3RD VILLAIN: (coming on)
(Mexican dialect)
Pedro, Pedro... The upstart hombre... He send word that he hear you have threatened him yesterday on the streets....

BURLEY: Yes I did. What about it?

3RD VILLAIN: He send word he will be very easy to find for he will come to you and break your neck first before you get a chance.

BURLEY: (laughing) Oh, the lamb talk like the Wolf but he is still a Lamb... Imagine him coming to see me....

MR. GRIFFITH: This was the cue for Fairbank's entrance. The villains were all cluttered together in the center of

the room, scornful of the Lamb. Then through the window like a shot came Fairbanks, hand over hand, down the rafters, and leaping on the three villains huddled together, knocked them sprawling on the floor by the impact of his fall.

FAIRBANKS: So you thought I would not come. Well, what do you think about it now?

MR. GRIFFITH: Two of the villains struggled to their feet but before they could get their hands on their guns, Fairbanks tossed one of them over his head and dropped the other with a sizzling right.

(Through this goes muttering, sounds of struggle, crashing of fists and ejaculations)

FAIRBANKS: (turning to the enemy crowd grouped against the wall, dumbfounded by this sudden, quick action)

(shouts) This is the vengeance of the Lamb. Remember, Wolves, the Lamb has turned!

MR. GRIFFITH: But as Fairbanks reached the window, Burley and Pedro, recovering, start to draw their guns. The Lamb, however, is too quick for them and his guns blaze. So sooner than he expected, he wiped out the ring-leaders. Then through the window on top of the sheds. Then a few of Burley's followers rush out the door and began a pursuit which took Fairbanks over the sheds, through windows, over walls, and finally through the branches of a convenient tree, where he disappeared into the woods in safety. This daring got rid of the cattle-rustlers so the Lamb saved his sweetheart and her family and everything was Jake.

Incidentally, as he got out of the woods, he had to put his foot into a stirrup to leap upon his horse. Ten years later, contrary to all they tell you about youth and vigor, he leapt from the ground right into the saddle and off like a rocket, quite as well as the best of the young athletes might do.

Well, from that day forth, this same formula was followed and he worked out naturally, as he learned the business, into a splendid perfection, as witnessed in the "Thief of Bagdad", "Robinhood" and "The Three Musketeers". He was an instantaneous success but this success would not have been possible had it not been for this first knock-out picture - "The Lamb". And this small incident was doubtless the means of making his tremendously successful career. For had he sat down and waited, instead of leaping from rafter to rafter, in that first rehearsal, we might have continued trying to make him into the stereotyped moving picture actor common to that period and if we had pursued this course, Mr. Fairbanks would have been robbed of his particular and principal charm... and certainly would never have been a great sensation in the picture business!

But there is no use in further conversation on that score because he did leap from rafter to rafter and he did inaugurate a new kind of motion picture work in which the whole body was used to get his effects instead of stereotyped inserts! And how in stirring action, that magnificent body with panther-like grace, has thrilled the world, you know just as well as I!

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Marian Cohen,
Manager

March 24, 1933.

Mr. D. W. Griffith,
Park Central Hotel,
West 55 Street, N. Y.

Dear Mr. Griffith,

Referring to our telephone conversation have been looking for a confirmation from you offering the motion picture and dialogue rights to "BROKEN BLOSSOMS" at $16,000. including my commission.

Appreciating this attention which will help expedite matters, I am,

Yours sincerely,

Marian Cohen

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March 24th, 1933

D.W.Griffith Incorporated,
1619 Broadway,
New York City

Gentlemen: Att'n: Mr.Raymond A. Klune

I acknowledge receipt of your letter of the 23rd in re the $60. deposit. I am procuring the return of this deposit from the City Chamberlain's office.

Mr.Richter took up with me the question of the payments in default under the stipulation with Banzhaf. According to my understanding with Mr.Oglesby, the entire amount was to be paid before April 1st 1933. In fact, I turned over certain papers to him, which he assured me would result in the payment of the entire balance before April 1st, 1933.

Mr.Richter also reported to me the conference you had with reference to the balance due on the Baltimore trip, and the services rendered in the City Court matter. From any standpoint whatever, there is no basis for the proposition you made him. The payment of the fee for the Baltimore matter was set by Mr.Oglesby, immediately agreed to, and part payment made on account, and it is rather a late date to object to it.

With reference to the services rendered in the Gilbert suit, the proposition you make is an attempt to make a catspaw of those trying to help the company.

Yours very truly,

Allan Deutsch

ad/ms

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23

( )( )
(10:00 - 10:15 P.M. MARCH 26, 1933 SUNDAY

(FANFARE)

(SIGNATURE.....FADES DOWN)

KEECH: The makers of Hinds Honey and Almond Cream bring you once more that great motion picture director.. Mr. D. W. Griffith. But before Mr. Griffith begins tonights story....there is something I would like to say....

What do your hands tell about you? Are you artistic or practical? Do you attract men? Women? Are you the type who will make money or travel far? Wouldn't you like to know how to read your hand... your friends hands? Then you'll certainly want a copy of "Lucky Hands" the new book that makes palm reading easy as A-B-C, and its loads of fun.

This book would ordinarily sell for 50¢. But, if you act promptly, the makers of Hinds Honey and Almond Cream will send you a copy without cost. Be sure to listen for full details of this remarkable offer later in the program.

So far we've been talking about what your hands tell. But something else is very important and that is how your hands look. Are they smooth, white, attractive...or coarse, reddened, workworn, a blemish on your attractiveness?

Even though you do housework or office work, your hands needn't show it. Get a bottle of Hinds Honey and Almond Cream. Rub a little on after every hand-roughening task and always at night. This delightful cream is ultra-penetrating. It softens, heals, protects, beautifies. In 3 days you will have a "new" pair of hands....soft, satin-smooth, unbelievably white and lovely.

KEECH: And now...may I present..Mr. D. W. Griffith!

GRIFFITH: Thank you, Mr. Keech. Ladies and gentlemen...Lots of people seem to find it strange that almost the whole world is interested in actors...moving picture, stage, or any kind of actors. The reason for this, I believe, is that from the cradle to the grave almost every human being in real life does a lot of showing off... which of course is really only acting. In other words, we're all actors under the skin.

DOROTHY: I know...I've studied the part. I'm supposed to a waitress...waiting on tables in the little inn until things get too hot.

GRIFFITH: That's right. You know the scene...let's rehearse.

DOROTHY: But Mr, Griffith..

GRIFFITH: What's the matter?

DOROTHY: How am I supposed to act when the part gets dramatic? I mean...I just in from America today. I've never been shot at. How do people behave?

GRIFFITH: Well, people seem to get used to the ordinary shelling and they act about as they do in ordinary times, except that there's a sort of restraint..I don't know how to describe it..they seem to smile and go about their work but they don't seem to act quite natural.

DOROTHY: In all the pictures I've seen they all smile, and take it all quite unconcerned.

GRIFFITH: Well, that's just in pictures. I have seen tens of thousands of soldiers go into action and come out of action, and I never saw any of them take it unconcernedly or laugh about it. It's not a laughing matter.

Well, run thru it...that scene where you're waiting on the customers.

DOROTHY: All right. I go flitting around serving the beer and food ~~Then as I go by the door leading to the back, I give a little look in to suggest that that's where the hero is lying wounded.~~ Then I go on to the table where the two officers are sitting.

GRIFFITH: That's right. Now that's where the young officers flirt with you. All right, officers..go ahead...your lines.

ENG. OFFICER: Well, no wonder they keep the aviators from stopping in this town! I see now what's always delayed them when they came thru.

2ND OFFICE: I told you....this is one of the local beauties...Miss Marie.

DOROTHY: Never mind the beauty talk. What will you be after having to eat?

1ST OFF: Well, what have you got?

DOROTHY: You must be new in this district. ~~I only asked what you wanted for politeness.~~ All you can get is tea and stew ....or stew and tea...suit yourself.

1ST OFF: No bread?

DOROTHY: Yes...but don't ask for butter, because you won't get it. It just ain't!

OFF: I haven't seen a prettier girl since I left home...that seems like about 9,000 years ago.

DOROTHY: Beg **your** pardon, Sir...but I wish you wouldn't scratch in here. Do your scratching outside.

OFF: All right...I'll behave.

GRIFFITH: Now, Miss Dorothy, this is where the air raid is supposed to start.

DOROTHY: Yes...and where do I go when it starts?

GRIFFITH: You don't go anywhere.

DOROTHY: I don't? Well, that won't be natural....not for me... I'd be going...and going fast!

GRIFFITH: Yes...(LAUGHING)....but you've got to get over some acting first. ~~Wait a minute..and I'll explain.~~ When an air raid comes on...you can hear the first sounds from a distance. It sounds as if a door was slamming or a trunk was being moved overhead. Then it gets closer and closer....it works up just like a thunder storm. Then the air-craft guns start and by that time it's just all the noise in the world combined.

DOROTHY: Do you mean that in the picture I'm going to wait around on these tables and act while that's going on?

GRIFFITH: No, Dorothy. At first you take it calmly; then as the raid gets nearer, you commence losing control of yourself. When it's right on you, then you're tremendously excited. You run distractedly around the room and then try to get down in the cellar, or someplace where you think you'll be safe.

DOROTHY: ~~I'll have to scream and be dramatic, and all that stuff?~~

GRIFFITH: ~~It's according to the way you take it...you're either paralyzed with fear and can't say anything, or else go~~ ~~be~~ ~~and.~~

DOROTHY: Mr. Griffith, I can't do that dramatic stuff. I've always done comedy...I don't know how anybody would act under those conditions.

GRIFFITH: Well, let's try it. Now, that's where you go to the table. Now you hear the first boom.....Then the next boom....a little louder.

DOROTHY: Yes, I understand that part. It's only when I'm to get excited that I don't know what to do.

GRIFFITH: Well....there's the second boom. You turn....

(DISTANT BOOM)

That expression of listening....now it's getting nearer.

(BOOM... BOOM...BOOM)

(UNEASY MURMUR OF VOICES)

DOROTHY: (FORGETTING ALL ABOUT THE PART) What was that?

GRIFFITH: I don't know...it sounded like....

(BOOM...BOOM...NEARER)

ACTOR: Good Lord! They're bombing London again!

2ND ACTOR: Oh those devils! It's another air raid!

DOROTHY: (VERY MUCH CONERNED) It's a what?!

GRIFFITH: I-I'm afraid...it's a real air raid...on London!

(EXCITED VOICES)

ACTOR: It's an air-raid! Air-craft dropping bombs..!

(BOMBING NEARER)

DOROTHY: What are they doing? Where are they going?

ACTOR: They're not <u>going</u>....they're <u>coming!</u>

DOROTHY: <u>They're not coming here</u>!?!

ACTOR: They always come here...right down the Thames...to London!

DOROTHY: My Lord! We're right on the Thames!

(HEAVY EXPLOSION)

ACTOR: Look...you can see at the window. There goes a building up! See the flash!!

(ARTILLERY FIRE STARTS)

2ND ACTOR: There go the anti-aircraft guns into action!

ACTOR: What a show!

DOROTHY: Oh Lord...why did I leave America!!

(CRESCENDO EFFECTS)

(MUSIC.....FADES DOWN)

GRIFFITH: Imagine about 15,000 air-craft guns getting into action, added to that the steady crashing undertones of the dropping bombs, climaxed by an entire battery on the top of the Cecil building right next door to the Savoy. It was the most terrific din imaginable! We didn't stop to think about it then, but it certainly was a most thrilling lesson, to people acting in an air raid picture.

Dorothy did everything. She ran this way and that, and did plenty of screaming..and such emotional acting. It certainly would have thrilled any audience.

Having lived through a couple of raids before, I was trying to calm the few who were excited (though I wasn't very calm myself)....when an accurate Boch dropped a couple of hundred pounds of TNT right outside the hotel, and I sat down as fast as I had gotten up, hit the chair and landed over by the side of the wall.

GRIFFITH: Well...after a few minutes and before we could get to the cellar, the din died down a little and I knew the raid had passed and we had escaped...at least for the time being.

When we got ourselves together, Dorothy had disappeared.

But naturally, we didn't rehearse any more that night...

Well...the next five days I had to take the camera crew to France to get some war scenes. When I returned to London to continue the rehearsals, there was no Dorothy Gish to be found. We had gathered together to go over costumes and finish rehearsals and I was wondering where she was when suddenly she appeared....

Why Dorothy Gish! Where in blazes have you been?

DOROTHY: Me? I've been in Liverpool. After you left for France....there were a couple of more raids here, so I went to Liverpool to escape them.

GRIFFITH: Oh....I see.

DOROTHY: (INDIGNANT) They told me...they never had a raid in Liverpool since the beginning of the war. That's why I went there.

GRIFFITH: Well, what about it?

DOROTHY: What about it? I got in a hotel and sat down to dinner feeling all happy and peaceful to get away from those raids....

GRIFFITH: Yes...?

DOROTHY: Well...I no more than got to the soup when a raid came on...and I got in the cellar and lived there.

GRIFFITH: Well, Dorothy....it seems to have agreed with you. You look fine.

DOROTHY: Oh yes...I feel fine! (SARCASTICALLY) When are you going to finish this picture and get back to civilization?

GRIFFITH: Oh...it won't be long now.

DOROTHY: (DOUBLE MEANING) I should think it won't be long now. After this, I'll stay in Hollywood...if they throw anything there, it's only a pie.

GRIFFITH: You used to object to that, too, didn't you?

DOROTHY: Yes..maybe! But over here they throw nothing less than cannons and shells at you.

GRIFFITH: Well, don't you think you can play that scene now in that air raid?

DOROTHY: That air raid scene!? My dear...I wrote it!

(MUSIC....FADES DOWN)

GRIFFITH: And she did write it...or at least she acted it. For though she only appeared for five minutes in a picture that ran for 2½ hours, she came very near stealing the entire picture. The scene is a shell torn village, near the front lines. Bobby Harron, the hero of the picture, has been wounded. Dorothy as Marie...the little waitress ...helps him to temporary shelter in the battered Inn where she has been working.

(SOUNDS OF BATTLE...UNDER)

GRIFFITH: Now Dorothy...here is the big ~~scene~~ Take. The raid is followed by bombardment...then the battle! The Boch are trying to capture the Inn and the stronghold next door. All right...your lines....

DOROTHY: (IN GREAT EXCITEMENT) Here, Bobby...lean on me...I'll help you.

BOBBY: Marie...if I wasn't so weak....if I could only do something.

DOROTHY: Here...quick! I'll get you under these stone steps. That's the safest place...if anything drops through the roof.

(GUN FIRE AND HAND GRENADES)

BOBBY: They are fighting in the streets. They are driving our people back!

DOROTHY: Never mind that...they haven't whipped us yet! Here... down under the steps.

NANON: (APPROACHING) Marie...Marie...our house!

DOROTHY: It's Nanon.

NANON: Our house...blown up! Grandfather...mother...all...gone.

DOROTHY: Why, Nanon...your shoulder...your neck...blood....all blood!

NANON: A shell fragment..oh, it's terrible...terrible!

DOROTHY: Get down here under the steps with us...get away from these windows!

NANON: Look...look there...the soldiers...they're coming!

MARIE: Here...down here...Under the steps...Crouch down.

(~~SOUND OF MACHINE EXPLOSIONS~~)

Here...I'll tie this around your arms. Hold still....

NANON: Not so tight...not so tight.

MARIE: Keep still...it's got to be tight to save you. Crouch lower...lower...they're throwing hand grenades!

(SOUND EFFECTS CONTINUE UNDER)

GRIFFITH: Now the Boch ~~advancing~~ advance from shell hole to shell hole... throwing hand grenades....attacking the British entrenched alongside of the Inn. The terrible crash of battle sounding in the ears of the three refugees, huddled under the steps.

Just then a fuse hand grenade falls smoking into the room, right before the eyes of the three refugees.

NAN: (SCREAMING) Look...look...a grenade...we'll be killed!

BOBBY: It's going off...it's going off!

NANON: (SCREAMING) We're lost...we're lost!

DOROTHY: (RECEDING) Wait...I'll tend to that!

GRIFFITH: At this...Marie rushes forward, picks up the grenade, throws it out the window, where it explodes. Then ~~dashing~~ dashes back, over chairs, under gables...to her place of refuge...mixing drama with uproarious comedy...She was great!

(EFFECTS FADE OUT)

Then the British reinforcements sweep through the Inn and drive back the attacking Germans.

So Marie's heroism had saved them all. And Dorothy Gish's acting, when the picture was shown, hit the audience so hard they nearly tore the theatres down!

Dorothy Gish is now giving a beautiful performance in the leading part in "Autumn Crocus"....on Broadway.. and she has had some marvelous notices in the New York papers. But if she ever gets a part with an air raid in it, she'll show you how it's done! And incidentally, on her behalf, despite air-raids and everything else, she never lost her sense of humor, and I am here to remark that Miss Dorothy Gish has a sense of humor second to none in this wide, wide world!

(SIGNATURE)

KEECH: (CLOSING ANNOUNCEMENT)

Have you "Lucky Hands"? The answer is "Yes" ...if you use Hinds Honey and Almond Cream. For then your hands will always be soft and smooth and beautifully kept, regardless of housework. A little Hinds applied after every hand-roughening task and always at night smooths away every trace of roughness and redness....keeps hands as soft and white as though they never touched a dishpan.

But "Lucky Hands" means something else, too. It's the title of a fascinating new book on palm-reading. It shows you how to read <u>your</u> hand....how to have loads of fun "telling Fortunes" at a party. Wouldn't you like a copy of this thrilling book? The regular price of it is 50¢....but here's a way <u>you</u> can get it <u>without cost</u>.

Buy a bottle of Hinds in any drug or department store. Send the front panel of the carton to Hinds, H-I-N-D-S .....Bloomfield, B-L-O-O-M-F-I-E-L-D, N. J. with your name and address. By return mail we will send you a copy of "Lucky Hands." But, remember, the supply of books is limited. This offer must be withdrawn soon. Act now...mail the front of the Hinds carton at <u>once</u>!

This is the National Broadcasting Company.

AGENCY:MFH:EF

3-25-33

 (REVISED)

CLOSING ANNOUNCEMENT

Wouldn't you like to read your character in your hands? And the character of your friends? Then let us send you that remarkable book, called "Lucky Hands" which tells you how to read palms like an expert. You will find it fascinating fun to be able to tell your friends all about their lives — and answer questions on love, marriage, business, travel and countless other things in which they are interested.

The booklet, "Lucky Hands" is by Capini Vequin, one of the world's most famous authorities on Palm Reading. Here's how you can get it entirely without cost. Purchase a bottle of Hinds Cream at your dealer's. Send the front panel of the carton to Hinds, H-I-N-D-S, Bloomfield, B-L-O-O-M-F-I-E-L-D, N. J., with your name and address. By return mail they will send you your copy of "Lucky Hands". Don't miss getting this valuable book. It will provide you with an endless amount of entertainment and fun.

This is the National Broadcasting Company.

AGENCY:LW:3/11/33

Insert at bottom of page 10 after words --

"She came very near stealing the entire picture" --

MR. GRIFFITH: Now, Dorothy, here is the big take. The raid is followed by bombardment... then the battle! The Bosch are trying to capture the Inn and the stronghold next door.

DOROTHY: (in great excitement) Here Bobby... lean on me... I'll help you...

BOBBY: If I wasn't so weak... if I could only do something...

DOROTHY: Here... quick! I'll get you under these stone steps. That's the safest place.

NOTE: (Through all this is heard the explosion of gun fire and hand grenades)

BOBBY: They are fighting in the streets. They are driving our people back!

DOROTHY: Never mind that... they haven't whipped us yet. Here, down under the steps....

(Here is heard the approaching voice of Nanon, keeping up the excitement)

NANON: Marie... Marie... our house!

MARIE: Yes... yes....

NANON: Our house... blown up... Grandfather... mother... all... gone... gone....

MARIE: Why, Nanon... your shoulder... your neck.. blood.... all blood...

NANON: A shell fragment... oh, it's terrible... terrible!

MARIE: Come out from under this roof... get away from these windows!

NANON: Look... look there... They're coming over the trenches!

MARIE: Here... down here.... Under the steps... Crouch down...

(Sound of nearing explosions)

Here, I'll tie this around your arm... Hold still...

NANON: Not so tight.... not so tight.

MARIE: Keep still.... it's got to be tight to save you. Crouch lower... lower... They're throwing hand grenades!

MR. GRIFFITH: Now the Bosch advancing from shell hole to shell hole.. throwing hand grenades... attacking the British entrenched alongside of the Inn. The terrible crash of battle sounding in the ears of the three refugees, huddled under the steps.

Just then a fuse hand grenade falls smoking into the room, right before the eyes of the three refugees...

NANON: (screaming) Look... look...

BOBBY: It's going off... it's going off!

NANON: (screaming) We're lost... we're lost!

MR. GRIFFITH: At this, Marie rushes forward, picks up the grenade, throws it out the window, where it explodes. Then dashing back, fxm over chairs, under tables.. to her place of refuge... mixing drama with uproarious comedy.... She was great!

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Log on Fire Now

BLAKE: Put another log on the fire before it starts burning down.

JOHNSON: Now this is the life.....Hear that wind outside nothing like wind in the pine trees.....

BLAKE: And a log cabin in the woods ... and the rain on the roof....

JOHNSON: Griffith, that story we heard about you over at the War Front.... How much of it is true?

GRIFFITH: Well....I don't know how much you heard.

JOHNSON: I heard that you put on some pictures on the propaganda part of it... You had Queen Alexandria and all the Court ladies working in the picture.

GRIFFITH: Well, that's all true enough.

BLAKE: Well, how in the name of blazes did it happen! Sounds like a good story to go to sleep on.... that's what I am up here for.....sleep and rest.

GRIFFITH: Well, there's nothing very exciting about it... You can go to sleep whenever you want to. (I can generally talk him to sleep in half an hour, and if I go at it hard, fifteen minutes is long enough.)

Well ... I happened to be over in London with a play called "Intolerance", an extravagant sort of an affair ..... It seemed to please the English, particularly the "Big Wigs".

It didn't seem to please anybody over in America so I was highly delighted to be in London. And, I saw, only the other day that _____ said, "Imagine Griffith, the great Griffith, trying to enlist as a soldier."

I am afraid our friend didn't analyize that problem very much. I did make the gesture to enlist. I suppose it was just showoff, although our people had been in the Army for hundreds of years, but as I said, I suppose it was more show-off than anything else, and I was invited by Lord Beaverbrook down to his place in Leatherhead. I told him about my idea, and he told me ~~it~~ I was (I don't remember the exact words) but that I was crazy... that I wouldn't be as much value as a common soldier as anyone of the dock laborers and any kind of workmen they had, but that I could be of service in the Propaganda Department. Anyhow.... he convinced me, but I put up a stiff fight.) Perhaps part of my idea to enlist was much like the rest of them... to get away from the monotony of whatever they were doing, in my case, I was sick of making M$_o$tion P$_i$ctures, and of course, most everybody that goes to War never thinks of themselves as being killed or mangles.....Always, they think that they will be

be the lucky ones and escape. ... In the next few days I had breadfast with Lloyd George. I was all het-up. .... You could through the window outside by the portal outside, all the great ones..../the Heads of the War Departments gathered for the morning conference before the little blackboard that marked the position of the troops at the present time, and Mr. Lloyd George seemed to be convinced that Lord Beaverbrook had a good idea. I suppose Beaverbrook had twenty good ideas that same day and this happedned to be one of them but he though it was O.K. Lord Beaverbrook stood behind Governments and many movements but with a little preparation he got me to go into

He first appointed Major-General Lord Stanley (London's swell) as my first assistant. My press agent representing me was a man named B _____ a double-eyed chap who was always up to mischief. He forgot to inform me about the appointment, and I kept his Lordship waiting in a dirty office whkere I was working for about a half hour. He took it well enough. I suppose Beaverbrook dkdxthksxxaax or whoever the powers were, did this so as to give my Department some standing so we could really get into the Battle Area.

beautiful and the most gracious women it has been my good fortune to meet. Before she worked in the Picture, I had met the Queen and been graciously invited to her box at the Theater. Not being up on Court Etiquette, I was told it was bad form to stop bowing before the Queen did, but as she never seemed to stop bowing I thought neither of us ever would. But she finally let up on it, and my neck resumed its normal feeling.

Then... I went abroad... my Camera Man was not allowed to go.. no one else was... I took the first scenes in the Battle Area. It was a got life and I was scared to death regularly every day... and there seemed to be lots of days. Of course, scenes in which Dorothy and Lilian Gish worked were in the background, behind the Danger Zone, as the British at least, allowed no women in the Danger Zone. It may have been a little different after the Americans got over, but I always have a funny feeling when I see a Picture with the women in the Danger Zone and the first-aid stations. I ~~mix~~ was all along the lines, and never a female I saw until I got back in the Zone of Safety.

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Then we worked out some sort of a story and sent for Lilian and Dorothy Gish and Robert Harian..... After we got the thing reheased and the Studio, they didn't have any workmen.... all able-bodied men had to be at the Front doing some kind of work.. So... the nobleXXXXXXXXXX Noblewomen of England did most of it.

And now we went so far as to get Queen Alexandria ... not only just to appear and who herself ... but to go through a regular scene. This must have taken some hard work and ingenuity. They actually made the sXXXXXX It was filmsy scene set the Studio, scrubbed the floor. .... I remember one time when a very soft cultivated voice came over to me and said. "Can't I do something to help. I will do anything with the rest of them. And I was presented and it was Lady Montague later the Vice- of India. The Motion Picture actors arrived. They came on the same ship with General Pershing. ... the first of the Americans. So we started making the scene. .Teh. the interiors and the ones of the Queen in London. There were about seventy at that time, the most

BROADCAST #18
MARCH 4, 1933

HEARTS
OF THE
WORLD

NOEL COWARD
& THE WHEEZ
BARROW

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D. W. GRIFFITH COLLECTION
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GRIFFITH: I have spoken so often about luck being a vital part of success, that a great number of people have written to the effect that I seem to think that luck is about all there is to it. I must have expressed myself badly. In the first place, in using the word success, I referred to its wordly meaning...particularly as regards stardom in pictures. Beauty is, of course, a great element in success on the screen, and yet I have seen scores of beautiful girls...on Fourth Avenue in Louisville, Kentucky...on Sunday in the suburbs of London, Unter den Linden and by the shores of Lake Vanci in Berlin...pouring out of stores, shops, offices at closing time in New York...girls more beautiful than any appearing in the screen plays being made today. Some of these girls would doubtless knock the average screen star cold, as far as looks are concerned, if they got the chance; but they never get the chance..that is..the chance for success as we use the phrase.

If I had time I could go on in every walk of life with actual facts, but the business of working in offices, mills, factories, on the farm, making a home, raising children, is ten thousand times more important than all the stage and screen stars in the world combined, and whoever does their own work to the best of their ability, achieves the only real success. And these are the important people who support the world and

make civilization. But our program is merely telling of those whom the world calls successful.

Now having gotten this off my chest, I am going to tell you a story of a man with a wheelbarrow.

It happened when my play "Intolerance" was quite a hit in London, I made some propaganda pictures, among them "The Greatest Thing in Life"...and... "Hearts of the World "....the latter an elaborate production in which I had the cooperation of the British government. And believe me..they gave me plenty of co-operation. Why..I even had a Major General appointed by the War Department, as my assistant! And Queen Alexandra of England appeared in one sequence of the pictures.

The Queen wasn't the only important personage connected with "Hearts of the World". When we were working in the studio, we had women who were representatives of the nobility of England volunteering to do odd jobs... You see, all the men..the regular workmen..were in the Army.

Imagine this scene..some of our volunteer workers are engaged in putting up a set...It happens to be a small one and easy to handle. Lady Diana Manners and Lady Lavery are scrubbing the floor..right down on their knees, like regular scrubwomen.

DIANA: Mr. Griffith...

GRIFFITH: Yes, Lady Diana...

DIANA: How far out do you want this floor scrubbed?

GRIFFITH: Well, you'd better scrub it out a little further. About six feet will do it.

BOY ASST: (WHISPERS) Mr. Griffith...that's the Countess of Limerick over there fixing the props. You know she's got the greatest collection of pearls in the world.

GRIFFITH: Is that so? Any chance of our getting any of them?

BOY: Oh...Mr. Griffith! Sh....here she comes...

COUNTESS: (APPROACHING) Mr. Griffith...

GRIFFITH: Yes, Countess...

COUNTESS: Are the table and chairs placed about right?

GRIFFITH: Yes, that's just about the right place. You and Lady Lavery are great workers. You ought to get regular jobs.

COUNTESS: (LAUGHS) Oh, we'll do in a pinch.

(MUSIC.....FADES DOWN)

GRIFFITH: Then I shall never forget one of the mildest, gentlest voices in the world, at my elbow..... "Mr. Griffith, please, can I do anytying to help? I don't seemto be doing any good at all".

I turned.. to a very quiet and very plainly dressed lady and said..."Well, we'll try and find something for you".

It was Lady Mary Montague, whose husband had just been appointed Viceroy of India. Then Miss Violet Asquith came in .....

GRIFFITH: Well, Miss Asquith! You're late! I'm afraid we'll have to fire you.

MISS A: I'm sorry...I was borrowing some flowers from Lady Paget..to decorate the tables.

GRIFFITH: Thank you..that's all right. Well, Lady Paget, come sit down and help me boss this mob.

LADY PAGET: (APPROACHING) I'll sit down but I'll leave the bossing business to you. Well, I have everything set for you at my place tomorrow. And I've gotten together the greatest collection of beauties in England.

GRIFFITH: Well...you'll have to have them up, and made up, early in the morning.

LADY PAGET: Oh, they'll be there all right. When are the real actors and actresses coming over from America?

GRIFFITH: Miss Lillian and Miss Dorothy Gish, and Mr. Harron arrive the end of the week. When they get here... we'll really start to work!

(MUSIC....FADES DOWN)

GRIFFITH: The next day we photographed Lady Paget's beautiful place in the country near London, and we did have a collection of beauties. I remember one scene taken by the fountain. This was in 1917, remember..... When Lady Diana Manners came floating down to the camera in a Lady Vere de Vere costume, the camera man became so excited over this beautiful apparition he could hardly turn the crank.

But wait a minute.. I started talking about a man with a wheelbarrow. Well, he's coming... in fact, he's going to appear right now.

In this picture we had a small village scene. It was taken in Broadway, England, one of the most beautiful little towns imaginable. We were rehearsing a pastoral scene, showing a peaceful life before the outbreak of the war.. scenes of peaceful beauty, passersby, children going to school... we had extra people sent down from London to do these bits.

Our absent-minded hero (played by Robert Harron in the role of a painter with a great future which was to be wrecked later on in the picture by the war) comes out of his house and had business to drop one of the books from under his arm, which is to be picked up afterward by Miss Lillian Gish, giving her an excuse to visit the hero's house.

GRIFFITH: What excuse can you get, Bobby, for dropping that book?

BOBBY: Search me.. I can't just drop it.

GRIFFITH: I'll tell you what.. where's that tall, skinny chap who's been running that wheelbarrow up and down?

BOY: (WITH A LIGHT PLEASANT RAPID-FIRE DELIVERY) Oh, I say, Governor... here I am....

GRIFFITH: Where's your wheelbarrow?

BOY: It's still here, I think, if I haven't worn the blasted thing out running it up and down the sidewalks.

GRIFFITH: Well, get it, quick...

BOY: Quite right, Sir... quite right, sir.. shall I fly to the rescue with it?

GRIFFITH: No, no.. but get it up there at the edge of the fence.

BOY: Cheerio.. as the fish said to the desert when it swam through it.

GRIFFITH: (GOODNATUREDLY) Never mind what the fish or anybody else said... hurry up.

Now Bobby, you come out with the two books under your arm. You are reading another, with your head down. Boy, with the wheelbarrow, I can't remember your name.. you meet him and you are looking in the yard at the girl inside there.. not watching where you are going... and you bump into Bobby.

And, Bobby, that gives you an excuse to drop your book. The shock knocks it out of your hand.. and after you get past the wheelbarrow, you go on out.

BOY: What about running the wheelbarrow backward?

GRIFFITH: (WITH RAISED VOICE) Why backward?

BOY: It would be more original, anyone can wheel a wheelbarrow forward but to run it backward would be something new.

GRIFFITH: Go on, foolish.. try it the way it's meant to go and don't talk so much.

(MUSIC... FADES DOWN)

GRIFFITH: So Bobby came out with his books. The man with the wheelbarrow (I'll tell you his name later) came down with the airiest and most original portrayal of a wheelbarrow pusher the world has ever seen. The bump happened all right, only after the business was over the wheelbarrow pusher put in a line of airy persiflage that ran for about five minutes, discussing everything in the world before he would go on.

GRIFFITH: Wheelbarrow... as soon as you do the bump and he gets by, don't stop there reciting the history of the world.. go on out.. You're not starring in this picture.

BOY: No, I know I'm not but I'd like to.

GRIFFITH: Get back in your place.. Props, put some bricks, lots of them, heavy bricks, in that wheelbarrow. Put a cloth over it.

BOY: Oh, my grandmother's hair comb. It's heavy enough as it is.

GRIFFITH: Can't help that.. go on.. put some bricks in it.

VOICE: (AWAY) All right.

(SOUND OF BRICKS BEING TOSSED IN)

BOY: Wait a minute.. that's quite enough... isn't it?

GRIFFITH: No, it's got to be filled up.

BOY: What kind of a Behemoth do you think I am... to push a load like that around?

GRIFFITH: (LAUGHS) It won't hurt you.. now go on.. wheel it away.

BOY: I think you're wrong. It's too realistic.. now if I was directing this picture.

GRIFFITH: But you're not.

BOY: I know... Shame, isn't it? (RECEDING) All right.. I'm going...

GRIFFITH: (LAUGHS) Say, camera man.. that boy is some bright boy!

CAMERA: Yeah?

GRIFFITH: I wish we had more time to listen to him. He certainly is smart!

CAMERA: Yeah... too smart!!

(MUSIC..... FADES DOWN)

GRIFFITH: And so our same boy played this scene.. stayed on the sidelines by the camera when he wasn't working as an extra and talked.

Then he played his last scene with me. He was

walking (as a lover) with Miss Dorothy Gish in the moonlight. He was playing on a guitar and singing: "Youth is a time for loving..

So all the poets say,
There is no time for loving...
Look at us two today...
Man has no knowledge or passion
Until he has reached his prime.
You ought to know... isn't it so?
Any time's kissing time."

It was a late light and they were againe the great trees in the distance. They turned by an old well, down by an ancient wall, built originally by the Romans... and how our smart boy juggled those poetical lines as he sung, making them into comedy, pathos, tragedy, burleseque... what a pity we didn't have sound pictures then to capture this immortal voice and this immortal foolery! For since, he has become very famous.

But then the shells were falling in Flanders and the cannonading was going on in the great war zone, and all the nations were grappled together in deadly hatred. And these pounding cannons pounded down kingdoms and governments, old ideas and ideals. Then afterwards, new values gradually set themselves up. The names of these great aristocrats of whom I have

spoken of go on, of course, How many of you have ever heard of any of them? But who in America hasn't heard of the man with the wheelbarrow and the light-hearted jesting? For it was none other than Noel Coward, the author of a long string of most successful plays both in England and America, playing so beautifully in New York now in his own play "Design for Living" and author of that superb, marvellous play now translated into the moving picture which you may have seen recently "Cavalcade!" Noel Coward, who I most clearly remember as the man with the wheelbarrow!

(SIGNATURE... FADES DOWN)

#36

Noel Coward Mr Griffith Copy

MR. GRIFFITH: I have spoken about luck being a vital part of success so often that a great number of people have written to the effect that I seemed to think that luck was about all there was to success. I must have expressed myself badly. In the first place, in using the word success, I referred to its worldly meaning, particularly as regards stardom in pictures. Beauty is, of course, a great element in success on the screen and yet I have seen scores of more beautiful girls -- on Fourth Avenue in Louisville, Kentucky; on Sunday in the suburbs of London, Unter den Linden and by the shores of Lake Vanci in Berlin; pouring out of stores, shops, offices at closing time in New York City -- than are appearing in any screen plays being made in this present day. Some of these would doubtless knock the average screen star cold, as far as looks are concerned, if they got the chance; but they never get the chance -- that is, for success as we use the phrase.

I knew a man (his name was Porter Strong - who played bits with pictures with me, who originated more slang phrases, wise cracks and more general comedy entertainment than any three of the big comedians combined who are appearing on Broadway today. I have seen him entertain newspaper men, editors and the hardest of hard audiences, hours at a time, with a seemingly endless flow of humour. While he had no ambition to try to awaken a cold general audience with his comedy, he

was a real success to those who knew him.

If I had time I could go on in every walk of life with actual facts but the business of working in offices, mills, factories, on the farm, making a home, raising children, is ten thousand times more important than all the stage and screen stars in the world combined; and whoever does their work to the best of their ability, then that worker achieves real success. And these are the important people who support the world and make civilization. --- But our program is merely telling of those whom the world calls successful.

Now having gotten this off my chest I am going to tell you a story of a man with a wheelbarrow.

It happened when my play "Intolerance" was quite a hit in London, I made some propaganda pictures, among them "The Greatest Thing in Life" and "Hearts of the World" -- the latter an elaborate production. I had the cooperation of the British government. The head of the War Department appointed Major General Lord Stanley as my assistant in this undertaking. This was, I suppose, merely to give class to the enterprise as he never overworked himself on the job; but turned over most of the work to a Brigadier General. Queen Alexandra of England also appeared in this picture. We wanted to take a scene in the studio. The men who were the regular workmen were in the army so women who were a fair representation of the nobility

of England were putting up the set. It happened to be a small one and easy to handle. Lady Diana Manners and Lady Lavery were scrubbing the floor... right down on their knees, like regular scrubwomen.

LADY DIANA MANNERS: Mr. Griffith....

MR. GRIFFITH: Yes, Lady Diana..

LADY DIANA MANNERS: How far out do you want this floor scrubbed?

MR. GRIFFITH: Well, you'd better scrub it out a little further. About six feet will do it.

BOY ASSISTANT: Mr. Griffith... that's the Countess of Limerick over there fixing the props. Got the greatest collection of pearls in the world.

MR. GRIFFITH: Is that so? Any chance of our getting any of them?

BOY ASSISTANT: Oh... Mr. Griffith!

COUNTESS OF LIMERICK: Mr. Griffith...

MR. GRIFFITH: Yes, Countess.

COUNTESS OF LIMERICK: Is this table and these chairs about right?

MR. GRIFFITH: Yes, that's just about the right place. You and Lady Lavery are great workers... You ought to get regular jobs.

COUNTESS OF LIMERICK: Oh, we'll do in a pinch.

MR. GRIFFITH: Then I shall never forget one of the mildest, gentlest voices in the world, at my elbow.

"Mr. Griffith, please, can I do anything to help? I don't seem to be doing any good at all."

I turned, to a very quiet and very plainly dress-

ed lady and said: "Well, we'll try and find something for you."

It was Lady Mary Montague, whose husband had just been appointed Viceroy of India.

MR. GRIFFITH: Well, Miss Violet Asquith! You're late! We'll have to fine you.

MISS ASQUITH: Oh, I was purloining some flowers from Lady Paget. ... to decorate the tables.

MR. GRIFFITH: Then that's all right. Well, Lady Paget, come sit down and help me boss this mob.

LADY PAGET: I'll sit down but I'll leave the bossing business to you. Well, I have everything set for you in my place tomorrow. Greatest collection of beauties in England.

MR. GRIFFITH: Well, you'll have to have them up, and made up, early in the morning.

LADY PAGET: Oh, they'll be there all right. When are the actors and actresses coming over?

MR. GRIFFITH: Miss Lillian and Miss Dorothy Gish, and Mr. Harron arrive the end of the week.

MR. GRIFFITH: The next day we photographed Lady Paget's beautiful place in the country near London, and we did have a collection of beauties. I remember one scene taken by the fountain. This was in 1917, remember.... When Lady Diana Manners came floating down to the camera in a Lady Vere de Vere costume, the camera man became

so excited over this beautiful apparition he could hardly turn the crank.

But wait a minute... I started talking about a man with a wheelbarrow. Well, he's coming. He's about to appear soon.

In this picture we had a small village scene. It was taken in Broadway, England, one of the most beautiful little towns imaginable. Incidentally, the home of Mary Anderson, the once famous actress. We were rehearsing a pastoral scene, showing a peaceful life before the outbreak of the war... scenes of peaceful beauty, passersby, children going to school... We had extra people sent down from London to do these bits.

Our absent-minded hero (played by Robert Harron in the role of a painter with a great future which was to be wrecked later on in the picture by the war) comes out of his house and had business to drop one of the books from under his arm, which is to be picked up afterward by Miss Lillian Gish, giving her an excuse to visit the hero's house.

---- -

MR. GRIFFITH: What excuse can you get, Bobby, for dropping that book?

BOBBY: (pleasant voiced young Irishman, but without accent) Search me.... I can't just drop it.

MR. GRIFFITH: I'll tell you what.... Where's that tall, skinny

chap who's been running that wheelbarrow up and down.

BOY: (with a light, pleasant, rapid-fire delivery)

Oh, I say, Governor... here I am....

MR. GRIFFITH: Where's your wheelbarrow?

BOY: It's still here, I think, if I haven't worn the blasted thing out running it up and down the sidewalks.

MR. GRIFFITH: Well, get it... quick...

BOY: Quite right, Sir... quite right, Sir.... Shall I fly to the rescue with it?

MR. GRIFFITH: No.. no... but get it up there at the edge of the fence.

BOY: Cheerio... as the fish said to the desert when it swam through it...

MR. GRIFFITH: (good-naturedly) Never mind what the fish or anybody else said... Hurry up....

Now, Bobby, you come out with two books under your arm. You are reading another, with your head down. Boy, with wheelbarrow, - I can't remember your name -- you meet him and you are looking in the yard at the girl inside there -- not watching where you are going -- and you bump into Bobby.

And, Bobby, that gives you an excuse to drop your book. The shock knocks it out of your hand.... And after you get past the wheelbarrow, you go on out.

BOY: What about running the wheelbarrow backward?

MR. GRIFFITH: (with raised voice) Why backward?

BOY: It would be more original... Anyone can wheel a wheelbarrow forward but to run it backward would be

something new.

MR. GRIFFITH: Go on, foolish... Try it.

MR. GRIFFITH: Bobby came out with his books. The man with the wheelbarrow (I'll tell you his name later) came down with the airiest and most original portrayal of a wheelbarrow pusher the world has ever seen. The bump happened all right, only after the business was over the wheelbarrow pusher put in a line of airy persiflage that ran for about five minutes, discussing everything in the world before he would go on.

MR. GRIFFITH: Wheelbarrow! As soon as you do the bump and he gets by, don't stop there reciting the history of the world... Go on out. You're not starring in this picture.

BOY: No, I know I'm not but I'd like to!

MR. GRIFFITH: Get back in your place. Props, put some bricks -- lots of them-- heavy bricks -- in that wheelbarrow. Put a cloth over it.

BOY: Oh, my grandmother's haircomb. It's heavy enough as it is!

MR. GRIFFITH: It was loaded down, amid the good-natured objections of the wheelbarrow pusher who kept up an incessant flow of airy talk. I turned to the camera man -

MR. GRIFFITH: Say, that boy is some bright boy... I wish we had more time to listen to him. He certainly is smart.

CAMERA MAN: (gruffy voice) Yes too --- too much smart!

MR. GRIFFITH: And so our same boy played this scene.... stayed on the side lines by the camera when he wasn't working as an extra and talked.

Then he played his last scene with me. He was walking (as a lover) with Miss Dorothy Gish, in the moonlight. They were playing on a guitar and singing: "Youth is a time for loving -

So all the poets say...
There is no time for loving....
Look at us two today...
Man has no knowledge or passion
Until he has reached his prime.
You ought to know... isn't it so?
Any time's kissing time."

MR. GRIFFITH: It was a late light and they were against the great trees in the distance. They went ~~turned by an old well~~, down by a brown wall, built originally by the Romans... and how our smart boy juggled those poetical lines as he sung, - making them into comedy, pathos, tragedy, burlesque..... What a pity we didn't have sound pictures then and couldn't have captured this ~~immortal voice and this~~ immortal foolery!

So hand in hand, he and Dorothy Gish went down the road.

But then the shells were falling in Flanders and the cannonading was going on in the great war zone, and all the nations were grappled together in deadly

hatred. And these pounding canons pounded down kingdoms and governments, old ideas and ideals. Then afterwards, new values gradually set themselves up. The names of these great aristocrats of whom I have spoken go on, of course. How many of you have ever heard of any of them? But who in America hasn't heard of the man with the wheelbarrow and the light-hearted jesting? For it was none other than Noel Coward, the author of a long string of most successful plays both in England and America, playing so beautifully now in his own play "Design for Living" and author of that superbly, marvellous play now translated into the moving picture "Cavalcade"!

Noel Coward.... whome I most clearly remember as the man with the wheelbarrow!

MECCA TEMPLE
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D. W. Griffith 19646

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D. W. GRIFFITH COLLECTION
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WJZ HINDS HONEY AND ALMOND CREAM

( ) ( )
10:00- 10:15 P.M. MARCH 29, 1933 - #24 WEDNESDAY

OPENING ANNOUNCEMENT:

Do you know how to read your hand? Can you tell from the lines on your palm whether you are clever? Affectionate? Attractive to men or women?

Palmistry is a very ancient art - practiced in China as long ago as 3000 B. C. And there's a tremendous vogue for it today. "Palmistry parties" are all the rage. Be the first in your set able to read your hand - your friends' hands.

A fascinating new book called "Lucky Hands" will soon make you an "expert" at palm reading. Ordinarily you'd expect to pay at least 50¢ for a book like this. But the makers of Hinds Honey and Almond Cream will be glad to send you a copy without cost. Be sure to listen for details of their offer later in the program.

Hinds Honey and Almond Cream, you know, is the famous hand lotion that thousands of women declare is the best they have ever used. Have you tried it? Have you discovered how beautifully white and smooth it keeps your hands in spite of housework or office work?

For this dainty, fragrant hand cream is ultra-penetrating. That's why it stops chapping pain instantly- heals away roughness and redness so quickly. Hinds also leaves an invisible "second skin" that protects against further reddening and chapping. Apply a little Hinds after every hand-roughening task and always at night. In three days you'll have the lovely soft white hands you've always longed for.

And now may I present Mr. D. W. Griffith.

GRIFFITH: Thank you Mr. Keech. Ladies and gentlemen: Tonight I want to tell you a story of a picture that turned two of the most famous people of the ~~screen~~ pictures into HEIGHTS [redacted] of screen fame. The two people of whom I speak are Miss Lillian Gish...sometimes called "The Gish".... and Mr. Dick Barthelmess. The story that started them upward was "Broken Blossoms" by Thomas Burke. I was discussing this story with Mr. Frank Woods, Assistant production Director at that time.

GRIFFITH: Well, Mr. Woods, did you read this story?

WOODS: Yes, I read it last night.

GRIFFITH: What do you thing about it?

WOODS: It's pretty tragic...it's a great story....it's beautiful...but how the audience would take it, I don't know.

GRIFFITH: Well, as I live! Good morning Miss Pickford. What are you doing in our ~~poor~~ young studio?

PICKFORD: I just came over to take Lillian to luncheon.

GRIFFITH: Come on in....I'm just talking about Burke's story....

WOODS: Good morning, Mary....I just saw Miss Gish going into her dressing room....do you know where it is?

PICKFORD: Oh yes, I know it...I'll find it all right.

GRIFFITH: Mary, we're just talking about doing that Burke story that you recommended so highly.

PICKFORD: I think it'll make a marvelous picture.

GRIFFITH: You wouldn't want to do it yourself, would you, Mary?

PICKFORD: No, but it's just the story for you, Mr. Griffith. You're always trying experiments and I think it's such a great story you can't miss. Use the titles right out of the book...give them something different.

GRIFFITH: Do you mean, Mary...to use the titles...well, such as this: "It is a tale of love and lovers that they tell in the low LIT causeway that SHRINKS from West India dock roads to the dark waste of waters BEYOND. It is a tale for tears, and [redacted]" What would an audience think of a title like that?

PICKFORD: Well, the first part is O. K....talking about lovers, they never get tired of that. You take my advice and give them something different...I've got to run now... I'm late. Goodbye.

GRIFFITH: Good bye.

WOODS: Good bye.

GRIFFITH: Well, Woods, I've made up my mind.. I'm going to do it!

(MUSIC....FADES DOWN)

GRIFFITH: Then came the job of casting. After worrying for some time, I decided to try Miss Lillian Gish, for the sorrowful child in the play. I was worrying, for at that particular time Miss Gish had not made a big hit in pictures. For some reason or other, we couldn't strike on the sort of thing that suited her UNIQUE personality. [redacted]

GRIFFITH:(CONT) ~~That night, Mr. Woods had brought me a communication from the Famous Players distributing company that they didn't care to handle any more pictures in which Miss Gish was playing.~~ It all seems strange now, for even forgetting her picture triumphs, her stage performance in "Camille" this Winter was declared by the greatest Eastern critics as being even more moving than that of the great Sarah Bernhardt!

Well, after several individual rehearsals of Miss Gish and Mr. Barthelmass, we came to a general rehearsal. Barthelmess....then a young and rather inexperienced actor... ~~looked anything but the type for the Chinese hero~~ WAS TO PLAY THE CHINESE HERO who was so overwhelmingly in love with Lucy, the little White Blossom of the Limehouse Slums. I finally got George Fawcett, the famous New York actor, ~~who was working for me at the time,~~ to rehearse the part Barthelmess was to play, to help show Dick how to do it.

GRIFFITH: All right, Mr. Fawcett....

FAWCETT: Well, I've played several Chinamen, Mr. Griffith, but never a Missionary Chinaman. How does this idea strike you? I am standing by the counter, musing sadly on my failure in not being able to bring to the barbarous English and Americans our Chinese Buddha's message of Peace.

GRIFFITH: Which reads: "What Thou dost not want others to do to Thee, do Thou not to others"....But the people around you know you only as just a Chink storekeeper.

FAWCETT: This is where I wake from my dreaming to see little Lucy stop at the window and look in.

GRIFFITH: That's right. Here's the author's version: "He looked at her; then that beauty which all Limehouse had missed smote Cheng....straight to his heart it went! Thereafter, the spirit of beauty broke her blossoms all about his odorous chamber! Nothing was the same." In other words, he was hard hit at first sight.

FAWCETT: I think I should just take it like this..,very quietly..

GRIFFITH: That's right...no gestures in this at all....Watch, Barthelmess! You'll have to get it over with thought.. and let the audience do the rest. All right, Miss Gish, that's it...come slowly on.
Music there, Bonchi! The White Blossom theme....

(NOTE) (ORIGINAL MUSIC SCORE OF PICTURE..BEGINS SOFTLY)

GRIFFITH: That's right...that's ~~right~~ it. That will help get them into the feeling.

(MUSIC CONTINUES SOFTLY UNDERNEATH DIALOGUE)

GISH: Suppose I just stand before the window and look at the little Chinese dolls?

GRIFFITH: That's good...just look...and as Burke says: "All the sorrows of the ages" seem to be upon your face." All right, Barthelmess, now you try it....Look! All right, Miss Gish...Now, just as you turn from the window, one little look at Barthelmess as you pass on.....

GRIFFITH: Now, before the store where you try to buy the faded flowers...The penny and the tinfoil that you've saved are not enough and so you go on down the street..... Barthelmess, you follow!

BART: It's rather a sudden feeling that I have, isn't it? I follow her as though to protect her more than anything else.

GRIFFITH: That's the idea. You follow her and watch her...as she goes into her rooms...

(MUSIC....SWELLS TO FINISH AND OUT)

GRIFFITH: All right...now we'll rehearse the scene in the home, with Battling Burrows, the brutal, prize-fighting father. All right, Chrisp! Give the lines for the title and the idea of the story.....~~Play the father good~~ and ~~tough~~. All right....your lines...

CHRISP: Now, whatta you doin.....comin in at this time? Blime.. I'm waitin for my tea.

MISS G: I was buyin' the bread and butter. Sorry, daddy...but t'aint five yet.

CHRISP: Taint for you to be tellin me what time it is. Get a move on ya....

MISS G: I'm movin' daddy....I'm moving....

GRIFFITH: Now, Chrisp, while she's getting tea....that's where you throw the spoon o~~ver your back~~ at her. You,know, your manager has just bawled you out for doing your training on liquor and women instead of behaving yourself.

GRIFFITH:(CONT) So you take your temper out on the child. All right, Chrisp!

CHRISP: Hurry, will ya? Think I'm sittin here all day waiting fer ya?

MISS G: Taint five yet, daddy...taint five....

CHRISP: Quit your blabbin'....

(CRACK OF WHIP)

See this dog whip? Mind yerself or you'll be gettin' a taste of it.

MISS G: It's all right now...here it is...

CHRISP: Don't stand there lookin' at me like that! Put a smile on yer face!

GRIFFITH: Now, Miss Gish...that trick of pushing up the corners of your lips with your finger, using this fixed smile as a substitute for a real one...that's right. Now.. this is where you dish out the hot stew. Chrisp..you make a sudden move and the stew spills on your wrist. Now your rage breaks ~~forth~~ out...Your lines....

CHRISP: You did on purpose! Tryin' to scald me, are ya?

MISS G: (QUICKLY...WITH FEAR) No, I didn't, Daddy....No, I didn't. You moved...sudden-like.

CHRISP: You blame it on em....do ya?

GRIFFITH: Now quickly...that's where you grab the whip...Chrisp. Run now, Miss Gish..away from him. Shrink up in a corner! Follow her, Chrisp! Raise the whip! Now, Miss Gish..you crouch in fear, desperately trying to sooth him!

MISS G: Don't beat me, dadd...don't beat me!

CHRISP: I'll learn ya.. I'll learn ya..

GRIFFITH: ~~Now, Miss Gish, that's where you wipe off your shoes, trying to rouse his pity! Anything to keep from being beaten~~..

MISS G: ~~Your shoes are dusty, daddy...I'll clean 'em~~...

CHRISP: ~~I'll learn ya...I'll learn ya~~...

MISS G: ~~Don't Daddy! Don't....~~

GRIFFITH: That's where you strike, Chrisp!

CHRISP: (MORE ANGRILY) Take that...I'll larn ya!

(SOUND OF WHIP STRIKING)

MISS G: Don't...don't....don't....(MOANS)

(MUSIC .....FADES DOWN)

GRIFFITH: Then the ~~brutal~~ father leaves the beaten girl who has fainted on the floor after her whipping, and goes angrily out of the house.

Little Lucy revives....finds her strength.....drifts dizzily out....down the street. Then overcome by recurrent weakness, she falls into the shop of Cheng, the Chinese boy. Here Cheng picks her up tenderly.... tends her wounds...and watches her gradually recover. It is the first tenderness she has ever known. He saves her from nameless horrors...what he brings to her is ~~his~~ love, and ~~hers~~ death! Hearing words above, a casual visitor to the shop investigates..discovers the two together..and goes gleefully on to the prize ring where Lucy's father has just finished a fight.....

GRIFFITH: (CONT) Horrified at the idea of his child being with a Chinese, Burrows hurries to the Chinese' place..... arrives at a moment when Cheng has gone out....seizes Lucy...takes her back to his own rooms. He drops her arm for a moment to seize the dog whip!

CHRISP: You! You with a dirty chink! I'll fix ya so you'll see no chinks nor nobody else!

MISS G: (RAPIDLY) T'wasn't no harm, daddy! Tasn't no harm!

CHRISP: T'wasn't no harm! A Chink....a dirty Chink!

GRIFFITH: Now then, Miss Gish! You see murder in his eyes.. That's where you go into the closet..Quick! Lock the door! All right, Chrisp...you try to pull it open... Shout at her!

CHRISP: Come out of there...come out of there, I tell ya!

MISS G: Don't Daddy! Don't! You'll kill me, Daddy,....you'll kill me!

CHRISP: That's what I will!

MISS G: Then you'll be sorry, Daddy..they'll hang you!

CHRISP: I'll get you out of there...

(CRASH OF DOOR PANELS)

GRIFFITH: Now turning, Miss Gish..~~that's it...that terribly broken body..turning!~~ ~~That's the~~...turning like some poor animal in a cage! Turning...that's it..all right, Chrisp! The panels are broken..~~Now, Miss Gish [illegible]~~...Strike, Chrisp! Strike!

CHRISP: I'll learn you...

(CRACK OF WHIP)

(MUSIC.....FADES DOWN)

GRIFFITH: Cheng, who ~~had~~ has discovered that Battling Burrows had dragged Lucy home..slithers into the room...takes it all in...stands with hands in his sleeves...inscrutable ...hatred on his face. Burrows threatens him....

CHRISP: What-a-ya doing here, you dirty Chink!

BART: (IN DEADLY VOICE) Me bring love gift.

CHRISP: What do you mean? Love gift!

BART: In China...before death...we bring love gift to our enemy!

CHRISP: What have you there....a knife?

BART: (DEADLY TONES) No...no knife! Just this!

(SHOT)

CHRISP: (MOANS.....FALLS)

(MUSIC ....FADES DOWN)

GRIFFITH: So..Cheng fires a revolver from his sleeve...his love gift of death! Then, looking as though one dead...himself upon the face of little Lucy..his White Blossom... sees ~~seeing~~ the ~~little~~ faint trace of a tragic smile upon her face, he lifts her gently in his arms...and takes her back to his cheap room. There he places her upon the couch, and with gentle hands, puts her clothes decently around her..covers her with silken draperies that had come to him from out the past.

GRIFFITH: (CONT) Then he takes his prayer beads, after the manner tought him in his childhood, and rasies a knife above his own breast..to strike!...in an attitude, ~~it seemed~~ that seems ...like a sacrifice... Cheng whose love [redacted] THROUGHOUT had remained a pure and holy thing. Even his worst enemies said that!

(SIGNATURE)

KEECH: (CLOSING ANNOUNCEMENT)

lh
3-28-33

CLOSING ANNOUNCEMENT:

Look at your hands! For other people do. They notice at once whether your hands are red, rough, uncared for- or smooth, white, well-groomed. It's so needless for any woman to have rough, unattractive hands no matter how much housework she does. Get a bottle of Hinds Honey and Almond Cream. Apply a little after any hand-roughening task and always at night. In three days you will marvel how smooth and lovely your hands have become. And regular use of Hinds will keep them so.

No doubt you've been meaning for a long time to try Hinds. Here's a little inducement to get a bottle NOW. The makers of Hinds Honey and Almond Cream have a gift for you - a thrilling book on palm reading called "Lucky Hands" You'll certainly want a copy to learn how to read your hand - how to have fun at a party with this fascinating accomplishment . This book is worth at least 50¢ . But here's the way you can get a copy without cost. Buy a bottle of Hinds in any drug or department store. Send the front panel of the carton to Hinds, H-I-N-D-S, Bloomfield, B-L-O-O-M-F-I-E-L-D , N.J., with your name and address. By return mail we will send you a copy of "Lucky Hands." But, remember, the supply of books is limited. This offer must be withdrawn soon. Act now --mail the front of the Hinds carton at once!

This is the National Broadcasting Company.

AGENCY:MFH

3-28-33

Through scenes, either descriptive or otherwise, concerning Lucy and Cheng, we have the original music score -- "White Blossom" and the Chinese theme. Both themes associated with the picture and both having met with pleasing success when published. The lyrics were by Charles Hanson Towne; music by D. W. Griffith.

MR. GRIFFITH: I will tell you a story tonight of a picture that turned two of the most famous people of the screen into high-hats of screen fame. The two people of whom I speak are Miss Lillian Gish - sometimes called "The Gish" - and Mr. Dick Barthelmess. The story that started them upward was "Broken Blossoms" by Thomas Burke. I was discussing this story with Mr. Frank Woods, Assistant Production Director at that time.

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MR. GRIFFITH: Well, Mr. Woods, did you read this story?

MR. WOODS: Yes, I read it several times last night.

MR. GRIFFITH: What do you think about it?

MR. WOODS: It's pretty tragic... it's a great story... it's beautiful.. but how the audience would take it, I don't know.

MR. GRIFFITH: Well, as I live! Good morning, Miss Pickford. What are you doing in our poor studio?

MISS PICKFORD: Oh, I'm just going through to visit Lillian. I'm taking her to luncheon.

MR. GRIFFITH: Come on in... I'm just talking about Burke's story.

MR. WOODS: Good morning, Mary... I just saw Miss Gish going into her dressing room... Do you know where it is?

MISS PICKFORD: Oh yes, I know it.... I'll find it all right.

MR. GRIFFITH: Mary, we're just talking about doing that Burke story that you recommended so highly.

MISS PICKFORD: I think it'll make a marvellous picture.

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MISS PICKFORD: Well, the first part is O. K. - talking about lovers. They never get tired of that. You take my advice and give them something different... I've got to run now... I'm late. Goodbye.

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For some reason or other, we couldn't strike on the sort of thing that suited her strange personality... and she was "set" in her ways and wouldn't change them herself. In fact Mr. Woods had brought me a communication that very morning from the Famous Players big distributing company that they didn't care to handle any more pictures in which Miss Gish was playing. It all seems strange now for even forgetting her picture triumphs, her stage performance in "Camille" this Winter was declared by the greatest Eastern critics as being more moving than that of even the great Sarah Bernhardt!

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Music there, Bonchi! The White Blossom theme...

NOTE: (Music begins softly)

MR. GRIFFITH: That's right... that's right. That will help get them into the feeling....

NOTE: (Music continues softly underneath dialogue)
<u>Can be stopped whenever desired</u>.

MISS GISH: Suppose I just stand before the window and look at the little Chinese dolls?

MR. GRIFFITH: That's good... Just look... and as Burke says: "All the sorrows of the ages" seem to be upon your face.
All right, Barthelmess, now you try it.. Look!
All right, Miss Gish... Now, just as you turn from the window, one little look at Barthelmess as you pass on...

MR. GRIFFITH: Now, before the store where you try to buy the faded flowers.. The penny and the tinfoil that you saved are not enough and so you go on down the street... Barthelmess, you follow!

BARTHELMESS: It's rather a sudden feeling that I have, isn't it? I follow her as though to protect her more than anything else...

MR. GRIFFITH: That's the idea... You follow her and watch her... as she goes into her rooms...

MR. GRIFFITH: All right.. we'll rehearse the scene in the home, with your brutal, prize-fighting father.
All right, Chrisp! Give the lines for the title and the idea of the story....

MR. CHRISP: Now, whatta you doin'... comin' in at this time?
(NOTE: Chrisp is tough and brutal)
Blime ya... I'm waitin' for my tea...

MISS GISH: I was buyin' the bread and butter... Sorry, daddy... but t'aint five yet..

MR. CHRISP: 'Taint you to be tellin' me what time it is... Get a move on ya...

MISS GISH: I'm movin', daddy... I'm movin'...
(In broken fearsome tones)

MR. GRIFFITH: Now, Chrisp, while she's getting tea, that's where you throw the spoon over your back at her... You know, your manager has just bawled you out for doing your training on liquor and women instead of behaving yourself...
So you take your temper out on the child.
All right, Chrisp!

MR. CHRISP: Hurry, will ya? Think I'm sittin' here all day waiting fer ya?

MISS GISH: Taint five yet, daddy... t'aint five...

(In the same plaintive tone)

MR. CHRISP: Quit your blabbin' --

(At this he strikes the table with whip)

See this dog whip? Mind yerself or you'll be gettin' a taste of it...

MISS GISH: It's all right now... here it is...

MR. CHRISP: Don't stand there lookin' at me like that.... Put a smile on yer face...

MR. GRIFFITH: Poor Lucy, never having cause to smile, uses trick of pushing up the corners of her lips with her finger, using this fixed smile as a substitute for a real one.

MR. GRIFFITH: Now, Miss Gish, this is where you dish out the hot stew.

Chrisp, you make a sudden move and the stew spills on your wrist... Now your rage breaks forth.... Your lines...

MR. CHRISP: You did it on purpose.... Tryin' to scald me, are ya?

MISS GISH: (Quickly, with fear) No, I didn't, Daddy.... No, I didn't. You moved... sudden-like...

MR. CHRISP: Oh, you blame it on me, do ya?

MR. GRIFFITH: Now quickly, that's where you grab the whip, Chrisp ... Run now, Miss Gish.. away from him. Shrink up in a

corner! Follow her, Chrisp! Raise the whip!
Now, Miss Gish, you crouch in fear, desperately trying to sooth him!

MISS GISH: Don't beat me, daddy... dôn't beat me!

MR. CHRISP: I'll learn ya.... I'll learn ya...

MR. GRIFFITH: Now, Miss Gish, that's where you wipe off his shoes, trying to rouse his pity! Anything to keep from being beaten....

MISS GISH: Your shoes are dusty, daddy... I'll clean 'em....

MR. CHRISP: I learn ya... I'll learn ya....

MISS GIHH: Don't daddy... don't!

MR. GRIFFITH: That's where you strike, Chrisp!

MR. CHRISP: (more angrily) Take that... I'll learn ya!

(SOUND OF WHIP STRIKING)

MISS GISH: Don't... don't.... don't.....

MR. GRIFFITH: Then the brutal father leaves the beaten girl who has fainted on the floor after her whipping, and goes angrily out of the house.

Little Lucy revives, -- finds her strength... drifts dizżily out... down the street. Then overcome by recurrent weakness, she falls into the shop of Cheng, the Chinese boy. Here Cheng picks her up tenderly... tends her wounds... and watches her gradually recover. It is the first tenderness she has ever known. He saves her from nameless horrors... what he brings to her

his love and death!

Hearing words above, a casual visitor to the shop investigates... discovers the two together... and goes gleefully on to the prize ring where Battling Burrows has just finished a fight.

MR. GRIFFITH: Horrified at the ideaof hks child being with a Chink, Burrows hurries to the Chinese' place... arrives at a moment when Cheng has gone out... seizes Lucy... takes her back to his own rooms.. He drops her arm for a moment to seize the dog whip.

MR. CHRISP: You! You with a lousy Chink! I'll fix ya so you'll see no Chinks nor nobody else.

MISS GISH: (rapidly) T'wasnt no harm, daddy! 'Twasnt no harm!

MR. CHRISP: T'wasnt no harm!!!! A Chink... a lousy Chink!

MR. GRIFFITH: Now then, Miss Gish! You see murder in his eyes.... That's where you go into the closet... Quick! Lock the door! All right, Chrisp... You try to pull it open.... Shout at her!

MR. CHRISP: Come out of there... Come out of there, I tell ya!

MISS GISH: Don't, daddy! Don't! You'll kill me, daddy.... you'll kill me!!!

MR. CHRISP: That's what I will!

MISS GISH: Then you'll be sorry, daddy... they'll hang you! (rapidly)

MR. GRIFFITH: Now turning, Miss Gish.... that's it... that terribly broken body, turning! That face... turning like some poor animal in a cage! Turning ... that's it.... All right, Chrisp! The panels are broken. Now, Miss Gish, those terrible screams.... Strike, Chrisp! Strike!

Then, after the blow... Lucy slumped back on the cot.

MR. GRIFFITH: Cheng, who had discovered that Battling Burrows had dragged Lucy home, slithers into the room... takes it all in... stands with his hands in his sleeves... inscrutable... hatred on his face.

MR. CHRISP: What-a ya doin' here, you dirty Chink?

BARTHELMESS: (in deadly voice) Me bring love gift....

MR. CHRISP: What do ya mean? Love gift!

BARTHELMESS: In China... before death... we bring love gift to our enemy!

MR. CHRISP: What have you there... a knife?

BARTHELMESS: (in same deadly tones) No... no knife!

MR. GRIFFITH: At this, Battling Burrows stoops quickly... to pick up the hatchet which he had dropped. Cheng fires a revolver from his sleeve... his love gift of Death. Battling Burrows falls!

MR. GRIFFITH: Then, looking as though one dead, upon the face of Little Lucy, his White Blossom... seeing the little

faint trace of a tragic smile upon her face, he lifts her gently in his arms and takes her back to his cheap room. There he places her upon the couch, and with gentle hands, puts her clothes decently around her... covers her with silken draperies that had come to him ~~mmk~~ from out the past.
Then he takes his prayer beads, after the manner taught him in his childhood, and raises a knife above his own breast... to strike! ... in an attitude, it seemed, like a sacrifice.

And so the lyric moon sent her soft rays upon White Blossom, with funereal flowers upon her hair.
And, crouched on the floor beside her, Cheng....
Cheng whose love throughout had remained pure and a holy thing. Even his worst enemies said that!

I will tell you a story tonight of a picture that turned two of the most famous people of the screen into high-hat of screen fame. The two people whom I speak of are Miss Lillian Gish, sometimes called "The Gish", and Mr. Dick Barthelmess. The story that started them upward was "Broken Blossoms", by Thomas Burke. I was discussing this story with Mr. Frank Woods, Assistant Production Director at that time.

****

Mr. Griffith: Well, Mr. Woods, did you read this story?

Mr. Woods: Yes, I read it several times last night..... What do you think about it?

Mr. Griffith: Well, it's pretty tragic. It's a great story. It's beautiful, but how the audience would take it, I don't know.

****

Mr. Griffith: Well, as I live! Good morning, Miss Pickford. What are you doing in our poor studio?

Miss Pickford: Oh, I was just going through to visit Lillian. I'm taking her to luncheon.

Mr. Griffith: Come on in.....I'm just talking about Burke's story.

Mr. Woods: Good morning, Mary. I just saw Miss Gish going into her dressing room.....Do you know where it is?

Miss Pickford: Oh, yes, I know it. I'll find it alright.

Mr. Griffith: Mary, we're just talking about doing that Burke story that you recommended so highly.

Miss Pickford: I think it'll make a marvelous picture.

Mr. Griffith: You wouldn't want to do it yourself, would you, Mary?

Miss Pickford: No, it's just the story for you, Mr. Griffith. You're always trying experiments, and I think that's just such a great story that you can't miss. Use the titles from the picture. Books Give them something different.

Mr. Griffith: Do you mean, Mary, to use the titles - well, such as this: Oh, I was just reading it...."It is a tale of love and lovers that they tell in the low light causeway, that shirks from West India dock roads to the dark west of waters.

It is a tale for tears, and in the lillied tongue of the yellow man, it would awaken all your pity, but in our bald speech, it must unhappily lose its essential fragrance."......What would the audience think of a title like this?

Miss Pickford: Well, the first part is O.K., talking about lovers. They never get tired of that. You take my advice, and give them something different.....Well, I've got to run now. Goodbye!

Mr. Griffith: Goodbye!

Mr. Woods: Goodbye!

Mr. Griffith: Well, I've made up my mind!.....I'm going to do it!

****

Then came the job!

Mr. Griffith: After worrying for some time, I decided to try Miss Gish for the sorrowful child in the play. I was worrying, for at that particular time Miss Gish had not made a hit in pictures. For some reason or other, we couldn't strike the sort of thing that suited her strange personality, and she was "sot" in her ways, and wouldn't change them herself. In fact, Mr. Woods had brought me a commu-

nication from the Famous Players Picture Distributing Company, that they didn't care to handle any more pictures in which Miss Gish was playing.

****

Mr. Griffith: After several individual rehearsals of Miss Gish and Mr. Barthelmess, we came to a general rehearsal. Barthelmess, a young and rather unrehearsed actor, looked anything but the type for the Chinese hero who was overwhelmingly in love with Lucy, that little White Blossom of the limehouse slums.....So I finally got George Fawcett, the famous New York actor, who was working for me at that time, to rehearse the part Barthelmess was to play.

****

Mr. Griffith: Alright, Mr. Fawcett!

Mr. Fawcett: Well, I've played several Chinamen, Mr. Griffith..... How does this idea strike you?.....I'm standing by the counter, dreaming of the rice fields and lily ponds of far-off China, when I see little Lucy stop at the window and look in.

Mr. Griffith: That's right!.....Here's the author's version: He looked at her.....Then that beauty which all limehouse had missed, smote Cheng.....Straight to his heart it went. Thereafter, the spirit of beauty....broken blossoms all about his odorous chamber.....Nothing was the same..... In other words, he was hard hit at first sight.

Mr. Fawcett: Well, I think I'll just take it like this.....very quietly.

Mr. Griffith: That's right!.....No gestures.....None at all.....Wait a minute!.....Barthelmess, watch!.....You'll have to get over that thought, and let the audience do the rest..... Alright, Miss Gish.....That's it!.....Come slowly on.

Miss Gish: Suppose I just stand before the window and look at the little Chinese dolls.

Mr. Griffith: That's good!.....Just look.....and as Burke says, "all the sorrow of the ages" seem to be upon your face..... Alright, Barthelmess.....Now you try it.....Look!..... Alright, Miss Gish.....Now just as you turn from the window, one little look at Barthelmess as you pass on.....

****

Mr. Griffith: Now, before the store where you try to buy the faded flowers. The penny and tinfoil that you saved isn't enough, and so you go on down the street.....Now, Barthelmess, you follow.

Mr. Barthelmess: Well, it's rather a sudden feeling, isn't it?..... that I have.....I follow her as though I want to protect her more than anything else?

Mr. Griffith: That's the idea!.....You follow her.....You watch her..... As she goes into her room.....

****

Mr. Griffith: Alright.....We'll rehearse the scene in the home, with the brutal, prize-fighting father.

****

Mr. Griffith: Well, Mr. Chrisp.....Give the lines for the title, and the idea of the story.

Mr. Chrisp: Now, whatta doin'.....comin' in at this time?

(NOTE: Chrisp is tough and brutal)

Blime ya, I'm waitin' for tea!

Miss Gish: Well, I was buyin' the bread and butter.....Sorry, daddy. .....'Taint five yet.

Mr. Chrisp: 'Taint you to be tellin' me what time 'tis. Get a move on ya.

Miss Gish: I'm movin'. (In broken, fearsome tones).

****

Mr. Griffin: Now Chrisp, while she gets tea, that's where you throw the spoon over your back, at her head. You know, your Manager has just bawled you out for doing your training on liquor and women instead of behaving yourself..... So you're going to take your temper out on the child..... Alright, Chrisp!

Mr. Chrisp: Hurry, will ya?.....Think I'm sittin' here all day, waitin' fer ya?

Miss Gish: 'Taint five yet, daddy.....'Taint five. (In the same plaintive tone).

Mr. Chrisp: Quit yer blabbin'. (At this, he strikes the table with a whip). See this dog whip?.....Mind yourself, or you'll be gettin' it.

Miss Gish: It's alright now.....Here it is.

****

Mr. Griffith: Now, Miss Gish, as you set the cup down, Chrisp makes a sudden move, and the tea spills on his coat.

****

Mr. Griffith: Now your rage breaks out, Chrisp.

****

Mr. Chrisp: You did it on purpose!.....Tryin ' to scald me, are ya?

Miss Gish: (Quickly, with fear)..... No, I didn't, daddy..... You moved, sudden-like, daddy.

Mr. Griffith: He returns.....Little Lucy comes to.....Finds her strength. Drifts dizzily out.....Down the street.....Overcome by recurrent weakness, she falls into the shop of Cheng, the Chinese boy. He picks her up.....Places her on his couch upstairs.....Tends her wounds.....and watches her gradually recover.....Then a casual visitor to the shop, hearing words above, investigates.....Discovers the two together.....Goes on gleefully to the prize ring, where Battling Burrows has just finished a fight.

****

Mr. Griffith: Burrows, horrified at the idea of his child being with a Chink, hurries to the Chinese place.....Arrives at the moment when Cheng has gone out.....Seizes Lucy..... Takes her back to his own rooms.....He drops her arm for a moment to seize the dog whip.

Mr. Chrisp: You!.....With a lousy Chink!.....I'll fix ya!.....So you'll see no Chink or anybody any more.

Miss Gish: (Rapidly)..... 'Twasn't no harm, daddy!

Mr. Chrisp: 'Twasn't no harm!!!!!!.....A Chink!.....A lousy Chink!

****

Mr. Griffith: Now then, Miss Gish, you see murder in his eyes..... That's where you go into the closet.....Quick.....Quick... Quick.....Lock the door.....Alright, Chrisp.....You try to pull it open.....You shout at her.

Mr. Chrisp: Come on out here!.....Come out here, I tell ya!

Miss Gish: Don't, daddy!.....Don't!.....You'll kill me!.....You'll kill me!

Mr. Chrisp: That's what I will.

Miss Gish: Then, daddy, you'll be sorry.....They'll hang you! (Rapidly)

Mr. Griffith: Now, Chrisp, that's where you get the hatchet and you begin to cut the panels open.

Mr. Chrisp: Aha!.....So you'll hide from me!.....You and your Chink!..

****

(NOTE: At this, he has madly cut away the panels)

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Mr. Griffith: Well, Miss Gish had a tremendously difficult piece of acting to do. Shut up as she was in the closet.....Her acting overdone, would be ridiculous.....Not acting strongly enough, it would have been blah. On this scene largely depended her future career.

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Mr. Griffith: Now, Miss Gish, you've just got to do this. You know, they're saying that they don't want pictures with you in them any more. Now you've got to show them. You must give all you've got.....Death reaches after you..... Imagine the crack of that whip on you.....The next moment the blunt end of it will be crashed down through your skull.....Now go ahead and do it.

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Miss Gish: Don't, daddy!.....Don 't!.....Don't!.....You'll be sorry!

****

Mr. Griffith: Now turn.....That's it!.....That terribly broken body!..... That face!.....Turning like some poor animal in a cage..... Turn!.....That's it!.....Alright, Chrisp.

****

Mr. Griffith: The panels are broken.

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Mr. Griffith: Now, Miss Gish, that terrible scream!.....The only one!.... Strike!.....Strike, Chrisp!

****

Mr. Griffith: Alright!.....After the blow, Lucy slumped.....Back on the cot.

****

Mr. Griffith: Cheng, who had discovered that Battling Burrows had dragged Lucy home, slithers into the room.....Takes everything in.....Stands with his hands in his sleeves.... Inscrutable.....Hatred on his face.

Mr. Chrisp: What are ya doin' here, you dirty Chink?

Mr. Cheng: (Now then, in deadly voice)....Me bringing love gift.

Mr. Chrisp: What do ya mean, love gift?

Mr. Cheng: In China we bring love gift before death to our enemies.

Mr. Chrisp: What have you got?.....A knife?

Mr. Cheng: (In the same deadly tones)....No!.....Gift!....No knife!

****

Mr. Griffith: At this, Battling Burrows stoops quickly----to pick up the hatchet which he had dropped.....Cheng fires revolver from his sleeve as love gift of death.....Battling Burrows falls.

****

Mr. Griffith: Then, looking as though one dead, upon the face of little Lucy.....his White Blossom....seeing the little faint trace of a tragic smile upon her face, he lifts her gently in his arms and takes her back to his cheap room. There he places her upon the couch, and with gentle hands, puts her clothes decently around her.....then covers her with silken draperies which had come to him from out of

the past.....Then he takes his prayer beads, and in the manner taught him in his childhood, he prays.....Then he raises the knife above his own breast to strike..... In an attitude which seemed like a sacrifice!

****

And so the lyric moon sent her soft rays upon White Blossom, with funereal flowers upon her hair.....And crouched on the floor opposite her.....Cheng....who had loved her madly, and yet had kept his love clean..... and pure!

****

SECURITY-FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF LOS ANGELES

SAVINGS COMMERCIAL TRUST

SECURITY OFFICE
FIFTH AND SPRING STREETS
LOS ANGELES

March 30, 1933

Mr. D. W. Griffith
Park Central Hotel
55th Street & 7th Avenue
New York City, New York

Dear Sir:

This will acknowledge receipt of your check in the amount of $2,127.50, $1,627.50 having been applied on account of interest, and $500.00 on account of principal, reducing the unpaid balance to $30,500.00, and also your promise that a check will go forward within a few days from March 20th to pay the delinquent taxes. Your notification at the time of this tax payment will be greatly appreciated.

In discussing the question of renewal with our Committee, while not unmindful of the fact that undoubtedly the larger proportion of the property included in our loan is vacant and therefore quite a burden, they felt that they must insist that the interest rate be continued at 7%. They did, however, make the concession that should you wish to materially change the relation of value to the loan by reducing the loan at this time to $20,000.00, they will then agree to reduce the rate to 6%.

Should you desire an extension at $30,500.00, such an extension for three years is approved, payable $500.00 quarterly, beginning August 11, 1933, plus the interest at 7%.

Due to the fact that this loan has run for a period of six years, it will be necessary that a renewal be made, and we will appreciate your instruction as to the terms you desire, in order that proper papers may be prepared and forwarded to you without further delay.

Yours very truly,

R. T. Adams

R. T. Adams
Assistant Secretary

RTA:AW

STATEMENT

PHOTOCOLOR STUDIOS, Inc.

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220 West 42nd Street
NEW YORK

Apr. 1, 1933.

D. W. Griffith
Park Central Hotel
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Terms: Net 10 days E. O. M.

DATE	CHARGES	CREDITS	The last amount in this column is your balance
		PREVIOUS BALANCE ☞	
Feb. 28	2.00		2.00

Kindly let bearer have cash for above — as per telephone conversation with Mr. Fink

Thank You

4/3 3.42 Paid B. Rose

On the first of each month we render a statement of the account to date for the purpose of comparison. If any errors exist, please advise us at once.

april 1, 1933

Dear Uncle David:

The money as usual was a life saver. We had our clothes in hock to the land lady and, needless to say, we were more than glad to have them back. also the groceries were about gone, so we replenished the larder with the necessary evils. The extra twenty was certainly a pleasant surprise. Monte almost fainted at the sight of so much money. Unfortunately it arrived too late for us to

move at that time.

However we simply have to get out of here by the fifteenth of this month. It is quite impossible to live here any longer. The building is fairly infested with second-rate bootleggers and third rate tarts. Naturally we dont feel at home amid such surroundings aside from the fact that I dislike having Monte in such a house. In the past two weeks three bootleggers have opened

up for business in the same side of the building as our apartment. and believe me they are tough hombres.

We are both nervous wrecks from worrying over things and if I have said anything that offended you why I am certainly sorry and can assure you it was only because I have been so worried and upset that I am damn near crazy.

I want you to help me get out of this and I

have a plan that will do it. It calls for an initial outlay larger than usual but in the long run will be much cheaper.

You have a tumbled-down shack on the ranch that your hired man used to live in. I want to fix that up and live in it. Living on the ranch would give us both a chance to build ourselves up physically and relieve us of that awful strain of expecting to get kicked

out every day and also of being insulted every day by a lot of cheap drunks.

The place is just a shack, the one being pushed over by the pepper tree, the windows are all broken and it is just about to fall to pieces and, of course, there is no furniture. We will have to buy some cheap second-hand furniture and a hell of a lot of soap and water and heaps of paint to make

it livable. Even then there would be no bath-tub but we could be very happy here and build ourselves up both physically and mentally. We can buy an old car for about $35 down and ten dollars a month. Of course we would have to have that for transportation. We still have to hustle around for a job. We couldn't just sit around at the ranch and rusticate. But as far as that goes no matter

where you live out here it's practically impossible to get around to the best advantage without a car. Unfortunately we had to sell the one we came out in in order to eat. However the trip out here wore it out and it would have taken more to fix it up than to buy another one

So to make a long story much shorter, naturally I need some money. Besides the furniture, we will have to buy a lot of paint — the painting

we will do ourselves, as well as all the other work — then there is the first payment on the car and of course the usual incidentals of moving and, naturally, we will still have to buy some food and other necessities. One hundred and fifty dollars will be sufficient to take care of all that and carry us over for some time. Which is very little to ask for when you consider how much it will save you and help

us in the long run.

So please Uncle David try to see where this will benefit all of us and help me get something really stable to hang on to. Our rent is up the fifteenth and naturally, I want to be able to move by that time, so please come to my rescue.

good night - God bless you

Willard

#52

SALLY OF THE SAWDUST W.C. FIELDS

Program #25

WJZ D. W. GRIFFITH'S HOLLYWOOD

( )( )
10:00 - 10:15 P. M. APRIL 2, 1933 SUNDAY

(FANFARE)

(SIGNATURE.....FADES DOWN)

D. W. GRIFFITH COLLECTION
MUSEUM OF MODERN ART. FILM LIBRARY

KEECH: Once again the makers of Hinds Honey and Almond cream bring you the great motion picture director, Mr. D. W. Griffith. But before Mr. Griffith begins, here is a message to the ladies of the audience.

Wouldn't you like to have a reading of your hand by an expert? Wouldn't you like to know what the lines on your palms, the "mounts" at the base of each finger, the shape of your hand and fingers -- tell about you? Whether you're affectionate or reserved? Attractive to men or women? Whether you're likely to travel? Live long? Make money?

Ordinarily, getting one's hand read by an expert runs into real money. But now you have a rare opportunity. The makers of Hinds Honey and Almond Cream have arranged with a well known authority on palm reading for you to have a reading without cost. Later in the program we will tell you exactly how you can get your reading. Be sure to listen for this announcement.

KEECH:(CONT) Just one thing more. Size and shape have nothing to do with the beauty of your hand. Large or small -- slender or plump-- any woman's hands are attractive if they look white and well cared for, if they are soft and smooth to the touch. Apply a little Hinds Honey and Almond Cream every time after your hands have been in water and always at night. In 3 days this simple care will make the roughest, reddest hands velvety smooth and white. And to keep this new loveliness, just continue using Hinds.

And now may I present Mr. D. W. Griffith.....

GRIFFITH: Thank you, Mr. Keech. Ladies and gentlemen, as you know, I've often spoken of the influence of luck on the careers of motion picture folk. There are many well-known people whom I have in mind. ~~For instance Joe Cook~~, James Cagney, Zazu Pitts, Jimmy Durante, W. C. Fields and Miss Carol Dempster. All are peculiar types. Given a play to suit them, any one of them is a knockout.

~~Recently Durante and Fields have both been good in their pictures but let either of them ever find the type of play that really suits them, and they'll knock you for a loop. As for Miss Dempster, well, she made a most successful marriage. I don't suppose she bothers about it one way or the other any more.~~

GRIFFITH: I used Mr. Fields in a picture called "Sally of the Sawdust" in which he played the part of a bunk carnival artist under the euphonius name of Professor McGargle. I met him and we talked it over. Well, Fields, what do you think of the idea?

FIELDS: (KIDDINGLY) I've never prospected in them thar movie flickers but I hear thar's gold in them thar hills.....

GRIFFITH: That's what they say!

FIELDS: (IN NATURAL VOICE) I read your script Mr. Griffith. It seems O. K. to me.

~~GRIFFITH: Well, you've done so much pantomime with Ziegfeld, you ought to get it over great in pictures.~~

~~FIELDS: That part where I am barn-storming around at the carnival with my adopted daughter ought to make some good comedy.~~

GRIFFITH: Yes...You and Miss Dempster should get lots of laughs and perhaps a tear or two in that.

FIELDS: In the story she thinks she's my own daughter, doesn't she?

GRIFFITH: .Yes, of course that's all the plot there is to it.... You see, her mother ran away from her New England home, married an actor, and the mother's father...a Judge (one of those guys with a mind as narrow as a wedge) wouldn't have anything to do with them afterwards.

FIELDS: Yes, he was one of those old nail biters!

GRIFFITH: He had his wife buffaloed and wouldn't let her get in touch with the daughter either.

You read the story....after the acrobat husband was killed in a fall, the mother was taken sick and died and she left the baby to you to take care of.

GRIFFITH: (CONT) And that's how our heroine, Miss Demptster's part..... comes to be with you. She is raised up in carnival life and finally you drift into the very town where the girls grandfather and grandmother live. Of course the grandfather is still a judge.

FIELDS: Are you going to leave that stuff of mine in where I'm a shell worker, general gyp, bunco artist and all that... and tell 'em all. It's the old army game...the old army game!

GRIFFITHY: Sure...throwing the bull... putting on the airs... and the shabby genteel.

FIELDS: Look at the cuff of my shirt.... I think I'm playing it in reallife.....Have to tell James to be more careful in putting my wardrobe out.

(MUSIC.....FADES DOWN)

GRIFFITH: Then we came to the rehearsals. All right, Mr. Fields, Miss Dempeter. Remember Mr. Fields.... you are devoted to Sally, and care for her as if she were your own child... and she thinks the whole big world revolves around you. Now here's the idea of this scene. You've got a job in the carnival... and you arrive in town ~~blind baggage~~ on a freight train. You're caught in a rain storm, and you're both quite wet. It is early morning, but you find the door of a bake shop open. After regaling yourselves on stale buns, you see the open door of the big oven.... All right, Mr. Fields, lines for the idea and the titles.....

FIELDS: Well, Sally, my child.... I am very cold.

DEMPSTER: Yes, Pop...

FIELDS: Also very wet.

DEMPSTER: Yes you are, Pop...I are too.

FIELDS: (CHIDINGLY) Tut..Tut...very bad grammar, Sally... Perhaps it's the chill! Ah-h...what do I see? The oven door is open...it's very warm inside....but not too warm!

DEMPSTER: Pop, what are you doing?

FIELDS: I'm going inside the oven, darling...it seems the likely way to dry out. Watch...and if anyone appears, give me word.

DEMPSTER: All right, pop.

FIELDS: Ah-h....this is marvelous... marvelous...and so warm... it's heavenly! Don't eat all the rolls, Sally.

GRIFFITH: ~~While Fields was getting dried out in the oven, in the hope left over from yesterday's fining, Sally, snooping around to find more food leaves the room. The old negro, whose business it is to fire the oven and make ready for the bakers when they arrive, comes in, yawning. In the meantime~~ ALL RIGHT Fields, soothed by the warmth and comfort of the oven, YOU GO to sleep. The old negro COMES IN, closes the oven door and begins to put coal into the furnace which juts into the adjoining room. As the oven gets to the baking point, ~~Fields~~ YOU hazily dreams that ~~he~~ YOU'RE dead and ~~has~~ HAVE gone to the wrong place. ~~Then, with the sweat pouring from him, he becomes thoroughly awakened and~~ Suddenly YOU come to ~~the realization of his~~ REALIZE YOUR actual position. ~~He tries~~ YOU try to get out but the furnace door is closed.

FIELDS: (SCREAMING) Help! Help....the devil....help...help! I'm roasting...help!

GRIFFITH: But the old negro has left the furnace and YOUR screams are in vain. [illegible] agonized [illegible].

FIELDS: [illegible]

GRIFFITH: Finally, just when [illegible]...as YOU expresses it.. about to become a boiled ham, Sally returns, hears YOUR screams, looks around, realizes YOUR dilemma, and pulls open the door. She gets hold of YOUR steaming legs, AND PULLS YOU OUT. [illegible]

FIELDS: [illegible]

DEMPSTER: Why Pop...what's the matter?

FIELDS: My child, I'm scorched all over. My posteria, I think, is crisp!

DEMPSTER: (EXCITEDLY) Pop...your trousers are smoking!

FIELDS: My trousers, child!? It's me!

DEMPSTER: I didn't shut the door, pop. The man did...Wait, here's a bucket of water...Turn around quick....Here it is...

(SOUND OF WATER SPLASHING ON CLOTH)

FIELDS: (SHOUTING) Good heavens child, it's ice water!

DEMPSTER: There, pop....you're out!

FIELDS: (IN DRAMATIC TONES) Indeed, I am out, my child! I'm just as wet as when I began. This has been a futile adventure.

(MUSIC....FADES DOWN)

GRIFFITH: After this tragic bit, WE REHEARSED THE SCENES where the rich young man in town, whose father is a great friend of Sally's grandfather, the Judge, meets Sally at the carnival and falls in love with her. [redacted]

The part of the rich boy was played by Mr. Alfred Lunt ...now one of the most famous actors in the world. All right, Mr. Lunt...Mr. Lunt...where are you?

LUNT: Here I am, Mr. Griffith...

GRIFFITH: Now, Miss Dempster and Mr. Lunt...your scene...go ahead with the lines.

LUNT: You know, I say....these grounds are beautiful by moonlight...tents and everything.

DEMPSTER: Yes, I like it...

LUNT: You know, there should be a law against that moon. Think I'll get the old Judge to do something about it.

DEMPSTER: Don't you like the moon?

LUNT: Oh yes, I've got quite a fancy for it...but it makes you look so beautiful that...you know...it's apt to addle what little brains I've got left since meeting you.

(MUSIC....FADES DOWN)

NOW MR. FIELDS — BEFORE WE REHEARSE YOUR NEXT SCENE, I'LL EXPLAIN THE IDEA OF THE STORY.

GRIFFITH: The young man falls desperately in love with Sally and Sally responds with fervor. But Lunt's father, TRIES to break off the love affair. Failing in this he GOES to his best friend, the old Judge. They MAKE an investigation and between them COOK up a scheme.

The plan IS to arrest YOU AS A GAMBLER, and have Sally, (who IS a minor) placed in a reform school on the charge of being raised under improper guardianship.

The detectives surround the tent, peek through. ALL RIGHT FIELDS — YOUR LINES.

FIELDS: Four aces, boys....four aces!

PLAYER: (INDIGNANTLY) That's the second time within a half hour you've held four aces.

FIELDS: Distressing, isn't it? Distressing....

2ND PLAYER: (ALSO INDIGNANTLY) If you ask me, I think this game is crooked!

FIELDS: (IN MOCK HEROICS) Why Sir! How dare you? You grieve me...to accuse me...me, the great Professor McGargle... of cheating!

VOICES: (SHOUTING) Well, we do!

FIELDS: Skill, skill....my boys! It's the old army game... the old army game.

GRIFFITH: NOW FIELDS, AS YOU PULL [redacted] in the money...the detectives rush in. But Sally, arriving in the nick of time, SCRAMBLES [redacted] under a chair and PULLS [redacted] the tent pole down so that the heavy tent covering envelopes ALL OF YOU. [redacted]

(SOUNDS OF STRUGGLING)

VOICE: Take your foot off my face....

FIELDS: My hams...someone hit me...with the roof!

ANOTHER VOICE: Pull him out by the legs.

FIELDS: That's not my leg...it's my neck....my neck....Unhand me, villain.

DEMPSTER: Beat it, pop...beat it!

FIELDS: I'm choking...Unhand my neck!

DEMPSTER: Hurry, pop...beat it!

FIELDS: I'm choking....[redacted]....I've swallowed a tooth!

(MUSIC FADES DOWN)

GRIFFITH: NOW FIELDS - underneath the fallen tent, in the darkness and confusion.. YOU escapes. After running for a distance, YOU GO FOR SHELTER INTO A SHED - ONLY TO [redacted] to find YOURSELF in the midst of an assemblage of roughnecks engaged in the peaceful pursuit of bootlegging. And immediately, YOU ARE accused of being a "revenooer," and tied up. In the meantime, the detectives have arrested Sally and put her in the local hoosegow. The next day she is arraigned as a vagrant in the town court before her own grandfather...the Judge!

JUDGE: (STERNLY) Young woman, you have sworn to tell the truth and nothing but the truth!

DEMPSTER: No sir...

JUDGE: What!

DEMPSTER: I mean, yes sir.....

JUDGE: It is difficult for this Court to believe that your father, a proven crook, has taken proper care of you and that you are the kind of a girl you claim to be.

DEMPSTER: (INDIGNANTLY) My pop's the grandest man in the world and nobody can say nothing about him!

JUDGE: Why your father worked shell games and cheated at cards! and defrauded our citizens out of hard-earned money.

DEMPSTER: My pop's the best poker player in the world. If they didn't want to lose their money, they shouldn't have played with him..I love him and he loves me..

JUDGE: Well, if he loves you so much, why isn't he here to defend you?

GRIFFITH: NOW MISS DEMPSTER -THAT PLAINTIVE CRY— HEY POP —
DEMPSTER: [redacted]..Hey Pop...[redacted]..

[redacted]...won't somebody find my pop. He wouldn't let me go to any reform school! [redacted]

JUDGE: Sit down! Gentlemen, we'll go on with this investigation.

(MUSIC.....FADES DOWN)

GRIFFITH: Now we return to YOU Fields...by a trick YOU HAVE gotten away from YOUR guards and YOU'RE caught by the boss gangster in the other room. [redacted] NOW Fields, YOU'RE trying to sneak by the door leading to safety when the gangster spies YOU. YOU drops back. YOUR hand falls on a gun.

[redacted]

[redacted] (DIRECTING) That's right, Fields...drop back against the wall!

All right, Gangster, at the other end...caught unawares.. turn...now your lines..

GANGSTER: Ah-ha...so you're trying to sneak out on us...

FIELDS: You know, my little girl's in trouble..

GANGSTER: That's got nothing to do with me.....

FIELDS: Let me go .. if I get her out of the trouble..then you can do anything with me that you want.

GRIFFITH: Now, gangster, as you bawl him out, Fields shoots you. Give us a good fall there...

GANGSTER: All right, Mr. Griffith...

GRIFFITH: We're grinding...

CAMERAMAN: Say, Mr. Griffith...

GRIFFITH: What's the matter cameraman?

CAMERAMAN: Mr. Griffith.. I've only got two hundred feet of film.. It's Saturday and we can't get any more. Take the scene quick!

GRIFFITH: Well ~~All right~~, we'll do it right the first time. Start your cameras. Now, Fields, that's where you drop back.. get your hand on the gun .. start to advance gangster...

FIELDS: Take that...

GANGSTER: Shoot me .. shoot me!

FIELDS: The gun ... it won't go off ...

GRIFFITH: Try it again...we're running out of film..hurry up!

FIELDS: (SNAPPING AT THE TRIGGER) It won't go .. it won't fire. It won't go ....

GRIFFITH: (IN DESPERATION) Do something...the film's running out! Stab him .. stab him!

FIELDS: (DESPERATELY) I can't .. I haven't got a knife!

GANGSTER: Choke me.. do something...

GRIFFITH: No.. no you can't choke him .. he looks too big... Hit him with the gun ...

FIELDS: Where is it?...I dropped it in the straw!

GRIFFITH: Find it .. find it .. hurry!

FIELDS: I've got it ... You dirty dog .. there, take that!

(SOCK)

(MUSIC...FADES DOWN)

GRIFFITH: So Fields made a movement as though to brain the gangster although he had to reach up to do it. And he escaped just in time .. before our film ran out.

THEN OUR REHEARSALS CONTINUED, SHOWING SALLY being sentenced to the reform school. Fields seizes an old Ford and began the rush to the rescue and arrives in time to tell his surprising story, and the documents and papers he had to prove it reveal to the old Judge and his wife (who is in the Court Room) that Sally is their own grand-daughter. This of course, puts the hero and Sally on equal terms, and now nothing stands in the way of their love.

AND AS USUAL IN PICTURES — THE LIVE HAPPILY EVER AFTER!

GRIFFITH: Boner, numb[illegible] managing [illegible] he kept Mr. W. C. Fields and find him the proper vehicles. But after [illegible] he has a long term contract at a salary better than he'd ever dreamed of, and at least got enough money, if he [illegible] (which I hope he did) to put him on Easy Street for life! That is the way of Motion Pictures!

(SIGNATURE.....FADES DOWN)

KEECH: (CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

3/31/33-LH:LW:MH:LD

MR. GRIFFITH: As you know, I've often spoken of the influence of luck on the careers of motion picture folk. There are three well-known people whom I have in mind, namely, Jimmy Durante, W. C. Fields and Miss Carol Dempster. All are peculiar types. Given a play to suit them, any of them are knockouts.

Recently Durante and Fields have both been good in their pictures but let either of them ever find the type of play to suit them and they will knock you for a loop. As for Miss Dempster, well, she made a most successful marriage. I don't suppose she bothers about it one way or the other...

I used Mr. Fields in a picture called - (as the bunk carnival artist, under the euphonious name of Prof. McGargle) "Sally of the Sawdust". I met him and we talked over the idea.

FIELDS: (kiddingly) I've never prospected in them thar movie flickers but I hear thar's gold in them thar hills....

MR. GRIFFITH: That's what they say!

FIELDS: (in natural voice) I read your script. It seems O. K. to me.

MR. GRIFFITH: Well, you've done so much pantomine with Ziegfeld, you ought to get it over great in pictures.

FIELDS: That part where I am barn-storming around at the carnival with my adopted daughter ought to make some good comedy.

MR. GRIFFITH: Yes... You and Miss Dempster should get many a laugh and perhaps a tear or two in that.

FIELDS: In the story she thinks she's my own daughter, doe she?

MR. GRIFFITH: Yes... Of course that's all the plot there is to it... You see, her mother ran a way from her New England home, married an actor, and the mother's father - the Judge - (one of those guys with a mind as narrow as a wedge) wouldn't have anything to do with them afterwards.

FIELDS: Yes, he was one of those old nail biters!

MR. GRIFFITH: He had his wife buffaloed and wouldn't let her get in touch with the daughter either. --
You read the story -- After the acrobat husband was killed in a fall, the mother was taken sick and died and she left the baby to you to take care of. And that's how our heroine - Miss Dempster's part - comes to be with you. She is raised up in carnival life and finally you drift into the very town where the girl's grandfather and grandmother live. Of course the grandfather is still a Judge.

FIELDS: Are you going to leave that stuff of mine in where I'm a shell worker, general gyp, bunco artist and all that, -- and tell 'em all: It's the old army game... the old army game!

MR. GRIFFITH: Sure.... throwing the bull... putting on the airs... and the shabby genteel.

FIELDS: Look at the cuff of my shirt... I think I'm playing it in real life.... Have to tell James to be more careful in putting my wardrobe out.

INSERT page 3 - after "We'll run over the idea"---

Of course you are as devoted to Poppy xxxx and cared for her as though she were your own child... and she thinks the whole big world revolves around you.

(goes on to -- "Now you've got the job etc.

MR. GRIFFITH: All right, Mr. Fields... Miss Dempster....
We can't rehearse that stuff where you come into the town on the blind baggage... We'll run over the idea. Now you've got the job in this carnival and you arrive on the freight train. You get caught in the rain and now you wander into this bakeshop. It is early morning before it opens and the old negro in care of the furnace has just left. After regaling yourself on stale buns, you see the open door of the furnace.
All right, Fields, lines for the idea and the titles....

FIELDS: Well, Poppy, my child... I am very cold.

MISS DEMPSTER: Yes, Pop...

FIELDS: Also very wet...

MISS DEMPSTER: Yes you are, Pop... I are too.

FIELDS: (chidingly) Tut-tut.... Very bad grammar, Poppy...
Perhaps it's the chill! Ah-h... what do I see?
The oven door is open..... It's very warm inside...
but not too warm!

MISS DEMPSTER: Pop, what are you doing!

FIELDS: I'm going inside the oven, darling, -- it seems the likely way to dry out. Watch... and if anyone appears, give me word.

MISS DEMPSTER: All right, Pop...

FIELDS: Ah-h... this is marvellous... marvellous... and so warm.. it's heavenly!
Don't eat all the rolls, Poppy.

MR. GRIFFITH: While Fields was getting dried out in the oven, in the heat left over from yesterday's firing, Poppy - snooping

around to find more food, left the room. The old negro whose business it was to fire the oven and make ready for the bakers when they arrived, comes in, yawning. In the meantime, Fields - soothed by the warmth and comfort of the oven - has gone to sleep.

The old negro closes the oven door and begins to put coal into the furnace which juts into the adjoining room. As the oven gets to the baking point, Fields hazily dreams that he is dead and has gone to the wrong place. Then, with the sweat pouring from him, he becomes thoroughly awakened and suddenly comes to the realization of his actual position. He tried to get out but the furnace door is closed.

FIELDS: (screaming) Help... help! -- The devil -- help, help! I'm roasting... help!

MR. GRIFFITH: But the old negro has left the furnace and Field's screams in vain. Hotter, hotter, he grows! Then more agonized screams...

FIELDS: Help... help! Fire! Good Lord, I'm cooking... Dastards! The door... open it!

MR. GRIFFITH: Finally, just when Mr. Fields is - as he expressed it - about to become a boiled ham, Poppy returns, hears his screams, looks around, realizes his dilemma, and pulls open the door. She gets hold of Field's steaming legs, tries to pull him out but he is too heavy!

Just as it seems nothing will save him from being thoroughly well done, Polly spies a paddle that is used for lifting out the bread. She slips it under his rear and

MR. GRIFFITH: After this tragic bit, the story followed, showing Poppy, just through with her trapeze act, leaning against the hot dog and sandwich stand when the Judge's wife (accompanied by the juvenile who is a friend of the family - played by Mr. Alfred Lunt) pauses for a moment and Poppy looks admiringly into the sweet face of the charming old lady.... not knowing that she is her own grandmother. Poppy is also somewhat surprised at the peculiar way in which the old lady is looking at her.

GRANDMOTHER: (gentle voice) We just saw you in your little act. You have such a sweet face, my child. You seem to be so young to-----

POPPY: You mean to be working like this in the carnival?

GRANDMOTHER: Well, my child, I'm just an old-fashioned lady and I got quite a sudden start. You look so like someone I used to know. Of course I see you look very happy and contented.

MR. GRIFFITH: At this we hear Field's voice, barking for the side show:

MR. FIELDS: Step right in, ladies and gentlemen! Step right inside! There you'll see the ninth wonder of the world! My dear lady, of course, I'll answer any question.

(Fields' voice fades out)

POPPY: Oh, it's great when we have a job. Professor McGargle, that's my father... He's the greatest guy in the business. Nothing could ever happen to me when he's around&

GRANDMOTHER: Oh, I'm so glad! --- Well, they are closing up so I must be going. Goodbye dear, and lots of luck!

POPPY: Goodbye, Lady....

MR. GRIFFITH: Then, as the old lady goes off, Poppy is left alone at the stand as Professor McGargle comes up to her.

POPPY: Hello Pop!

MR. FIELDS: (in a natural and almost tender voice) Poppy, that was a nice-looking old lady you were talking to...

POPPY: Yes, Pop, she sure was sweet-looking.

MR. FIELDS: Poppy, do you still love your old Dad?

POPPY: Greatest, grandest man in the world.

MR. FIELDS: Poppy, aren't you on to me yet?

POPPY: Sure, Pop... Know you through and through, and love you more all the time.

MR. FIELDS: Poppy, there's something very important I want to tell you. You're growing up and this isn't the kind of life for you.

POPPY: Now you said that once before, Pop. You're not going to get me away from you to go to no school nor nothing. I love you, Pop.

MR. FIELDS: But, Poppy, I must tell you...

POPPY: I'm hungry... Let's get some eats...

MR. GRIFFITH: Poor old Professor McGargle had been struggling for some time. He knew it was his duty to let Poppy know about her people -- her grandfather and grandmother... Yet he was afraid if he told her he might lose her and the old fraud felt he would have hardly anything worth living for without Poppy.

Then things got complicated for Poppy soon again met the juvenile who had been with her grandmother at the hot dog stand. His father was the richest man in town and a great friend of the old Judge - her grandfather. The juvenile fell in love with Poppy. Their love scene was played in the chairs of a merry-go-round, at night time.

MR. GRIFFITH: All right, Mr. Lunt... Mr. Alfred Lunt, where are you?

slides him out! -- just like a well done bread loaf!

FIELDS: (sweating and spluttering)
(berating Polly) Poppy... Poppy! You whom I've trusted so.. Never did I dream you would put me on the broiler!

MR. GRIFFITH: Then feeling various parts of his anatomy supposed to appertain to comedy.....

FIELDS: My child.... I'm scorched all over. My rear, I think, is crisp!

MISS DEMPSTER: (excitedly) Pop! Your trousers are smoking!

FIELDS: My trousers, child! It's me!

MISS DEMPSTER: I didn't shut the door, Pop.. the man did! Wait, here's a bucket of water... Turn around quick! Here it is!
(SOUND OF WATER SPLASHING ON CLOTH)

FIELDS: (shouting) My hams, child! It's ice water!

MISS DEMPSTER: There, Pop, you're out!
(in melodramatic tones) Indeed, I <u>am</u> out, my child! I'm just as wet as when I began. This has been, INDEED a futile adventure.

MR. GRIFFITH: After this tragic bit, the story followed where the rich young man in town whose father was a great friend of Poppy's grandpa, meets Poppy at the carnival, falls in love with her. Their love scene was played in the chairs of a merry-go-round, at night time.

MR. GRIFFITH: All right, Mr. Lunt... Mr. Alfred Lunt, where are you?

MR. LUNT: Here I am, Mr. Griffith...

MR. LUNT: Here I am, Mr. Griffith..

MR. GRIFFITH: Now, Miss Dempster and Mr. Lunt.... Your scene...

MR. LUNT: You know, I say.... these grounds are beautiful by moonlight... tents and everything...

MISS DEMPSTER: Yes, I like it...

You know, there should be a law against that moon. Think

MR. LUNT: I'll get the old Judge to do something about it...

MISS DEMPSTER: Don't you like the moon?

MR. LUNT: Oh, yes... I've got quite a fancy for it... But it makes you look so beautiful that... you know .... it's apt to addle what little brains I've got left since meeting you!

MR. GRIFFITH: So the young man fell desperately in love with Poppy and Poppy responded with fervor.

But Lunt's father, one of the most important men of the community, tried to break off the love affair. Failing in this he went to his best friend, the old Judge. They made an investigation and between them cooked up a scheme.

Although Fields was a lovable gyp, he was a gyp just the same in the eyes of the law, so the Judge - never dreaming that Poppy was his own grandchild - arranged to raid Field's tent at the carnival where he was indulging in an illegal card game with various benighted citicens of the town.

The plan-- to raid Fields, have his child, Polly, (who was a minor) placed in a reform school on the charge of being raised under improper guardianship.

The detectives surrounded the tent, peeked through, got their evidence. Then the raid....

FIELDS: Four aces, boys... four aces!

PLAYER: (indignantly) That's the second time within a half hour you've held four aces!

FIELDS: Distressing, isn't it? Distressing!

2ND PLAYER: (also indignantly) If you ask me, I think this game is crooked!

FIELDS: (in mock heroics) Why Sir! How dare you? You grieve me... To accuse me... me, the great ~~Algernon Swinkton~~ Professor McGargle--- of cheating!

VOICES: (shouting) Well, we do!

FIELDS: Skill... skill, my boys! It's the old army game.... the old army game.

MR. GRIFFITH: At that - and as Fields was pulling in the money -- the detectives rush in.

But Polly, arriving in the nick of time, scrambled under a chair and pulled the tent-pole down so that the heavy tent covering enveloped the struggling detectives and the victims of the raid.

VOICE: Take your foot off my face!

FIELDS: My hams... someone hit me... with the roof!

ANOTHER VOICE: Pull him out by the legs!

FIELDS: That's not my leg... it's my neck... my neck! Unhand me, villain!

MISS DEMPSTER: Beat it, Pop! Beat it!

FIELDS: I'm choking! Unhand my neck!

MISS DEMPSTER: Hurry, Pop! Beat it!

FIELDS: I'm choking... I'm choking... I've swallowed a tooth!

MR. GRIFFITH: But underneath the fallen tent, in the darkness and confusion, Fields and most of the culprits escaped. In the melee, the detectives arrested Poppy and put her in the local hoosegow.

In the meantime, Fields, after running for a distance, crawled into the back of a truck that was taking gas at a filling station and when the truck got under way was out of the jurisdiction of the stern law. But just as he was congratulating himself and thinking that everything was Jake, the truck drove into a shed and Fields was rudely awakened from his pleasant dreams to find himself in the midst of an assemblage of roughnecks engaged in the peaceful pursuit of bootlegging. And immediately, he was accused of being a "revenooer".

1ST GANGSTER: Here Boss... Here's a snooper!

BOSS: You've got a lot of nerve, Bozo, getting right into our camp!

FIELDS: Gentlemen! You've got me wrong! I assure you I had no such intentions.... I am a pure and honest laboring man!

BOSS: You look it!

FIELDS: I am no spy! In fact I am the leading man at the carnival in the neighboring town. In a card game, I was unjustly accused of having too many aces....

BOSS: That sounds likely....

FIELDS: I was pursued by the minions of the law and sought safety in the back of what I thought was a harmless truck.

2ND GANGSTER: Don't make no difference how he got here. He knows too much now... You've got to put him "on the spot".

FIELDS: (with melodramatic gravity) And what particular spot do you refer to?

1ST GANGSTER: You'll find out soon enough!

MR. GRIFFITH: At this another gangster dropped in and while Fields was being put under guard in the corner, casually tells of the raid on the carnival in the adjoining town and says how Poppy - the beautiful young acrobat - had been jailed.

Hearing this, Fields becomes really deeply agitated because the only thing in the world he gave a tinker's darn about was Poppy whom he really loved.

MR. GRIFFITH: Next day, Poppy was arraigned as a vagrant in the town Court before her own grandfather, the Judge.

JUDGE: (sternly) Young woman, you have sworn to tell the truth and nothing but the truth!

MISS DEMPSTER: No Sir....

JUDGE: What?

MISS DEMPSTER: I mean Yes Sir...

JUDGE: It is difficult for this Court to believe that your father, a proven crook, has taken proper care of you and that you are the kind of a girl you claim to be.

MISS DEMPSTER: (indignantly) My pop's the grandest man in the world and nobody can say nothing about him!

JUDGE: Why your father worked shell games and cheated at cards; and defrauded our citizens out of hard-earned money!

MISS DEMPSTER: My pop's the best poker player in the world. If they didn't want to lose their money, they shouldn't have played with him. I love him and he loves me....

JUDGE: Well, if he loves you so much, why isn't he hear to defend you?

MR. GRIFFITH: Hearing this depressed Polly for she was wondering about the same thing. And, with her independent spirit breaking, she looked pitifully around the Court Room and called:

MR. GRIFFITH: Pop, ... hay Pop! Where are you? Pop... Pop....

MISS DEMPSTER: Won't somebody find my pop. He wouldn't let me go to any reform school! Somebody... somebody find my pop!

JUDGE: Sit down!
Gentlemen... we'll go on with this investigation...

MR. GRIFFITH: Now we return to Fields....
By a trick he had gotten away from his guards and is caught by the boss gangster in the other room. The gangster was turning and Fields was trying to sneak by the door leading to safety when the gangster spies him.....
As Fields dropped back, his hand falls on a gun....

In taking this scene, which we had to finish that day we too ran into trouble...

MR. GRIFFITH: (directing) That's right, Fields.... Drop back against the wall!
All right, gangster.... at the other end... Caught unawares... turn....

GANGSTER: Ah-ha... so you're trying to sneak out on us...

FIELDS: You know, my little girl's in trouble...

GANGSTER: That's got nothing to do with me...

FIELDS: Let me go.. If I get her out of the trouble, then you can do anything with me that you want.

MR. GRIFFITH: Now, gangster, as you ball him out, Fields shoots you! Give us a good fall there....

GANGSTER: All right, Mr. Griffith..

MR. GRIFFITH: We're grinding....

MR. GRIFFITH: Then the camera man came up and gave me the fatal news...

CAMERA MAN: Mr. Griffith... I've only got two hundred feet of film. It's Saturday and we can't get any more. Take it quick!

MR. GRIFFITH: All right, Fields... That's where you drop back. Get your hand on the gun. Start to advance, Gangster...

FIELDS: Take that!

GANGSTER: Shoot me... shoot me!!

FIELDS: The gun... it won't go off...

MR. GRIFFITH: Try it again... we're running out of film... hurry up!

FIELDS: (snapping at the trigger) It won't go... it won't fire.. it won't go.....

MR. GRIFFITH: (in desperation) Do something! The film's running out! Stab him... stab him!!!

FIELDS: (desperately) I can't... Ihaven't got a knife!

GANGSTER: Choke me... do something!

MR. GRIFFITH: No... now.. you can't choke him.... he looks too big... Hit him with the gun....

FIELDS: Where is it? I dropped it in the straw!

MR. GRIFFITH: Find it... find it... hurry!

FIELDS: I've got it....

You dirty dog... there, that that!

MR. GRIFFITH: So Fields made a movement as though to brain the gangster although he had to reach up to do it. And he escaped just in time... before our film ran out!

In the meantime, Poppy was being sentenced to the reform school.

Fields seizes an old Ford and began the rush to the rescue and arrives in time to tell his surprising story; and the documents and papers he had to prove it reveal to the old Judge and his wife (who is in the Court Room). that Poppy is their own grand-daughter!

Mr. Lunt, as the hero, had been sent to New York on a faked-up mission, to get him out of the way. He returns in time, however, to be in at the finish. Of course he and Poppy were on equal terms now and nothing stands in the way of their happiness. Incidentally, the grandmother had been so much moved when she saw Polly at the carnival, by her ressemblance to her own daughter, that she had been in sympathy with her all the time.

After seeing Poppy happy, Fields tried to escape -- thinking he did not fit into this new picture but Poppy overtakes him and insists he is to be taken care of. So we show him a few years later with Poppy and the family, exuberantly successful as the biggest lot seller and realtor in the vicinity.

MR. GRIFFITH: Boner #1 that I pulled in this picture was not to have grabbed the now great Mr. Alfred Lunt.

Boner #2 in not trying to manage, in some way, to keep Mr. W. C. Fields and find him the proper vehicles. But after this picture, he had a long term contract at a salary better than he'd ever dreamed of... and at least got enough money if he saved it (which I hope he did) to put him on Easy Street for life!

Such is the way of Motion Pictures!

AMERICA

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D. W. GRIFFITH'S HOLLYWOOD

#26

Wednesday, April 5, 1933

(FANFARE)

KEECH: Once again the makers of Hinds Honey and Almond Cream present Mr. D. W. Griffith...America's great motion picture director. But first I have a word for the ladies of the audience.....

Ladies and gentlemen: Before I start on ~~the~~ tonight's story - which is my last broadcast of the present series - I want to thank all of you for ~~your unexpectedly generous~~ response ~~to~~ to my radio efforts.

~~And now may I present.....Mr. D. W. Griffith!~~

GRIFFITH: ~~Ladies and Gentlemen!~~ ~~The moving picture is a medium~~ ~~than can tell stories based on historic facts as no~~ ~~other medium in the world can. My own "Birth of a Nation"~~ ~~..."Hearts of the World"...."Orphans of the Storm"...~~ ~~"Abraham Lincoln"...And other producers! "Big Parade"...~~ ~~"Covered Wagon"...and recently "Calvacade"...all have~~ ~~dealt with historic facts and all have been most successful.~~

Now I want to tell you Something about the making of the picture "America"...dealing with our Revolution.

~~In this picture I played~~ Miss Carol Dempster, Mr. Lionel Barrymore, and two who were newcomers at that time, but who afterward were to make very good in pictures... Louis Wolheim of "Hairy Ape" fame...and Neil Hamilton, the juvenile actor. This was Hamilton's first picture as a matter of fact I saw him in the lobby of a theatre one night - introduced myself to him - and the next thing he knew he was starring in this picture.

Now the biggest kick in the picture was supposed to be the ride of Paul Revere..and for this event we had everything prepared...even going so far as rebuilding the original town of Lexington. But I am here to state that if the original Paul Revere had had as much trouble in getting started to make his ride as we had in the picture, Mr. Revere never would have gotten there; and there might have been no Revolution!

We got the horse..the most magnificent animal we could find...a champion of champions was this jumper. His name was Blue Lightning. ~~And when~~ Well — the big day came

As a matter of fact I fell in love with him at first sight - but apparently tender feelings meant nothing to Blue Lightning - he was there to business.

and our troubles started. I am conferring with my assistant, Mr. Sutch.

GRIFFITH: Well, Mr. Sutch... is that the fellow that's going to ride "Blue Lightening" as Paul Revere?

SUTCH: Yes, that's Bill there, he's supposed to be one of the best riders in the country. Bill, come over here. This is Mr. Griffith, Bill.

BILL: (A TOUGH GUY) Glad to meet yer.

GRIFFITH: You think you can ride that horse?

BILL: Say, Mister, I can ride any horse.

GRIFFITH: Well, I was born on a Kentucky stock farm and I have a few broncos of my own out West, and I think that's rather a broad field you're taking... because I've met up with horses that nobody could ride.

BILL: Well, you never seen me on a horse before. I've never met any horse I couldn't ride. There ain't no such animal.

GRIFFITH: Well, you're not going to suffer from lack of confidence anyhow. How old are you?

BILL: Twenty-six...and rarin' ter go, boss...

(HORSE'S HOOFS APPROACH WALKING)

MAN'S VOICE: (APPROACHING) Here's your horse, Mr. Griffith.

BILL: What do you call him?

MAN'S VOICE: Blue Lightening.

BILL: Say... that's some horse!

GRIFFITH: He's a champion jumper... worth a lot of money... we want this ride to be spectacular.

BILL: Wait'll you see me ride him?

GRIFFITH: He's a big baby. Scots! he must be 17 hands high. If a guy falls off that horse he's got a long way to go before he hits the ground.

BILL: That don't worry me!

GRIFFITH: Well.. this horse is used to riding in Steeple Chases with other horses on a track. This is an open road.. he may not like it.

BILL: He'll like it... all right with me on him!

GRIFFITH: Let's go.. already Sutch, get him up over the hill out of sight. Now, Bill, as you come down by the cameras you've got to say something for the title... "The British are coming, the British are coming, To arms... to arms!"

BILL: "Ter arms... ter arms! They're coming, they're coming!"

GRIFFITH: Put in the British... "The British are coming." Ride with the left hand, using your right to make a gesture over the side of the road... that's to show you're talking to the people in the house.

BILL: Dat's easy. " her arms! ter arms! The British, they're coming!"

GRIFFITH: That's right. All ready for the take!

(MUSIC.... FADES DOWN)

GRIFFITH: All ready, Cameras! That pam camera there! You follow the horse, no matter where it goes.

CAMERA MAN: I'll follow him....

GRIRFITH: All right... let 'er go... signal, Sutch!

SUTCH: (DRAWN-OUT VOICE) A----ll r-i-ght..... l-e-t..h -e-r c-o-m-e!

GRIFFITH: CAMERAS!

SUTCH: Here... he's coming! Watch out!

(HORSES HOOFS... GALLOP APPROACH)

GRIFFITH: He's coming like greased lightening!!!

(CLOSE HOOFS THUNDER)

BILL: (AWAY) The British are coming... the British....

(HOOFS FADE RAPIDLY)

GRIFFITH: Sutch!!! Where the devil's that horse going!!!? He's left the road.

SUTCH: Oh Lord... he's headed for that fence... it's six feet high!

(MUSIC..... FADES DOWN)

As it happened, there were two six foot fences, separated by only a few yards. Blue Lightening was used to jumping fences. That was his pet diversion and thesee looked good to him. ZANG! Off the road he streaked.... over the first fence.. took it by a wide margin... then over the second fence.. then a joyous little run down the valley. Then he turned quickly, did the fences again. Bill went neatly on his ear in the brush, and Blue Lightening streaked toward the cameras. It was his scene... we beat it in all directions, giving him plenty of room. Bill was not seriously hurt except in his feelings and opined he'd had enough of Blue Lightening for one day. So we had to find someone else ~~who could sit on Blue Lightening~~. While we were wondering who to pick on, a quiet voice sounded at my elbow.

O'NEIL: Mr. Griffith...

GRIFFITH: Hello, O'Neil.

O'NEIL: I wish you'd let me try him.

GRIFFITH: Now, ~~James~~, I've told you before, you don't want to ride that horse. You've already had a half dozen ribs splintered and broken four or five legs, pulling down horses and letting them fall on you out West.

O'NEIL: Well, that's different from just riding. I know you think because I'm running on to 50 years that I can't ride a horse!

GRIFFITH: Oh no, that isn't it.

SUTCH: (APPROACHING) Mr. Griffith... I've got three more Paul Reveres made up.

GRIFFITH: Well, after taking another look at Blue Lightening I think you'd better make up a few more.. we'll need plenty of spares!

(MUSIC.... FADES DOWN)

GRIFFITH: Well, it wasn't long before Paul Revere number 2 riding Blue Lightning thundered down the hill toward a water jump. The horse made a beautiful leap. The next thing Paul Revere didn't know was that he was dragging himself dolefully from the muddy waters of a ditch, his dripping wig over his face... and muttering words that are not found in school books. Well, finally, after much time and money was spent, and Blue Lightening had cluttered up the scenery with disdarded Paul Reveres, we did try O'Neil, who spent a half day with Blue Lightening, trying to get acquainted with him. Whatever he did, he finally rode him as it was seen in the picture, and as I had hoped, Blue Lightening and O'Neil averaged about eight or ten rounds of applause at every performance. He rode him over ditches, stone walls that looked impossible for any horse to make.

In the picture - the ride emerged like this ~~The scenes where he warned the people were magnificent.~~

(SOUND OF HORSES'S HOOFS APPROACHING)

O'NEIL: (DRAMATICALLY) To Arms! to Arms! The British are coming... the British are coming!

VOICE: (AS THOUGH COMING OUT OF HOUSE) The British are coming?

O'NEIL: They're marching on Lexington! Get out your minute men...gather ont the green at Lexington.

(SOUND OF HORSE GALLOPING OFF)

(FADING) To Arms! To arms!

WOMAN'S VOICE: (IN CROWD) Hurry, up, Zeke. Get your gun.

ZEKE: Come with me, and help me finish molding those bullets.

(ALL THIS CARRIED ON RAPIDLY WITH GREAT EXCITEMENT)

2ND WOMAN: Now, William, you can't go.. you can'd do no fighting.. you're too old.

WILLIAM: (old man) What do you mean... too old? I'm only 75. Let me alone... let me be, woman.

2ND WOMAN: No, No!

WILLIAM: Yes, yes, by gimminy, betcha a coon's skin, I'll be the first one there.

(AT THIS BEGINS THE SOUND OF FIFE AND DRUMS.... "YANKEE DOODLE")

OFFICER: Fomm lines there... never mind your coat, carry it. Got to be quick.

(SOUND OF TRAMPING FEET AND GROUNDING MUSKETS)

3RD WOMAN: Now, Bediah Simpkins, what are you doing with that gun? They don't want no cripples.

BEDIAH: Who said anything about cripples?

WOMAN: You be and you know it.

BEDIAH: Ain't nothing of the kind... just because I'm a little lame, that ain't no sigh I'm a cripple. I'm coming, Captain, wait for me.

(MUSIC..... FADES DOWN)

Then from out the farm house, every little village throughout the country, they answered the call. Then we show a scene at the British Headquarters at Boston. General Gage commanding.

Now Barrymore, as Captain Butler, take your position there before the General. Now your lines...

BARRYMORE: General Gage, I've come here with the assurance that all our North country will be loyal to our King.

GENERAL GAGE: This is welcome news, Captain Butler. We all know the powerful position you hold among our loyal citizens.

BARRYMORE: Pardon me, General Gage, but we believe these Americans that are talking treason should be sternly dealt with.

GENERAL: Can you suggest the means, Captain Butler?

GRIFFITH: Now, Barrymore, that's where you turn to Wolheim. All right, Wolheim, of course this is your first picture.. now all you do is to stand there with that quiet, malignant expression.

WOLHEIM: Say, Mr. Griffith, this Captain Hare... this dirty skunk that I'm playing, is a pipe for me, looks and all.

GRIFFITH: That's right. You and Butler representing the Indian Confederation you're stripped to the waist.. and that magnificent body you've got.. and that... well....

WOLHEIM: Terrible face, you're about to say?

GRIFFITH: Well, it all goes together great... you've got a tomahawk in your belt... now, Barrymore, as you turn you touch the tomahawk... your lines...

BARRYMORE: As for the means, General Gage.. Captain Hare and I represent not only the whites, but the thousands of

Indians in the great Confederation.. and I suggest, Sir, a quick use of our rifles and the Indians tomahawks upon these rebels. ~~That, with our own royal rifles, I should think, in this language, would quiet this rebellious American spirit.~~

GRIFFITH: Alright... hold that there while we rehearse Mr. Hamilton and Miss Dempster... Now, Mr. Hamilton, this is your first picture, too... you're the American Express rider ... you've just delivered an ultimatum from the Americans to General Gage... you are awaiting his answere, when you overhear Butler's conversation... being a loyal American, you're about to lose control of yourself, when Miss Dempster stops you.

MISS DEMPSTER: Mr. Holden, don't take it so seriously.

GRIFFITH: That's your name in the play, Hamilton... alright, Miss Dempster.

MISS DEMPSTER: You're helpless here.

HAMILTON: I would like to meet that Butler outside.

MISS DEMPSTER: Yes... that might be different.. but not now.

GRIFFITH: That attitude's fine, Hamilton... you look great! Now, you've been told that there's no reply, and you're anxious to get back to your own people at Doncord, believing that there is going to be plenty of action soon..... Alright, Barrymore... where you continue showing your scorn for the Americans.

BARRYMORE: But, General, I don't hhink it would ever get to the point of violence... these Americans will never fight.

GRIFFITH: Alright, Wolheim....

WOLHEIM: (IN GREAT SCORN) Fight?... those farmers? No danger

of that!... ~~but if they did, one regiment of British Regulars would wipe them all [illegible] the ocean.~~

G RIFFITH: Alright... back to you, Hamilton... you bid Miss Dempster goodbye.

HAMILTON: I'm going now.. I'm glad of the chance to tell our Minute Men what I've heard here.

MISS DEMPSTER: Goodbye... goodbye!

HAMILTON: Goodbye!... and when you hear from me next, I hope to disprove all that you've heard. Captain Butler has a surprise coming to him.

(MUSIC.... FADES DOWN)

GRIFFITH: So.. Hamilton goes quickly off, leaving two of the most marvelous portrayals of malignancy... Barrymore and Wolheim, in possession of the field.

Now we come to the bridge at Concord... a little handful of Americans... sixty odd men.. that for a moment stood against 800 Regular British soldiers at Lexington... 8 Americans were killed, and the little handful dispersed... but now at Concord, the Americans are gathering from all quarters... leading a group at the bridge is John Holden... as played by Hamilton, with patriotic comrades around him.

FIRST VOICE: Well, Holden... what does general Gage and his officers think about us?

HOLDEN: (WITH GREAT FEELING) They say we'll not fight! They think we're only a lawless band of farmers.

SECOND VOICE: Well, it's hard for us to stand against the British Regulars.

THIRD VOICE: Yes, I'm afraid we won't be hard to get rid of.

FIRST VOICE: I was at Lexington myself, and we had to run.

HOLDEN: (WITH GREAT FIRE) Yes, we ran at Lexington, but we run no more... all of you... Listen! We'll stand here and drive the British back, or die in the attempt.

VOICES: Yes..... Yes!

HOLDEN: Look!... they're trying to destroy the bridge... take your hands off that bridge... Ready, Americans! Fire... Give 'em the gunpowder, boys!

(SOUNDS OF SHOTS)

Forward!

OTHER VOICES: Forward!

(SOUNDS OF SHOTS)

HOLDEN: Aim low! Aim low!

OTHER VOICES: Fire!..... Give 'em the gunpowder!

HOLDEN: They are running! After them, boys!

(MUSIC.... FADES DOWN)

GRIFFITH: Well, you know as well as I how the Americans beat them back on this occasion. Then arose out of Virginia the greatest of all great Americans, George Washington. Not the whitewashed caricature he has often been made to appear... but a real he-man.

I doubt very much if our best athletes could have kept up with him when he was fighting the Indian in the West,

swimming the ice cold streams, sleeping out in winter, summer or any old time. Well, he came up, and with dogged determination heldt the straggling American forces together to victory.... ~~which I do not really imagine is news to most of you.~~ That man among men - ~~him of all men~~ - Sergt Washington.

(SIGNATURE..... FADES DOWN)

KEECH: (closing Announcement)

And now ~~may~~ I present....Mr. D. W. Griffith!

GRIFFITH: Ladies and gentlemen! Before I start on tonight's story.... which is ~~my~~ the last broadcast of ~~the present~~ my series...I want to thank all of you, for your unexpectedly generous response to my radio efforts.

And now I'm going to tell you something about the making of a picture dealing with the American Revolution. The picture was called "America", and it in it played Miss Carol Dempster, Mr. Lionel Barrymore, and two who were newcomers at that time, but who afterward were to make very good in pictures....Louis Wolheim of "Hairy Ape" fame...and Neil Hamilton, the juvenile actor. This was Hamilton's first picture, ~~was~~...as a matter of fact I saw him in the lobby of a theatre one night.. introduced myself to him..and the next thinghe knew he was Playing the leading part ~~was starring~~ in this picture.

Now the biggest kick in the picture was supposed to be the ride of Paul Revere. ~~and for this event we had everything prepared, even going so far as rebuilding the original town of Lexington.~~ But I am here to state that if the original Paul Revere had had as much trouble in getting started to make his ride as we had in the picture, Mr. Revere never would have gotten there;;;and there might have been no Revolution!

We got the horse..the most magnificent animal we could find...a champion of champions was this jumper.

His name was Blue Lightning. As a matter of fact I fell in love with him at first sight...but apparently ~~the~~ tender emotions ~~feelings~~ meant nothing to Blue Lightning....he was there for business. Well.....the big day of the ride came and our troubles start. I am TALKING TO my assistant, Mr. Sutch.

GRIFFITH: Well, it wasn't long before Paul Revere number 2 riding Blue Lightning thundered down the hill toward a water jump. The horse made a beautiful leap....the only trouble was that Paul Revere didn't stay with him...but was dragging himself dolefully from the muddy waters of the ditch...his dripping wig over his face..and muttering words that are not found in school books. Well, finally, after Blue Lightning had cluttered up the scenery with discarded Paul Reveres, we did try Jimmy O'Neil ~~[illegible] with Blue Lightning, trying to get acquainted with him. Whatever he did,~~ AND he finally rode him, ~~as it was seen in the picture,~~ AND HOW!! ~~and as I had hoped, Blue Lightening and O'Neil averaged about eight or ten rounds of applause at every performance. He rode him over ditches, a stone wall~~ In the picture..the ride emerged like this.....

(SOUND OF HORSES'S HOOFS APPROACHING)

GRIFFITH: Ladies and Gentlemen:

The moving picture is a medium that can tell stories based on historic facts as no other medium in the world can. My own "Birth of a Nation", "Hearts of the World", "Orphans of the Storm", "Abraham Lincoln"- and other producers' "Big Parade", "Covered Wagon", and recently "Calvacade" -- all have dealt with historic facts and all have been most successful.

Now I will tell you something about the making of the picture "America", dealing with our Revolution.

In this picture played Miss Carol Dempster, Mr. Lionel Barrymore, and two who were newcomers at that time and afterward were to make very good in pictures -- Louis Wolheim of "Hairy Ape" fame, and Neil Hamilton, the juvenile actor. Neil Hamilton was discovered by accident. I first saw him in the lobby of the Apollo Theatre. Impressed by his appearance, I introduced myself to him, discovered he was most ambitious to go into pictures, made tests of him; then an almost unheard of thing occurred.

Neil Hamilton found himself cast for the lead in "America", and the local boy made good. But, as about the biggest kick in the picture was the ride of Paul Revere, I have a few remarks to make about a horse that helped furnish the thrills - called

"Blue Lightning".

Well, I'll tell you about this later...

Of course, even every school boy knows the story of Paul Revere's mission that stirred up the first real opposition which finally brought about America's freedom as an independent nation.

Well, for Paul Revere's ride we had everything prepared: The town of Lexington rebuilt, including among our sets the famous church tower from which the signal lanterns were to be hung, and now came the time to do the immortal ride.

I am here to state that if the original Paul Revere had had as much trouble in getting started to make his ride as we had in the picture, Mr. Revere never would have gotten there; and there might have been no Revolution.

We got the horse -- the most magnificent animal we could find, - a champion of champions was this jumper. Now the big day came.

I am conferring with my assistant, Mr. Sutch.

GRIFFITH: Well, Mr. Sutch, are those the riders?

SUTCH: Yes, that's Bill there, he's supposed to be one of the best riders in the country. -- Bill, come over here. This is Mr. Griffith, Bill.

BILL: (A tough guy) Glad to meet yer.

GRIFFITH: You think you can ride that horse?

BILL: Say, Mister, I can ride any horse.

GRIFFITH: Well, I was born on a Kentucky stock farm and I have a few bronchs of my own out West, and I think that's rather a broad field you're taking--- because I've met up with horses that nobody could ride.

BILL: Well, you never seen me on a horse before. I've never met any horse I couldn't ride. There ain't no such animal!

GRIFFITH: Well, you're not going to suffer from lack of confidence anyhow. How old are you?

BILL: 26 - and rarin' ter go, boss.

MAN'S VOICE: (Approaching) Here's your horse, Mr. Griffith.

GRIFFITH: What do you call him?

MAN'S VOICE: Blue Lightning.

GRIFFITH: I took a good look at that horse. He returned the look with the most exquisite amber colored eyes that I think I've ever seen in a horse's head. Sutch offered him some sugar which he was carrying, just for Blue Lightning's benefit, but Blue Lightning with his arched neck and magnificent high, looking as though he could jump over a house without the slightest inconvenience, gave Sutch, myself and all the rest of the humans a scornful snort as he refused the sugar. I fell in love with him at first sight but tender emotions meant nothing to Blue Lightning - that you could see at a glance.

GRIFFITH: Some horse!

BILL: Yeah, yeah! Wait until yer see me ride him.

GRIFFITH: He's a big baby. Scots! he must be 17 hands high. If a guy falls off that horse he's got a long way to go before he hits the ground.

Alright, get to the scene! We've got the cameras set at the foot of the hill. Don't you think we'd better set them at the top, it's easier riding going up the hill.

BILL: That's nuttin' to me.

GRIFFITH: Yes, but you see this horse is used to riding in Steeple Chases with other horses on a track. This is an open road -- he may not like it.

SUTCH: (In a voice such as you use to babies ~~and~~ ~~and~~ ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ Nice horsey-- nice, nice horsey.

GRIFFITH: But Blue Lightning only flashed those ~~xxxxx~~ amber eyes which said plainer than words, "Cut out the bull."

GRIFFITH: Let's go -- already, Sutch, get him up over the hill out of sight. Now, Bill, as you come down by the cameras you've got to say something for the title -- "The British are coming, the British are coming, - To Arms, to Arms! ~~The~~ ~~British are coming!~~"

BILL: "Ter arms, ter arms! They're coming, they're coming."

GRIFFITH: Put in the British -- "The British are coming!" Ride with the left hand, using your right to ~~m~~ke a gesture over on the side of the road - that's to show you're talking to the people in the house.

BILL: Dat's easy. "Ter Arms, ter Arms - the British, they're coming."

SUTCH: Make it more exciting - more dramatic, Bill.

GRIFFITH: Oh that's alright - just so he says something and gestures with his arms - the audience can't see what he's saying. We'll put the title in.

GRIFFITH: All ready, Cameras! That pam camera there! You follow that horse, no matter where it goes.

CAMERA MAN: I'll follow him...

GRIFFITH: Alright, let 'er go... Signal, Sutch!

SUTCH: (drawn-out voice) A--ll r-i-g-h-t... l-e-t h-e-r c-o-m-e!

GRIFFITH: CAMERAS!

SUTCH: Here -- he's coming! Watch out!

GRIFFITH: And he did come -- a streak of greased lightning! So fast that I was busy slowing him down so we could photograph him in the cameras.. yelling 16! - 18! - 20! As the horse got near the camera Bill, riding him, began gesturing with his right hand and saying: "The British are coming!" -- Perhaps it was this gesture -- or what it was I don't know - but Blue Lightning instead of following the road by the cameras evidently thought this was a signal to go in some other direction. As it happened, there were two 6 foot fences, separated by only a few yards on one side of the road. Blue Lightning was used to jumping fences. That was his pet diversion and these looked good to <u>him</u>. ZANG! off the

GRIFFITH: road he streaked! -- ~~road, he streaked~~ over the first fence--took it by a wide margin--- ~~and~~ then over the second fence -- then a joyous little run down the valley. Then he turned quickly, did the fences again. Bill was a good rider, but he doubtless wasn't used to making gestures and riding at the same time, and I could see he wasn't having a good time at all. Blue Lightning then streaked up a small hill behind the cameras, made a very sharp sudden turn, doubtless minded on doing it all over again, and started back. This last turn lifted Bill high in the air onto his neck in the brush. There was a line of automobiles behind us in a depression at the foot of the ~~little~~ hill, and Blue Lightning made for them, right down the hill. I could see that beautiful animal crashing into the automobile in front of him. I gasped./ ~~I could see that beautiful thing crash into~~ It would be worse than murder. But I didn't know my Blue Lightning. He lifted himself over that automobile as though it were a soap box and ~~went in~~ streaked for the cameras. It was his scene. We beat it in all directions giving him plenty of room.

~~The horseman after Lightning caught him at a short distance where~~ He was caught when he stopped at the shed in which we had been stabling him, a short distance away.

GRIFFITH: Bill was not seriously hurt except in his feelings and opined he'd had enough of Blue Lightning for one day.

But it had been one great ride and one of the cameras got him going by, gesture and all, so we determined to hunt for other doubles hoping to find someone who could sit on him. While we were wondering who to pick on, a quiet voice sounded at my elbow:

O'NEIL: Mr. Griffith ---

GRIFFITH: Hello, O'Neil.

O'NEIL: I wish you'd let me try him.

GRIFFITH: Now, O'Neil, I've told you before, you don't want to ride that horse. Now you've already had a half dozen ribs splintered ~~and your legs~~ and broken four or five legs ~~broken a few dozen times~~, pulling down horses and letting them fall on you out West.

O'NEIL: Wel , that's different from just riding. I know you think because I'm running on to 50 years that I can't ride those horses.

GRIFFITH: Oh no, that isn't it. We've got another man who's doing the next ride.

SUTCH: (Joining in) Yes, Mr. Griffith, ~~I'm going to get~~ three ~~more~~ Reveres already made up.

GRIFFITH: I took a look at Blue Lightning and said: Well, ~~Alright, let's go~~. you'd better make up a few more!

The next ride was over a wide stream - another downhill run and over ~~for a jump - another down-hill run~~. This was a beaut! I figured each of those exciting leaps was good for a round of applause and planned to make them all darbs.

So Paul Revere #2 (his name was Gus) took charge of Blue Lightning.

GUS: I'm all ready for that ride.

GRIFFITH: Lead him down to the jump first and show it to him good, two or three times.

GUS: Alright, I'm showing it to him.

GRIFFITH: That's right.

GUS: (Shouting - far-away voice) He won't even look at it.

GRIFFITH: He's looking at it, alright. He's too stuck up to let you see him.

GUS: That's a pretty big jump, Mr. Griffith. I don't think he can make it.

GRIFFITH: Don't you bother about Blue Lightning making it -- he'll make it. You just sit on him.

SUTCH: All ready. Cameras!

GRIFFITH: Start him, Sutch.

SUTCH: (Drawn out voice) A-l-r-i-g-h-t -- Paul Revere -- re-a-d-y. Don't -- forget -- the -- words -- "The British are coming" -- don't forget the gesture -- the gesture -- don't forget that.

A-l-r-i-g-h-t -- C-O-M-E -- O-N!

GRIFFITH: CAMERAS! -- On he came. Boy, that was some horse! Just before he came to the ditch Gus made his gesture and mumbled something that would do, and then we got a picture of the most beautiful jump that I've ever seen in my life. Blue Lightning looked straight ahead and raised high in the air. Evidently before he made the leap he didn't like that spot on which he was supposed to land and chose a place some distance to the right for his landing. The leap created the illusion of him turning in mid-air as he jumped. I was watching the horse so intently and knew how beautiful this would photograph that I shouted "Great!" "Great! That's the baby, that's the baby!"

GRIFFITH: Then I saw the troubled, bubbling, muddy waters in the ditch, and from it arose ~~the~~ a most doleful sight -- Paul Revere, minus his hat, the tail of his wig over the front of his face, dripping disgust, mud and water - and sputtering out language that's not found in the school books. They probably concerned Blue Lighting though (of course, Blue Lightning was not aware of it). It all happened so quickly that I didn't know until I saw this that another Paul Revere had gone the way of all flesh.

Well, finally, after much time and money was spent, and Blue Lightning had cluttered up the scenery with discarded Paul Reveres, we were forced to take on O'Neil who spent a half day with Blue Lightning, evidently trying to get acquainted with him. Whatever he did, he finally rode him as it was seen in the picture,and as I had hoped,Blue Lightning and O'Neil averaged about eight or ten rounds of applause at every performance. He rode him over ditches, stone walls that looked impossible for any horse to make, and after all this Blue Lightning came through without an injury, for which I was very thankful. This may sound funny but to ask an animal to do something is different than

GRIFFITH: We made a test very soon afterwards and then something occurred that seldom happens. I cast Neil Hamilton (for his very first picture) as the leading man in a rather pretentious play, "America." And the local boy made good.

As it turned out, about the biggest kick in the picture was the ride of Paul Revere. Of course, even every school boy knows the story of Paul Revere's mission that stirred up the first real opposition to the British and lit the spark that started the conflagration that swept away the old order of things and out of the ashes sprang America's freedom as an independent nation.

We had everything prepared, the town of Lexington rebuilt, including among our sets the famous church tower from which the signal lanterns were to be hung, and now came the time to do the immortal ride. I am here to state that if the original Paul Revere had had as much trouble in getting started in making his ride as we had in the picture, Mr. Revere would never have gotten there, and there might have been no Revolution.

We got the horse, the most magnificent animal we could find, a champion of champions was this jumper. Now the big day came. I am conferring with my assistant, Mr. Sutch.

GRIFFITH: Ladies and Gentlemen, there's an old saying that truth is stranger than fiction. It is also a truth that the most successful motion pictures have been those founded on truth. The moving picture is a medium that can tell stories based on historic facts as no other medium in the world can. My own "Birth of a Nation," "Hearts of the World," "Orphans of the Storm," "Abraham Lincoln", and other producers' "Big Parade," "Covered Wagon," and recently, "Calvacade," - all have dealt with historic facts and all have been most successful. Though "Calvacade" is a picture dealing with British history, it has been a big hit in America.

These pictures based on fact are easy to play. The audience seems to feel that they are saying something real instead of a "cooked" up fiction story, and therefore their response is equally real.

I will tell you something about the making of the picture "America", dealing with our Revolution.

In this picture played Miss Carol Dempster, Mr. Lionel Barrymore, and at that time, two newcomers who afterwards were to make very good in pictures, Louis Wolheim of "Hairy Ape" fame, and Neil Hamilton, the juvenile actor. Neil Hamilton was discovered by an accident.

GRIFFITH: I was leaving the theatre where one of my pictures was playing when I saw a very handsome young chap, who had just purchased tickets to see the play, starting away from the box office. In an impulsive moment I spoke to him.

I beg your pardon---but, by any chance, do you happen to be in the acting business?

HAMILTON: Yes -- that is the ambition of my life.

GRIFFITH: Have you had any experience?

HAMILTON: Well, I'm working now trying to get experience. It's just a little stock company, doubtless you never heard of it.---You're Mr. Griffith, aren't you?

GRIFFITH: Yes.

HAMILTON: Well, I'd certainly like to get into pictures.

GRIFFITH: You've got the looks. I'll tell you. Write me your name and address to the theatre here and I'll give you a test.

HAMILTON: My name is Hamilton -- Neil Hamilton. You'll have my name and address, and all about me, in double quick time.

GRIFFITH: We made a test very soon afterwards and then something occurred that seldom happens. I cast Neil Hamilton (for his very first picture) as the leading man in a rather pretentious play, "America." And the local boy made good.

As it turned out, about the biggest kick in the picture was the ride of Paul Revere. Of course, even every school boy knows the story of Paul Revere's mission that stirred up the first real opposition to the British and lit the spark that started the conflagration that swept away the old order of things and out of the ashes sprang America's freedom as an independent nation.

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We got the horse, the most magnificent animal we could find, a champion of champions was this jumper. Now the big day came. I am conferring with my assistant, Mr. Sutch.

GRIFFITH: All ready! #1 hold your position here. #2 that fast pam camera here. You set to follow that horse no matter where it goes.

CAMERA MAN: I'll follow him.

GRIFFITH: #3 insert. Alright, let 'er go! Signal, Sutch!

SUTCH: (Drawn out voice) A-l-l r-i-g-h-t --- l-e-t h-e-r c-o-m-e!

GRIFFITH: Cameras I'll call speed turns. Begin on 14 and make him come fast. The higher the turn the slower the horse ---- Here he comes! Cameras!

SUTCH: Here - he's coming!! Watch out!

GRIFFITH: And he did come. So fast I was busy slowing him down so we could photograph him in the cameras, yelling 16! - 18! - 20! As the horse got near the camera Bill riding him began gesturing with his right hand and saying: "The British are coming!" -- Perhaps it was this gesture - or what it was I don't know - but Blue Lightning instead of following the road by the cameras evidently thought this was a signal to go in some other direction. As it happened, there were two 6 foot fences, separated by only a few yards on one side of the road. Blue Lightning was used to jumping fences. That was his pet diversion and this looked good to <u>him</u>. ZANG! off the

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GRIFFITH: a human being - particularly a grand baby like Blue Lightning, because he'd try anything. The human being can reason. If he takes a chance, it's his own business because I never asked anybody to -- but the horse is different.

As it happened, the Paul Reveres were just given good shake-ups, none of them were really hurt, though the game O'Neil didn't feel so good for a few weeks afterward. And the credit for the biggest thrill of that picture "America", I am afraid, will have to go to them. Two game guys - James O'Neil and Blue Lightning - made the best there was to the picture "America."

Finally all this emerged like this in the film:

(NOTE: SOUND OF HORSES' HOOFS APPROACHING)

O'NEIL: (Dramatically) To Arms, to Arms, the British are coming, the British are coming!

VOICE: (As though coming out of house) The British are coming!

O'NEIL: Yes, they're marching on Lexington!

OMNES: They're marching on Lexington?

O'NEIL: Yes, get out your Minute Men --- gather on the green at Lexington.

(SOUND OF HORSE GALLOPING OFF)

O'NEIL: (Cry disappearing) To Arms, to arms!

WOMAN'S VOICE: (In crowd) Hurry up, Zeke. Get your gun!

ZEKE: Come with me, and help me finish molding those bullets.

(All this carried on rapidly with great excitement)

ANOTHER WOMAN'S VOICE: Now, William, you can't go---you can't do no fighting -- you're too old.

WILLIAM: (Old man) What do you mean - too old? I'm only 75. Let me alone -- let me be, woman.

WOMAN: No, no!

WILLIAM: Yes, yes. By gimminy, betcha a coon's skin, I'll be the first one there.

(AT THIS BEGINS THE SOUND OF FIFE AND DRUM PLAYING "BEDNAL GREEN.") or rather "YANKEE DOODLE"

OFFICER: Form lines there -- never mind your coat, carry it. Got to be quick.

(SOUND OF TRAMPING FEET and GROUNDING MUSKETS)

ANOTHER WOMAN'S VOICE: Now, Bediah Simpkins, what are you doing with that gun? They don't want no cripples.

BEDIAH: Who said anything about cripples?

WOMAN: You be and you know it.

BEDIAH: Ain't nothing of the kind---just because I'm a little lame, that ain't no sign I'm a cripple. I'm coming, Captain, wait for me.

GRIFFITH: Then again on goes Paul Revere, shouting those words that shall live forever:

O'NEIL: To Arms! To Arms!

GRIFFITH: Then from out of farm house, every little village throughtout the country, they answered the call. Then unfolded the story of how the little handful of Minute Men stood against the 800 British at Lexington, how eight of the Americans were killed, how from all the country-side was answered the call of Paul Revere, and again the Americans met the British at Concord, but this time the Americans did not retreat; and how the Americans drove them back. ~~and pursued them to Boston.~~

Then arose out of Virginia - the greatest still of all great Americans - George Washington. Not the whitened sepulchre of a man he has been made to appear to us, but a regular human being with plenty of faults, but they were overwhelmed by his strength. / Not a Blue Ribbon Prohibitionist; not a "Holier than Thou". He loved horses and racing and sports and boys and girls, was a regular He-Guy.

Insert, Page 15.....Dramatization of the scene at Concord.

GRIFFITH: Now we come to the bridge at Concord....A little handful of Americans....sixty odd men....that for a moment stood against 800 Regular British soldiers at Lexington....8 Americans were killed, and the little handful dispersed....But now at Concord, the Americans are gathering from all quarters.....Leading a group at the bridge, is John Holden, as played by Hamilton, with patriotic comrades around him.

FIRST VOICE: Well, Holden....What does General Gage and his officers think about us?

HOLDEN: (With great feeling) They say, "Will not fight". They think that we're only a lawless band of farmers.

ANOTHER MAN'S VOICE: Well, it's hard for us to stand against the British Regulars.

ANOTHER VOICE: Yes, I'm afraid we won't be hard to get rid of.

FIRST VOICE: Yes....I was at Lexington myself, and we just had to run.

HOLDEN: (With great fire) Yes, we ran at Lexington....but we run no more....All of you....Listen!.....We'll stand here and drive the British back, or die in the attempt.

VOICES: Yes!.....Yes!

HOLDEN: Look!....They're trying to destroy the bridge.... Take your hands off that bridge!....Ready, Americans! Fire!....Give 'em the gunpowder, boys!

(Sounds of shots)

Forward!

OTHER VOICES: Forward!

(Sounds of shots)

HOLDEN: Aim low!...Aim low!

OTHER VOICES: Fire!....Give 'em the gunpowder!

HOLDEN: They are running!....After them, boys!

GRIFFITH: And so the Americans were after them....and how from behind them, and on each side they pursued and beat the British back to Boston, you all know as well as I.

(NOTE: Pick up then, bottom of Page 15, the lines:
Then arose out of Virginia, the greatest still of all great Americans---George Washington!

GRIFFITH: Alright, Waldheim.

WALDHEIM: (In great scorn) Fight?....Those farmers?....No danger of that....but if they did, one regiment of British Regulars would sweep them all into the ocean.

GRIFFITH: Alright....Back to you, Hamilton....You bid Miss Dempster goodbye.

HAMILTON: I'm going now....I'm glad of the chance to tell our Minute Men what I've heard here.

MISS DEMPSTER: Goodbye!....Goodbye!

HAMILTON: Goodbye!....And when you hear from me next, I hope to disprove all that you've heard....We won't fight.... Captain Butler has a surprise coming to him.

(At this, Hamilton went quickly off, leaving two of the most marvelous portrayals of malignancy..... Barrymore and Waldheim....in possession of the field, possible to imagine).

Continue from Page 15:

Then from out the farm house, every little village throughout the country, they answered the call.

Then we come to the British headquarters at Boston. General Gage commanding.

Now Barrymore, position there before the General.

BARRYMORE: General Gage, I've come here with the assurance that all our North country will be loyal to our king.

GENERAL GAGE: This is welcome news, Captain Butler. We all know the powerful position you hold among our loyal citizens.

BARRYMORE: Pardon me, General, but we believe these Americans that are talking treason should be sternly dealt with.

GENERAL GAGE: Can you suggest the means, Captain Butler?

GRIFFITH: Now, Barrymore....that's where you turn to Waldheim. Alright, Waldheim....Of course this is your first picture....Now all you do is to stand there with that quiet, malignant expression.

WALDHEIM: (In meanful tones) Say, Mr. Griffith, this Captain Hare....this dirty skunk that I'm playing, is a pipe for me, looks and all.

GRIFFITH: That's right....You're stripped to the waist....and that magnificent body you've got....and that

WALDHEIM: breaks in Terrible face, you're about to say.

GRIFFITH: Well....it all goes together great....You've got a tomahawk in your belt....Now, Barrymore, as you turn you touch the tomahawk....Your lines...

BARRYMORE: As for the means, General Gage....Captain Hare and I represent not only the whites, but the thousands of Indians in the great Confederation....and I suggest, Sir, a quick use of their tomahawks upon these rebels. That, with our own royal rifles, I should think, is the language that would quiet this rebellious American spirit.

GRIFFITH: Alright....Hold that there while we rehearse Mr. Hamilton and Miss Dempster....Now, Mr. Hamilton, this is your first picture, too....You're the American Express rider....You've just delivered an ultimatum from the Americans to General Gage....You are awaiting his answer, when you overhear Butler's conversation.... Being a loyal American, you're about to lose control of yourself, when Miss Dempster stops you.

MISS DEMPSTER: Don't, Mr. Holden, take it so seriously.

GRIFFITH: That's your name in the play, Hamilton....Alright, Miss Dempster.

MISS DEMPSTER: You're helpless here.

HAMILTON: I would like to meet that Butler outside.

MISS DEMPSTER: Yes....That might be different....but not now.

GRIFFITH: That attitude's fine, Hamilton....You look great! Now you've been told that there's no reply, and you're anxious to get back to your own people at Concord, believing that there is going to be plenty of action soon....Alright, Barrymore....where you continue showing your scorn for the Americans.

BARRYMORE: But, General, I don't think it would ever get to the point of violence....These Americans will never fight.

GRIFFITH: Alright, Waldheim.

WALDHEIM: (In great scorn) Fight?....Those farmers?....No danger of that....but if they did, one regiment of British Regulars would sweep them all into the ocean.

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W. A. McLaughlin, Inc.

697 Fifth Avenue

New York April 7½ 1933

Mr. D.W. Griffiths,
Park Central Hotel,
Apt. 2265,
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KINDLY DETACH THIS STUB AND MAIL WITH CHECK

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All claims to be made within 30 Days after delivery of Goods.

April 8, 1933.

Dear Williard:

As I told you on the telephone, impossible to use house on ranch #1 as I put a heavy mortgage on that years ago to add to Mrs. G's million. So despite the fact it stands me around a quarter of a million dollars, it is only a burden now; and with interest and taxes, will continue to be. I am trying to get rid of it merely to avoid the heavy yearly expense it entails to keep up payments on mortgage and taxes. Of course the bank can take it over any day they want to. So your using that ranch house is entirely out of the question. You've got to get with yourself and eliminate a very bad complex you have. You state in your letter you could be very happy there. Who couldn't be? sitting back on a ranch with nothing to bother about? So could I! You have no right to even think of being happy. That's not a man's business. Concentrate on doing anything to make even a few dollars a week. When you read of the millions out of employment, that doesn't mean they are out of employment all of the time. If they didn't rustle around and make a little money we would all be bankrupt.

I have just finished my broadcast. The next day I was busy on a couple of other schemes because I've got to make money to keep up my obligations, though personally, I would much prefer to idle this Summer and be happy, as you express it. In straightening out my affairs, I find that this year alone I can charge up losses for the last couple of years, which accumulate now, to the tune of $1,420,000. These are absolute losses, not "what might have been" affairs. However, I am not taking it too seriously but starting out to try to get more needed coin.

You are certainly more able-bodied than I was at ten or eleven years of age when I was supposed to do a man's work on a farm and, after a little over a year at school, hopped myself out for the same of the

and ran a wire rope elevator which gently tore off the skin on my hands to such an extent that they were swollen and bleeding for weeks. My chief trouble was keeping the blood from showing to the customers as I couldn't afford to buy real heavy elevator gloves and had my hands wrapped in cloth. Albert was telling me only the other day they were afraid that I'd lose a hand and my mother went to the boss to get me fired. But when the boss approached me, I told him I was doing great and finally the hands got used to it. After trying writing and other things, the hands had to go back again in shovelling iron ore where, at the end of the shifts, the ones among us that were off would fall exhausted and get enough rest, until we were kicked out of the hold, to continue. Went through this same ordeal, shovelling concrete in New York City.

I am not writing this to brag because there is nothing to brag about. But to illustrate the point that merely having brains will seldom get anybody any place, without guts. It doesn't matter what sort of a panic there is on at present it is no worse than 1907, when scrip was issued to the country and I made a living then without anybody's help. And if you put yourself to it, you could make a living some way without anybody's help now. You say you are very fond of your wife. I don't know how you expect to keep her respect unless you make more desperate efforts to do something than I believe you have up to now. As for the difficulty in getting a good yet inexpensive place to live, this seems very hard for me to understand, knowing Los Angeles as I do. That Sawtelle property that I owned had a very nice five room cottage on it, right on the main street, yet we found it impossible to rent for any price, and let a family live in it free of charge merely to keep the place up. I intended to let you have it at the same price but at my lawyer's and realtor's advice, we had to get rid of the whole property, after having paid 65% cash during a period of years. The bank decided to sell it for the remaining 35% but as it was impossible to get even half of the remaining 35% by sale, I would still be stuck, so I had to dig up some cash and give notes for another 20%. In other words, the original owners - after receiving 85% for the property - get the property back for 15% of its original cost, and I don't even know that this is final. I may have to pay that.

So I am quite sure if you look around you can find something good for the price you are paying. The picture you paint is that all the good properties in Los Angeles are infested with bootleggers. Also, remember I know how you hate bootleggers!

But I have a different picture of those tremendous acres upon acres of uninhabited houses and apartments in that wide-flung city.

It is only two and a half weeks ago that I sent you more money than you had asked for, to get out of this place. Of course I know you must have paid your rent in advance out of that. I am sending you a check which should take care of any new place you get into and give you a balance which you must treasure to the last penny because certainly you can't expect me to keep on with this charity idea forever.

I feel myself, in duty bound, to sister Ruth and your sister Ruth and to Lynn's Geraldine, on account of Ruth's more or less adoption of her, and my Kentucky brother -- well I won't carry this on any further. All of these are either old, or helpless females; but certainly as you must realize, I owe no obligation to a healthy guy of 34 or 35, and for God's sake, get out and try to do something. The only qualm of conscience I have concerning you is that I didn't put you on your own and not give you a damned cent, which would have forced you to have done something and been very much better for you personally because there are very few who can't find a way to get along when they have to.

P. S.
Don't telephone. The last one cost $22.50

D. W. GRIFFITH COLLECTION
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FEDERATION BANK AND TRUST COMPANY

34TH STREET & EIGHTH AVENUE
NEW YORK CITY

27

April 13, 1933.

Mr. D.W. Griffith,
% Park Central Hotel,
7th Avenue & 55th Street,
New York, N.Y.

Dear Mr. Griffith:

For your information, we are enclosing a copy of a letter which we are sending to D.W. Griffith, Inc. today, in which we make demand upon them for the payment of the balance of principal and accrued interest due us on their note of September 29, 1931.

Very truly yours,

FEDERATION BANK AND TRUST COMPANY,

By, R.I. Curran

R.I. CURRAN,
Vice-President.

RIC:DM
Encl.

Registered Mail.

FEDERATION BANK AND TRUST COMPANY

April 13, 1933.

D.W. Griffith, Inc.,
1619 Broadway,
New York, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

With reference to your collateral note for $200,000., dated September 29, 1931, which has been reduced to the principal sum of $94,919.93, and which has been past due since December 29, 1931, we hereby demand full payment of this note, together with accrued interest (accrued interest todate is $9,565.71) on or before 3:00 P.M., Tuesday, April 18, 1933.

Upon your failure to make payment of the aforesaid note on or before the time named above, we will proceed, without further notice to you, under the terms of your collateral note, to sell at the market price, all or any part of the security held by us as collateral security to said note.

If the proceeds of the sale of the collateral security are insufficient to satisfy and pay the said note, you will be held liable for any deficiency.

Very truly yours,

FEDERATION BANK AND TRUST COMPANY,

By,

R.I.CURRAN,
Vice-President.

RIC:DM

Registered Mail.

THE NEWSPAPER CLUB'S

(FOURTH ANNUAL EVENT — ELEVENTH YEAR)

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HOTEL ASTOR
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April 13, 1933

Mr. D. W. Griffith
Hotel Park Central
55th Street & 7th Avenue
New York City

My dear Mr. Griffith:

I appreciate the courtesy extended to me over the telephone, and enclose herewith tickets No. 771 to 776 for Table 77.

These tickets include the banquet which will start at eight o'clock. Thereafter, the Congressional show will be offered with a dance beginning at twelve midnight.

My fellow members join me in assuring you of our deep appreciation, on account of your very fine cooperation. We shall be honored indeed to have you with us on our Great Night.

It is our fondest hope that our "Congressional Bawl" will, through the kindness of our many friends and well-wishers, not only replenish our treasury, but bring relief to those of our members who were forced out of employment through circumstances beyond their control.

The price of the seats is $12.50 each, amounting to $75, for which we will thank you to send us your check, made payable to The Newspaper Club, Inc. For further particulars at any time we will thank you to contact the "Bawl" Committee at the Hotel Astor.

Sincerely yours,

Kent B. Stiles

President.

Proceeds to enure to rehabilitation and the Club's "Emergency Relief Fund".
All checks to be made payable to "The Newspaper Club of New York."

April 15, 1933.

Mr. Kent B. Stiles, President,
The Newspaper Club, Committee Department,
Congressional Bawl - Gridiron Dinner,
Hotel Astor, New York City.

Dear Mr. Stiles:

You've got a lot of gall in these tough times to ask a guy to give up real money for any purpose, much less newspaper birds. But I am sending you a check for the amount you ask. I hope to God the check is good and doesn't bounce right back and hit you in the eye. If this should happen, see me personally and I'll try to dig up the amount in real money.

I think if the truth were known, I am really sending this in memory of my older brother whom I used to paddle along behind in a most adoring manner when I was a kid on a Kentucky farm - which farm, incidentally, never made this much real cash money in all its existence. This brother's name was Jacob Griffith and he worked on newspapers all his life, first as a type-setter and general work; afterwards, as editor of country sheets from Gadsden, Alabama, and including Whittier, California, and many other country newspapers. None of them ever made a cent profit that I ever heard about and he finally died from the effects of lead poisoning, contracted in his early work of type-setting. So I can say that he lived and died for the newspaper business. The fact, of course, that he never made any money makes him entirely different from all that great rich, prosperous mob of newspaper men in existence, from cub reporters on up all through -- cut out the cheers of approval. He gave me my first job as a star reporter, salary $1.50 a week and board. This perhaps had something to do with the fact that the newspaper never made any money.

But money or no money my brother was the grandest guy in the world. So you get these few bucks in his memory and may there be piles and piles of bucks and everything else that goes to make your affair A BIG SUCCESS!

Sincerely yours,

D. W. Griffith.

W. A. McLaughlin, Inc.

697 Fifth Avenue

New York,

Mr. D.W. Griffiths,
Park Central Hotel,
Apt. 2265 City

B-7 KINDLY DETACH THIS STUB AND MAIL WITH CHECK TOTAL 21.75

AS A CANCELLED CHECK IS SUFFICIENT RECEIPT, NO RECEIPT WILL BE SENT UNLESS REQUESTED.

W. A. Mc Laughlin, Inc.
Fine Shirt Maker

TERMS: NET CASH

697 FIFTH AVENUE
NEW YORK

1933				
Apr.	15	1 pair Chamois gloves	4	00
		1 Plain Royal Blue Cravat	3	50
		1 Washable silk Cravat	2	50
		1 Sterling silk Cravat	4	00
		1 Blue Crepe Cravat	4	00
		1 Swiss rib silk undershirt	3	75
			21	75

All claims to be made within 30 Days after delivery of Goods.

5261
11-29-20M

S-1

THE CHASE NATIONAL BANK

OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK

ADVICE OF SALE

NEW YORK, April 2, 1933

TIMES SQUARE BRANCH

AMOUNT	DESCRIPTION	PRICE	PRINCIPAL	~~PLUS INTEREST LESS TAX~~	LESS BROKER'S COMMISSION	PROCEEDS
				commission		
650	shares American Can Company	390 at 73½ 300 at 73¼ 50 at 73 3/8	$47,693.75	128.42		$47565.33
				Less Service Fee		6.00
						$47559.33

Mr. D. W. Griffith,
Park Central Hotel, Room 2265
New York City

PURSUANT TO YOUR INSTRUCTIONS OF 4/20 WE CREDIT YOUR ACCOUNT TO-DAY WITH PROCEEDS OF SALE OF SECURITIES AS ABOVE.

THE CHASE NATIONAL BANK

BY [signature]

Griffith Tells What's Wrong With Movies

By ROSALIND SHAFFER.

HOLLYWOOD, Cal., April 22.

"The trouble with the movies is that they buy an expensive pig and then throw away the body, using only its squeal," declares D. W. Griffith, the veteran director. Discussing the recent debacle that has threatened to wreck the business, he pointed out that Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer alone has $3,000,000 worth of unused stories carried on the shelves.

He further declared that restrictions imposed on directors constitute another reason for the present trouble in the movie industry and that it must work out its own salvation, as far as many of these handicaps are concerned.

"There are a lot of mistakes made by the old regime in pictures that have just caught up with us, due to the depression," he continued. "One of these mistakes is buying stories and not using them.

Mistakes With Writers.

"Another outstanding mistake has been the handling of the writers. In this respect the business is the opposite of Mr. Armour, the packer, who boasted that he used every part of the pig but its squeal. I refer to the buying of expensive literary properties and employing fine authors and then altering the play or novel and discouraging the writer by putting him to work doctoring somebody else's story.

"I am working for a studio at present," he exclaimed, "and I hope nobody thinks I am criticizing motion pictures and Hollywood when I say that I believe that there are a lot of troubles in the picture business that will have to be settled from the inside. That is, they must be settled if the present set-up is to go on and make money for the bankers who have invested their money with the present producing companies.

Shelved Stories.

"I believe that amongst the assets of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer are $3,000,000 worth of stories carried on the shelves.

"This is a fair sample of what the other studios likewise have in similar losses—or expenses—however you wish to view it. This could be avoided if directors were cast for pictures as actors are. If a director could select stories in the market that he has an enthusiasm for, that he knows he is capable of directing, fewer manuscripts would lie on shelves, a total loss."

BENJAMIN, HILL & CO.
MEMBERS NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE
39 BROADWAY
NEW YORK

TELEPHONE DIGBY 4-1400

FOR YOUR IMMEDIATE CONSIDERATION

April 25, 1933

Dear **Mr. Griffith:**

We have enclosed herewith several forms which we will ask you to kindly sign and return to us at your earliest possible convenience.

According to our rules as Members of the New York Stock Exchange, it is necessary for you to sign forms A and AA in order to maintain a marginal account with us. The card headed "Customers Agreement", also included, may be signed if you so desire. It is your privilege to either grant or deny us the right to loan your stock.

The self-addressed and stamped return envelope which you will find enclosed herewith is for your convenience. Kindly use same and thereby facilitate the prompt return of the forms mentioned.

Thanking you for your prompt attention to these matters, we remain

Very truly yours,

BENJAMIN, HILL & CO.

Black Hoyt

mk/f

encs.

Mr. David W. Griffith,
Park Central Hotel,
New York, N. Y.

FORM A

Name in Full ...DAVID W. GRIFFITH.....

Mailing Address ...Park Central Hotel, Apt. 2265

City and State ....New York, N. Y.....

BENJAMIN, HILL & CO.,

39 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

DEAR SIRS:

In consideration of your acting as brokers for the undersigned, it is hereby agreed and consented that:

All transactions shall be subject to the rules and customs as at any time amended of the New York Stock Exchange and its clearing house, committees and brokers and/or other exchanges where executed, and may be executed in the manner customary on such exchanges, and all contracts may be settled in accordance therewith. Interest shall be charged in accordance with Wall Street custom and usage. Any and all securities, contracts or property owned by the undersigned, or in which the undersigned has any interest, now or hereafter carried by or deposited with you or coming into your possession, may, either separately, or together with other securities, and without notice, be carried in your general loans or be pledged or loaned by you either to yourself as brokers, to your customers or to others, and either for the sum due you thereon or for a greater sum, or be otherwise disposed of by you, all without your having securities or property of like kind or amount in your possession or subject to your control. Whenever you deem it necessary or advisable for your protection, or whenever you deem the margin insufficient, any or all such securities, contracts or property, may be sold, or securities, contracts or property may be bought to cover any "short" position of mine, at public or private sale, without any tender, demand, call, advertisement or notice of any kind, and the undersigned agrees promptly to pay any deficiency. At any such sale, you shall have the right to purchase the same for your account.

All statements, demands, notices or other communications may be given by mail, telegram or telephone to the address or number furnished herewith, until you receive a new address or number by registered mail from the undersigned. In the event, however, that you give any notice or make any demand, you may, nevertheless, if you deem it advisable, sell, buy, hold or otherwise deal with the said securities or property as though you had not given such notice or made such demand, nor shall the same constitute a waiver then or thereafter of any provision hereof dispensing with the same. All statements and notices so mailed, shall be deemed correct and the transactions appearing thereon ratified, unless you shall receive from the undersigned written notice to the contrary within ten (10) days.

Whenever in your opinion circumstances require it, you may apply and/or transfer any of or all my equities interchangeably between all my said accounts, without notice to me in the premises.

The above shall apply to all transactions heretofore or hereafter had with you, and to any and all accounts, securities, property or contracts in which the undersigned is or may be interested, whether jointly or individually, and shall continue in full force and effect, notwithstanding any change in the membership of your firm until all of the accounts of the undersigned with you are closed.

Any controversy arising between us shall be settled by arbitration, pursuant to the Arbitration Law of the State of New York, and under the rules of the American Arbitration Association. Any arbitration shall be before three arbitrators.

Very truly yours,

.....

x Signature of Customer

Dated .....

x

Form A—4-32—M.P.

Form AA

BENJAMIN, HILL & CO.

FILL OUT COMPLETELY

NAME (IN FULL) GRIFFITH: MR. DAVID W.

MAILING ADDRESS: Park Central Hotel, New York City, N. Y.

BUSINESS ADDRESS: ✓ BUS. TEL. ✓

RESIDENCE: Park Central Hotel-2265 HOME TEL. Circle 8000

NATURE OF BUSINESS: ✓ ARE YOU OVER 21? Yes.

BANK REFERENCES: 1- ✓

2-

ACCOUNT OF: Mr. B. G. Behrman DATE OPENED: 4/24/33

~~-CASH-~~	
MARGIN	✓

SIGNATURE: ✓ _____

TELEPHONE DIGBY 4-1400

BENJAMIN, HILL & CO.

MEMBERS OF THE NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE

39 BROADWAY

APR 24 1933

WE HAVE THIS DAY **BOUGHT** FOR YOUR ACCOUNT AND RISK NEW YORK.

BROKER	NO.	FROM WHOM BOUGHT	QUANTITY	DESCRIPTION	PRICE	AMOUNT	INTEREST	COMMISSION			AMOUNT	CUSTOMER
BRY	216	BYCK	100	C H	52 1/2	5250 00		17 50			5267 50	D W GRIFFITH UPT

It is agreed that all transactions are subject to the rules and customs of the New York Stock Exchange and its Clearing House; that all securities from time to time carried in any marginal account or deposited to protect the same may be loaned or may be pledged, either separately or together with other securities either for the sum due thereon or for a greater or lesser sum without notice; that when we deem the margin insufficient, transactions may be closed without demand for margin or notice of time and place of sale.

BENJAMIN, HILL & CO.

Per.....

TELEPHONE DIGBY 4-1400

BENJAMIN, HILL & CO.

MEMBERS OF THE NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE

39 BROADWAY

APR 24 1933

WE HAVE THIS DAY **BOUGHT** FOR YOUR ACCOUNT AND RISK NEW YORK.

BROKER	NO.	FROM WHOM BOUGHT	QUANTITY	DESCRIPTION	PRICE	AMOUNT	INTEREST	COMMISSION			AMOUNT	CUSTOMER
BRY	208	MARQUIS	100	A C	74 3/4	7475 00		17 50			7492 50	D W GRIFFITH UPT

It is agreed that all transactions are subject to the rules and customs of the New York Stock Exchange and its Clearing House; that all securities from time to time carried in any marginal account or deposited to protect the same may be loaned or may be pledged, either separately or together with other securities either for the sum due thereon or for a greater or lesser sum without notice; that when we deem the margin insufficient, transactions may be closed without demand for margin or notice of time and place of sale.

BENJAMIN, HILL & CO.

Per.....

TELEPHONE DIGBY 4-1400

BENJAMIN, HILL & CO.

MEMBERS OF THE NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE

39 BROADWAY

APR 24 1933

WE HAVE THIS DAY **BOUGHT** FOR YOUR ACCOUNT AND RISK. NEW YORK.

BROKER	NO.	FROM WHOM BOUGHT	QUANTITY	DESCRIPTION	PRICE	AMOUNT	INTEREST	COMMISSION	ODD LOT TAX		AMOUNT	CUSTOMER
	4	DE COPPET	25	DUPONT DE NEMOURS & CO	47 1/4	1 18125		375	45		1 18545	D W GRIFFITH UPT

It is agreed that all transactions are subject to the rules and customs of the New York Stock Exchange and its Clearing House; that all securities from time to time carried in any marginal account or deposited to protect the same may be loaned or may be pledged, either separately or together with other securities either for the sum due thereon or for a greater or lesser sum without notice; that when we deem the margin insufficient, transactions may be closed without demand for margin or notice of time and place of sale.

BENJAMIN, HILL & CO.

Per.....

TELEPHONE DIGBY 4-1400

BENJAMIN, HILL & CO.

MEMBERS OF THE NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE

39 BROADWAY

MAY 1 1933

WE HAVE THIS DAY **SOLD** FOR YOUR ACCOUNT AND RISK NEW YORK.

TO WHOM SOLD	QUANTITY	DESCRIPTION	PRICE	AMOUNT	INTEREST	COMMISSION	FEDERAL TAX	STATE TAX	AMOUNT	CUSTOMER
DE COPPET	25	DU PONT DE NEMOURS	53 3/4	134375		438	25	20	133892	D W GRIFFITH-UPT

It is agreed that all transactions are subject to the rules and customs of the New York Stock Exchange and its Clearing House; that all securities from time to time carried in any marginal account or deposited to protect the same may be loaned or may be pledged, either separately or together with other securities either for the sum due thereon or for a greater or lesser sum without notice; that when we deem the margin insufficient, transactions may be closed without demand for margin or notice of time and place of sale.

BENJAMIN, HILL & CO.

Per.....

TELEPHONE DIGBY 4-1400

BENJAMIN, HILL & CO.

MEMBERS OF THE NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE

39 BROADWAY

MAY 1 1933

WE HAVE THIS DAY **SOLD** FOR YOUR ACCOUNT AND RISK

NEW YORK. MAY 1 1933

BROKER	NO.	TO WHOM SOLD	QUANTITY	DESCRIPTION	PRICE	AMOUNT	INTEREST	COMMISSION	FEDERAL TAX	STATE TAX	AMOUNT	CUSTOMER
BROWN	156	REDMOND	100	A C	83	830000		2000	125	100	827775	D W GRIFFITH-UPT

It is agreed that all transactions are subject to the rules and customs of the New York Stock Exchange and its Clearing House; that all securities from time to time carried in any marginal account or deposited to protect the same may be loaned or may be pledged, either separately or together with other securities either for the sum due thereon or for a greater or lesser sum without notice; that when we deem the margin insufficient, transactions may be closed without demand for margin or notice of time and place of sale.

BENJAMIN, HILL & CO.

Per.....

TELEPHONE DIGBY 4-1400

BENJAMIN, HILL & CO.

MEMBERS OF THE NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE

39 BROADWAY

WE HAVE THIS DAY **SOLD** FOR YOUR ACCOUNT AND RISK

NEW YORK. MAY 1 1933

BROKER	NO.	TO WHOM SOLD	QUANTITY	DESCRIPTION	PRICE	AMOUNT	INTEREST	COMMISSION	FEDERAL TAX	STATE TAX	AMOUNT	CUSTOMER
LEWINS	158	HORNBLOWER	100	C H	54 3/4	547500		1750	100	80	545570	D W GRIFFITH-UPT

It is agreed that all transactions are subject to the rules and customs of the New York Stock Exchange and its Clearing House; that all securities from time to time carried in any marginal account or deposited to protect the same may be loaned or may be pledged, either separately or together with other securities either for the sum due thereon or for a greater or lesser sum without notice; that when we deem the margin insufficient, transactions may be closed without demand for margin or notice of time and place of sale.

BENJAMIN, HILL & CO.

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TELEPHONE DIGBY 4-1400

BENJAMIN, HILL & CO.

MEMBERS OF THE NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE

39 BROADWAY

WE HAVE THIS DAY **BOUGHT** FOR YOUR ACCOUNT AND RISK

NEW YORK. MAY 3 1933

FROM WHOM BOUGHT	QUANTITY	DESCRIPTION	PRICE	AMOUNT	INTEREST	COMMISSION	ODD LOT TAX		AMOUNT	CUSTOMER
DE COPPET	25	U S SMELTING & REFINING	38 7/8	97188		375	117		97680	D W GRIFFITH UPT

It is agreed that all transactions are subject to the rules and customs of the New York Stock Exchange and its Clearing House; that all securities from time to time carried in any marginal account or deposited to protect the same may be loaned or may be pledged, either separately or together with other securities either for the sum due thereon or for a greater or lesser sum without notice; that when we deem the margin insufficient, transactions may be closed without demand for margin or notice of time and place of sale.

BENJAMIN, HILL & CO.

Per.....

TELEPHONE DIGBY 4-1400

BENJAMIN, HILL & CO.

MEMBERS OF THE NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE

39 BROADWAY

WE HAVE THIS DAY **BOUGHT** FOR YOUR ACCOUNT AND RISK

NEW YORK. MAY 3 1933

FROM WHOM BOUGHT	QUANTITY	DESCRIPTION	PRICE	AMOUNT	INTEREST	COMMISSION	ODD LOT TAX		AMOUNT	CUSTOMER
BELDEN & CO	3M	U S TREASURY NOTES 33/4/56/46 M&S15	102 11 32	307031	1531	188			308750	D W GRIFFITH UPT

It is agreed that all transactions are subject to the rules and customs of the New York Stock Exchange and its Clearing House; that all securities from time to time carried in any marginal account or deposited to protect the same may be loaned or may be pledged, either separately or together with other securities either for the sum due thereon or for a greater or lesser sum without notice; that when we deem the margin insufficient, transactions may be closed without demand for margin or notice of time and place of sale.

BENJAMIN, HILL & CO.

Per.....

TELEPHONE DIgby 4-1400

BENJAMIN, HILL & CO.

MEMBERS OF THE NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE

39 BROADWAY

MAY 3 1933

WE HAVE THIS DAY **BOUGHT** FOR YOUR ACCOUNT AND RISK NEW YORK.

FROM WHOM BOUGHT	QUANTITY	DESCRIPTION	PRICE	AMOUNT	INTEREST	COMMISSION			AMOUNT	CUSTOMER
WARD	100	B E Y	5 3/8	53750		750			54500	D W GRIFFITH

It is agreed that all transactions are subject to the rules and customs of the New York Stock Exchange and its Clearing House; that all securities from time to time carried in any marginal account or deposited to protect the same may be loaned or may be pledged, either separately or together with other securities either for the sum due thereon or for a greater or lesser sum without notice; that when we deem the margin insufficient, transactions may be closed without demand for margin or notice of time and place of sale.

BENJAMIN, HILL & CO.

Per.....

TELEPHONE DIgby 4-1400

BENJAMIN, HILL & CO.

MEMBERS OF THE NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE

39 BROADWAY

WE HAVE THIS DAY **BOUGHT** FOR YOUR ACCOUNT AND RISK NEW YORK. MAY 3 1933

FROM WHOM BOUGHT	QUANTITY	DESCRIPTION	PRICE	AMOUNT	INTEREST	COMMISSION			AMOUNT	CUSTOMER
GAMMACK	100	B E Y	5 3/8	53750		750			54500	D W GRIFFITH

It is agreed that all transactions are subject to the rules and customs of the New York Stock Exchange and its Clearing House; that all securities from time to time carried in any marginal account or deposited to protect the same may be loaned or may be pledged, either separately or together with other securities either for the sum due thereon or for a greater or lesser sum without notice; that when we deem the margin insufficient, transactions may be closed without demand for margin or notice of time and place of sale.

BENJAMIN, HILL & CO.

Per.....

TELEPHONE DIGBY 4-1400

BENJAMIN, HILL & CO.

MEMBERS OF THE NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE

39 BROADWAY

MAY 19 1933

WE HAVE THIS DAY **SOLD** FOR YOUR ACCOUNT AND RISK — NEW YORK.

BROKER	NO.	TO WHOM SOLD	QUANTITY	DESCRIPTION	PRICE	AMOUNT	INTEREST	COMMISSION	FEDERAL TAX	STATE TAX	AMOUNT	CUSTOMER
BRY	169	WARD	200	B E Y	9	180000		1500	80	80	178340	D W GRIFFITH-UPT

It is agreed that all transactions are subject to the rules and customs of the New York Stock Exchange and its Clearing House; that all securities from time to time carried in any marginal account or deposited to protect the same may be loaned or may be pledged, either separately or together with other securities either for the sum due thereon or for a greater or lesser sum without notice; that when we deem the margin insufficient, transactions may be closed without demand for margin or notice of time and place of sale.

BENJAMIN, HILL & CO.

Per.....

TELEPHONE DIGBY 4-1400

BENJAMIN, HILL & CO.

MEMBERS OF THE NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE

39 BROADWAY

JUN 7 1933

WE HAVE THIS DAY **SOLD** FOR YOUR ACCOUNT AND RISK — NEW YORK.

BROKER	NO.	TO WHOM SOLD	QUANTITY	DESCRIPTION	PRICE	AMOUNT	INTEREST	COMMISSION	FED. TAX	STATE TAX	AMOUNT	CUSTOMER
	64	DE COPPET	25	U V	45	112500		375	65	100	111960	D W GRIFFITH-UPT

It is agreed that all transactions are subject to the rules and customs of the New York Stock Exchange and its Clearing House; that all securities from time to time carried in any marginal account or deposited to protect the same may be loaned or may be pledged, either separately or together with other securities either for the sum due thereon or for a greater or lesser sum without notice; that when we deem the margin insufficient, transactions may be closed without demand for margin or notice of time and place of sale.

BENJAMIN, HILL & CO.

Per.....

TELEPHONE DIGBY 4-1400

BENJAMIN, HILL & CO.

MEMBERS OF THE NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE

39 BROADWAY

WE HAVE THIS DAY **SOLD** FOR YOUR ACCOUNT AND RISK

NEW YORK. JUL 12 1933

BROKER	NO.	TO WHOM SOLD	QUANTITY	DESCRIPTION	PRICE	AMOUNT	INTEREST	COMMISSION	FEDERAL TAX	STATE TAX	AMOUNT	CUSTOMER
BARRET	273	PIERCE	100	N C M	7	70000		750	4	300	68946	D W GRIFFITH-UPT

It is agreed that all transactions are subject to the rules and customs of the New York Stock Exchange and its Clearing House; that all securities from time to time carried in any marginal account or deposited to protect the same may be loaned or may be pledged, either separately or together with other securities either for the sum due thereon or for a greater or lesser sum without notice; that when we deem the margin insufficient, transactions may be closed without demand for margin or notice of time and place of sale.

BENJAMIN, HILL & CO.

Per.....

TELEPHONE DIGBY 4-1400

BENJAMIN, HILL & CO.

MEMBERS OF THE NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE

39 BROADWAY

WE HAVE THIS DAY **SOLD** FOR YOUR ACCOUNT AND RISK

NEW YORK. JUL 13 1933

BROKER	NO.	TO WHOM SOLD	QUANTITY	DESCRIPTION	PRICE	AMOUNT	INTEREST	COMMISSION	FEDERAL TAX	STATE TAX	AMOUNT	CUSTOMER
BARRET	75	HERZFELD	100	N C M	7	70000		750	4	300	68946	D W GRIFFITH-UPT

It is agreed that all transactions are subject to the rules and customs of the New York Stock Exchange and its Clearing House; that all securities from time to time carried in any marginal account or deposited to protect the same may be loaned or may be pledged, either separately or together with other securities either for the sum due thereon or for a greater or lesser sum without notice; that when we deem the margin insufficient, transactions may be closed without demand for margin or notice of time and place of sale.

BENJAMIN, HILL & CO.

Per.....

TELEPHONE DIGBY 4-1400

BENJAMIN, HILL & CO.

MEMBERS OF THE NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE

39 BROADWAY

JUL 13 1933

WE HAVE THIS DAY **SOLD** FOR YOUR ACCOUNT AND RISK — NEW YORK.

BROKER	NO.	TO WHOM SOLD	QUANTITY	DESCRIPTION	PRICE	AMOUNT	INTEREST	COMMISSION	FEDERAL TAX	STATE TAX	AMOUNT	CUSTOMER
BARRET	74	MOSS	100	N C M	7	700 00		750	4	300	689 46	D W GRIFFITH-UPT

It is agreed that all transactions are subject to the rules and customs of the New York Stock Exchange and its Clearing House; that all securities from time to time carried in any marginal account or deposited to protect the same may be loaned or may be pledged, either separately or together with other securities either for the sum due thereon or for a greater or lesser sum without notice; that when we deem the margin insufficient, transactions may be closed without demand for margin or notice of time and place of sale.

BENJAMIN, HILL & CO.

Per.....

TELEPHONE DIGBY 4-1400

BENJAMIN, HILL & CO.

MEMBERS OF THE NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE

39 BROADWAY

JUL 13 1933

WE HAVE THIS DAY **SOLD** FOR YOUR ACCOUNT AND RISK — NEW YORK.

BROKER	NO.	TO WHOM SOLD	QUANTITY	DESCRIPTION	PRICE	AMOUNT	INTEREST	COMMISSION	FEDERAL TAX	STATE TAX	AMOUNT	CUSTOMER
BARRET	73	HORNBLOWER	100	N C M	7	700 00		750	4	300	689 46	D W GRIFFITH-UPT

It is agreed that all transactions are subject to the rules and customs of the New York Stock Exchange and its Clearing House; that all securities from time to time carried in any marginal account or deposited to protect the same may be loaned or may be pledged, either separately or together with other securities either for the sum due thereon or for a greater or lesser sum without notice; that when we deem the margin insufficient, transactions may be closed without demand for margin or notice of time and place of sale.

BENJAMIN, HILL & CO.

Per.....

TELEPHONE DIGBY 4-1400

BENJAMIN, HILL & CO.

MEMBERS OF THE NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE

39 BROADWAY

JUL 13 1933

WE HAVE THIS DAY **SOLD** FOR YOUR ACCOUNT AND RISK NEW YORK.

BROKER	NO.	TO WHOM SOLD	QUANTITY	DESCRIPTION	PRICE	AMOUNT	INTEREST	COMMISSION	FEDERAL TAX	STATE TAX	AMOUNT	CUSTOMER
BARRET	72	JACKSON C	100	N C M	7	70000		750	4	300	68946	D W GRIFFITH-UPT

It is agreed that all transactions are subject to the rules and customs of the New York Stock Exchange and its Clearing House; that all securities from time to time carried in any marginal account or deposited to protect the same may be loaned or may be pledged, either separately or together with other securities either for the sum due thereon or for a greater or lesser sum without notice; that when we deem the margin insufficient, transactions may be closed without demand for margin or notice of time and place of sale.

BENJAMIN, HILL & CO.

Per.....

TELEPHONE DIGBY 4-1400

BENJAMIN, HILL & CO.

MEMBERS OF THE NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE

39 BROADWAY

JUL 13 1933

WE HAVE THIS DAY **SOLD** FOR YOUR ACCOUNT AND RISK NEW YORK.

BROKER	NO.	TO WHOM SOLD	QUANTITY	DESCRIPTION	PRICE	AMOUNT	INTEREST	COMMISSION	FEDERAL TAX	STATE TAX	AMOUNT	CUSTOMER
	54	C J DEVINE & CO	1 M	U S TREAS 3 1/4-1937 SEPT	102 14/32	102438	1069	100			103407	D W GRIFFITH-UPT

It is agreed that all transactions are subject to the rules and customs of the New York Stock Exchange and its Clearing House; that all securities from time to time carried in any marginal account or deposited to protect the same may be loaned or may be pledged, either separately or together with other securities either for the sum due thereon or for a greater or lesser sum without notice; that when we deem the margin insufficient, transactions may be closed without demand for margin or notice of time and place of sale.

BENJAMIN, HILL & CO.

Per.....

TELEPHONE DIGBY 4-1400

BENJAMIN, HILL & CO.

MEMBERS OF THE NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE

39 BROADWAY

WE HAVE THIS DAY **BOUGHT** FOR YOUR ACCOUNT AND RISK

NEW YORK. JUL 14 1933

BROKER	NO.	FROM WHOM BOUGHT	QUANTITY	DESCRIPTION	PRICE	AMOUNT	INTEREST	COMMISSION			AMOUNT	CUSTOMER
												JUL 14 1933
CAREY	4	SUTRO	100	E K	88 3/8	8837 50		20 00			8857 50	D W GRIFFITH UPT

It is agreed that all transactions are subject to the rules and customs of the New York Stock Exchange and its Clearing House; that all securities from time to time carried in any marginal account or deposited to protect the same may be loaned or may be pledged, either separately or together with other securities either for the sum due thereon or for a greater or lesser sum without notice; that when we deem the margin insufficient, transactions may be closed without demand for margin or notice of time and place of sale.

BENJAMIN, HILL & CO.

Per.....

D. W. GRIFFITH COLLECTION
MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY

TELEPHONE DIGBY 4-1400

BENJAMIN, HILL & CO.

MEMBERS OF THE NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE

39 BROADWAY

WE HAVE THIS DAY **BOUGHT** FOR YOUR ACCOUNT AND RISK

NEW YORK. JUL 17 1933

FROM WHOM BOUGHT	QUANTITY	DESCRIPTION	PRICE	AMOUNT	INTEREST	COMMISSION			AMOUNT	CUSTOMER
LAIDLAW & CO	100	L N V	1	10000		500			10500	D W GRIFFITH UPT

It is agreed that all transactions are subject to the rules and customs of the New York Stock Exchange and its Clearing House; that all securities from time to time carried in any marginal account or deposited to protect the same may be loaned or may be pledged, either separately or together with other securities either for the sum due thereon or for a greater or lesser sum without notice; that when we deem the margin insufficient, transactions may be closed without demand for margin or notice of time and place of sale.

BENJAMIN, HILL & CO.

Per.....

D. W. GRIFFITH COLLECTION
MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY

TELEPHONE DIGBY 4-1400

BENJAMIN, HILL & CO.

MEMBERS OF THE NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE

39 BROADWAY

WE HAVE THIS DAY **BOUGHT** FOR YOUR ACCOUNT AND RISK

NEW YORK. JUL 17 1933

FROM WHOM BOUGHT	QUANTITY	DESCRIPTION	PRICE	AMOUNT	INTEREST	COMMISSION			AMOUNT	CUSTOMER
LIVINGSTON & CO	100	L N V	1	100 00		5 00			105 00	D W GRIFFITH UPT

It is agreed that all transactions are subject to the rules and customs of the New York Stock Exchange and its Clearing House; that all securities from time to time carried in any marginal account or deposited to protect the same may be loaned or may be pledged, either separately or together with other securities either for the sum due thereon or for a greater or lesser sum without notice; that when we deem the margin insufficient, transactions may be closed without demand for margin or notice of time and place of sale.

BENJAMIN, HILL & CO.

Per.....

D. W. GRIFFITH COLLECTION
MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY

TELEPHONE DIGBY 4-1400

BENJAMIN, HILL & CO.

MEMBERS OF THE NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE

39 BROADWAY

WE HAVE THIS DAY **BOUGHT** FOR YOUR ACCOUNT AND RISK

NEW YORK. JUL 17 1933

BROKER	NO.	FROM WHOM BOUGHT	QUANTITY	DESCRIPTION	PRICE	AMOUNT	INTEREST	COMMISSION			AMOUNT	CUSTOMER
WYLE	323	WARD	100	BEY CV PR	16 3/4	1675 00		12 50			1687 50	D W GRIFFITH UPT

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BENJAMIN, HILL & CO.

MEMBERS OF THE NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE

39 BROADWAY

WE HAVE THIS DAY **SOLD** FOR YOUR ACCOUNT AND RISK

NEW YORK. JUL 21 1933

BROKER	NO.	TO WHOM SOLD	QUANTITY	DESCRIPTION	PRICE	AMOUNT	INTEREST	COMMISSION	FEDERAL TAX	STATE TAX	AMOUNT	CUSTOMER
	205	DE COPPET	50	E K	66 3/8	331875		875	250	200	330550	D W GRIFFITH UPT

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MEMBERS OF THE NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE

39 BROADWAY

WE HAVE THIS DAY **SOLD** FOR YOUR ACCOUNT AND RISK

NEW YORK. AUG 1 1933

BROKER	NO.	TO WHOM SOLD	QUANTITY	DESCRIPTION	PRICE	AMOUNT	INTEREST	COMMISSION	FEDERAL TAX	STATE TAX	AMOUNT	CUSTOMER
BRY	52	HAYDEN	100	M	20	200000		1250	500	400	197850	D W GRIFFITH UPT

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MEMBERS OF THE NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE

39 BROADWAY

SEP 29 1933

WE HAVE THIS DAY **SOLD** FOR YOUR ACCOUNT AND RISK — NEW YORK.

BROKER	NO.	TO WHOM SOLD	QUANTITY		DESCRIPTION	PRICE	AMOUNT	INTEREST	COMMISSION	FEDERAL TAX	STATE TAX	AMOUNT	CUSTOMER
	54	DE COPPET	25	M		20 1/2	51250		313	125	100	50712	D W GRIFFITH-UPT

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TELEPHONE DIGBY 4-1400

BENJAMIN, HILL & CO.

MEMBERS OF THE NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE

39 BROADWAY

OCT 3 1933

WE HAVE THIS DAY **SOLD** FOR YOUR ACCOUNT AND RISK — NEW YORK.

BROKER	NO.	TO WHOM SOLD	QUANTITY		DESCRIPTION	PRICE	AMOUNT	INTEREST	COMMISSION	FEDERAL TAX	STATE TAX	AMOUNT	CUSTOMER
	51	C J DEVINE & CO	1	M	U S TREASURY 3 1/4-37 M&S 15	102 20/32	102625	180	100			102705	D W GRIFFITH-UPT

It is agreed that all transactions are subject to the rules and customs of the New York Stock Exchange and its Clearing House; that all securities from time to time carried in any marginal account or deposited to protect the same may be loaned or may be pledged, either separately or together with other securities either for the sum due thereon or for a greater or lesser sum without notice; that when we deem the margin insufficient, transactions may be closed without demand for margin or notice of time and place of sale.

BENJAMIN, HILL & CO.

Per.....

TELEPHONE DIgby 4-1400

BENJAMIN, HILL & CO.

MEMBERS OF THE NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE

39 BROADWAY

OCT 17 1933

WE HAVE THIS DAY **SOLD** FOR YOUR ACCOUNT AND RISK NEW YORK._____

TO WHOM SOLD	QUANTITY	DESCRIPTION	PRICE	AMOUNT	INTEREST	COMMISSION	FEDERAL TAX	STATE TAX	AMOUNT	CUSTOMER
WARD	100	BEY CV PR	7 3/4	77500		750	20	300	76430	DAVID W GRIFFITH-UPT

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BENJAMIN, HILL & CO.

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BENJAMIN, HILL & CO.

MEMBERS OF THE NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE

39 BROADWAY

OCT 17 1933

WE HAVE THIS DAY **SOLD** FOR YOUR ACCOUNT AND RISK NEW YORK._____

TO WHOM SOLD	QUANTITY	DESCRIPTION	PRICE	AMOUNT	INTEREST	COMMISSION	FEDERAL TAX	STATE TAX	AMOUNT	CUSTOMER
DE COPPET	50	C	11 7/8	59375		625	100	150	58500	DAVID W GRIFFITH-UPT

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39 BROADWAY

WE HAVE THIS DAY **SOLD** FOR YOUR ACCOUNT AND RISK

NEW YORK. OCT 17 1933

TO WHOM SOLD	QUANTITY	DESCRIPTION	PRICE	AMOUNT	INTEREST	COMMISSION	FEDERAL TAX	STATE TAX	AMOUNT	CUSTOMER
WARD	100	N C M	41 1/8	41250		750	4	300	40196	DAVID W GRIFFITH-UPT

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BENJAMIN, HILL & CO.

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BENJAMIN, HILL & CO.

MEMBERS OF THE NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE

39 BROADWAY

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NEW YORK. OCT 17 1933

TO WHOM SOLD	QUANTITY	DESCRIPTION	PRICE	AMOUNT	INTEREST	COMMISSION	FEDERAL TAX	STATE TAX	AMOUNT	CUSTOMER
TUCKER A & CO	200	L N V	3/8	7500		400	200	600	6300	DAVID W GRIFFITH-UPT

It is agreed that all transactions are subject to the rules and customs of the New York Stock Exchange and its Clearing House; that all securities from time to time carried in any marginal account or deposited to protect the same may be loaned or may be pledged, either separately or together with other securities either for the sum due thereon or for a greater or lesser sum without notice; that when margins are near exhaustion, transactions may be closed without demand for margin or notice of time and place of sale.

BENJAMIN, HILL & CO.

Per.....

TELEPHONE DIGBY 4-1400

BENJAMIN, HILL & CO.

MEMBERS OF THE NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE

39 BROADWAY

WE HAVE THIS DAY **SOLD** FOR YOUR ACCOUNT AND RISK

NEW YORK. NOV 27 1933

TO WHOM SOLD	QUANTITY	DESCRIPTION	PRICE	AMOUNT	INTEREST	COMMISSION	FEDERAL TAX	STATE TAX	AMOUNT	CUSTOMER
C J DEVINE & CO	2M	U S TREASURY 3 1/4-37 M&S 15	100 12/32	200750	1329	125			201954	D W GRIFFITH-UPT

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BENJAMIN, HILL & CO.

Per.....

FORM 165 E. & O. E.

WE STRONGLY URGE YOU TO RETAIN THIS STATEMENT FOR YOUR USE IN CONNECTION WITH INCOME TAX REQUIREMENTS.
WE CANNOT AGAIN SUPPLY YOU WITH THIS ACCOUNT WITHOUT MUCH DIFFICULTY AND DELAY.

In account with

BENJAMIN, HILL & CO.

39 Broadway, New York

NOTICE: It is understood and agreed that all securities carried for your account or deposited to secure the same, may be carried in our general loans and may be bought or sold at public or private sale without notice, when such sale or purchase is deemed necessary by us for our protection, that we may settle contracts for the purchase or sale of securities in accordance with the rules and customs of the New York Stock Exchange and all statements of accounts current as rendered you from time to time are acknowledged by you to be correct, unless written notice is given us within ten days after their receipt, or any exceptions thereto.

Dr. W. W. Griffith Cr.

DATE 1933		✓	PRICE	AMOUNT	DAYS	INTEREST
Apr 25	100 CX		5 1/4	5 26 7 50		
	25 WW		47 1/4	1 18 5 25		
	100 AC		73 3/4	7 3 49 50	5	11 62
				13 95 01		
30	INTEREST @ 5%			6 56		
				13 95 01		
Apr 30	BALANCE			9 45 01		
	100 Continental Can					
	25 Nw Port					
	100 Amer Can					

DATE 1933		✓	PRICE	AMOUNT	DAYS	INTEREST
Apr 25	Check	a		4 500 -	5	3 75
30	BALANCE			9 45 01	Bal.	787
				13 95 01		11 62

FORM 165 E. & O. E.

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Dr. D. W. Griffith Cr.

DATE 1933			✓	PRICE	AMOUNT	DAYS	INTEREST
May 4	75	U S		38	9768 0		
	3	Treasury 3¼-56-46		107 11/32	3087 50		
	100	BEY	✓	5 3/8	545 -		
	100	BEY	✓	5 3/8	545 -	27, 23	70
					5154 30		
	31	INTEREST @ 5			51 54 67/93		
	31	BALANCE			878 43		
					6 033 40		
May 31	75	U S		Exp			
	3	Treas 3¼-56-46					

DATE 1933			✓	PRICE	AMOUNT	DAYS	INTEREST
May 3		Check	"		4700 -	28	1960
16		Div 100 CH	"		50 -	15	17
	22	700 BEY	✓	9	6 783 40 / 033 40	9	197. 267 2239.
						Bal.	81
					6 033 40		23 70
May 31		BALANCE			878 43		

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Dr. D W Griffith Cr.

1933 DATE			✓	PRICE	AMOUNT	DAYS	INTEREST
May 31	25	U V	✓	Long	—		
	3m	Treas 3¾ 46-56	✓				
June 1r	600	NCM		6½	3945-	18	11 83
1r	9	CK	n		1 775 25	1	20 / 1203
	30a	M N S			5 173 r95 r20		
		BALANCE			14		
					5 173 34		
June 30	600	NCM		Long	—		

1933 DATE			✓	PRICE	AMOUNT	DAYS	INTEREST
May 31		BALANCE			5 173 43	30	4 39
June 8	r5	U V	✓	45	1 119 60	rr	4 10
30	3m	Treas 3¾-46-56	✓	104 26/32r	1 998 03		8 49 r
					3 175 31		
					5 173 34		
						Bal	3 54
					5 173 34		1203
June 30		BALANCE			14		

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Dr. H W Griffith Cr.

1933 DATE			✓	PRICE	AMOUNT	DAYS	INTEREST
June 30	600	N C M	10	Long			
July 14	1M	Treasury 3¼ 3r-37	✓	Rec	—		
		C K	4		1034 07	17	.v93
17	100	E K	50	88 3/8	8857 50	14	.v05v
18	100	L N S	✓	1	105		
	100	"	100	1	105		
	100	Bey & Pe		16 3/4	1687 50	13	.410
19	100	M	✓	v8	v815		
	100	"	175	v8	v815		
	50	C		v1 3/8	1078 v5	14	.134v
	1M	U S Treas 3¼ 3r-37		Rec	—		
24	1M	Treasury 3¼-37		"	—		
31		INTEREST @ 5			20 26		
					18 5 17 58		
July 31		BALANCE			10 195 3v		
	50	E K					
	v00	L N S					
	100	Bey & Pn					
	175 M	M					
	1M	Treas 3¼-3r-37					
	1M	Treas 3¼-37.					
	100	N & M					
	50	C					

1933 DATE			✓	PRICE	AMOUNT	DAYS	INTEREST
June 30		BALANCE			14 —		—
July 13	100	N C M	✓	7	689 46	18	.v06
14	1M	Treas 3¼-37	✓	10v 14/32v	1034 07		
	100	N C M	✓	7	689 46		
	100	N C M	✓	7	689 46		
	100	N C M	✓	7	689 46		
	100	N C M	✓	7	689 46		
	100	N C M	✓	7	689 46	17	.1074
24	50	E K	✓	66 3/8	4 4 8 1 51 3 3 0 5 50	7	.1v80 M .385
31	75	M	✓	21 5/8	7 7 8 7 01 5 3 5 v5 8 3v v6		.1625
							Bal v43v
31		BALANCE			10 195 3v		40 97 M
					18 5 17 58		

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Dr. Dr Griffith Cr.

DATE 1933		✓	PRICE	AMOUNT	DAYS	INTEREST
July 31	BALANCE			10 19 3 31		5 46
	100 N C M					
	50 E K	✓				
	200 L N					
	100 Bey & Pa					
	175 M					
	50 C					
	200 Fed 3¼ 2/47					
Aug 31	INTEREST @ 5			10 94		
				10 16 16		
Aug 31	BALANCE			4 49 91		
	100 N & M					
	100 L N					
	100 Bey & Pa					
	75 M					
	50 C					
	200 Fed 3¼ 3/15/49					

DATE		✓	PRICE	AMOUNT	DAYS	INTEREST
Aug	50 E K	✓	75⅛	3 74 1 75		
	100 M	✓	20	1 97 50	29	27 65
				5 70 75		
31	BALANCE			4 49 5 91	Bal	5 01
				10 16 16		5 66

FORM 165 E. & O. E.

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Dr. Dw Griffith : Cr.

DATE 1933		✓	PRICE	AMOUNT	DAYS	INTEREST
Aug 31	BALANCE			4495 91	30	vv 49
	100 NCM					
	200 Lnv					
	100 Bey Co Pr					
	75 M					
	50 C					
	2M Treas 3¼ 32-37					
Sept 30	INTEREST @ 5			18 67		
				4 5 14 58		
Sept 30	BALANCE			4 48v 08		
	100 NbM					
	200 LnV					
	100 BEy or Pr					
	75 M					
	50 b					
	v* Treasury 3¼-3v-37					

DATE		✓	PRICE	AMOUNT	DAYS	INTEREST
Sept 19	6K - Federal Reserve Bk 4c bpm v - Treas. 3¼/37	N		3v 50	11	-07
1						
30	BALANCE			448v 08	Bal	vv40
				4514 58		vv47

FORM 39A E. & O. E.

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Dr. D W Griffith Cr.

DATE		✓	PRICE	AMOUNT	DAYS	INTEREST
SEP 30 1933	BALANCE			4482 08	31	73 16
	100 NCM	✓				
	200 LNV	✓				
	100 Bey Co Pfd	✓				
	75 M	50				
	50 C	✓				
	2M Treas 3¼ 32-37					
Oct 4	bIC			10773 05 / 50 / 9 13	27	4 63 / 27 99
	1M Treas. 3¼-37	✓	Rec			
31	INTEREST @ 5			14 46		
				55735 9		
OCT 31 1933	BALANCE			175 16		
	1M* Treas. 3¼-32-37					
	50 Mont Ward					

DATE		✓	PRICE	AMOUNT	DAYS	INTEREST
OCT 3 1933	75 M	✓	20	507 15	28	36
4	1M Treas. 3¼-37	✓	107 20/32	1073 05 / 15 34 17	27	4 62 / 6 98 ✓
18	200 LNV	✓	3/8	63 —	13	14
19	50 C	✓	11 7/8	585 —		
	100 Bey Co Pfd	✓	7 3/4	764 30		
	100 NCM	✓	4 1/8	401 96 / 3348 43	12	3 50 / 10 64 ✓
		✓				Bal 1735
						7997
				55735 9		

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Dr. D W Griffith

Cr.

DATE		✓	PRICE	AMOUNT	DAYS	INTEREST
OCT 31 1933	BALANCE			2,175 16	28.	
	50 M	✓				
	2M Treas 3¼ 32/37	✓				
Nov 28	bkr			91 38		30
	Int @ 5 %			875		11 17
NOV 30 1933	INTEREST @			3096 79		
				3096 79		
NOV 30 1933	BALANCE					

DATE		✓	PRICE	AMOUNT	DAYS	INTEREST
Nov 28	Treas. 3¼-37	✓	100 17/32	1019 54	2.	6 7
29	50 M	✓	21 3/4	1076 75	1	18
				3096 79		85
NOV 30 1933	BALANCE					
					Bal	10 20
				3096 79		1087

ESTABLISHED 1853

REPRESENTED IN PRINCIPAL CITIES AND ABROAD

CABLE ADDRESS, RATHSON, N.Y.

TELEPHONE, JOHN 4-4940

ROBERT C. RATHBONE
COUNSEL

R.C.RATHBONE & SON
INCORPORATED
INSURANCE BROKERS
80 MAIDEN LANE
NEW YORK

DIRECTORS
FREDERICK S. LITTLE
CLARENCE H. BROWN
CHARLES C. HUNT
EDWARD S. BROCKIE
JAMES M. FORD
CLARENCE J. GOODMAN
HARRY J. BRADY

April 22nd, 1933

Mr. David W. Griffith,
Park Central Hotel,
New York City

Dear Mr. Griffith:-

In accordance with instructions given by your representative to Mr. Shoemaker, we have bound for one year from April 21st, 1933, insurance to protect your interests in connection with the operation of the Mercedes Benz car as follows:

$3000.	Fire and theft.
	Collision damage sustained in excess of the first $50 of each collision loss.
$5000.	Legal or alleged liability for damage to the property of others, including claims made against you for loss of use of the damaged property.
50/100,000.	Legal or alleged liability for personal injuries.
	Chauffeur compensation.

This insurance is in effect in accordance with the above and the policies we will try and have in your hands by Tuesday, April 25th. Your check for $360.46 was received.

You understand that because of the decision of the Insurance Company to write only $3000 fire theft coverage on the car instead of $5000 as originally planned, there will be a small refund. When the receipted policies are forwarded to you, we will make necessary adjustment in this refund.

We thank you for the order and for the pleasure of being of service to you.

Very truly yours,

R. C. RATHBONE & SON INC.

By

JGD/MC

No. A 68856

AUTOMOBILE POLICY

Stock Company

THE BRITISH AMERICA ASSURANCE COMPANY

INCORPORATED BY ACT OF PARLIAMENT 1833

TORONTO, CANADA

In Consideration of the Premium Hereinafter Mentioned, Does Insure

A The Assured named herein, for the term herein specified, to an amount not exceeding the actual cash value of the property at the time any loss or damage occurs, nor, in any event, the limits of liability, if any, herein specified, against direct loss or damage from the perils specifically insured against herein to the automobile herein described and the equipment usually attached thereto, only while within the limits of the United States (exclusive of Alaska, the Hawaiian, Philippine and Virgin Islands and Porto Rico) and Canada, including while on coastwise steamer between ports within said limits.

B

NAME OF ASSURED DAVID W. GRIFFITH

ADDRESS OF ASSURED PARK (NO.) CENTRAL HOTEL (STREET), NEW YORK CITY (CITY) (COUNTY) (STATE)

Subject to all the provisions, exclusions, conditions and warranties contained in this policy, loss, if any, payable, as interest may appear, to Assured and

Address

TERM OF POLICY: From APRIL 21ST 1933 noon To APRIL 21ST 1934 noon, Standard Time at place policy is issued.

C This insurance is against only such and so many of the Perils named in the Schedule below as are indicated by a specific premium in writing set opposite thereto. The limit of this Company's liability against each of such Perils shall be as stated in the General Conditions of this policy, not exceeding, however, the limits stated in said Schedule.

PERILS	LIMIT OF LIABILITY	RATES	PREMIUMS
1. FIRE, LIGHTNING AND TRANSPORTATION, as defined in Paragraph F, page 2.	$ 3000.	.468	$ 14.04
2. THEFT, ROBBERY AND PILFERAGE, as defined in Paragraph G, page 2. BROAD Form (Insert "Broad," "$25.00 Deductible" or "$50.00 Deductible")	$ 3000.	.298 +6.38	$ 15.32
3. TORNADO, CYCLONE, WINDSTORM, HAIL, EARTHQUAKE, EXPLOSION AND WATER DAMAGE, as defined in Paragraph H, page 2.	$	NOT COVERED	$
4. COLLISION OR UPSET, as defined in Paragraph J, page 2.	Actual Cash Value In excess of $ 50. DEDUCTIBLE (Deductible)		$ 137.70
5. PROPERTY DAMAGE, as defined in Paragraph K, page 2.	$5,000.	NOT COVERED	
6. BREAKAGE OF GLASS, as defined in Paragraph L, page 2.	Value of Glass	NOT COVERED	

TOTAL PREMIUM $ 167.06

D **WARRANTED BY THE ASSURED**

1. Assured's occupation or business is RETIRED (IF MARRIED WOMAN, GIVE HUSBAND'S OCCUPATION OR BUSINESS)
2. Employer's name and address
3. The description of the automobile and the facts respecting its purchase are as follows:

Year Model	Trade Name	Type of Body (Give Truck Tonnage)	Serial Number and Motor Number	No. of Cyls. and Model	Factory List Price	Actual Cost To Assured Including Equipment	Purchased by Assured Month Year New or 2nd Hand
1927-28	MERCEDES BENZ	6 PASS. ALL WEATHER LIMOUSINE	S 35617 M 60348	Cyls. Mdl.		ABOUT $2500.	APRIL 1933-2ND HAND

4. The automobile described is and will be used for the following purposes only: BUSINESS & PLEASURE
5. The automobile described is usually kept in PUBLIC OR PRIVATE (STATE WHETHER PRIVATE OR PUBLIC) garage, located (NO.) (STREET) NEW YORK CITY (CITY) (COUNTY) (STATE)
6. The automobile described is fully paid for by the Assured and there is no Lien, Mortgage or other Encumbrance thereon, except as follows: NO EXCEPTIONS (GIVE PARTICULARS)

If purchased on a deferred payment plan, the amount unpaid is $_____, represented by _____ Notes of $_____ each. Due date of Final Note is _____ 19____.

E This policy is made and accepted subject to the provisions, exclusions, conditions and warranties set forth herein or endorsed hereon, and upon acceptance of this policy the Assured agrees that its terms embody all agreements then existing between himself and this Company or any of its agents relating to the insurance described herein, and no officer, agent or other representative of this Company shall have power to waive any of the terms of this policy unless such waiver be written upon or attached hereto; nor shall any privilege or permission affecting the insurance under this policy exist or be claimed by the Assured unless so written or attached. This policy shall be void in event of violation by the Assured of any agreement, condition or warranty contained herein or in any rider now or hereafter attached hereto.

PROVISIONS REQUIRED BY LAW TO BE STATED IN THIS POLICY.—This Policy is in a stock corporation.

In Witness Whereof, this Company has executed and attested these presents; but this policy shall not be valid unless countersigned by the duly authorized Agent of the Company at NEW YORK CITY, NY

H. Huntington Secretary.

E. A. Brownell President.

Countersigned at NEW YORK CITY, NY

this 24TH day of APRIL 19 33

Agent

For CRUM & FORSTER, Managers

SPACE FOR ENDORSEMENTS

THIS FORM ATTACHED TO AND MADE PART OF THE POLICY OR CONTRACT NO. 7 FOR 00

Automobile Department

ENDORSEMENT

In consideration of the premium at which this policy is written, it is understood and agreed that in the event of a total loss only, from any of the perils insured against, the value of the property at the time of such total loss shall be the amount of insurance at the commencement date of this policy less depreciation at the rate of 10 % per YEAR

This insurance is subject to all the provisions, exclusions, conditions, and warranties of the policy to which this endorsement is attached and of which it forms a part, not in conflict with provisions hereof, and shall become void upon cancellation thereof.

Attached to and forming part of Policy No. A 68856 of the **British America Assurance Company of Toronto, Canada.**

Countersigned at NEW YORK CITY, NY

this 24TH day of APRIL 19 33

Agent.
For CRUM & FORSTER, Managers

FM.14.4.72.N

pilferage exceeds—on automobiles listing F.O.B. Factory at $999 and under, $25.00; and on automobiles listing F.O.B. Factory at $1,000 and over, $50.00; in which event, on automobiles listing F.O.B. Factory at $999 and under, the sum of $25.00 shall be deducted from the amount of determined loss; on automobiles listing F.O.B. Factory at $1,000 and over, the sum of $50.00 shall be deducted from the amount of determined loss.

This policy does not insure against the wrongful conversion, embezzlement or secretion by a mortgagor, vendee, lessee or other person in lawful possession of the insured property under a mortgage, conditional sale, lease or other contract or agreement, whether written or verbal.

H Tornado, Cyclone, Windstorm, Hail, Earthquake, Explosion and Water Damage:

Tornado, Cyclone, Windstorm, Hail, Earthquake, Explosion, Accidental and External Discharge or Leakage of Water, excluding damage caused by Rain, Sleet, Snow, Flood, Rupture of Tires and Explosion within the combustion chamber of an internal combustion engine.

J Collision or Upset:

Accidental Collision or Upset where the damage to the automobile and/or equipment herein described from such collision or upset is in excess of the deduction specified in Paragraph C; each accident shall be deemed a separate claim and the amount of determined loss or damage shall be subject to such deduction; but this insurance shall not cover loss or damage to any tire unless caused in an accidental collision or upset which also causes other loss or damage to the insured automobile.

K Property Damage:

Property Damage insures the Assured's legal liability to other persons for the injury to or destruction of the property of such persons (including resultant loss of use of such property), and in addition thereto the legal expenses incurred by the Assured with the consent of this Company in connection with such injury or destruction, resulting solely and directly from the ownership, maintenance or use of the automobile herein described, including loading and unloading, provided such injury or destruction occurs during the term of this policy, but excluding property of the Assured, or in charge of the Assured or any of his employees, or carried in or upon the automobile described herein.

The insurance provided under the Property Damage coverage of this policy is so extended as to be available, in the same manner and under the same conditions as it is available to the named Assured, to any person or persons while riding in or lawfully operating the automobile described herein, and to any person, firm or corporation legally responsible for the operation thereof, provided such use or operation is with the permission of the named Assured, or, if the named Assured is an individual, with the permission of an adult member of the named Assured's household other than a chauffeur or a domestic servant, and provided further, that the indemnity extended to persons other than the named Assured shall not apply if the automobile described herein is used as a Public Automobile or is owned or operated by an Automobile Manufacturer, Dealer, Garage, Repair Shop, or Service Station, unless the laws of the State in which this policy is issued provide to the contrary in which event the requirements of such law are substituted.

The insurance provided under the Property Damage coverage of this policy is extended to conform with the provisions of the Motor Vehicle Financial Responsibility Law of the State or Province in which the insured automobile is registered at the time of the accident and/or in which the insured automobile is operated at the time of the accident, to the extent of coverage and limits of liability required by such law but in no event in excess of the limit of liability stated in this policy.

The Assured or any other person covered by this policy agrees to reimburse this Company for any payment made by this Company on account of claims involving a breach of the terms or conditions of this policy, which payments this Company would not have been obligated to make under the provisions of this policy except for the agreement contained in the foregoing paragraph.

The insolvency or bankruptcy of the Assured shall not release this Company from payment of claim under the Property Damage coverage of this policy and in case execution against the Assured is returned unsatisfied in an action brought by the injured, or his or her personal representative, because of such insolvency or bankruptcy, an action may be maintained by the injured, or his or her personal representative, against this Company under the terms of this policy for the amount of the judgment in the said action not exceeding the limit of insurance for Property Damage stated in Paragraph C.

L Breakage of Glass:

Accidental Breakage of any Glass permanently attached to or forming a part of the structure of the Automobile described herein, except all glass in outside lighting apparatus and outside mirrors. The insurance against Accidental Breakage of Glass is subject to the following special provisions:

If the loss or damage to the glass is covered by other insurance, this Company shall not be liable for any part of such loss or damage, except that if such other insurance provides that a specific amount shall be deducted from each loss, this Company shall be liable to an amount not exceeding the amount deductible in such other insurance.

M

GENERAL CONDITIONS

AUTOMOBILE DEFINED—TWO OR MORE AUTOMOBILES — Wherever in this policy the word "automobile" is used, it shall be held to mean any type of motor vehicle or trailer as described herein; and when two or more automobiles are insured hereunder, the conditions of this policy apply separately to each.

Unless otherwise provided by agreement in writing added hereto, this Company shall not be liable for loss or damage

PROPERTY EXCLUDED — (a) To robes, wearing apparel, personal effects, or extra bodies (except that this exclusion does not apply to Property Damage coverage); or

WAR, RIOT, ETC. — (b) Caused directly or indirectly by invasion, insurrection, riot, civil war or commotion, military, naval or usurped power, or by order of any civil authority; or

LIMITATION OF USE — (c) While the automobile described herein is used as a public or livery conveyance for carrying passengers for compensation; or while rented under contract or leased; or operated in any race or speed contest; or while used in any illicit or prohibited trade or transportation; or,

AGE LIMIT OF DRIVER — (d) In connection with the perils of Collision or Upset, Property Damage and Breakage of Glass only, while the automobile described herein is being operated by any person under the age limit fixed by law, or, in any event, under the age of fourteen years.

LIMITATION OF LIABILITY AND METHOD OF DETERMINING SAME — This Company's liability for loss or damage to the automobile described herein shall not exceed the actual cash value thereof at the time any loss or damage occurs, and the loss or damage shall be ascertained or estimated accordingly, with proper deduction for depreciation however caused, and without compensation for loss of use, and shall in no event exceed the limit of liability, if any, stated in Paragraph C, nor what it would then cost to repair or re-

(a) Fire, arising from any cause whatsoever; and Lightning;

(b) The Stranding, Sinking, Burning, Collision or Derailment of any conveyance in or upon which the automobile is being transported on land or water, including general average and salvage charges for which the Assured is legally liable.

G Theft, Robbery and Pilferage (BROAD FORM):

Theft, Robbery and Pilferage, excepting by any person or persons in the Assured's household or in the Assured's service or employment, whether the theft, robbery or pilferage occurs during the hours of such service or employment or not, and excepting by any person, or agent thereof, or by the agent of any firm or corporation to which person, firm or corporation the Assured, or any one acting under express or implied authority of the Assured, voluntarily parts with title and/or possession, whether or not induced so to do by any fraudulent scheme, trick, device or false pretense; and excepting in any case, other than the theft of the entire automobile described herein, the theft, robbery or pilferage of tools or repair equipment.

This policy does not insure against the wrongful conversion, embezzlement or secretion by a mortgagor, vendee, lessee or other person in lawful possession of the insured property under a mortgage, conditional sale, lease or other contract or agreement, whether written or verbal.

Theft, Robbery and Pilferage (DEDUCTIBLE PILFERAGE CLAUSE):

Theft, Robbery and Pilferage, excepting by any person or persons in the Assured's household or in the Assured's service or employment, whether the theft, robbery or pilferage occurs during the hours of such service or employment or not, and excepting by any person, or agent thereof, or by the Agent of any firm or corporation to which person, firm or corporation the Assured, or any one acting under express or implied authority of the Assured, voluntarily parts with title and/or possession, whether or not induced so to do by any fraudulent scheme, trick, device or false pretense; and excepting in any case, other than the theft of the entire automobile described herein, the theft, robbery or pilferage of any property insured hereunder unless the amount of the loss or damage thereto by one theft, robbery or pilferage exceeds—on automobiles listing F.O.B. Factory at $999 and under, $25.00; and on automobiles listing F.O.B. Factory at $1,000 and over, $50.00; in which event, on automobiles listing F.O.B. Factory at $999 and under, the sum of $25.00 shall be deducted from the amount of determined loss; on automobiles listing F.O.B. Factory at $1,000 and over, the sum of $50.00 shall be deducted from the amount of determined loss.

This policy does not insure against the wrongful conversion, embezzlement or secretion by a mortgagor, vendee, lessee or other person in lawful possession of the insured property under a mortgage, conditional sale, lease or other contract or agreement, whether written or verbal.

H Tornado, Cyclone, Windstorm, Hail, Earthquake, Explosion and Water Damage:

Tornado, Cyclone, Windstorm, Hail, Earthquake, Explosion, Accidental and External Discharge or Leakage of Water, excluding damage caused by Rain, Sleet, Snow, Flood, Rupture of Tires and Explosion within the combustion chamber of an internal combustion engine.

J Collision or Upset:

Accidental Collision or Upset where the damage to the automobile and/or equipment herein described from such collision or upset is in excess of the deduction specified in Paragraph C; each accident shall be deemed a separate claim and the amount of determined loss or damage shall be subject to such deduction; but this insurance shall not cover loss or damage to any tire unless caused in an accidental collision or upset which also causes other loss or damage to the insured automobile.

K Property Damage:

Property Damage insures the Assured's legal liability to other persons for the injury to or destruction of the property of such persons (including resultant loss of use of such property), and in addition thereto the legal expenses incurred by the Assured with the consent of this Company in connection with such injury or destruction, resulting solely and directly from the ownership, maintenance or use of the automobile herein described, including loading and unloading, provided such injury or destruction occurs during the term of this policy, but excluding property of the Assured, or in charge of the Assured or any of his employees, or carried in or upon the automobile described herein.

The insurance provided under the Property Damage coverage of this policy is so extended as to be available, in the same manner and under the same conditions as it is available to the named Assured, to any person or persons while riding in or lawfully operating the automobile described herein, and to any person, firm or corporation legally responsible for the operation thereof, provided such use or operation is with the permission of the named Assured, or, if the named Assured is an individual, with the permission of an adult member of the named Assured's household other than a chauffeur or a domestic servant, and provided further, that the indemnity extended to persons other than the named Assured shall not apply if the automobile described herein is used as a Public Automobile or is owned or operated by an Automobile Manufacturer, Dealer, Garage, Repair Shop, or Service Station, unless the laws of the State in which this policy is issued provide to the contrary in which event the requirements of such law are substituted.

The insurance provided under the Property Damage coverage of this policy is extended to conform with the provisions of the Motor Vehicle Financial Responsibility Law of the State or Province in which the insured automobile is registered at the time of the accident and/or in which the insured automobile is operated at the time of the accident, to the extent of coverage and limits of liability required by such law but in no event in excess of the limit of liability stated in this policy.

The Assured or any other person covered by this policy agrees to reimburse this Company for any payment made by this Company on account of claims involving a breach of the terms or conditions of this policy, which payments this Company would not have been obligated to make under the provisions of this policy except for the agreement contained in the foregoing paragraph.

The insolvency or bankruptcy of the Assured shall not release this Company from payment of claim under the Property Damage coverage of this policy and in case execution against the Assured is returned unsatisfied in an action brought by the injured, or his or her personal representative, because of such insolvency or bankruptcy, an action may be maintained by the injured, or his or her personal representative, against this Company under the terms of this policy for the amount of the judgment in the said action not exceeding the limit of insurance for Property Damage stated in Paragraph C.

L Breakage of Glass:

Accidental Breakage of any Glass permanently attached to or forming a part of the structure of the Automobile described herein, except all glass in outside lighting apparatus and outside mirrors. The insurance against Accidental Breakage of Glass is subject to the following special provisions:

If the loss or damage to the glass is covered by other insurance, this Company shall not be liable for any part of such loss or damage, except that if such other insurance provides that a specific amount shall be deducted from each loss, this Company shall be liable to an amount not exceeding the amount deductible in such other insurance.

M GENERAL CONDITIONS

AUTOMOBILE DEFINED—TWO OR MORE AUTOMOBILES Wherever in this policy the word "automobile" is used, it shall be held to mean any type of motor vehicle or trailer as described herein; and when two or more automobiles are insured hereunder, the conditions of this policy apply separately to each.

Unless otherwise provided by agreement in writing added hereto, this Company shall not be liable for loss or damage

PROPERTY EXCLUDED (a) To robes, wearing apparel, personal effects, or extra bodies (except that this exclusion does not apply to Property Damage coverage); or

WAR, RIOT, ETC. (b) Caused directly or indirectly by invasion, insurrection, riot, civil war or commotion, military, naval or usurped power, or by order of any civil authority; or

LIMITATION OF USE (c) While the automobile described herein is used as a public or livery conveyance for carrying passengers for compensation; or while rented under contract or leased; or operated in any race or speed contest; or while used in any illicit or prohibited trade or transportation; or,

AGE LIMIT OF DRIVER (d) In connection with the perils of Collision or Upset, Property Damage and Breakage of Glass only, while the automobile described herein is being operated by any person under the age limit fixed by law, or, in any event, under the age of fourteen years.

LIMITATION OF LIABILITY AND METHOD OF DETERMINING SAME This Company's liability for loss or damage to the automobile described herein shall not exceed the actual cash value thereof at the time any loss or damage occurs, and the loss or damage shall be ascertained or estimated accordingly, with proper deduction for depreciation however caused, and without compensation for loss of use, and shall in no event exceed the limit of liability, if any, stated in Paragraph C, nor what it would then cost to repair or re-

place the automobile or parts thereof with other of like kind and quality; such ascertainment or estimate shall be made by the Assured and this Company, or if they differ, then by appraisal as hereinafter provided.

In the event of loss or damage to the automobile described herein, whether such loss or damage is covered by this policy or not, the liability of this Company shall be reduced by the amount of such loss or damage until repairs have been completed, but shall then attach as originally written without additional premium.

This Company's liability, if any, under the Property Damage Coverage (Paragraph K) shall not exceed the sums which the Assured shall become obligated to pay by reason of the liability imposed upon him by law for damages because of injury to or destruction of the property of others and in no event shall this Company be liable with respect to such claims (including claims for loss of use) arising from one accident for more than the limit of liability stated in Paragraph C plus legal expenses, if any, incurred by the Assured with the consent of this Company.

OTHER INSURANCE No recovery shall be had under this policy if at the time a loss occurs there be any other insurance, whether such other insurance be valid and/or collectible or not, covering such loss, which would attach if this insurance had not been effected.

CANCELLATION This policy shall be cancelled at any time at the request of the Assured, in which case this Company shall, upon demand and surrender of this policy, refund the excess of paid premium above the customary short rate premium for the expired term. This policy may be cancelled at any time by this Company by giving to the Assured five (5) days' written notice of cancellation with or without tender of the excess of paid premium above the pro-rata premium for the expired term, which excess, if not tendered, shall be refunded on demand, but in no event shall this Company be liable beyond the expiration of the said five (5) days. Notice of cancellation shall state that said excess premium, if not tendered, will be refunded on demand. Notice of cancellation mailed to the address of the Assured stated in this policy shall be a sufficient notice. Where a special provision for cancellation and notice of such cancellation is required by statutory enactment in the State where this policy is issued, the conditions of this Cancellation Clause are amended to conform thereto.

LOSS FOR WHICH CARRIER AND/OR BAILEE FOR HIRE IS LIABLE This Company shall not be liable for loss or damage to the automobile described herein while in the possession of a carrier and/or bailee for hire under a contract, stipulation or assignment whereby the benefit of this insurance is sought to be made available to such carrier and/or bailee. Where loss or damage occurs for which a carrier and/or bailee may be liable and which would otherwise be covered hereunder, this Company will advance to the Assured by way of loan the money equivalent of such loss or damage, which loan shall in no circumstances affect the question of this Company's liability hereunder and shall be repaid to the extent of the net amount collected by or for account of the Assured from the carrier and/or bailee after deducting cost and expense of collection.

MISREPRESENTATION AND FRAUD This entire policy shall be void if the Assured has concealed or misrepresented any material fact or circumstance concerning this insurance or the subject thereof; or in case of any fraud, attempted fraud, or false swearing by the Assured touching any matter relating to this insurance or the subject thereof, whether before or after a loss.

LIEN OR ENCUMBRANCE Unless otherwise provided by agreement in writing added hereto, and except as to any lien, mortgage, or other encumbrance specifically set forth and described in Paragraph D of this policy, this Company shall not be liable for loss or damage to any property insured hereunder while subject to any lien, mortgage, or other encumbrance.

TITLE AND OWNERSHIP Except as to any lien, mortgage, or other encumbrance specifically set forth and described in Paragraph D of this policy, this entire policy shall be void, unless otherwise provided by agreement in writing added hereto, if the interest of the Assured in the subject of this insurance be or become other than unconditional and sole lawful ownership, or if the subject of this insurance has ever been stolen or unlawfully taken prior to the issuance of this policy and not returned to the lawful owner prior to the issuance of this policy, or in case of transfer or termination of the interest of the Assured other than by death of the Assured, or in case of any change in the nature of the insurable interest of the Assured in the property described herein either by sale or otherwise, or if this policy or any part thereof shall be assigned before loss.

PROTECTION OF SALVAGE In the event of any loss or damage, whether insured against hereunder or not, the Assured shall protect the property from other or further loss or damage, and any such other or further loss or damage due directly or indirectly to the Assured's failure to protect shall not be recoverable under this policy. Any such act of the Assured or this Company or its agents in recovering, saving and preserving the property described herein, shall be considered as done for the benefit of all concerned and without prejudice to the rights of either party, and where the loss or damage suffered constitutes a claim under this policy, then all reasonable expenses thus incurred shall also constitute a claim under this policy, provided, however, that this Company shall not be responsible for the payment of a reward offered for the recovery of the insured property unless authorized by this Company.

NOTICE OF LOSS In the event of loss or damage covered hereby the Assured shall give immediate notice thereof in writing to this Company, provided, however, that where such a limitation for the giving of notice of loss is prohibited by the laws of the State wherein this policy is issued, then in that event such notice shall be given by the Assured within the shortest period permitted and in the manner required under the laws of such State.

In the event of Theft, Robbery or Pilferage the Assured shall also give immediate notice thereof to the Police.

ASSISTANCE AND CO-OPERATION OF THE ASSURED In the event of loss or damage and whenever requested by this Company the Assured shall assist in the recovery of property insured hereunder either by means of replevin proceedings or otherwise, in effecting settlement, securing evidence, obtaining the attendance of witnesses and prosecuting suits to such an extent and in such a manner as is deemed desirable by this Company, and this Company shall reimburse the Assured for any expense incurred at its request.

If action be brought against the Assured to enforce a claim for damage covered under the Property Damage coverage of this policy the Assured shall immediately notify this Company and promptly forward to it every summons or other paper or process served on or received by him in connection therewith, but the Assured, without the written consent of this Company previously given, shall not voluntarily assume any liability, or interfere in any negotiation for settlement or in any legal proceeding, or incur any expense, or settle any claim, except at his own cost.

PROOF OF LOSS Within sixty (60) days after loss or damage for which claim is made, unless such time is extended in writing by this Company, the Assured shall render a statement to this Company signed and sworn to by the Assured, stating the place, time and cause of such loss or damage, the interest of the Assured and of all others in the property, the sound value thereof and the amount of loss or damage thereto, all encumbrances thereon, and all other insurance, whether valid and/or collectible or not, covering such property; and all claims for such loss or damage shall be forfeited by failure to furnish such sworn statements within the time provided; and the Assured as often as required, shall exhibit to any person designated by this Company all that remains of the property insured and submit to examinations under oath by any person named by this Company, and subscribe the same; and as often as required, shall produce for examination all books of account, bills, invoices, and other vouchers, or certified copies thereof if originals be lost, at such reasonable place as may be designated by this Company or its representative, and shall permit extracts and copies thereof to be made.

APPRAISAL In case the Assured and this Company shall fail to agree as to the amount of loss or damage, each shall, on the written demand of either, select a competent and disinterested appraiser. The appraisers shall first select a competent and disinterested umpire; and failing for fifteen (15) days to agree upon such umpire, then, on request of the Assured or this Company, such umpire shall be selected by a judge of a court of record in the County and State in which the appraisal is pending. The appraisers shall then appraise the loss and damage stating separately sound value and loss or damage; and failing to agree, shall submit their differences only, to the umpire. An award in writing of any two, when filed with this Company, shall determine the amount of sound value and loss or damage. Each appraiser shall be paid by the party selecting him and the expenses of appraisal and umpire shall be paid by the parties equally.

Where a special provision for appraisal is required by statutory enactment in the State where this policy is issued, the conditions of this Appraisal Clause are amended to conform thereto.

ABANDONMENT—RETURN OF STOLEN PROPERTY It shall be optional with this Company to take all or any part of the property at the agreed or appraised value, but there can be no abandonment thereof to this Company; and where theft is insured against this Company shall have the right to return a stolen automobile or its equipment with compensation for physical damage, at any time before actual payment hereunder.

PAYMENT OF LOSS This Company shall not be held to have waived any provision or condition of this policy or any forfeiture thereof by any requirement, act, or proceeding on its part relating to the appraisal, or to any examination herein provided for; and the loss shall in no event become payable until sixty (60) days after the notice, ascertainment, estimate and verified proof of loss herein required have been received by this Company, and if appraisal is demanded, then, not until sixty days after an award has been made by the appraisers.

SUBROGATION This Company may require from the Assured an assignment of all right of recovery against any party for loss or damage to the extent that payment therefor is made by this Company.

SUIT AGAINST COMPANY No suit or action on this policy or for the recovery of any claim hereunder shall be sustainable in any court of law or equity unless the Assured shall have fully complied with all the foregoing requirements, nor unless commenced within twelve (12) months next after the happening of the loss; provided that where such limitation of time is prohibited by the laws of the State wherein this policy is issued, then and in that event no suit or action under this policy shall be sustainable unless commenced within the shortest limitation permitted under the laws of such State.

Any and all provisions of this policy which are in conflict with the statutes of the State wherein this policy is issued are understood, declared and acknowledged by this Company to be amended to conform to such statutes.

No. of Policy_____
No. of Renewal_____
Amount Insured_____

	YEAR	MO.	DAY
Date of Cancel.,			
" Policy,			
Time in force,			

Premium Paid, - - - - $_____
" Earned at__rate, $_____
" Returned, - - $_____
If pro rata, state reason why:
_____

Receipt for Return Premium

To be Signed by the Assured

_____ Agency_____ 19____

IN CONSIDERATION OF

_____ Dollars,

Return Premium, Receipt of which is hereby acknowledged, this Policy is hereby cancelled and surrendered to the Company.

_____
Assured.

Automobile Policy

24.—0-1

N-S MC

Expires APRIL 21ST, 1934

Automobile MERCEDES BENZ LIMOUSINE

Amount, - - - $ 3000.

Premium, - - - $ 167.06

Assured DAVID W. GRIFFITH

No. A 68856

THE BRITISH AMERICA ASSURANCE COMPANY

TORONTO, CANADA
CRUM & FORSTER
UNITED STATES MANAGERS

110 WILLIAM STREET NEW YORK, N. Y.

D. W. GRIFFITH COLLECTION
MUSEUM OF MODERN ART

UNITED STATES TRUSTEES
CHEMICAL BANK & TRUST CO.
NEW YORK

CRUM & FORSTER
UNITED STATES MANAGERS

APR 25 1933

HOME OFFICE OF U. S. MANAGERS
110 WILLIAM ST. NEW YORK, N. Y.

BRANCH OFFICES

R. 1849 Insurance Exchange Bldg., CHICAGO, ILL.
Green and W. Stephenson Streets, FREEPORT, ILL.
771 Spring St., ATLANTA, GA.
266 Bush St., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
130 E. Chapel Hill St., DURHAM, N. C.
7 Wood St., PITTSBURGH, PA.

ESTABLISHED 1853
R. C. RATHBONE & SON
INCORPORATED
INSURANCE BROKERS
80 MAIDEN LANE
NEW YORK
TELEPHONE JOHN 4-4940

TELEPHONE: EN DICOTT 2-5065

NEW YORK, April 25th 1933

Mr. D. W. Griffith
Park Central Hotel
New York, N. Y.

JOHN KLEIN

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APR 26 1933
PER Rudy Klein

BENJAMIN, HILL & CO.
MEMBERS OF NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE
THIRTY-NINE BROADWAY
NEW YORK April 26, 1933.

My dear Griffith:

My secretary, Mr. Fedorko, has received the following letter from Mr. Wm. O. Inglis:

> "I shall greatly enjoy a reunion with my friend, Mr. Fontaine. As I seldom go downtown, I wonder whether he would care to telephone me at home -- Kingsbridge 6-5827?"

I am going to make an early engagement with him. As a matter of fact I may see him at the Silurian Dinner Saturday night, and I think I can sell him the idea. At any rate I will keep you advised.

Mr. Saks enjoyed meeting you very much.

I hope to see a lot of you in the future. We will make that engagement with Vanderlip as soon as I can get to him.

Cordially,

Fontaine

S. S. Fontaine

D. W. Griffith, Esquire,
Hotel Park Central, Apt. 2265,
55th Street & Seventh Avenue,
New York City.

BENJAMIN, HILL & CO.
MEMBERS NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE
39 BROADWAY
NEW YORK

TELEPHONE DIGBY 4-1400

April 27, 1933.

My dear Griffith:

I had a talk with Billy Inglis over the phone and he is very anxious to meet you. He is thoroughly sold on the idea. He has completed his biography of Mr. Rockefeller which is to be published posthumously. But he is very close to the Rockefeller family and he thinks it will appeal to the elder Rockefeller as well as to young John D. I suggested to him that it was your idea to include Dr. Flexner of the Rockefeller Institute, Dr. Carroll and other celebrities and he thought that would be fine.

At any rate I want you and him to join me at luncheon some day next week which we will fix in the meantime. I tried to let you know about this yesterday but as you told me you would be out of town but I am assuming that you will be home this evening.

I am keeping all this in confidence, of course.

Cordially yours,

S. S. Fontaine

D. W. Griffith, Esquire,
Park Central Hotel,
55th Street and Seventh Ave.,
New York City.

THE ARGUMENT

I propose to dramatize the life and especially the philanthropy of J. D. R. by showing its principles in action. The chief incident will be the eradication of yellow fever, the plague which during centuries has killed millions of people and brought suffering to countless millions more.

Sketch the scenario: the ravages of yellow fever; devastation and horror, families wiped out, towns and cities paralyzed, industry and commerce crippled; Panama Canal project abandoned by the French after great loss of life. Hopeless humanity knows no remedy except immunization of those descended from survivors of the fever. Can no one help?

The deliverance: sketch the episodes I shall show in the life of J. D. R., who, in business and in philanthropy, goes to the head of the stream; also the life of Hideyo Noguchi, eager to go to the head of the stream of medical science in order to eradicate causes of disease, suffering and death.

These two, working together, wipe out yellow fever: show devastated regions restored, and world maps with disappearing black blots that marked yellow fever zones.

This dramatization will present to man in all parts of the world J. D. R. as he really is, enriching the world and himself with his economies, saving millions of lives and promoting human welfare by his genius for going to

THE HEAD OF THE STREAM

#

Mr. David Wark Griffith, author of "The Birth of a Nation," "America," and other great classics, has asked me to help him make a picture of world-wide appeal. It shows:

I. The ravages of yellow fever, which killed millions of people, laid waste countries, paralyzed commerce, stopped the Panama Canal and other vital projects, and scourged mankind with suffering and death.

II. The career of Hideyo Noguchi: his boyhood in Japan, devotion to the study of medicine, struggles to learn how to destroy disease at the source, his ambition to find the origin of yellow fever and how to eradicate it.

III. The man who established the Institute which enabled Noguchi to make his discovery and to perfect the means of wiping out yellow fever; the man who created the Foundation that applied this means everywhere, whose wise and far-reaching efforts have banished from the world this plague, which had done harm incalculable and would still continue, but for his work, to destroy men and hinder the march of civilization.

The picture would include outstanding events in the life of Mr. Rockefeller, his industrious and studious boyhood, in which he was taught to work, to save and to give; his long search for employment, his faithful service, careful economies and unusual ability to reconcile parties at odds with one another, his constant giving, as revealed in Ledger A; his beginnings as a merchant, then as a refiner of oil; the economies he brought into this chaotic enterprise; his ability to persuade wasteful competitors to join him in coöperation and conservation; his long and intense study of the best means to devote his fortune to promote the welfare of mankind in all parts of the world.

You already know Mr. Griffith's high standing in his profession, his highly successful production of pictures that teach the history of our country by dramatizing its advance in civilization through the labors of loyal men. In the picture he now proposes the world will see in vivid action the rescue of suffering peoples. It will convey with power far beyond the force of the printed word the vast benefits conferred on mankind. I shall be pround to take part in it, and shall appreciate the favor of your early reply as early as possible.

#

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31					
TOTAL		91			400

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	STORAGE for the month of to incl Apr 30	500		
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Apr 30	3 Gallons Crystal oil	675		
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W. A. McLaughlin,

697 ~~304~~ Fifth Avenue

2. New York, April 30, 1933.

Mr. D. W. Griffiths,
Park Central Hotel,
New York City.

M-7

KINDLY DETACH THIS STUB AND MAIL WITH CHECK TOTAL _____

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W. A. McLaughlin
Fine Shirt Maker

TERMS NET CASH

304 FIFTH AVENUE
NEW YORK 4/30/33

1933					
Apr.	21	1 pair lisle half hose		2	25
		1 pair silk and wool half hose		2	75
		3 pair lisle half hose	2.75	8	25
		6 fancy pleated shirts	12.50	75	00
		6 white pleated shirts	10.50	63	00
		7 fancy pleated shirts	11.50	80	50
		19 collars To Order	1.00	19	00
		1 silk lined silk robe		135	00
	22	19 monograms	1.00	19	00
		1 pair leather slippers		4	00
	24	3 Swiss ribbed silk Athletic undershirts	3.50	10	50
				634	00
Apr.	4	By Cash 20.00			
	7	By Cash 71.00			
	20	By Cash 21.75			
	22	By Cash 490.75		603	50
				30	50

All claims to be made within 30 Days after delivery of Goods.

W. A. McLaughlin,

697 ~~304~~ Fifth Avenue

New York, April 30, 1933.

Mr. D. W. Griffiths,
Park Central Hotel,
New York City.

M-7 KINDLY DETACH THIS STUB AND MAIL WITH CHECK TOTAL $30.50
AS A CANCELLED CHECK IS SUFFICIENT RECEIPT, NO RECEIPT WILL BE SENT UNLESS REQUESTED.

W. A. McLaughlin
Fine Shirt Maker

304 FIFTH AVENUE
NEW YORK 4/30/33

TERMS NET CASH

1933					
Apr.	3	1 foulard cravat		2	50
		2 English crepe cravats	4.00	8	00
		1 fancy crepe cravat		3	00
		3 white pleated shirts	10.50	31	50
		3 Zephyr Rayee pleated shirts	11.50	34	50
		11 fancy collars To Order	1.00	11	00
		6 monograms	1.00	6	00
		1 English Bat Wing tie		1	50
	15	1 pair Chamois gloves		4	00
		1 Royal blue cravat		3	50
		1 silk cravat		2	50
		1 Sterling silk cravat		4	00
		1 blue ball crepe cravat		4	00
		1 Swiss ribbed silk undershirt		3	75
	21	4 fancy cravats	2.50	10	00
		2 fancy cravats	3.00	6	00
		2 fancy cravats	3.50	7	00
		6 English cravats	4.00	24	00
		1 flannel robe		38	00
		1 pair leather slippers		6	50
		1 pair Terry cloth slippers		3	50

ant forward

All claims to be made within 30 Days after delivery of Goods.

#29 Original Fog Watch

MR. GRIFFITH:

Perhaps it might be of interest to get an insight into the preparations for taking one of those tremendous scenes sometimes shown in pictures. This is the night before the sequence - "The Fall of Babylon" is to be taken. We are to use about fifteen thousand people in all and two hundred and fifty chariots. This scene must be taken in one day. That day will cost, according to budget, fifty-five thousand dollars and will doubtless run over this. The scene is so enormous that all the lights in the world multiplied by ten couldn't photograph it. We must depend on the sun.

After daily communication with the Weather Bureau, we choose this day. The staff get a little rest and are awake and on the job by two o'clock in the morning because the extra people will not be paid unless we actually work.

Besides depending on the Weather Bureau, we have located up the valley a half dozen men, sixty miles apart, to give quarter hour messages.

We go to the General Manager's office:

KLUNE: (to Secretary) Get San Francisco Weather Bureau.

SECRETARY: Is this the Weather Bureau? San Francisco. ... San Francisco.....

ANSWERING CALL: (as though from Weather Bureau) Great fog developed from Banks... nearing San Francisco... going South.

SECRETARY: Mr. Klune.... Fog bank going South... About twenty miles an hour.

KLUNE: (as though at telephone) Studio... Studio.... Hold on a minute, Siegman.... Fog.....

(turning as though to secretary) Twenty miles an hour? South?

SIEGMAN: (on telephone) All right, Sir... We'll hold everything.

ANOTHER VOICE: Los Angeles Transfer Company talking.... Studio....? Is this Studio? We have two hundred buses and fifty trucks waiting... What news?

SIEGMAN: Will give final orders three thirty. Fog rolling down.... Hold buses....

KLUNE: This is Klune speaking...

SECRETARY: Mr. Klune.... phone, Mr. Klune.... Here is DeLacy, our man three hundred miles in the interior, -- at watching post... Reports no sign of fog....

OTHER SECRETARY: San Francisco calling....

KLUNE: (at phone) Fog over city? Yes... I get you.... about forty miles in width.... velocity twenty five miles an hour.... rolling south.

(to Secretary)

Call Mr. Griffith.....

(Ring of phone)

MR. GRIFFITH: Twenty-five miles an hour? Three hundred miles to go? Get reports Weather Bureau... Los Angeles... Frisco.... and all your men.... Call me back at three thirty.....

Break --

TELEPHONE OPERATOR:#1 Three fifteen, Mr. Griffith.....

ANOTHER OPERATOR: Three fifteen, Mr. Griffith.....

(Alarm clock rings) (Sounds of telephones jingling)

(Flash)

SIEGMAN: Yes, this is Siegman... Studio talking... All right, Mr. Klune.

KLUNE: (Amidst the receiving of telephone messages) Fog has enveloped three hundred mile post!

SECRETARY: (on telephone) All right....

(to Mr. Klune) Mr. Klune, two hundred mile post... our own observer.... reports fog bank has passed over him ten minutes ago. Rolling swiftly south.... velocity increasing...

KLUNE: (turning to telephone) Siegman.... That you?

SIEGMAN: Yes, Mr. Klune....

KLUNE: Fog passed two hundred mile post ten minutes ago.... velocity increasing... What do you think, -- shall we go?

SIEGMAN: Wait a minute...Mr. Klune. (turning) What do you think, boys?

FOUR OR FIVE VOICES: We've got nothing to say....

TWO VOICES: Think we'd better call it off... If that fog hits us, we're ruined....

SIEGMAN: (to Klune) What do you think?

KLUNE: I don't know... Wait... Hold phone... I'll call the boss....

(Telephone jangling)

MR. GRIFFITH: Yes, Klune...

KLUNE: Fog now about half an hour past two hundred mile post.

MR. GRIFFITH: I've got it, Klune... I've got it....

Wait a minute... let me think.... All right, Klune, I'll take the chance.... Issue a half day check to extras. We should be able to work half a day now.

Twelve thousand lunches... ready at eleven... work quick!

KLUNE: All right, Sir...

All right, Jack... get Siegman on phone.

Back to Griffith;

MR. GRIFFITH: This is Mr. Griffith speaking.... This doorman? All right... my car there? Tell him I'll be right down.

(Switch to Siegman)

SIEGMAN: This is Siegman talking... Griffith Studio..... Start your buses and trucks on the run.

VOICE: All right... Okay....

SIEGMAN: VanDyke... get your makeup men and costumers ready.. Trucks and people will be here by four thirty.... Order the triple staff of carpenters for any changes on set by daylight...

THREE DIFFERENT VOICES: All right sir.....

SIEGMAN: Snap on it!

KLUNE: This is Klune talking... Griffith Studio.... This Los Angeles Baking Company?

VOICE: Yes.....

KLUNE: Twelve thousand box lunches on set by eleven o'clock.. or no payment... Can you make it? All right... go! (as though turning) All right, Frank Houck.... get those telephones connected to the camera stand....

HOUCK: They are already up, Sir.... We'll make the connection in a half hour....

KLUNE: Fifty-five thousand.... Well, I'll shoot a nickle!

NOTE:

Somewhere in scene twelve o'clock striking.

MR. GRIFFITH: (To Siegman) What weather reports?

SIEGMAN: Fog scattering a little... should get in at least four hours before it strikes.....

MR. GRIFFITH: All right... We'll take the chance.... Line up the companies in formation. Feed them... Back on the set in three quarters of an hour.... Full day....

#2

MR. GRIFFITH: Now, talking about worldly success, I was just going through from the entrance into the United Artists Studio, one bright California morning. Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford were just getting out of their car before Miss Pickford's bungalow dressing room.

MR. GRIFFITH: Good morning, Mr. Fairbanks... Good morning, Mrs.

MR. FAIRBANKS: Hello, D. W. What are you doing?

MR. GRIFFITH: Oh, nothing... just the same old grind... You must be on a holiday, Mary...You are blooming!

MISS PICKFORD: Yes? Well, I wouldn't be blooming if I was out working there with you like I used to....
(as though turning to Doug) -
Doug, Mr. Griffith's the greatest slave driver in the world. My, how he used to make us hop around...

MR. GRIFFITH: Well, it hopped you into quite a little fame and fortune, didn't it?

MR. FAIRBANKS: Say, D. W. They tell me you've got a cave where you hide yours....

MR. GRIFFITH: Well, if I'd anything hidden, in a cave, who would I find to guard it?

MISS PICKFORD: Quiet, everybody.... Here comes Irving Berlin and Harry Richman. My, don't they look serious!

MR. FAIRBANKS: They look like the President and Vice-President of the General Depression Association.

MISS PICKFORD: Good morning, Mr. Berlin....

(General good-mornings)

MISS PICKFORD: Well, I'll have to go in and get things started. You know, Mr. Berlin, your wife's coming over for luncheon.

MR. BERLIN: All right. I've got to finish that song....
(to Mr. Griffith) Think I've got a good one for you, Mr. Griffith! for Lupe.....

MR. GRIFFITH: Well, I can depend on you....

MR. BERLIN: (to Miss Pickford) See you at luncheon, Mary.

MISS PICKFORD: Won't you join us, Mr. Richman?

MR. RICHMAN: I'll try. Doug, is that Ford yours?
(Note: Ford runabouts were Doug's favorite car)

MR. FAIRBANKS: Sure.... You know - in these times...
Irving Berlin's trying to write another Alexander's Rag Time Band... Think I'll go to work on another Three Musketeers. I'll add one and call it Four Musketeers. Everybody has to hustle in these times..

MR. GRIFFITH: At this, I left the little group. All of them - while they were talking about hard times, were laughing and chatting as though they weren't worried much as they went into Miss Pickford's bungalow dressing room. Incidentally, it had a sitting room, dining room, kitchen, and rest room, as well as the dressing room.
Then I bumped into Lionel and Jack Barrymore, arm in arm, talking casually about nothing in particular, as I went on into my set at the Studio. There I found Jean Hershold, made up for a poor invalid father.

HERSHOLD: Good morning, Mr. Griffith....

MR. GRIFFITH: Good Morning.....

HERSHOLD: How do you like these clothes? I picked them out.... (with German accent) Thought I'd wear them so you could get an idea....

MR. GRIFFITH: Well, that looks all right.
Props, get that bed turned around for Mr. Hershold .... Now, Hershold, let's see you on the bed, at the beginning of your scene.

HERSHOLD: (as though lying on bed) My goodness... This feels fine.. This is the best part I ever played... I can rest while I work....

MR. GRIFFITH: Props... where's Miss Jackson?

PROPS: Haven't seen her yet...

HERSHOLD: I thought I saw her a few minutes ago.

MR. GRIFFITH: Well, let's rehearse your scene, Hershold, with the Irish scrub woman who's just dropped in to see you.

HERSHOLD: (in plaintive, stricken tones)
You know, Mrs. Flanagan... My daughter, it makes me so sad when I think how she has to toil and work, to keep us all, and I'm so helpless here....

MRS. FLANAGAN; Well, it was an accident that put you there... You couldn't be blamed much.... but I must say if you'd went to church oftener, it might never have happened...

HERSHOLD: Little did I think we'd come to this... to make both ends meet.... even just to get enough to eat... it's terrible.... and my daughter, Jenny, having to be taken from school, and living in this poor hovel....

HERSHOLD: (changing tone) That's where Miss Jackson comes in from work, Mr. Griffith...

MR. GRIFFITH: Miss Jackson... Miss Jackson....

PROPS (echoing) Miss Jackson.....

MR. GRIFFITH: Here's Miss Jackson ---
Incidentally, Miss Jackson was one of the lucky ones of whom I've often spoken. That's how she got her job -- more through luck or ----- well, through luck....

MISS JACKSON: Oh, I'm sorry, Mr. Griffith, I was a little late but I was picking out a dress that I think would be good in this scene.

MR. GRIFFITH: Oh, you're not very late... That's all right.
(changing tone) Oh, good morning, Mr. Elkhart....

MR. ELKHART: (hard, business tone) Good morning, Mr. Griffith...
(very confidential low tone) I wanted to come over, Mr. Griffith, and sort of... well, you know, I'm putting quite a lot of money into this picture and we've got to watch the expenses....

MR. GRIFFITH: That's all right, Mr. Elkhart. Sit right down... Like to watch a rehearsal?

MR. ELKHART: Yes, I sure would....
(aside) That Miss Jackson is a beautiful girl, isn't she, Mr. Griffith?

MR. GRIFFITH: She certainly is..
(changing tone) Now, Miss Jackson, that's where you enter. You have just come in all tired out from your hard day's work at the factory. You remember, - that simple, working girl, where you tell your father -
"Daddy, I came just as fast as I could but there was a man -- one of the men at the factory -- stopped me and asked me if I would go out to dinner with him. I told him I only dined with my own daddy.....

MISS JACKSON: (using instead of the ordinary American pronunciation a broad ultra-accent in immitation of what she imagines is society English)
Father, I came just as fasst as I could but there was a mahn stopped me --- Mr. Griffith, cahnt I say Father in stead of Daddy.... Daddy is so plebian.....

MR. GRIFFITH: But, my dear Miss Jackson.. you're supposed to be an American working girl... You've not even got through school... They don't say cahnt and mahn... they say can't. There's no such word as mahn.... It's man, pronounced as you'd say can.

MISS JACKSON: My dear Mr. Griffith... pardon me... I'm not here to take lessons in diction.... That's the correct pronunciation...

MR. ELKHART. (soothingly) Mr. Griffith.. her voice does sound better that way, don't you think?

MISS JACKSON: Of course I cahn say can if you think it will help.... but it's such an ugly word...
And oh, Mr. Griffith, I forgot something....

MR. GRIFFITH: Yes... what?

MISS JACKSON: I thought this would be a lovely dress to wear for this scene, when I come in.

MR. GRIFFITH: What, that dress.... and those high-heeled shoes... and sheer silk stockings... for a factory girl?

MISS JACKSON: Why, Mr. Griffith! This is just the simplest little frock....

MR. GRIFFITH: How much did it cost?

MISS JACKSON: Oh, I got it for only eighty-five dollars. It was a hundred and a quarter...

MR. GRIFFITH: Well, it looks a hundred and a quarter.. You're supposed

to be a very poor girl. The women in the audience will know that dress cost lots of money...

MISS JACKSON: Yes, but my public expect me to look good..

MR. GRIFFITH: But my dear child....

MISS JACKSON: (interrupting) And just see this, Mr. Griffith. This coat! I will wear it in and then toss it off after my first few lines...

MR. GRIFFITH: At this, she slipped on a coat that only belonged on Park Avenue.

MISS JACKSON: At the shop they said it was the most becoming thing they'd ever seen on me.

MR. GRIFFITH: What did that cost?

MISS JACKSON: Oh, I only paid a hundred and fifty for it... but it is a two hundred and fifty dollar coat... you can see by its looks..

MR. GRIFFITH: Yes, and so can the audience...

MR. JACKSON: But Mr. Griffith... it's just a very quiet color.... Nobody would know how much it cost...

MR. ELKHART: Mr. Griffith.....

MR. GRIFFITH: Yes, Mr. Elkhart...

MR. ELKHART: She does look beautiful in it... beautiful... beautiful...

MR. GRIFFITH: Yes, I know... But she's supposed to be a factory girl... Not a society debutante....

MR. ELKHART: Yes, but the audience want to see her looking pretty... They want to see her looking like she always does,,,.. not ugly and dirty.... That's a dark coat. They'll never see the texture....

MR. GRIFFITH: All right, we'll talk about that later....
All right, Hershold... begin the scene...

HERSHOLD: My poor little daughter.... Why even your clothes are thin and worn... You must be cold in this winter weather..

MISS JACKSON: Oh no, father...

MR. GRIFFITH: Daddy is the word...

MISS JACKSON: Oh, no father... I mean Daddy... Don't bother about me... I'm perfectly warm....

HERSHOLD: But you are shivering....

MISS JACKSON: Oh, no..no... I am quite warm... It's all right, Daddy.

MR. GRIFFITH: And well she might be warm... with three hundred and fifty dollars worth of winter clothes on...
.... Then on went the rehearsal....

MISS JACKSON: I brought you some meat... I bought a small piece of steak... We're going to have meat for supper tonight, dear...

MR. ELKHART: Mr. Griffith... you're not going to play the scene in this set, are you.

MR. GRIFFITH: What's the matter with the set?

MR. ELKHART: Oh, it's poor, ugly... Nobody likes ugly sets,,,. poor people. Let's get the author to change it... for a millionaire who lost his money on the Stock Exchange and has a nervous breakdown... and a swell room that he's about to die in ..... Then Miss Jackson can wear the expensive clothes and look beautiful... And I have a great finish... I thought of it last night... Just when they are broke and everything, the father finds one of his brokers didn't buy the stock he told him to buy and he comes in with five hundred thousand dollars

and everyone is happy.

MR. GRIFFITH: Oh, that's marvellous... You're full of ideas... But this story was written by one of the greatest authors in America. What's he going to say about it?

MR. ELKHART: Authors.... Who are authors? They don't pay any money to go into pictures...

MR. GRIFFITH: The critics....

MR. ELKHART: The critics! They don't buy any tickets either. The people want to see Miss Jackson beautiful as she is.... poor or rich... she must be beautiful....

MR. GRIFFITH: So the rehearsals were stopped. When the author was asked to change the story around to suit what the business heads thought was a box office picture, he had a real nervous breakdown and fled with great haste to the nearest train going to New York. In his excitement he took only a couple of collars and left his baggage to be sent on....

And so the story was rewritten to suit Miss Jackson.... Gorgeous sets, grand clothes and the story itself so changed that when the author saw it he did not know it was his story.

I'd like to say, in the interest of Art, that it was a flop... but it wasn't.. The audiende liked it and thought Miss Jackson just too beautiful for words.... And doesn't she wear the nicest clothes.....

So I had to take my hat off to Mr. Elkhart. He was right after all... But that's moving pictures for you....

MR. GRIFFITH: And now I'll tell you a contrasting story of another personage... We'll call him the Man with the Wheelbarrow. How he rose to great success and Luck played a very small part in it.. Because he had real talent and worked hard on the job.

We'll take a long jump from Hollywood... to England. I was making an elaborate propaganda picture -- "The Hearts of the World" -- with the cooperation of the British government. In this picture appeared Queen Alexandra, of England, and a group of English nobility. As the working men were doing duty in the Army, such important people as Lady Diana Manners, Lady Lavery, Lady Montague, the Countess of Limerick and many others often scrubbed the Studio floor where the set was placed and arranged props as regular workers - besides acting in the picture. Its stars were Miss Lillian Gish, and Miss Dorothy Gish, with Mr. Robert Harron.

But wait a minute.... I started talking about a Man with a Wheelbarrow. Well, he's coming... in fact he's going to appear right now.....

NOTE: This would take us down to the middle of page 6, beginning the scene ---

Hollywood Boulevard -- Hollywood --Hollywood -- night time -- bright lights. Here from all over the world have come youth, beauty to the magic allure of the motion pictures. Now night time -- play time. They come in this strange parade. Here's where you see acting. Everybody on the make. I mean, on the make to attract attention. Always the wild hope that somebody important in the business will see them -- they will be picked for a chance to go into pictures. Nifty little brunettes -- dainty feet scorning the sidewalk with the scorn of youth. Clinging little blondes -- alluring little blondes -- fiery red heads. All sorts of boys -- handsome boys. Rough physical boys, he men. Dreamy-eyed Latins -- boys and girls from seven to seventy. Parade. They quest into each others eyes. Youth -- life here behind this dazzling entrance -- the Montmartre Cafe. The entertainers, scantily clad, from the stage -- among the tables -- youth -- flesh viewed close at hand. At the tables seated curious visitors. Picture stars -- showing off -- acting -- glamour. Music -- sparkle -- chatter. The dance music begins. On the floor they move to the music. Here some of the best dancers in the world. Cheek to cheek they move. Close together the couples in and out. Gleaming eyes over shoulders, gleaming eyes from the tables. Burning glances -- invitations repulses -- acceptances. Away -- we look at other windows -- we wonder what's behind them. Other gay parties? Yes, surely. Just about the same percentage as ~~sixxx~~ there would be in any other branch of business. Relaxing, celebrating. But no late parties for the girl that has to be made up and ready to work at nine the next morning in a hot California sun. More likely we will find something like this. Looking through this window two girls from the East talking.

Note: From this introscript.

2/

Note Page 2

Susie's last speech.

SUSIE

Well, it's over now and I thought I'd get money and bring Mama out here. I would do her health good and everything, now I'm just a washout. I hate them -- these people. The One's that are in won't give anybody else a chance. The producers are afraid to take a chance on new people, and they are like the agents, theyhave their favorites, if there is a chance. Sweethearts, pets, wives or something.

Griffith's Answer.

GRIFFITH

Believe me these aren't the only two that are moaning in that fierce conflict, to get on, to get somewhere. And Susie's beef about the managers having those favorites and sweethearts is believed by most people. It is sometimes true and the managers would be foolish to push someone ahead that couldn't make the grade. A star is what they want -- a money maker -- man or woman. If they find a new star they can make a fortune from them. Then they can entertain a dozen sweeties if they want to out of the profits from one real star.

Note: This for girls sppech in trying out scene.

Now in the play this girl is a country girl. She's a regular girl. She's got a heart as big as a mountain. Too much heart. Too much faith. Now she's been working in a respectable, narrow, puritan family. This family have found out that she has a past. They are firing her and giving her the works, plenty, and the girl answers them. At first pitifully, quietly.

GIRL

All right, I am going, but I have worked here for years -- several of them -- you all know me. You said I was the best, the most decent girl you knew and I loved you you all said you liked me and I worked hard for you and I b\n' straight. Don't that mean something? You blame me -- (changing tone into defiance -- outbreak) The man that sinned with me, you don't blame him. He goes to anybody's house, his

lies to me don't count. The man that sinned with me -- he's rich -- powerful.

Note: Crescendo -- climax.

Nobody dares to keep him out of your house.

Bottom Page 14.

GRIFFITH

Your ruining yourself listening to a lot of idiots. Go on read it just like you talk. I just want you to learn to be yourself, It's the secret of acting. Don't wave your hands around and show off nor listen to your voice. Every human being is interesting if they will just be themselves. That's why dogs are good in pictures. They are just dogs. Everybody loves them. If they don't they are no good. Babies are knockouts cause they are just babies. If your beautiful that's good, but if your not good looking, if you can just be yourself, natural, down to earth self, you can't help being good. Do you get it? Be your own natural self, you will click you'll click.

Note: Dear Mr. McKnight: Bottom of page two, the girls speech that she takes first in the high voice you can put in her dismissal wherever you please.

Tope of page 15. Replace 2nd speech.

GRIFFITH

That's pretty good young lady, just get all the emotions you've ever known, let them believe in your voice. Imagine you've lost someone you've loved or imagine your Mother or someone dear to you, they are very ill, you are afraid they are going to die. All your tears, all the despair, your hope, prayers. Everything you've felt in your voice or imagine your real sweetheart, you've quarrled. He's gone away. You can't seem to think of anything else. Every path you take is lonely. If something would only happen so that you could see him again. You feel your always alone, like everyone is alone from cradle to grave. If something would only happen, to turn him back, if he would only strangely appear he would call your name, you would be with him again in his arms. He would be holding you tight, close. Oh, God, if it would only happen. If this very minute I could only have him again.

Note: Apologies, Author. This may read lousy, but guarantee you that I will get to them on this piece of hookum so try and work it in. This dictation is running up to an empty stomach. Must quit if the gal is to have it ready for you.

Luck to you, for me a steak.

D. W. Griffith.

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Note Page 2

Susie's last speech.

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Griffith's Answer.

GRIFFITH

Believe me these aren't the only two that are moaning in that fierce conflict, to get on, to get somewhere. And Susie's beef about the managers having those favorites and sweethearts is believed by most people. It is sometimes true and the managers would be foolish to push someone ahead that couldn't make the grade. A star is what they want -- a money maker -- man or woman. If they find a new star they can make a fortune from them. Then they can entertain a dozen sweeties if they want to out of the profits from one real star.

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GIRL

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Luck to you, for me a steak.

D. W. Griffith.

#110

[redacted] Laborers.

In Motion Pictures all sorts of things happen, just as to people in rezl life in any business. I remember while I was looking over the building of a moving picture bridge, what we call a break-away bridge. For your information, this bridge is a drop bridge buklt so that when a horse and wagon goes over a certain part of the bridge, the bridge opens and down goes whatever is on at the time into the water---in this case it happened to be a wagon containing the Hero and Heroine. I and my staff were looking at the particular piece of building known as a catchaway that was to be set on the water just below, out of view of the camera so as to prevent the wagon, if caught into the swift current that led to the rapids.

While the staff [redacted] walking - One of [redacted] made a remark about the fight between Michael Healy and Isaac Ester. One a Jew and one an Irishman. The daughter of the Jew and the son of the Irishman, whose name is Pat, are very much in love with each other and neither one of the fathers have known much about it.

(Flutter of music for a few seconds.)

(1st Laborer speaking)
You're a damn fool Mike Healy, you have the brains of a tom cat. Don't you know that Heb is making a fool of your son Pat.

(Mike)
Get on with you, your a dumb liar, there's no truth to it.

(1st Man)
I'm a liar ma I, I'd like to smack you in the face, but I'll smack you in your heart by telling you they have been lovey doveing each other over the lot and you're the only one that don't know it.

(Another Laborer talking to the Jew)
Hello--How is the Jewish boy today?

(Abe)
Well I'm good but I could be better.

(Man speaking again)
What's the matter,worrying about your daughter and that Irisher.

(Abe)
That is just a lot of lies about them, they just play the love scenes because they have to.

(Man speaking again)
However, it is my opinion that he means no good by your daughter.

(Abe)
It is that dirty Mikes business---and the two of us have been friends all this time. There he comes now, I'll tell him a thing or two. Haven't we been the best of friends for the likes of ten years.

(Mike)
Sure we have.

(Abe)
Vel, for now, vhy do you let that son of yours make fun of my daughter by loving her all around the place---and she's so young, but a child.

(Mike)
He has done nothing of the kind, he wouldn't make fun of her even if she was only a Kike.

(Abe)
And you never used that word to me in your life-and just for that I'll bounce a hammer on your bean. Wait till I get a few steps on this bridgework, I'll drop a part on you.

(Mike)
You will, will you Abe.---I'll be there in a second.

(Griffith)
Boys!---Abe and Mike what on earth is the matter with you two fighting---why you have been friends ever since I know you.--- the best of friends---what has come between you.

(Mike)
He is insulting my son.

(Abe)
Did you hear him!---me insulting his son.---And he is insulting my daughter. It is his mind he has lost.

(Mike)
You mean it is your mind you have lost.

(Griffith)
Alright now, wait a minute boys---wait a minute.

(Abe)
His son is trying to grab my daughter and she's only 16.

(Mike)
It is she that's trying to grab Pat.---She's a grabber.

(Griffith(
Now just cut this out, both of you. I know both Pat and Rosie and they are young and in love. You were that way once yourselves. Now listen, go on to work and no more fighting, we are paying you for this time.---Go on with you.

(Both of them)
Alright, we are sorry Mr. Griffith, we'll go to it.

(Love music can be heard)

(After entering the gate.)

(Rosie)
Oh Pat! Pat!.

(Pat)
Rosie, Rosie---

(Rosie)
Oh! Dad's got on to us

(Rosie continued)
He says I'm only 16 and I've no right to be marrying particularly an Irisher.

(Pat)
And father seems to be raging about my marrying a -----. I don't care what he says, I'll marry you despite of what they say.

(Rosie)
Honest Pat! Pat! There aint nobody but you. I just can't think of anybody else.

(Pat)
And I just can't about anyone else but you, Rosie. Don't worry dearie, I have given you my word.

(Rosie)
Don't worry dear I will never marry anybody but you says the heart inside of my own.

(Pat)
Say, I've got an idea.

(Fade out into music.)

(Griffith)
Boys! You want to get that left part of the bridge further around to the left.---the right part further to the right and make it look longer. Don't you hear me. Well do it.

(Sound effects)

(Griffith)
Get your men started working, I have got to have this set done by 2o'clock. Have you got that breakaway safe? Test a rock out on it, you don't want to kill anybody here. ----Johnson! Where is Johnson.

(Boy)
Here sir!

(Griffith)
Have you rehearsed the men. Well, why don't you. We have to get this entrance right. When the wagon goes through the bridge, now rehearse them. How many men are there. Four there. Well get them in place. One right beneath the bridge. One right here. One on 100 feet from here. One between the Camera.---just like we planned it. Now Jones, Get those boys fright in front of the camera.

(1st two or three voices.)
Look! Look!

(3rd voice)

My God! it's my wife in her automobile.

(2 other voices)
It is falling! --it is falling. It is broken, it is broken.

(Another voice)
Look out, run! run---

(Griffith)
The Minute I trun my face away something happens. Is there a doctor here. Hurry and get a doctor.

(One of the men)
We got them.

(Griffith)
Hurry and get them out.

(Other voices)
Here they are Mr. Griffith, we have them laid out.

(Griffith)
Are they hurt seriously?---Very seriously Doctor?

(Doctor)
No!--No I don't think so, but we have to take them out to make a better examination to see. They won't die. One has a bad arm and the other one a bad leg. Their pulse is alright.

(Griffith)
Take care of them. We'll pay for it. It isn't our fault, but we'll pay for it.

(Hear clanging of hammers)

(Griffith)
Get to work as quick as you can, but watch your step we don't want no more drops from that bridge.

(Sound of two hammers driving on woodwork, coming closer.)

(Abe)
I wished it was you in the automobiel.

(Mike)
For the likes of that I wish it was you. Minutes are few till we are going to meet at the end of this plank and when we do the head of yees I'll hammer off.

(Giffith)
Boys! Watch yourselves up there, what are you doing? Quit arguing and go to work

(Abe)
I'd like to give you a slap.

(Mike)
~~Don't the like of yees raise your fist to me.--There's a shout from Mike.--Watch out.~~

~~(Other workmans voices)~~
~~It's falling, it's falling.---Look!--Look!--He's caught.--Hold on.~~

~~(Another voice)~~
~~He is slipping, he is slipping.~~

M (Mike)
The likes of yees to raise your fist to me---- -----

(Theres a cranking sound. A shout)

(Mike)
Watch out!

(Other workmens voices)
He's falling, he's falling.

(Another voice)
Look! Look! He's caught a plank, he's holding on.

(Another voice)
Get out underneath that plank.

(Another voice)
The plank is breaking, look out it is breaking.

(Another voice)
He is holding, he is holding.

(Womens voice)
He's gone, he's gone. Can't something be done, he is falling.

(Another voice)
He is in the water,--try to swim,-swim this way.

(Another voice)
He can't swim, look!.---it is going right with the current.

(Another voice)
Can't something be done.

(Another voice)
Help him, help him.

(Womans voice)
He is going towards the rapids.---Look! someone just jumped in.

(Another voice)
It is Mike!---It is Mike.

(Anohter voice)
Look at him swim.

(Another voice)
He is too late! Abes in the current.

(Another voice)
He's got him, he's got him.

(Another voice)
No he missed him that time.

(Another voice)
Look they are both going down together.

(Womans voice)
Help him, help him.

((2 or 3 womens voices)
Look he's got him.

(Voices as they run)
Right on the shore. They are lifting him up.

(Griffith)
Abe old boy do you feel alright? --Are you alright? It was Mike here that saved you.

(Abe) Sputtering water)
He would be just the one that would save me.

(Mike)
It's alright, Abe, your the best friend I ever had. We will be fighting no more.

(Abe)
We will be fighting no more.

(Rosie)
Daddy. Daddy! I'm so glad.

(Voice in crowd)
It was Mike that saved him.

(Abe)
Please now, after nearly losing your Daddy you will be thinking no more about marrying that Irisher.

(Rosie)
No daddy. No daddy, don't worry now, don't worry.

(Mike)
And now son, I hope that you won't be marrying her.

(Pat)
No daddy! Because--because

(Mike)
Because what!

(Rosie)
Because we are already married.

(Both parents)
What's that.

(Rosie)
Well we just thought that you were both arguing and fighting about our getting married that the best thing to do was to get married and then you wouldn't have anything to fight about.

(Mike)
Listen to the likes of that, will ye.

(Abe)
There, what a parent. No I don't mean that I mean vot a child. Vhy Mike, what are we going to do?

(Mike)
Like everybody else,nothing. Nothing like everybody else nothing. They run away on us.

(Rosie)
Are now, we love you both and Pat loves you Mike.

(Pat)
Sure, I do and I walways liked your old man even if he didn't care for me. He is alright.

(Abe)
Did you hear that, alright, I will be fighting with his son now.

(Mike)
Go on, if it hadn't been for me you would nearly have drowned, you bald headed Heb.

(Abe)
You be calling me names again. Well never mind. Go on your way

(Abe continued)
Go on your way you two, get your arms around each other and rest yourself. Mike and I will decide where to marry you. Go on Mike.

(Mike)
Sure, do you know Abe, despite the looks of your face and the looks of myself, their a grand looking pair. Let's celebrate the saving of your life.

(Abe)
It sure is good beer.

F I N I S

We talked much about motion picture actors and actresses, but no one has talked or written much about the people you never see, whose pictures never appear on the screen, whose names you never hear and yet, without them, the making of motion pictures could not be. They are the thousands of laborers, works in plaster, painting of scenery, building of sets, and among these are some just about as good guys as you'd wish to meet.

I'd like to tell this little story concerning in particular two kindly laborers who had for years been inseparable/a Hebrew and an Irisher until something came between them, which we will relate to you later.

I remember, while I was looking over the building of a moving picture bridge, that we call a break-away bridge, (for your information this bridge is a trick bridge, built that when a horse and wagon, which we used in this particular story, goes over a certain part of the bridge, the bridge opens and appears to break, and down goes the horse and wagon into the water. In this case it happened to be that the hero and heroine in this story were in the wagon.) We were looking at the particular piece of building which was known as a catch-away that was to be set on the water just below the bridge, out of view of the camera, so as to stop the wagon if caught in the swift current that led on to the rapids.

While walking, one of the staff made a remark about the possibilities of trouble coming between Michal Healy and Issac Heaster, one a Jew and one an Irishman, when they found out that their children were very much in love with each other.

In motion pictures all sorts of things happen, just as to people in real life in any business. I remember while I was looking over the building of a moving picture bridge, what we call a break-away bridge... for your information, this bridge is a drop bridge built so that when a horse and wagon goes over a certain part of the bridge, the bridge opens and down goes whatever is on it at the time, into the water..... In this case it happened to be a wagon containing the hero and heroine. I and my staff were looking at the particular piece of building known as a catchway that was to be set on the water just below, out of view of the camera so as to prevent the wagon, if caught, from going into the swift current that led to the rapids.

While walking, one of the staff made a remark about the fight between Michael Healy and Isaac Ester, one a Jew and one an Irishman. The daughter of the Jew and the son of the Irishman, whose name was Pat, were very much in love with each other and neither one of the fathers have known much about it.

Two friendly laborers - Abe and Mike:

Abe: I was just telling him that friendship is the best thing, after all. The friendship between youse and me... My god, it's better than loving a woman... but don't mention it to your wife.

Mike: Sure, and I never thought of it that way... but it's the God's gospel truth.... There's nothing near like the friend-ship of two men... and the working together, and fighting together, and drinking together. I say as how friendship is a grand thing.

Abe: And do you know it's never a fight we've had.... and we never will.

Mike: Us fight? For the love of Mike, who'd be thinking of such an idea? We never has and we never will. For the love of God... that's true.

Abe: But I'll be leaving you here. I want to speak a word up at the boss's place. I see my son up there talking with Mr. Griffith.... Meet you at the bridge.

(Rosie, a Jewish girl - Abe's daughter - and Pat are talking to Mr. Griffith)

Pat: You see, Mr. Griffith.... we've just made up our minds. We're going to get married.... You know, they must have been telling you. We've been making fools of ourselves over each other.

Griffith:
Over being in love? If being in love is foolishness, the whole world has been foolish one time or another. It's more sensible then than at any other time. It

isn't silly to be in love... it's good sense.

Rosie: But my being Jewish and Pat's being Irish makes trouble on both sides.

Griffith:
Forget it... You are in America... If you want to love each other, it's your own damn business and nobody else's. So long as you stick together... Say, I'm talking like a preacher... I don't mean it that way... You're all right, both of you... and you'll not be fired on account of your fathers. You're doing pretty well in those two-reelers, and you just keep on... So long as you're doing as well as you're doing, I'm with you.

Rosie: It don't interfere... it only helps... They say our love scenes are the best love scenes in the little pictures.

Pat: And why wouldn't they be... because we mean it from our hearts.

Rosie: Sure, it's a delight to work in the pictures, and then some, and again some...

Griffith:
Well, goodbye... Go on to your work...

(Flutter of music for a few seconds)

1st Laborer speaking - etc. page 1.

(Rosie continued)
He says I'm only 16 and I've no right to be marrying, particularly an Irisher.

(Pat)
And father seems to be raging about my marrying a --------. I don't care what he says, I'll marry you despite of what they say.

(Rosie)
Honest, Pat! Pat! There ain't nobody but you... I just can't think of anybody else.

(Pat)
And I just can't think about anybody else but you, Rosie. Don't worry dearie, I've given you my word!

(Rosie)
Don't you worry, dear; I'll never marry anybody but you, says the heart inside of my own.

(Pat)
Say, I've got an idea.

(Fade out into music)

(Griffith)
Boys! You want to get that left part of the bridge further around to the left.... the right part further to the right... and make it look longer. Don't you hear me? Well, do it.

(Sound effects)

(Griffith)
Get your men started working. I have got to have this set done by two o'clock. Have you got that breakaway safe? Test a rock out on it. You don't want to kill anybody here.... Johnson! Where is Johnson?

(Boy)
Here, sir.

(Griffith)
Have you rehearsed the men? Well, why don't you? We have to get this entrance right. When the wagon goes through the bridge, - now rehearse them. How many cameras are there? Four there? Well, get them in place... One right beneath the bridge... one right here... one on a hundred feet from here. One between the other cameras.... just as we planned it. Now Jones, rehearse those boys right in front of the camera.

Please, Mr. Powell, will you stand just beneath the camera; the other camera will be on you.. the one to the left... thank you... that's the spot.

(Johnson)
I've got three men over there....

(Griffith)
To you left, - in the mob. Now, four or five over to the right.... Give the scripts out to the mob... The ones to the left shout out - "My God! My God!" Now this little crowd you have at the right say -

(Griffith) continuing -

Look... look... look! Now about eight or ten in the center shout - "He's falling... he's falling... Watch... he's falling!
(all in great excitement)
Then the other two or three... "He's caught the plank... he's holding on.....

Now another group in the mob.... "No, he's slipping... he's falling.... he's lost hold of it... he's falling!

(General directions for them so they don't ad lib too much, to make the excitement go on while the horse and wagon are falling through the air)

(Abe)
I wished it was you that was to do that tumbledown... Sure, I'd drop a rock on you!

(Mike)
For the likes of that I wish it was you... Minutes are few till we are going to meet at the end of this plank and when we do, the head of yees I'll hammer off!

(Griffith)
Boys.... watch yourselves up there! What are you doing? Quit arguing and go to work.

(Mike)
I'd like to give you a slap!

(Griffith)
The Minute I trun my face away something happens. Is there a doctor here. Hurry and get a doctor.

(One of the men)
We got them.

(Griffith)
Hurry and get them out.

(Other voices)
Here they are Mr. Griffith, we have them laid out.

(Griffith)
Are they hurt seriously?---Very seriously Doctor?

(Doctor)
No!--No I don't think so, but we have to take them out to make a better examination to see. They won't die. One has a bad arm and the other one a bad leg. Their pulse is alright.

(Griffith)
Take care of them. We'll pay for it. It isn't our fault, but we'll pay for it.

(Hear clanging of hammers)

(Griffith)
Get to work as quick as you can, but watch your step we don't want no more drops from that bridge.

(Sound of two hammers driving on woodwork, coming closer.)

(Abe)
I wished it was you in the automobiel.

(Mike)
For the likes of that I wish it was you. Minutes are few till we are going to meet at the end of this plank and when we do the head of yees I'll hammer off.

(Giffith)
Boys! Watch yourselves up there, what are you doing? Quit arguing and go to work

(Abe)
I'd like to give you a slap.

(Mike)
~~Don't the like of yees raise your fist to me.--There's a shout from Mike.--Watch out.~~

~~(Other workmens voices)~~
~~It's falling, it's falling.---Look!--Look!---He's caught.---Hold on.~~

~~--(Another voice)~~
~~He is slipping, he is slipping.~~

(Rosie continued)
He says I'm only 16 and I've no right to be marrying particularly an Irisher.

(Pat)
And father seems to be raging about my marrying a -----. I don't care what he says, I'll marry you despite of what they say.

(Rosie)
Honest Pat! Pat! There aint nobody but you. I just can't think of anybody else.

(Pat)
And I just can't about anyone else but you, Rosie. Don't worry dearie, I have given you my word.

(Rosie)
Don't worry dear I will never marry anybody but you says the heart inside of my own.

(Pat)
Say, I've got an idea.

(Fade out into music.)

(Griffith)
Boys! You want to get that left part of the bridge further around to the left.---the right part further to the right and make it look longer. Don't you hear me. Well do it.

(Sound effects)

(Griffith)
Get your men started working, I have got to have this set done by 2o'clock. Have you got that breakaway safe? Test a rock out on it you don't want to kill anybody here. ----Johnson! Where is Johnson.

(Boy)
Here sir!

(Griffith)
Have you rehearsed the men. Well, why don't you. We have to get this entrance right. When the wagon goes through the bridge, now rehearse them. How many men are there. Four there. Well get them in place. One right beneath the bridge. One right here. One on 100 feet from here. One between the Camera.---just like we planned it. Now Jones, Get those boys fright in front of the camera.

(1st two or three voices.)
Look! Look!

(3rd voice)

My God! it's my wife in her automobile.

(2 other voices)
It is falling! --it is falling. It is broken, it is broken.

(Another voice)
Look out, run! run---

(Rosie continued)
He says I'm only 16 and I've no right to be marrying particularly an Irisher.

(Pat)
And father seems to be raging about my marrying a -----. I don't care what he says, I'll marry you despite of what they say.

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(Fade out into music.)

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(1st two or three voices.)
Look! Look!

(3rd voice)

My God! it's my wife in her automobile.

(2 other voices)
It is falling! --it is falling. It is broken, it is broken.

(Another voice)
Look out, run! run---

(Griffith)
The Minute I trun my face away something happens. Is there a doctor here. Hurry and get a doctor.

(One of the men)
We got them.

(Griffith)
Hurry and get them out.

(Other voices)
Here they are Mr. Griffith, we have them laid out.

(Griffith)
Are they hurt seriously?---Very seriously Doctor?

(Doctor)
No!--No I don't think so, but we have to take them out to make a better examination to see. They won't die. One has a bad arm and the other one a bad leg. Their pulse is alright.

(Griffith)
Take care of them. We'll pay for it. It isn't our fault, but we'll pay for it.

(Hear clanging of hammers)

(Griffith)
Get to work as quick as you can, but watch your step we don't want no more drops from that bridge.

(Sound of two hammers driving on woodwork, coming closer.)

(Abe)
I wished it was you ~~in the automobiel.~~

(Mike)
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~~(Other workmens voices)~~
~~It's falling, it's falling.---Look!--Look!---He's caught.--Hold on.~~

~~---(Another voice)~~
~~He is slipping, he is slipping.~~

In motion pictures all sorts of things happen, just as to people in real life in any business. I remember while I was looking over the building of a moving picture bridge, what we call a break-away bridge... for your information, this bridge is a drop bridge built so that when a horse and wagon goes over a certain part of the bridge, the bridge opens and down goes whatever is on it at the time, into the water..... In this case it happened to be a wagon containing the hero and heroine. I and my staff were looking at the particular piece of building known as a catchway that was to be set on the water just below, out of view of the camera so as to prevent the wagon, if caught, from going into the swift current that led to the rapids.

While walking, one of the staff made a remark about the fight between Michael Healy and Isaac Ester, one a Jew and one an Irishman. The daughter of the Jew and the son of the Irishman, whose name was Pat, were very much in love with each other and neither one of the fathers have known much about it.

Two friendly laborers - Abe and Mike:

Abe: I was just telling him that friendship is the best thing, after all. The friendship between youse and me... My god, it's better than loving a woman... but don't mention it to your wife.

Mike: Sure, and I never thought of it that way... but it's the God's gospel truth.... There's nothing near like the friend-ship of two men... and the working together, and fighting together, and drinking together. I say as how friendship is a grand thing.

Abe: And do you know it's never a fight we've had.... and we never will.

Mike: Us fight? For the love of Mike, who'd be thinking of such an idea? We never has and we never will. For the love of God... that's true.

Abe: But I'll be leaving you here. I want to speak a word up at the boss's place. I see my son up there talking with Mr. Griffith.... Meet you at the bridge.

(Rosie, a Jewish girl - Abe's daughter - and Pat are talking to Mr. Griffith)

Pat: You see, Mr. Griffith.... we've just made up our minds. We're going to get married.... You know, they must have been telling you. We've been making fools of ourselves over each other.

Griffith:
Over being in love? If being in love is foolishness, the whole world has been foolish one time or another. It's more sensible then than at any other time. It

isn't silly to be in love... it's good sense.

Rosie: But my being Jewish and Pat's being Irish makes trouble on both sides.

Griffith:
Forget it... You are in America... If you want to love each other, it's your own damn business and nobody else's. So long as you stick together... Say, I'm talking like a preacher... I don't mean it that way... You're all right, both of you... and you'll not be fired on account of your fathers. You're doing pretty well in those two-reelers, and you just keep on... So long as you're doing as well as you're doing, I'm with you.

Rosie: It don't interfere... it only helps... They say our love scenes are the best love scenes in the little pictures.

Pat: And why wouldn't they be... because we mean it from our hearts.

Rosie: Sure, it's a delight to work in the pictures, and then some, and again some...

Griffith:
Well, goodbye... Go on to your work...

(Flutter of music for a few seconds)

1st Laborer speaking - etc. page 1.

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While the staff
~~We were walking - One of them~~ made a remark about the fight between Michael Healy and Isaac Ester. One a Jew and one an Irishman. The daughter of the Jew and the son of the Irishman, whose name is Pat, are very much in love with each other and neither one of the fathers have known much about it.

(Flutter of music for a few seconds.)

(1st Laborer speaking)
You're a damn fool Mike Healy, you have the brains of a tom cat. Don't you know that Heb is making a fool of your son Pat.

(Mike)
Get on with you, your a dumb liar, there's no truth to it.

(1st Man)
I'm a liar ma I, I'd like to smack you in the face, but I'll smack you in your heart by telling you they have been lovey doveing each other over the lot and you're the only one that don't know it.

(Another Laborer talking to the Jew)
Hello--How is the Jewish boy today?

(Abe)
Well I'm good but I could be better.

(Man speaking again)
What's the matter,worrying about your daughter and that Irisher.

(Abe)
That is just a lot of lies about them, they just play the love scenes because they have to.

(Man speaking again)
However, it is my opinion that he means no good by your daughter.

(Abe)
It is that dirty Mikes business---and the two of us have been friends all this time. There he comes now, I'll tell him a thing or two. Haven't we been the best of friends for the likes of ten years.

(Mike)
Sure we have.

(Abe)
Vel, for now, vhy do you let that son of yours make fun of my daughter by loving her all around the place---and she's so young, but a child.

(Mike)
He has done nothing of the kind, he wouldn't make fun of her even if she was only a Kike.

(Abe)
And you never used that word to me in your life-and just for that I'll bounce a hammer on your bean. Wait till I get a few steps on this bridgework, I'll drop a part on you.

(Mike)
You will, will you Abe.---I'll be there in a second.

(Griffith)
Boys!---Abe and Mike what on earth is the matter with you two fighting---why you have been friends ever since I know you.--- the best of friends---what has come between you.

(Mike)
He is insulting my son.

(Abe)
Did you hear him!---me insulting his son.---And he is insulting my daughter. It is his mind he has lost.

(Mike)
You mean it is your mind you have lost.

(Griffith)
Alright now, wait a minute boys---wait a minute.

(Abe)
His son is trying to grab my daughter and she's only 16.

(Mike)
It is she that's trying to grab Pat.---She's a grabber.

(Griffith(
Now just cut this out, both of you. I know both Pat and Rosie and they are young and in love. You were that way once yourselves. Now listen, go on to work and no more fighting, we are paying you for this time.---Go on with you.

(Both of them)
Alright, we are sorry Mr. Griffith, we'll go to it.

(Love music can be heard)

(After entering the gate.)

(Rosie)
Oh Pat! Pat!.

(Pat)
Rosie, Rosie---

(Rosie)
Oh! Dad's got on to us

(Rosie continued)
He says I'm only 16 and I've no right to be marrying, particularly an Irisher.

(Pat)
And father seems to be raging about my marrying a --------. I don't care what he says, I'll marry you despite of what they say.

(Rosie)
Honest, Pat! Pat! There ain't nobody but you... I just can't think of anybody else.

(Pat)
And I just can't think about anybody else but you, Rosie. Don't worry dearie, I've given you my word!

(Rosie)
Don't you worry, dear; I'll never marry anybody but you, says the heart inside of my own.

(Pat)
Say, I've got an idea.

(Fade out into music)

(Griffith)
Boys! You want to get that left part of the bridge further around to the left.... the right part further to the right... and make it look longer. Don't you hear me? Well, do it.

(Sound effects)

(Griffith)
Get your men started working. I have got to have this set done by two o'clock. Have you got that breakaway safe? Test a rock out on it. You don't want to kill anybody here.... Johnson! Where is Johnson?

(Boy)
Here, sir.

(Griffith)
Have you rehearsed the men? Well, why don't you? We have to get this entrance right. When the wagon goes through the bridge, - now rehearse them. How many cameras are there? Four there? Well, get them in place... One right beneath the bridge... one right here... one on a hundred feet from here. One between the other cameras.... just as we planned it. Now Jones, rehearse those boys right in front of the camera.

Please, Mr. Powell, will you stand just beneath the camera; the other camera will be on you.. the one to the left... thank you... that's the spot.

(Johnson)
I've got three men over there....

(Griffith)
To you left, - in the mob. Now, four or five over to the right.... Give the scripts out to the mob... The ones to the left shout out - "My God! My God!" Now this little crowd you have at the right say -

(Griffith) continuing -

Look... look.... look! Now about eight or ten in the center shout - "He's falling... he's falling... Watch... he's falling!
(all in great excitement)
Then the other two or three... "He's caught the plank... he's holding on.....

Now another group in the mob.... "No, he's slipping... he's falling.... he's lost hold of it... he's falling!

(General directions for them so they don't ad lib too much, to make the excitement go on while the horse and wagon are falling through the air)

(Abe)
I wished it was you that was to do that tumbledown... Sure, I'd drop a rock on you!

(Mike)
For the likes of that I wish it was you... Minutes are few till we are going to meet at the end of this plank and when we do, the head of yees I'll hammer off!

(Griffith)
Boys.... watch yourselves up there! What are you doing? Quit arguing and go to work.

(Mike)
I'd like to give you a slap!

M (Mike)
The likes of yees to raise your fist to me---- -----

(Theres a cranking sound. A shout)

(Mike)
Watch out!

(Other workmens voices)
He's falling, he's falling.

(Another voice)
Look! Look! He's caught a plank, he's holding on.

(Another voice)
Get out underneath that plank.

(Another voice)
The plank is breaking, look out it is breaking.

(Another voice)
He is holding, he is holding.

(Womans voice)
He's gone, he's gone. Can't something be done, he is falling.

(Another voice)
He is in the water,--try to swim,-swim this way.

(Another voice)
He can't swim, look!.---it is going right with the current.

(Another voice)
Can't something be done.

(Another voice)
Help him, help him.

(Womans voice)
He is going towards the rapids.---Look! someone just jumped in.

(Another voice)
It is Mike!---It is Mike.

(Anohter voice)
Look at him swim.

(Another voice)
He is too late! Abes in the current.

(Another voice)
He's got him, he's got him.

(Another voice)
No he missed him that time.

(Another voice)
Look they are both going down together.

(Womans voice)
Help him, help him.

((2 or 3 womens voices)
Look he's got him.

(Voices as they run)
Right on the shore. They are lifting him up.

(Griffith)
Abe old boy do you feel alright? --Are you alright? It was Mike here that saved you.

(Abe) Sputtering water)
He would be just the one that would save me.

(Mike)
It's alright, Abe, your the best friend I ever had. We will be fighting no more.

(Abe)
We will be fighting no more.

(Rosie)
Daddy. Daddy! I'm so glad.

(Voice in crowd)
It was Mike that saved him.

(Abe)
Please now, after nearly losing your Daddy you will be thinking no more about marrying that Irisher.

(Rosie)
No daddy. No daddy, don't worry now, don't worry.

(Mike)
And now son, I hope that you won't be marrying her.

(Pat)
No daddy! Because--because

(Mike)
Because what!

(Rosie)
Because we are already married.

(Both parents)
What's that?

(Rosie)
Well we just thought that you were both arguing and fighting about our getting married that the best thing to do was to get married and then you wouldn't have anything to fight about.

(Mike)
Listen to the likes of that, will ye.

(Abe)
There, what a parent. No I don't mean that I mean vot a child. Vhy Mike, what are we going to do?

(Mike)
Like everybody else,nothing. Nothing like everybody else nothing. They run away on us.

(Rosie)
Are now, we love you both and Pat loves you Mike.

(Pat)
Sure, I do and I always liked your old man even if he didn't care for me. He is alright.

(Abe)
Did you hear that, alright, I will be fighting with his son now.

(Mike)
Go on, if it hadn't been for me you would nearly have drowned, you bald headed Heb.

(Abe)
You be calling me names again. Well never mind. Go on your way

(Abe continued)
Go on your way you two, get your arms around each other and rest yourself. Mike and I will decide where to marry you. Go on Mike.

(Mike)
Sure, do you know Abe, despite the looks of your face and the looks of myself, their a grand looking pair. Let's celebrate the saving of your life.

(Abe)
It sure is good beer.

F I N I S

BEHIND THE SCENES Mr Griffith Copy

MR. GRIFFITH: Behind the scenes in the movies, life goes on about the same as it does anywhere else. The same old jealousies, the same old lovings, the same old quarrels; most often like any real life. Afterwards they almost forget they ever went an at all. I was sitting in the corner of a quiet little second class restaurant with Jones and a certain Miss Agnew, who was just starting in her first big part with our company. Jones and I were mostly looking for types for a rough-neck picture we were about to do. Miss Agnew, well, she was just there. What were you saying, Miss Agnew?

MISS AGNEW: Those lines about love in the second scene are so hard to say.

MR. GRIFFITH: No their not, course they are old, but they are ever new. I love you, I really do, I love you. Then he answers, yes go on, I love to hear it. Then you answer him. I wish their were some other words, some new words to say, but that is just all their is, I love you.

MISS AGNEW: Well, I guess the lines are all right at that.

MR. GRIFFITH: Of course, some people laugh at it. Two people in love are always funny to everybody but themselves, but underneath they feel it just the same, so you read it just like you feel it.

MISS AGNEW Very tenderly I'll try, Mr. Griffith, I'll try

JONES breaking in (undertone) There are the two tough birds I was talking about, they would be great in our picture.

MR. GRIFFITH He indicated two rough looking eggs sitting rather near us who at that time were unknown to the world at large but afterwards became quite famous. For very obvious reasons we cannot mention their real names, but we will call them Bob Wheels and the other, John Simpkins. I had used them quite often as rough neck characters. Their strange friendship was famous smong the extras.

If anybody would have been silly enough to have written down the words they uttered while they were quarrelling with each other, they'd run a pathway to the home of Satan. And yet they were always together, and if any stranger was around craving a battle, all he had to do was to say something about John before Bob, and he'd get plenty of action. And if he was craving a sudden and bloody massacre, just make some disparaging remark about Bob. At times they were lovey-dovey, and just seemed to take to each other from the first - just kind of natural-like'. Just like the old Mohamets remarks about women: "A man cannot be happy with them and he can't be happy without them". These sentiments just seemed to fit Bob and John all together. Now they were sitting in a corner of the little restaurant, which incidentally had quite a trade in ginger ale and White Rock, thinking heavy about nothing at all when John opened up in a voice that could be heard all over the room:

JOHN: What's the matter, Bob?

BOB: I'm just thinking.

JOHN: For crying out loud, be careful, you'll break that empty pan in your head if you start trying to think.

BOB: Is that so? I don't notice that you've ever upset the world with any brain flares!

JOHN: Well, if you'll think up some way we both can get a job, I'd let you alone.

BOB: Don't make me weep out loud. Ain't nobody got no job nowhere, and you know it.

NOTE: Both of these guys are roughnecks.

JOHN: Well, I've got a little cutie coming down here tonight. I'm going to divide my pork chop with her; she's that sensible, and the way she's crazy about me -- you'd never dream it!

BOB: (With scorn) Crazy about you? What nut factory did she run away from?

JOHN: Well, of course, all the femmes are nuts, but you wouldn't notice it from her -- she's that good to look at. Here, she's coming now.

Now when she sits down, you lam, get me? Beat it now. Don't hang around like you always do whenever I hook a sweet stranger.

BOB: Sure, I'll beat it.

YOUNG GIRL'S VOICE: Good evening, John, isn't this a delightful place.

JOHN: You're almost on time. I got this table just for us.

BOB: (Abstractedly) In polite society people introduces each other.

(John ignores him)

JOHN: I was just looking around, Miss Mozelle, might get a better table.

MISS MOZELLE: I don't see one.

BOB: Well you can sit here with me at my table.

MISS MOZELLE: Oh, how nice, is this your friend?

JOHN: Well, I know him.

BOB: Why we share in everything - just so pally we don't know how to handle it. Sit down, Miss Mozelle right here, this chair is right close to me. My name is Bob Wheels, special friend of Mr. John Simpkins.

JOHN: (In low voice, a whisper) Say, Bob, lam on it, will you?

BOB: I'm not going to stay long. Just long enough to grab this jane up to my big manly bosom, where this dame belongs. She's too good for you, kid, too good for you!

GRIFFITH: So this ended up before the night was over in a free for all by the two pals over Miss Mozelle, who enjoyed it immensely. In fact, I think she encouraged, promoted, acted as second, general manager, and all. For if one thing she enjoyed it was a good scrap. She was a very high class lady, but she dearly loved to see big bohunks wrestle each other's necks off, and the more bones broken the better. Miss Mozelle was known at one time to go into hysterics of

laughter when Bull Montana knocked Spot Kelly over the center of the ring, three aisles back, with one right cross; leaving the said spot with a dislocated neck for many months. But Miss Mozelle went into hysterics of joy and applause. She loved manly guys! She was an irontrimmed, guaranteed troublemaker with the males, as she had fluffy blonde hair and a figure that was the last word in nifty! And slim ankles and everything just grand! She ~~wanted~~ the battle went on ed a battle in which furniture and everything was being destroyed with great glee. But it seemed to be sort of drawish. Anything Miss Mozelle disliked was a draw -- she wanted to see a fight to the finish. And these two scrappers were pretty well known and she expected quicker results. Just then Handsome Dick of the U.A. Company started out, having only a slight acquaintance with Miss Mozelle, and not knowing that she was in any way connected with the two battlers, approached.

HANDSOME DICK: Why, Miss Mozelle, haven't seen you in ages!

MISS MOZELLE: Oh, Dick, you get better looking every day. I'd just love to work over at the U.A., particularly with you!

HANDSOME DICK: Well, let's start out. You're not attached, are you?

MISS MOZELLE: Oh nobody of any importance. I'll go with you

MR. GRIFFITH: The battlers were still going to it, but when Bob

happened to notice that the cause of the whole disturbance had disappeared, he whispers to John

BOB: I don't want to hit you again, yet for crying out loud, she's gone.

JOHN: You fall down, and let's stop this fight. It's a good thing we didn't fight for real.

BOB: Oh, she's too wise. She see's all the fights. She knows we were acting all the time.

JOHN: Let me have it. I'll take it on the neck, not on the chin!

BOB: Oh come on, get off your feet, or I'll really hit you.

JOHN: Get out of the way you people. What are you looking at?

BOB: Let's get out of this joint. Come on, I'm leaving.

JOHN: Me to!

GRIFFITH: It happened that I was on the set a few days later, rehearsing, and I had casted Bob and John for two smaller parts. That is, before they became famous. Roughneck parts, and believe me they didn't need any makeup for the part. All they had to do was to walk on "as is". The idea of the plot was a perfectly marvelous one, wherein a comic society boy and his sweetheart from the Upper Crest were visiting in a rough neighborhood. Bob and John were supposed to be roughnecks and supposed to be scowling and lending atmosphere to make the place look properly tough. John came up to me and said:

JOHN: "Beg your pardon, Mr. Griffith, but there is a young lady here, and I've known her for some time. I think she would be very good in one of those extra parts, and she needs the work bad.

MR. GRIFFITH: Where is she?

JOHN: I'll get her.

(and forthwith glided Miss Mozelle) Miss Mozelle

JOHN: Mr. Griffith thinks he might use you in one of the parts as one of the fast looking girls in this rough neighborhood.

MISS MOZELLE: Oh Mr. Griffith, I'm so delighted to meet you.

MR. GRIFFITH: Well, I don't know if you would like this part. You are supposed to be a fast girl in this rough neighborhood.

MISS MOZELLE: (in an affected tone) Oh I'd do anything for art's sake, but of course I come from the very best of society people, and I don't know a thing about fighting and that sort of thing. But I know you can teach me, can't you Mr. Griffith.

MR. GRIFFITH: Oh, I won't have much time to teach everybody.

MISS MOZELLE: Oh, but you can spare it for me, now, won't you Mr. Griffith?

MR. GRIFFITH: Jones!

JONES: Yes,sir, yes sir!

MR. GRIFFITH: Take this young society lady over to the crowd on the right there. She is supposed to be one of the fast girls.

JONES: (Supercilious voice) Yes sir, yes sir.

MISS MOZELLE: Oh, will I have to get a different dress and makeup for the part?

MR. GRIFFITH: Well, I don't think it will be hardly noticed in the crowd. We are in a hurry so I think just as you are will be all right.

MR. GRIFFITH: Jones, you can show her what to do.

JONES: Yes sir!

MR. GRIFFITH: All right. I Miss Agnew

MISS AGNEW: Would you mind if I just sat here with you and watched this scene. I'd like to so much.

MR. GRIFFITH Well, I should say you can.

MISS AGNEW I just want to see you take this picture.

MR. GRIFFITH Sit right here.

MR. GRIFFITH Change of voice. Now you rough necks on this side, look menancing and terrible! Look tougher than anybody ever looked tough. Put three or four of them dead drunk on the ground there, Jones.

JONES: Yes sir, yes sir!

MR. GRIFFITH Now I'll have the tougher looking birds in the doorway, decorating it like the slums. Jones, hurry up, Jones

JONES: Yes sir, yes sir!

MR. GRIFFITH I mean like the slums they imagine. Not like any real slums. They won't know it's the slums if you make it too real. All ready! The two society comics. We have to rehearse this. Come on, the two society comics. John, Bob, make it realistic. Now right get two center start your fighting comics. Now when they start fighting, the boy looks for a minute and runs away, trying to pull the girl after him, but Society Miss, you wait, you want to see the scrap.

The Boy disappears - leaving society girl, looking on

in rapture while John and Bob go on fighting.

All right - start it. Now that's the place for the fight to start.

All right - society boy comeon, come on or somebody will get hit.

Society girl, your lines!

SOCIETY GIRL: Oh, it's just beautiful. I just love it.

MR. GRIFFITH: You disappear now, boy.

Now, John, Bob - keep on fighting. That's it. Make it real. Sock each other like you mean it. Now society girl, speak your line.

SOCIETY GIRL: Oh, arent they just grand?

MR. GRIFFITH: Now, Miss Mozelle, there's a line for you there.

MISS MOZELLE: Burn my lingerie! That's the same fight they put on the other night. It's a sketch! It's a sketch! And I thought they were devils!

(Ominious roar from the crowd)

When do we eat?

MR. GRIFFITH: What's the matter with you. It's only 3 o'clock in the afternoon. You had breakfast at 6, didn't you?

MOB: What do we eat.

MR. GRIFFITH: (Shouting) Go to lunch. One hour for luncheon.

This can be finished off as end of first picture if we think it worth while to try to make two pictures out of it.

MR. GRIFFITH: The next time I heard of our two fighting heros, it seems that John had got a part in a wild and wooly western picture. The scenes were being taken out in the dessert When one of the great film companies

started casting for a big road show picture, with a prominent part in it for a roughneck character. We mulled over characters and finally John's name was suggested as having done good work in small parts, and was an ideal type for this rough riding man in this big epical picture. When the casting director informed me that he was out West, had gone to the dessert and would doubtless be out for three weeks, he suggested Bob, as they looked alike, they scrapped alike, and that Bob was almost as good an actor as John. Anyway we couldn't get John and we wanted to start right away so they sent for Bob. Bob made quite a favorable impression. He was given great encouragement and told they'd let him know in a few days, but were certain that he was the man for the part, and not to do anything else until he heard from them. But things turned out badly for John. He hardly got started on the picture when he got the flu, which was prevailing at the time. He was brought home to his mother, and was fighting his battle for life. I heard about it when a very sweet young girl came to me with a request from John's mother that I come over and see him. He was very much worried and wanted to talk to me. She was such a sweet, nice looking kid, I asked her if she knew John, and she said:

SALLY: Oh yes, he is a wonderful boy. I played with him until he got sick in the dessert scene, and as soon as I finished my part I came on to see him. He is about the grandest -- well, will you come, Mr. Griffith?

MR. GRIFFITH: Surely!

I came inside a little bungalow where John was lying on the bed. The story of the epic picture that we were to produce was taken from a book, and he had been reading it. He was in a semiconscious state, and was reading lines from the book and stopped and looked up at me.

JOHN: Hello, Mr. Griffith, nice of you to come.

MR. GRIFFITH: Oh that's all right, John, you're going to get out of this all right.

JOHN: Oh I know that. It won't last long. The doctor says I'M built like a Brick horse. Nothing like this is going to knock me over. Sally got you, didn't she? That's a real girl.

MR. GRIFFITH: Well you're not so bad yourself, John, when you're sleeping.

JOHN: (Turning back to the book) Well I know (reading in a faraway voice) it's true. We live alone, the two of us, live alone. What's the rest of the line Mr. Griffith. It's hard to read in this light. I've heard you say it so often.

MR. GRIFFITH: You mean Conrads, John?

JOHN Yes sir.

GRIFFITH: "Every human soul is alone
From the cradle to the grave,
No one every really knows anybody else,
Every one is always alone."

JOHN: (In a faraway voice) As soon as I get well I'll show you. Give me a chance, Mr. Griffith, for that part and I'll play it.

MOTHER: You had better go now as the Doctor doesn't want him to be disturbed too long.

BOB: I must see him just a minute.

MR. GRIFFITH: I picked up the book and put it behind him as Bob came to John. They only said.

BOB: John!

JOHN: Bob!

BOB: I just came over to tell you to hurry up and get over that sick business. Fight 'em kid, fight em!

MR. GRIFFITH: John then seemed to be more contented and dropped off to sleep as we all slipped out of the room.

MR. GRIFFITH: In the meantime our big epical picture wasn't getting along as fast as I expected and Bob received word he could accept work in a quickee which would only be for 8 or 10 days. By that time they would have their minds all made up about the parts, and just when they would start production. So John hustled off to his quickee to get a little much needed cash. And John's wrought-iron constitution helped him quickly through his climax. At the end of the 10 days when Bob came back, having finished work with his quickee, he want to the production office immediately and asked about the part. They told

him that they would let him know, but that he could take anything that was offered to him outside, because they had about settled on another man for the part. Bob goes away brokenhearted.

FRIEND: Hello, Bob. I see your friend, John, all well and kicking has got that big part in the big epic picture. I thought you were going to get it.

BOB: Did John take it.

FRIEND: Sure, he was just telling me. He was right there. Here he comes now.

JOHN: Hello Bob, glad to see you back.

BOB: I shouldn't have wasted my time on you, slobbering over you, you dirty rat! As if there's anything that could kill you. The first thing you do is a dirty trick when you get on your feet. You know I had a chance for that part.

JOHN: I didn't know anything of the kind. They called for me and offered me the part. I never heard a word about you being considered.

BOB: You're like you always were. You're a dirty liar!

JOHN: Now don't get rough because I'll slam you on the beezer. Who would ever give you a part like that? You never played anything but bits in your life.

BOB: Oh, I didn't, didn't I? What did you ever do before. You get all swellheaded as soon as you get the part. If you weren't just up from a sick bed, I'd put your front teeth in your belly band, you sneaking kiyote!

JOHN: Don't you bother about me being up from a sick bed. I could have cleaned you while I was in the worst part of the sick bed. Take this on your snozzle and see how sick I am! (Sound of a blow)

SALLY: (Screams) Oh don't, don't! You nearly knocked him down.

BOB: (in temper) I'll put you back in that bed.
(Sound of blows)
Crowd gathers around.

MISS MOZELLE: Oh, they got a new sketch.

JONES: Separate them there, don't let them fight, cut that out!

MR. GRIFFITH: Cut it out, boys, no fighting here in front of the office. Go over in a back lot if you want to fight.
(Sound of two or three voices)
Get him by the neck! There, get a hold of his waist. Hold the other one off!

OTHER VOICES: All right, we'll hold him off!

JOHN: Well we'll stop fighting here but I'll get him just the same

BOB: And you'll be sorry when you do.

VOICE FROM CROWD: What are they fighting about anyhow.

ANOTHER VOICE: Oh that part in that big epical peiture.

GRIFFITH: Well, boys, you wasted your energy because we have just decided not to do the big epical picture. When the buget came in we found out it cost enough money to build a battleship, and all the Wall Street guys

have gone into a cellar trying to hold on to their last few dollars, so make up and be friends.

JOHN: Who said we weren't friends? Can't a couple of guys punch each other around once in a while without being friends afterwards.

JONES: No scene boys. No go home, boys. Glad to see you friends again - that's better than a part anyhow.

SALLY: Oh john, I am so glad you didn't fight long. Come on, lets go over to the bungalow and we'll get a hamburger and some pickles and -

BOB: And you know what I want!

JOHN: Me too.

BOB: Well, if it ain't Miss Mozelle!

Miss Mozelle: Oh hello Robert Wheel. I've resigned from the U.A. I heard you've got a new part in the new epical picture.

BOB: Sure, kid, I'm an epical guy. What does epical mean, anyhow?

MR. GRIFFITH: Good luck to you boys. I'd tell you what epical meant if I knew it, but I don't know myself. So go and have a good time and for heaven's sake don't scrap any more unless you know what you are scrapping about.

BOB: Sure, bobs, the next time we are going to write it out before we start.

JOHN: Get us a couple of bits in that next picture, whether its epical or not.

MR. GRIFFITH: Did I ever leave you boys out?

THE BOYS: Not yet, not yet, boss!

MISS MOZELLE: Now I was just talking over with my girl friend, Mr. Robert Wheel, but I thought that first sketch you did was so good that you ought to put it in vaudeville, but this last time you were realing putting up a real fight. Oh, I just love a he man. I don't know which of you I like the best.

SALLY: Never mind you, stay on your own side of the land.

MISS MOZELLE: All right, Bob, you are the biggest, handsomist roughneck I ever saw. Lets hurry!

TELEPHONE: EN DICOTT 2-5065

NEW YORK, May 1st 1933

Mr. D. W. Griffith
Park Central Hotel
New York, N. Y.

JOHN KLEIN

AUTOMOBILE REPAIRING AND RECONSTRUCTING
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		Cover muffler with asbestos.	12	00
		Furnish six new fuses.	1	80
			$62	80

May 2, 1933.

Miss Mary Pickford,
Pickfair,
Beverly Hills, Cal.

Dear Mary:

I am sending you this letter of introduction for Miss Elaine Otis. She is ambitious to do something in pictures, or do something in something. While of course I think it is a very silly idea, she's got her mind sot that way which is something you couldn't understand as you never got your mind sot in any way. However, she is a very nice lady and is a friend of some very sweet, charming, high-class (and every other damn thing) kind of people. She is just a poor working girl so don't take any of the diamonds off her fingers. At least talk to her and be nice, as only Mary knows how to be nice <u>at times</u>.

I am very sore on you about that last conference we had when you were in such a hurry to get to Europe. But I guess that evens us up concerning "The Sands of Dee".

For your help and the other favors thanks very much. If I make any money in the future, I will send it to you to invest, as I should have done those many years ago.

With best wishes and everything, I am, as ever,

D. W. Griffith.

DWG:HH

May 2, 1933.

Mr. Eric von Stroheim,
Brentwood,
California.

Dear von Stroheim:

I know you will be surprised - if you are capable of such an emotion - at getting a letter from me. This one is a letter of introduction to a very charming young lady - Miss Elaine Otis. She is a friend of some very near friends of mine, so at least meet her and talk to her.

She is ambitious to work in pictures. I have tried to tell her that was a silly idea in the first place and a difficult idea in the second place and an absurd idea in the third place. However, you talk to her and anything you can do for her will be appreciated.

Personally, I am going to take this opportunity of telling you how much I appreciate that last fiery speech about me you made at the Roosevelt Hotel. You are certainly one of the few that could never be charged with being afraid to speak your own mind, no matter how it affects yourself.

With best luck and always good wishes to the man who, in my humble opinion, has more originality and genius than anybody making pictures,

As ever -

D. W. Griffith

DWG:HH

W. A. McLaughlin,

697 ~~304~~ Fifth Avenue

New York, May 2, 1933

Mr. D.W. Griffiths,
Park Central Hotel,
City

KINDLY DETACH THIS STUB AND MAIL WITH CHECK TOTAL _____

AS A CANCELLED CHECK IS SUFFICIENT RECEIPT, NO RECEIPT WILL BE SENT UNLESS REQUESTED.

W. A. McLaughlin
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		6 pair Lisle half-hose	2.75	16	50
		3 pair Fancy lisle half-hose	3.00	9	00
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				102	00

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MAY -2 1933
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TELEPHONE: EN DICOTT 2-5065

NEW YORK, May 3rd 1933

Mr. D. W. Griffith
Park Central Hotel
56th Street & 7th Ave
New York, N. Y.

JOHN KLEIN

AUTOMOBILE REPAIRING AND RECONSTRUCTING
OF HIGH CLASS CARS

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NEW YORK

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED

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Make two trunk straps 11 feet long.	9	00
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MANAGER
S. HARBOUR.

STAGE MANAGER:
HENRY CROCKER.

St. Martin's Lane,
London, W.C.2.

May 3rd 1933.19

D. W. Griffiths, Esq.,
Park Central Hotel,
NEW YORK.

Dear Sir,

I have been impressed by the great success of "KING KONG" at the Coliseum, which, as you no doubt know, has had no following as a picture theatre. Your views on road show pictures recently expressed in the "HERALD" are supported by this instance of the success of a picture containing a good story, convincing flights of imagination and resourceful technique.

The Stoll Picture Productions Ltd. does not make pictures, but lets its sound floors on hire to others to do so. It might be willing, however, to produce pictures containing the qualities indicated above in an outstanding manner. Its Visatone Recording

Equipment from Marconi and other Patents is equal to the best. The Company has an admirable sound recording engineer, an excellent camera man and an expert in lighting.

If you would like to make a picture over here I should like to know upon what terms, what particular story, if any, you have in mind, and what you estimate the cost of the picture would be, including any necessary help that you would require to bring over.

Yours faithfully,

Oswald Stoll.

20 Oakley Place.
Little Neck. L. I.,
May 4. 1933.

Dear Mr. Griffith.

Last night when I returned here from the city, the enclosed May 1st check from the Penn Mutual awaited me, having, as you can see from the envelope, been sent by them to the old post-office address and forwarded from there. Luckily, when I was giving up the box they asked for my home address; otherwise, this check would probably have gone back to the insurance company and been held by them indefinitely. I do not know what is required to have those people pay attention to changes of address. They were notified on March 18th by letter, as were the rest of the companies, and certainly they have had plenty of time between then and now to change your address. However, I have just written them again about the matter and hope that this time the letter will be effective and that none of the future checks will be delayed.

I also received the enclosed letter, forwarded from the old office address, from Sulka. I wrote Mr. Jackson and told him that I would take the matter up with you and that no doubt he would hear from you very shortly.

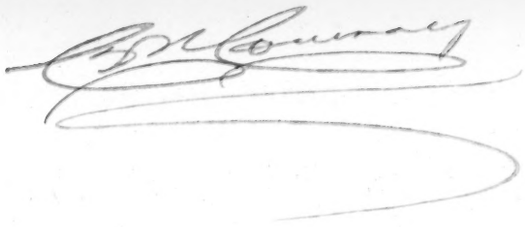
I was in New York yesterday as I told you I probably would be, and phoned you at the hotel several times during the afternoon and once in the early evening. However, you weren't there. I also phoned you this morning as I wanted you to know that I had received the Penn Mutual check. I am sorry that I was not able to see you yesterday as you asked me to do, but the weather was very mean and I didn't get into town until about three in the afternoon. I dislike very much calling you on the phone, and as I am at home almost every day and evening, I wish you would telephone to me when it is convenient. I do not expect to go to New York for any particular reason next week, unless you would like me to come in especially. Naturally, I appreciate your anxiety to get whatever you have in mind over with as soon as possible, and if you will telephone me (Imperial 2271) I am sure it will be much more convenient for you.

I am sort of "cleaning house" and in going over some of my old papers I came across the enclosed which you had asked me to keep in a special place. I had them in an envelope marked "Mr. Griffith - Very Important", and as they are certainly worth keeping (particularly the one from Major Moss) I am sending them along and would suggest, if I might be so bold, that you have them filed in the filing cabinet which Mr. Grey said had been sent up from the office.

I hope you are well and enjoying this lovely spring weather.

Also that you will enjoy your anticipated trip.

Very sincerely,



May 5 – 1933

Dear David;

I am writing to thank You for Your letter as well as check I think it very kind of You to write us a letter as I know You like myself do not like to write as artists You are wonderful almost as good as Ruth Which is saying much I did not think You remember her how we looked I hope You found the Folks in Oklahoma well but I fear they are very ~~much~~ much depressed but I hope for them better times

know they were all glad to
see you as they always are
it will be our time next
we expect to go in to see
Willard and Monte Sunday
Ella and Elyde were in
Sunday two Weeks ago went
out to you Ranch brought
in some fine Oranges
I am Praying for you
that you may escape all of
the Quakes that come your
Way With love Sister Ruth

Thanks a million for the increased check to Auntie and the generous one to me. Am having Jerry's teeth filled + my glasses changed, ~~so dolt as~~ in fact I feel like an heiress, so does Jerry. She is getting a new tennis racket. Enjoyed your letter so much also the lovely one from Evelyn. Thanks to you both. You are a Dear. Love Ruth + Jerry.

D. W. GRIFFITH COLLECTION
MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY

Sunday
May 7.

Dear D. W.

I'm so glad to know that the depression is over up there. What a racket, I think I'll take out a patent! Thanks for the the piano fund and the good ideas you have instilled in my papa's head.

It's so hot here now I have been living in the ice box, the only drawback is the lack of company, due to close quarters (you know me), and my voracious appetite. (I hope this pen will write better.)

I will see you next

Monday if you will light anywhere long enough for us to find you. We'd be there Sunday if I was driving but mother has at last become firm in that score and has written to Robert.

We went for hunting last night and had a grand time. Two car loads of us got lost from Jack MacFarland, the man who owns the hounds. I got tired waiting for him to find us & set off in search of him with Tom Maxwell, one of these dusky, country lads. We ran, (he followed me, panting) about three or four miles and finally found him.

Alice, (My cousin) and Ted stayed behind and became nervous for fear I was lost. After waiting two hours they went home to see if I'd turned up. Ted walked in the house & heard mama's voice from above. "Is that you Lucrood," Ted is quick witted so he answered, "We're going to Lutens for a sandwich," and scrammed. Olive and Ted then knew I was lost and murdered & etc. but decided they were hungry & went to Lutens. There Tom and I were. Tom had fussed for about an hour saying he could eat several cows, hamburgers and such and wanted to

go off with Jack's car & some of the hounds while Jack was out scouting. I finally gave (the cliff the dogs. in and went to Lulen's. It was then about 2 A.M. We were all going swimming in underwear but Ollie is too aldmaidish and besides is big in front & wouldn't. She wasn't as hot as I was as I'd been running so much. We going again Tuesday & this time I'm going swimming. O, I forgot to tell you they all thought I was tight I was acting so gay & all I had was a glass of milk.

Am going to dinner now so I'll see you Monday (if I don't sink this afternoon.

Lots of love

Leewood.

D. W. GRIFFITH COLLECTION
MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY

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May 11 1933

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OFFICE OF KATHARINE CORNELL
BELASCO THEATRE
NEW YORK CITY

May 15, 1933

D. W. Griffith, Esq.
Suite 2265
Park Central Hotel
New York City

My dear Mr. Griffith,

Miss Cornell wishes me to thank you for sending her Professor Roberts' play, which I am herewith returning. She is sorry that she did not see it as a vehicle for herself.

With Miss Cornell's best wishes,

Very truly yours,

Gertrude M. Macy

Gertrude Macy
for Miss Cornell

DIVIDEND NOTICE

New York, MAY 15 1933

D. W. Griffith

This is to advise you that we have this day credited your account $50.00

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representing the dividend at 50¢ per share on 100 – shares of Cont'l Can accruing to stock holders of record at the close of business 5/1/33

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D. W. GRIFFITH COLLECTION
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TRANSYLVANIA COLLEGE
LEXINGTON, KY.

May 15 1933.

Dear Cousin,

My mother wrote me that you were in Kentucky, but I did not get the letter until to-day. I would not have missed seeing you for hardly anything if I had have known that you were there. I was arranged to see you in New York and Los Angeles on different occasions in the past.

TRANSYLVANIA COLLEGE
LEXINGTON, KY.

Kentucky is very pretty in the spring. I too see as much of nature as my time allows. Would like to have seen your friends from New York.

I am pursuing the ministry and writing poetry now. Would like to see you again.

Very truly yours

Emmett Earl Long.

Standard Workmen's Compensation and Employers' Liability Policy

ROYAL INDEMNITY COMPANY

HEAD OFFICE — NEW YORK

(HEREIN CALLED THE COMPANY)

Does Hereby Agree WITH THIS EMPLOYER, NAMED AND DESCRIBED AS SUCH IN THE DECLARATIONS FORMING A PART HEREOF, AS RESPECTS PERSONAL INJURIES SUSTAINED BY EMPLOYEES, INCLUDING DEATH AT ANY TIME RESULTING THEREFROM, AS FOLLOWS:

Compensation

ONE. (a) TO PAY PROMPTLY to any person entitled thereto under the Workmen's Compensation Law and in the manner therein provided, the entire amount of any sum due, and all installments thereof as they become due,

(1) *To such persons because of the obligation for compensation for any such injury imposed upon or accepted by this Employer under such of certain statutes as may be applicable thereto, cited and described in an endorsement attached to this Policy, each of which statutes is herein referred to as the Workmen's Compensation Law, and*

(2) *For the benefit of such person the proper cost of whatever medical, surgical, nurse, or hospital services, medical or surgical apparatus or appliances and medicines, or, in the event of fatal injury, whatever funeral expenses are required by the provisions of such Workmen's Compensation Law.*

It is agreed that all the provisions of each Workmen's Compensation Law covered hereby shall be and remain a part of this contract as fully and completely as if written herein, so far as they apply to compensation or other benefits for any personal injury or death covered by this Policy, while this Policy shall remain in force. Nothing herein contained shall operate to so extend this Policy as to include within its terms any Workmen's Compensation Law, scheme or plan not cited in an endorsement hereto attached.

Liability for Damages

ONE. (b) TO INDEMNIFY this Employer against loss by reason of the liability imposed upon him by law for damages on account of such injuries to such of said employees as are legally employed wherever such injuries may be sustained within the territorial limits of the United States of America or the Dominion of Canada. In the event of the bankruptcy or insolvency of this Employer the Company shall not be relieved from the payment of such indemnity hereunder as would have been payable but for such bankruptcy or insolvency. If, because of such bankruptcy or insolvency, an execution against this Employer is returned unsatisfied in an action brought by the injured, or by another person claiming by, through or under the injured, then an action may be maintained by the injured, or by such other person claiming by, through or under the injured, against the Company under the terms of this Policy for the amount of the judgment in said action not exceeding the amount of this Policy.

Inspection Service

TWO. TO SERVE this Employer (a) by the inspection of work places covered by the Policy when and as deemed desirable by the Company and thereupon to suggest to this Employer such changes or improvements as may operate to reduce the number or severity of injuries during work, and (b), upon notice of such injuries, by investigation thereof and by settlement of any resulting claims in accordance with law.

Defense

THREE. TO DEFEND, in the name and on behalf of this Employer, any suits or other proceedings which may at any time be instituted against him on account of such injuries, including suits or other proceedings alleging such injuries and demanding damages or compensation therefor, although such suits, other proceedings, allegations or demands are wholly groundless, false or fraudulent.

Costs and Expenses

FOUR. TO PAY all costs taxed against this Employer in any legal proceeding defended by the Company, all interest accruing after entry of judgment and all expenses incurred by the Company for investigation, negotiation or defense.

Employees Covered

FIVE. THIS AGREEMENT SHALL APPLY to such injuries sustained by any person or persons employed by this Employer whose entire remuneration shall be included in the total actual remuneration for which provision is hereinafter made, upon which remuneration the premium for this Policy is to be computed and adjusted, and also to such injuries so sustained by the President, any Vice-President, Secretary or Treasurer of this Employer, if a corporation. The remuneration of any such designated officer shall not be subjected to a premium charge unless he is actually performing such duties as are ordinarily undertaken by a superintendent, foreman or workman.

Injuries Covered

SIX. THIS AGREEMENT SHALL APPLY to such injuries so sustained by reason of the business operations described in said Declarations which, for the purpose of this insurance, shall include all operations necessary, incident or appurtenant thereto, or connected therewith, whether such operations are conducted at the work places defined and described in said Declarations or elsewhere in connection with, or in relation to, such work places.

Policy Period

SEVEN. THIS AGREEMENT SHALL APPLY ONLY to such injuries so sustained by reason of accidents occurring during the Policy Period limited and defined as such in *Item 2* of said Declarations.

This space is intended for the attachment of such endorsements as may be executed as in the Policy provided, and, when so executed and attached, they shall be construed as a part of the Policy.

STANDARD WORKMEN'S COMPENSATION AND EMPLOYERS' LIABILITY POLICY ENDORSEMENT

The obligations of PARAGRAPH ONE (a) OF THE POLICY to which this endorsement is attached include such Workmen's Compensation Laws as are herein cited and described, and none other:

Chapter 586, *Laws of* 1917, *State of California, the authorized title of which is the "Workmen's Compensation Insurance and Safety Act of* 1917*" (except the increase in any award under the Provisions of Section* 6 (*b*) *thereof, insurance of such increase being prohibited by Section* 31 (*b*) *thereof), and all laws amendatory thereof or supplementary thereto which may be or become effective while this policy is in force. All the foregoing, subject to such exceptions, is for the purposes of this insurance called the Workmen's Compensation L*

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Chapter 586, Laws of 1917, State of California, the authorized title of which is the "Workmen's Compensation Insurance and Safety Act of 1917" (except the increase in any award under the Provisions of Section 6 (b) thereof, insurance of such increase being prohibited by Section 31 (b) thereof), and all laws amendatory thereof or supplementary thereto which may be or become effective while this policy is in force. All the foregoing, subject to such exceptions, is, for the purposes of this insurance, called the Workmen's Compensation Law.

PREMIUM AGREEMENTS

This Policy is amended as follows:

Paragraph Five (page 1), paragraph A of CONDITIONS (page 2), and item 4 of DECLARATIONS (page 3), are amended in the following particulars:

EXECUTIVE OFFICERS — 1. Unless the President, any Vice-President, Secretary, Assistant Secretary, Treasurer or Assistant Treasurer, of the employer, if a corporation, are specifically excluded from coverage under this Policy, the entire remuneration earned by each of said designated officers, during the Policy period, shall be subject to premium charge hereunder at the rate applicable to the highest rated hazard to which said designated officer is exposed.

CO-PARTNERS — 2. If any member of a firm, association or co-partnership, is insured hereunder, the entire remuneration earned by such member during the Policy period (including the annual amount of wages, salary, emoluments or profits of each—but not less than $2,700 per annum for each), shall be subject to premium charge hereunder at the rate applicable to the highest rated hazard to which such member is exposed.

RELATIVES — 3. If the employer is an individual, and if any relatives, i.e., husband, wife, son, daughter, adopted son, adopted daughter, stepson, step-daughter, grandson, granddaughter, son-in-law, daughter-in-law, father, mother, stepfather, stepmother, father-in-law, mother-in-law, grandfather, grandmother, brother, sister, stepbrother, stepsister, brother-in-law, sister-in-law, uncle, aunt, nephew or niece, of the employer, or of his wife, living on the premises occupied by the employer and/or in the household of the employer is insured hereunder, the entire remuneration (but not less than $1,500 per annum for each relative) earned by such relative during the Policy period, shall be subject to premium charge hereunder at the rate applicable to the highest rated hazard to which such relative is exposed.

BOARD AND LODGING — 4. If this employer furnishes board or lodging to any employee, the value thereof shall be included in the remuneration on which the premium is based at not less than the following amounts: (1) for board only, $30 per month; (2) for lodging only, $6 per month; (3) for both board and lodging, $36 per month.

RATE CHANGES — 5. This Policy is issued by the Company and is accepted by this employer with the agreement that the Company agrees to allow any *reduction* in the rates of premium which may be promulgated by the California Inspection Rating Bureau under the Industrial Compensation Rating Schedule and/or the California Experience Rating Plan, and approved by the Insurance Commissioner of California; the employer agrees to accept any *increase* in such rates which may be so promulgated and approved. The effective date of any such reduction or increase shall be the effective date thereof fixed by the Insurance Commissioner.

It is further understood and agreed that (subject to the approval of the Insurance Commissioner), the rates of premium are subject to change, if, during the term of this Policy, any amendments affecting the benefits provided by the Workmen's Compensation Laws become effective; such change, if any, to be expressed by an endorsement naming the effective date thereof.

POLICY NOT ASSIGNABLE — Paragraph I of CONDITIONS (page 2) is amended to read as follows: The interest of the employer in this Policy cannot be assigned to any other person or organization.

Nothing herein contained shall be held to vary, alter, waive or extend any of the terms, conditions, agreements

ROYAL INDEMNITY COMPANY

Head Office: New York

In consideration of the rates at which this policy has been issued, it is hereby understood and agreed, that if any of the operations are being conducted at a point more than six (6) miles from a town or village having a resident physician or surgeon, the employer mentioned below agrees to reimburse the company upon demand for the cost of transportation of any injured employee or employees to the doctor or surgeon, or place necessary to provide medical attention and / or for the cost of transportation of the doctor or other medical or surgical assistance to the injured employee or employees.

Nothing herein contained shall be held to waive, alter, vary or extend any of the conditions, agreements or limitations of this Policy, other than as above stated.

This Endorsement, issued by the ROYAL INDEMNITY COMPANY, when countersigned by a duly authorized Official or Agent of the Company, and attached to Policy No. C-615937 issued to -D. W. GRIFFITH- of NEW YORK CITY, NEW YORK shall be valid and shall form part of the Policy.

Countersigned at LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA.

this 16TH. day of MAY, 19 33

BEHRENDT-LEVY INSURANCE AGENCY
Authorized Agent

148-D 7-32 2-M D.H.

W. J. O'Neil
President

ROYAL INDEMNITY COMPANY

Head Office: New York

BEHRENDT-LEVY INSURANCE AGENCY
Authorized Representative

PRESIDENT

STANDARD WORKMEN'S COMPENSATION AND EMPLOYERS' LIABILITY POLICY ENDORSEMENT

The obligations of PARAGRAPH ONE (a) OF THE POLICY to which this endorsement is attached include such Workmen's Compensation Laws as are herein cited and described, and none other:

Chapter 586, *Laws of* 1917, *State of California, the authorized title of which is the "Workmen's Compensation Insurance and Safety Act of* 1917*" (except the increase in any award under the Provisions of Section* 6 (*b*) *thereof, insurance of such increase being prohibited by Section* 31 (*b*) *thereof), and all laws amendatory thereof or supplementary thereto which may be or become effective while this policy is in force. All the foregoing, subject to such exceptions, is, for the purposes of this insurance, called the Workmen's Compensation Law.*

PREMIUM AGREEMENTS

This Policy is amended as follows:

Paragraph Five (page 1), paragraph A of CONDITIONS (page 2), and item 4 of DECLARATIONS (page 3), are amended in the following particulars:

EXECUTIVE OFFICERS 1. Unless the President, any Vice-President, Secretary, Assistant Secretary, Treasurer or Assistant Treasurer, of the employer, if a corporation, are specifically excluded from coverage under this Policy, the entire remuneration earned by each of said designated officers, during the Policy period, shall be subject to premium charge hereunder at the rate applicable to the highest rated hazard to which said designated officer is exposed.

CO-PARTNERS 2. If any member of a firm, association or co-partnership, is insured hereunder, the entire remuneration earned by such member during the Policy period (including the annual amount of wages, salary, emoluments or profits of each—but not less than $2,700 per annum for each), shall be subject to premium charge hereunder at the rate applicable to the highest rated hazard to which such member is exposed.

RELATIVES 3. If the employer is an individual, and if any relatives, i.e., husband, wife, son, daughter, adopted son, adopted daughter, stepson, step-daughter, grandson, granddaughter, son-in-law, daughter-in-law, father, mother, stepfather, stepmother, father-in-law, mother-in-law, grandfather, grandmother, brother, sister, stepbrother, stepsister, brother-in-law, sister-in-law, uncle, aunt, nephew or niece, of the employer, or of his wife, living on the premises occupied by the employer and/or in the household of the employer is insured hereunder, the entire remuneration (but not less than $1,500 per annum for each relative) earned by such relative during the Policy period, shall be subject to premium charge hereunder at the rate applicable to the highest rated hazard to which such relative is exposed.

RD AND ING 4. If this employer furnishes board or lodging to any employee, the value thereof shall be included in the remuneration on which the premium is based at not less than the following amounts: (1) for board only, $30 per month; (2) for lodging only, $6 per month; (3) for both board and lodging, $36 per month.

5. This Policy is issued by the Company and is accepted by this employer with the agreement that the Company agrees to allow any *reduction* in the rates of premium which may be promulgated by the California Inspection Rating Bureau under the Industrial Compensation edule and/or the California Experience Rating Plan, and approved by the Insurance Commissioner of he employer agrees to accept any *increase* in such rates which may be so promulgated and approved. date of any such reduction or increase shall be the effective date thereof fixed by the Insurance Com-

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Paragraph I of CONDITIONS (page 2) is amended to read as follows: The interest of the employer in this Policy cannot be assigned to any other person or organization.

contained shall be held to vary, alter, waive or extend any of the terms, conditions, agreements Policy other than as above stated.

ENDORSEMENT AGREEMENT
LIMITING AND RESTRICTING THIS INSURANCE

olicy is issued to a Corporation The insurance hereunder is limited as follows:

GREED that, anything in this policy to the contrary notwithstanding, this policy DOES NOT INSURE:

ts injuries (or death resulting therefrom) sustained by any person having the title of President, Vice-
VE President, Secretary, Assistant Secretary, Treasurer or Assistant Treasurer of this Employer,
RS or any combination of such titles, with or without other titles, irrespective of the work performed
NSURED by such person *unless* specifically included by statements in the Declarations.

If this Policy is issued to a Co-partnership The insurance hereunder is limited as follows:

It is AGREED that, anything in this policy to the contrary notwithstanding, this policy DOES NOT INSURE:

MEMBERS OF FIRM NOT INSURED As respects injuries (or death resulting therefrom) sustained by any member of the firm, association or co-partnership named as employer herein, *unless* specifically named in the Declarations or in Endorsement attached to this policy.

3. **If this Policy is issued to an Individual** The insurance hereunder is limited as follows:

It is AGREED that, anything in this policy to the contrary notwithstanding, this policy DOES NOT INSURE:

RELATIVES NOT INSURED As respects injuries (or death resulting therefrom) sustained by any of the following relatives of the employer or of his wife, i. e., husband, wife, son, daughter, adopted son, adopted daughter, stepson, step-daughter, grandson, granddaughter, son-in-law, daughter-in-law, father, mother, stepfather, step-mother, mother-in-law, father-in-law, grandfather, grandmother, brother, sister, stepbrother, stepsister, brother-in-law, sister-in-law, uncle, aunt, nephew or niece, when any of the said relatives are living on the premises occupied by the employer and/or in the household of the employer, *unless* such relative is specifically named in the Declarations or in Endorsement attached to this policy.

Nothing herein contained shall be held to waive, alter, vary or extend any of the terms or provisions of this Policy, except as herein stated, nor shall this endorsement bind the Company until countersigned by a duly authorized representative of the Company.

Attached to and hereby made part of Policy No. C-615937 issued by the ROYAL INDEMNITY COMPANY to -D. W. GRIFFITH-

ROYAL INDEMNITY COMPANY
Head Office: New York

Countersigned:

H. J. Paddock
BEHRENDT - LEVY INSURANCE AGENCY
Authorized Representative

F. J. O'Neill
PRESIDENT

THIS AGREEMENT IS SUBJECT TO THE FOLLOWING CONDITIONS:

Basis of Premium

A. The premium is based upon the entire remuneration earned, during the Policy Period, by all employees of this Employer engaged in the business operations described in said Declarations, together with all operations necessary, incident or appurtenant thereto, or connected therewith whether conducted at such work places or elsewhere in connection therewith or in relation thereto; excepting however the remuneration of the President, any Vice-President, Secretary or Treasurer of this Employer, if a corporation, but including the remuneration of any one or more of such designated officers who are actually performing such duties as are ordinarily undertaken by a superintendent, foreman or workman. If any operations as above defined are undertaken by this Employer but are not described or rated in said Declarations, this Employer agrees to pay the premium thereon, at the time of the final adjustment of

Adjustment of Premium

the premium in accordance with *Condition C* hereof, at the rates, and in compliance with the rules of the Manual of Rates in use by the Company upon the date of issue of this Policy. At the end of the Policy Period the actual amount of the remuneration earned by the employees during such Period shall be exhibited to the Company, as provided in *Condition C* hereof, and the earned premium adjusted in accordance therewith at the rates and under the conditions herein specified. If the earned premium, thus computed, is greater than the advance premium paid, this Employer shall immediately pay the additional amount to the Company; if less, the Company shall return to this Employer the unearned portion, but in any event the Company shall retain the Minimum Premium stated in said Declarations. All premiums provided by this Policy, or by any endorsement hereon, shall be fully earned whether any such Workmen's Compensation Law, or any part of such, is now or shall hereafter be declared invalid or unconstitutional.

Cancellation

B. This Policy may be cancelled at any time by either of the parties upon written notice to the other party stating when, not less than ten days thereafter, cancellation shall be effective. The effective date of such cancellation shall then be the end of the Policy Period. The law of any state, in which this Policy applies, which requires that notice of cancellation shall be given to any Board, Commission or other state agency is hereby made a part of this Policy and cancellation in such state shall not be effective except in compliance with such law. The remuneration of employees for the Policy Period stated in said Declarations shall be computed upon the basis of the actual remuneration to the date of cancellation determined as herein provided. If such cancellation is at the Company's request the earned premium shall be adjusted *pro rata* as provided in *Condition A*. If such cancellation is at this Employer's request, the earned premium shall be computed and adjusted at short rates, in accordance with the table printed hereon, but such short rate premium shall not be less than the Minimum Premium stated in said Declarations. If this Employer when requesting cancellation is actually retiring from the business herein described, then the earned premium shall be computed and adjusted *pro rata*. Notice of cancellation shall be served upon this Employer as the law requires, but, if no different requirement, notice mailed to the address of this Employer herein given shall be a sufficient notice, and the check of the Company, similarly mailed, a sufficient tender of any unearned premium.

Inspection and Audit

C. The Company shall be permitted at all reasonable times during the Policy Period to inspect the plants, works, machinery and appliances covered by this Policy, and to examine this Employer's books at any time during the Policy Period, and any extension thereof, and within one year after its final expiration, so far as they relate to the remuneration earned by any employees of this Employer while this Policy was in force.

Company Directly Liable to Employee

D. The obligations of *Paragraph* ONE (*a*) foregoing are hereby declared to be the direct obligations and promises of the Company to any injured employee covered hereby, or, in the event of his death, to his dependents; and to each such employee or such dependent the Company is hereby made directly and primarily liable under said obligation and promises. This contract is made for the benefit of such employees or such dependents and is enforceable against the Company, by any such employee or such dependent in his name or on his behalf, at any time and in any manner permitted by law, whether claims or proceedings are brought against the Company alone or jointly with this Employer. If the law of any state in which the Policy is applicable provides for the enforcement of the rights of such employees or such dependents by any Commission, Board or other state agency for the benefit of such employees or such dependents, then the provisions of such law are made a part hereof, as respects any matter subject thereto, as fully as if written herein. The obligations and promises of the Company as set forth in this paragraph shall not be affected by the failure of this Employer to do or refrain from doing any act required by the Policy; nor by any default of this Employer after the accident in the payment of premiums or in the giving of any notice required by the Policy or otherwise; nor by the death, insolvency, bankruptcy, legal incapacity or inability of this Employer, nor by any proceeding against him as a result of which the conduct of this Employer's business may be and continue to be in charge of an executor, administrator, receiver, trustee, assignee, or other person.

Knowledge and Jurisdiction of Employer Deemed Knowledge and Jurisdiction of Company

E. As between the employee and the Company, notice to or knowledge of this Employer of any injury or death covered hereby shall be notice or knowledge as the case may be of the Company; the jurisdiction of this Employer for the purposes of any Workmen's Compensation Law covered hereby shall be jurisdiction of the Company and the Company shall in all things be bound by and subject to the findings, judgments, awards, decrees, orders or decisions rendered against this Employer in the form and manner provided by such laws and within the terms, limitations and provisions of this Policy not inconsistent with such laws.

Notice to Company

F. This Employer, upon the occurrence of an accident, shall give immediate written notice thereof to the Company with the fullest information obtainable. He shall give like notice with full particulars of any claim made on account of such accident. If, thereafter, any suit or other proceeding is instituted against this Employer, he shall immediately forward to the Company every summons, notice or other process served upon him. Nothing elsewhere contained in this Policy shall relieve this Employer of his obligations to the Company with respect to notice as herein imposed upon him.

Action Against Company

G. No action shall lie against the Company to recover upon any claim or for any loss under *Paragraph* ONE (*b*) foregoing unless brought after the amount of such claim or loss shall have been fixed and rendered certain either by final judgment against this Employer after trial of the issue or by agreement between the parties with the written consent of the Company, nor in any event unless brought within two years thereafter.

Specific Statutory Provisions

H. If the method of serving notice of cancellation, or the limit of time for notice of accident or for any legal proceeding herein contained is at variance with any specific statutory provision in relation thereto, in force in the state in which any of the business operations herein described are conducted, such specific statutory provision shall supersede any such condition in this contract inconsistent therewith.

Assignment

I. No assignment of interest under this Policy shall bind the Company unless the consent of the Company shall be endorsed hereon.

Concurrent Insurance

J. If this Employer carries any other insurance covering a claim covered by this Policy, he shall not recover from the Company a larger proportion of any such claim than the sum hereby insured bears to the whole amount of valid and collectible insurance.

Subrogation

K. The Company shall be subrogated in case of any payment under this Policy, to the extent of such payment, to all rights of recovery therefor vested by law either in this Employer or, in any employee or his dependents claiming hereunder, against persons, corporations, associations or estates.

Changes

L. No condition or provision of this Policy shall be waived or altered except by endorsement attached hereto signed by the President, a Vice-President, Secretary or Assistant Secretary of the Company, or the Superintendent of its Liability Department; nor shall notice to any agent, nor shall knowledge possessed by any agent, or by any other person, be held to effect a waiver or change in any part of this contract.

Declarations by Employer

M. The statements in *Items 1 to 6* inclusive, in the Declarations hereinafter contained, are true; those stated as estimates only are believed to be true. This Policy is issued upon such statements and in consideration of the provisions of the Policy respecting its premium and the payment of the premium in such Declarations expressed.

In Witness Whereof, The Company has caused this Policy to be signed by its President, and

Countersigned at LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA.

this 16TH. day of MAY 1933

by H. I. Saddock
BEHRENDT-LEVY INSURANCE AGENCY
Authorized Representative

Exd.

J. J. O'Neill
PRESIDENT.

DECLARATIONS

1. Name of this Employer -D. W. GRIFFITH-

P. O. Address 729 SEVENTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY, NEW YORK.
(Street, Town, County and State)

For purpose of serving notice, as in the Policy provided, this Employer agrees that this address may be considered as both the residence and business address of this Employer or any representative upon whom notice may be served.

Individual, co-partnership, corporation or estate? INDIVIDUAL

2. The period during which the Policy shall remain in force, unless canceled as in the Policy provided, (herein called the Policy Period) shall be from the 16TH. day of MAY 1933, to the 16TH. day of MAY 1934, at twelve and one minute o'clock A. M., standard time as to each of said dates at the place where any operation covered hereby is conducted, as respects that operation, or at the place where any injury covered hereby is sustained, as respects that injury.

3. Locations of all factories, shops, yards, buildings, premises or other work places of this Employer, by Town or City, with Street and Number 2 MILES FROM SAN FERNANDO, CALIF. ON MULHOLLAND STREET, FOOTHILL BOULEVARD, AND ELSEWHERE IN THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA.

All business operations, including the operative management and superintendence thereof, conducted at or from the locations and premises defined above as declared in each instance by a disclosure of estimated remuneration of employees under such of the following *Divisions* as are undertaken by this Employer:—1. All industrial operations upon the premises. 2. All office forces. 3. All repairs or alterations to premises. 4. Specially rated operations on the premises. 5. Operations not on the premises.

CLASSIFICATION OF OPERATIONS (NOTE: If more than one classification indicate each other by (b), (c), (d), etc.)		Estimated Total Annual Remuneration	Rate per $100 of Remuneration	Estimated Premium
1 (a) FARMS- ORCHARDS AND VINEYARDS- INCLUDING ALL EMPLOYEES OF WHATEVER NATURE ENGAGED UPON OR IN CONNECTION WITH SUCH FARM INCLUDING CHAUFFEURS, OUTSERVANTS, INSERVANTS, OCCASIONAL SERVANTS, ALSO MANAGERS, SUPERINTENDENTS AND FOREMEN, BUT EXCLUDING OPERATION OF FARM MACHINERY AWAY FROM PREMISES OF THE ASSURED. NO PAYROLL DIVISION FOR FARM RISKS- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -0016		2000.00	2.37	$50.00
(x) President, any Vice-President, Secretary or Treasurer of corporate Employer who performs duties of Superintendent, Foreman or Workman.				
2 (a) Clerical Office Employees	8810	IF ANY	.08	
(b) Draughtsmen (engaged exclusively in the profession)—office duties only	8810	NONE		
3 New construction work by employees of this Employer only, classified as Note: Appropriate classifications must be entered above with estimated remuneration, rate and premium extension in each. Not available for contractors. Repairs and maintenance of this Employer's buildings and equipment accomplished by employees only are included in Division 1. New construction, repairs and maintenance undertaken by contractors must be separately insured.		IF ANY	INCLUDED AT MANUAL CLASSIFICATIONS AND RATES APPLICABLE	
4				
5 (a) Erection, installation, repair or demonstration of Employer's product, as follows:				
(Manual Classification)				
(b) Outside Salesmen, Collectors and Messengers (wherever engaged) who do not deliver merchandise	8742	NONE		
(c) Drivers and Driver's Helpers, (N. O. C.) including stablemen, (if not included in 1)	7205	INCLUDED IN "1(A)"		
(d) Chauffeurs and Chauffeur's Helpers, commercial (N. O. C.) (if not included in 1)	7380	INCLUDED IN "1(A)"		
Minimum Premium for this Policy shall be $ 25.00			Estimated Advance Premium	$ $50.00

4. The foregoing enumeration and description of employees include all persons employed in the service of this Employer in connection with the business operations above described to whom remuneration of any nature in consideration of service is paid, allowed or due, together with an estimate for the Policy Period of all such remuneration. This enumeration and description with the estimated remuneration shall also include the President, any Vice-President, Secretary or Treasurer of this Employer, if a corporation, if actually performing such duties as are ordinarily undertaken by a superintendent, foreman or workman, but any such designated officer not so engaged shall not be included in such enumeration, description or estimated remuneration. The foregoing estimates of remuneration are offered for the purpose of computing the advance premium. The Company shall be permitted to examine the books of this employer at any time during the Policy Period and any extension thereof and within one year after its final termination so far as they relate to the remuneration earned by any employee of this Employer while the Policy was in force.

5. This Employer is conducting no other business operations at this or any other location not herein disclosed—*except as herein stated*: NO EXCEPTIONS

6. No similar insurance has been canceled by any insurance carrier during the past year—*except as herein stated*: NO EXCEPTIONS

D. W. GRIFFITH COLLECTION
MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY

Short Rate Cancellation Table

For Term of One Year

		Per Cent. of Annual Premium
1 day		2
2 days		4
3 "		5
4 "		6
5 "		7
6 "		8
7 "		9
8 "		9
9 "		10
10 "		10
11 "		11
12 "		12
13 "		13
14 "		13
15 "		14
16 "		14
17 "		15
18 "		16
19 "		16
20 "		17
25 "		19
30 "		20
35 "		23
40 "		26
45 "		27
50 "		28
55 "		29
60 "		30
65 "		33
70 "		36
75 "		37
80 "		38
85 "		39
90 "	or three months	40
105 "		45
120 "	or four months	50
135 "		55
150 "	or five months	60
165 "		65
180 "	or six months	70
195 "		73
210 "	or seven months	75
225 "		78
240 "	or eight months	80
255 "		83
270 "	or nine months	85
285 "		88
300 "	or ten months	90
315 "		93
330 "	or eleven months	95
360 "	or twelve months	100

33203

Standard Workmen's Compensation and Employers' Liability Policy

ROYAL INDEMNITY COMPANY

HEAD OFFICE: NEW YORK

F. J. O'NEILL, President

POLICY NO. C 615937

INSURED -D. W. GRIFFITH-

PREMIUM $ 50.00

EFFECTIVE DATE MAY 16TH.1933

BEHRENDT - LEVY INSURANCE AGENCY
(*INCORPORATED*)
-:-AGENCY :-
LOS ANGELES OFFICE: 318 WEST 9TH STREET
TELEPHONE: VANDIKE 1261
SAN PEDRO OFFICE: CABRILLO THEATRE BLDG.
TELEPHONE: SAN PEDRO 294

PLEASE READ YOUR POLICY

SECURITY-FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF LOS ANGELES
SAVINGS COMMERCIAL TRUST

SECURITY OFFICE
FIFTH AND SPRING STREETS
LOS ANGELES

May 18, 1933

Mr. D. W. Griffith,
Park Central Hotel,
55th Street and 7th Avenue,
New York City, New York.

Dear Sir:

Under the date of March 30 and April 27 we addressed communications to you concerning the renewal of your real estate loan in the amount of $30,500., but to date you have not favored us with a reply.

I respectfully call your attention to the fact that in addition to the loan being due and payable, interest in the amount of $537.83 is past due since May 11, and we have had no communication from you concerning the payment of delinquent taxes, as promised in the letter of Mr. Raymond A. Klune for you, dated March 20, 1933.

Because of the approaching outlaw date we feel that some definite action on your part is necessary and will greatly appreciate the courtesy of a reply.

Yours very truly,

R. T. Adams,
Assistant Secretary

RTA:WR

RECEIVED AT

980 EIGHTH AVENU
Circle 7-7077-8

STANDARD TIME
INDICATED ON THIS MESSAGE

Postal Telegraph

THE INTERNATIONAL SYSTEM

Commercial Cables · Mackay Radio · All America Cables

TELEGRAMS CABLEGRAMS RADIOGRAMS

MAKE YOUR AIRPLANE RESERVATIONS at any POSTAL TELEGRAPH OFFICE

NO CHARGE FOR THIS SERVICE
FARE INCLUDES DELIVERY OF TICKET ORDER

Form 16

NA98 10=MY NEWYORK NY 113P MAY 19 1933

D W GRIFFITH,

HOTEL PARK CENTRAL=WEST 55 ST NEWYORK NY=

IF CAN MAKE APPOINTMENT WOULD YOU WIRE TIME PICKWICK HOTEL=

=CORNWALLIS.

119P.

ANSWER REQUIRED
PLEASE RING
POSTAL TELEGRAPH

Telephone Your Telegrams to Postal Telegraph

USE THE "POSTAL" FOR TELEGRAMS
20%
N. Y. STATE

718 W. Sixth, St.,
Santa Ana, Calif.,
May 21, 1933.

Dear Alma:

Well, were we surprised to get your card, and how did you remember Auntie's birthday? The postmark was blurred so we could not tell where you were, but glad to know you have hopes of being in the states this year. Geraldine said: "Boy, we sure must rate Some if she is going to look us up; so do'nt disappoint us or our rating will drop too low. It would be lovely to visit with you, I'd be so thrilled I would'nt know how to act. Guess Auntie would be the only one of us who would not lose her equilibrium, she never has and never will. Geraldine imagines you are some sort of a Queen she hears such glamoring reports of you and the things you send us are always so lovely.

By the way, I wonder if you recall the enclosed material? I wore the coat till it wore out, then made another coat of some silk that a friend gave me, and trimmed it in the braid, now I am taking the braid off and making a dear little cape of it and am wearing the coat plain for a change. I have'nt any idea how long I've had the material, but I love it just as much today as at first, and feel that I am fortunate in having it. You've been awfully good to me Alma, and I've never been able to do any thing for you; I do'nt even dare thank or praise you as much as my heart dictates, because it would take too much of your time.

Life is a strange thing after all, we meet some people and never think of them again, we meet some people often and they never influence us in any way, then again we meet some one as I met you, and we feel an influence all through our life from that one. Aside from the gifts and clothes I am grateful to you for some of the little things I learned from you, some of the little things, that have been a big help in my life, maybe I'll tell you about them when we see you.

Auntie has not been well since the earthquake, it has given her nervous indigestion, she is up and going but is not up to her usual standard. The rest of us are O.K., and hope you are fine.

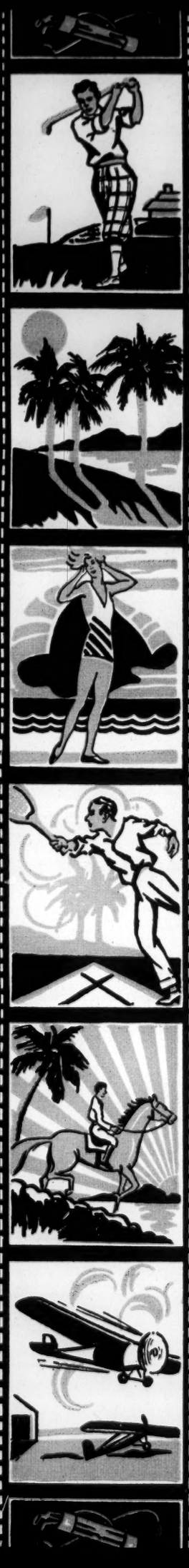
All join me in love,
"Little Ruth"

MAY 30 33

R.G.G.
718 W. 6th.
Santa Ana,
Calif.

Mr. D. W. Griffith
2265 Park Central Hotel
2265 N.Y.
N.Y.

55th. St. + 7th Ave.



SANTA ANA, CALIFORNIA

May 25-1933.

Dear uncle David:

This is good news, so read it. The Banker told me today that he thinks our mortgage is safe for another year, if we pay the interest, taxes, and insurance, and we can do that — so hurrah! My but we are relieved.

And did you get to Orange in time to pay taxes and keep that house from being sold? We are so glad you had that trip. My, but I know the folks were thrilled to see you.

Thanks so much for your letter, we enjoyed it so much, and was a big help to Auntie - she isn't feeling a bit well since the quake. Is having so much trouble with nervous indigestion; nothing serious, however.

Love from all,

Ruth

John Cavanagh, Ltd.
247 Park Avenue New York

193

Mr. D. W. Griffith
1619 Broadway, Rm. 608
City

AMOUNT

$_____

MAY 25 1933

Kindly detach and mail with Check to John Cavanagh, Ltd. 247 Park Avenue New York

DATE PAID_____ 19___ CHECK NO._____ AMOUNT OF CHECK $_____

DATE	ITEM	CHARGE	CREDIT	BALANCE
MAY 2	DERBY HAT	20.00		
	CAP	5.00		
MAY 4	SOFT HAT	20.00		45.00
MAY 18	RENOVATE	4.00		49.00

LAST AMOUNT IS BALANCE DUE

John Cavanagh, Ltd.

Buckner Ky.,
May 28, 1933.

Dear Uncle David:-

We have spent a lonesome Sunday after two such enjoyable ones for us, and I sure hope for you all.

We took mother to Dr Elmore as we planned, he weighed her, (82 lbs) isn't that awful? found she was running a slight temperature and immediately asked if she coughed. I could hardly wait for him to examine her lungs, was sure relieved when he pronounced them clear. He

found some gall bladder trouble and gave medicine for that, also a tonic and told her to lie down 2 hours every day. The trip and examination sure tired her, but We went in afternoon and I put pillows around her too. She is so weak. I do hope she will gain some flesh and strength, he insisted she eat more and gave her a diet list.

Bruce sent the ham Saturday hope it reaches you in good shape and that you all will enjoy it. Bruce cut hock off as we doubted apartments having meat saws, so have Mrs Baldwin cook it right away.

Give my love to Mrs Baldwin and Miss Evelyn and tell them how much we enjoyed them.

I sincerely hope you will not wait so long to visit us again, as you gave us two happy weeks and I am so glad my children had the opportunity to get acquainted with you, as they had questioned us so much about you.

Would enjoy hearing from you some time, with much love and good wishes I am

Your loving niece,

Marie G. Duncan.

P.S. Wrote Aunt Ruth about your visit & Reunion.

M. G. D.

Date	Gals. Gas.	Gals. Spec. Gas.	Qts. Oil	Trans. Storage	Wash & Polish
1				1 25	
2		12		1 25	
3					
4					
5					
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9					
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26					
27		25		1 25 Hoo	
28				1 25	
29				1 25	
30	10			1 25 Hoo	
31		19		1 25	
TOTAL	10	5 6		8 75 Hoo	

PHONES CIRCLE { 1881 1882 1883

ALL BILLS DUE AND PAYABLE ON OR BEFORE THE 10TH OF EACH MONTH.

SCOTT & TIGHE GARAGE, INC.

STORAGE AND ACCESSORIES

153-155 WEST 54TH STREET

PRIVATE LIVERY SERVICE

PACKARD LIMOUSINES
WITH UNIFORMED CHAUFFEURS

NEW YORK, N. Y., May 31st 1933.

SOLD TO Mr. D W Griffith

ADDRESS 1619 Broadway

MADE BY AUTOMOTIVE SYSTEMS AND FORMS CO., INC., 27 THAMES ST., NEW YORK, N. Y. PHONES RECTOR 8410 & 1790

DATE	PARTICULARS	CHARGES	CREDITS	BALANCE
			April	3577
Trans.	STORAGE for the month of May	875		
	10 Gals. Gasoline @ 19¢	190		
	56 Gals. Special Gasoline @ 22¢	1232		
	Qts. Oil @			
May 2	6 Metric Spark plugs	600		
2	1 Whiskbroom 75¢ 1 Roll Tape 25	100		
	Polishing cloth	50		
3	1 Gallon Crystal Oil	225		
29	1 Pair Combination pliers	75		
	2 Screw drivers	100		
31	1 Spark plug	100		
	3 Gallons Wolfshead oil #8	600		
	2 Washes	100		
		4547		4547
				8124

PAID
Scott and Tighe Garage, Inc.
THANK YOU

Being away so much this month we charged you on Transient basis, this being cheaper than Monthly rate.

Not responsible for loss or damage by fire, theft or breakage.
We will not be liable for loss of any articles left in car or not checked at office.
Cars are driven by our employees solely at customer's risk.

This is a picture of our little Geraldine (Jerry) and "Little" Ruth. Clyde says I look like Marie Dressler.

Can you get me a job as an understudy? Eh what?

If you show this to Evelyn she will be surprised to see that your "little" Ruth is an old girl. (Just a sweet(?) old fashioned "little" Old maid.)

Give Evelyn our love and thank her again for her prayers in our behalf.

D. W. GRIFFITH COLLECTION
MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY

5224½ Sunset Blvd.
Hollywood, Calif.
June 1, 1933

Dear Uncle David:

Kentucky must have agreed with you. Your voice was marvelous over the phone the other night. Of course the fact that I was so damn anxious to hear from you might have influenced my judgement, but I dont think so. I certainly thank you for the money. We were just about in the gutter.

I'm trampling the streets toting about 40 pounds of vacuum cleaner that nobody wants not having a car makes it pretty hard to make anything out of the job. All the other boys that started out without a car have given up the ghost while those with a car are making something out of it at least. So I thought if you

possibly could send me fifty dollars so I could make the first payment on a cheap second-hand car, it would help me get independent very much quicker.

I have to ride downtown every morning for the 7:30 meeting then come back home and pick up the vacuum cleaner and attachment, ride on the bus again to my territory — total car fare 40 cents. Then after toting my bulky equipment to about ten or twenty houses and being kicked out I might come to one where they tell me they haven't any money but that so and so is in the market. So and so lives on the other side of the town and I'm out of luck. No kidding a car is a necessity out here.

I had hoped to be able to make enough so I wouldn't have to bother you but without being able to follow up lead it hasn't panned

out so well. So if you could see your way clear to help me out again it would really be a good business venture for you. You might think that it will do me good to walk — but it doesn't bring in the money — and that is what we are both interested in.

I hope you feel as good as you sounded the other day, but after reading this I don't suppose you will. Anyway, good wishes

Willard

R.S.V.P.

P.S. I don't want said car for pleasure. I want it so that I can work more and to some purpose

Reg

Dear Mr. Griffith ——

It would seem that Willard and I are forever springing something else on you that calls for money. But this car idea is really mine, and incidentally, it has been on my mind for some time, as the times when we do have money, ~~we~~ it practically all goes for street car fare, on these job-hunting expeditions. (And naturally one can't go to as many places afoot or on street cars, as is possible in a car. And as you already know, distances in California are so great that a car is a necessity.

I feel very optimistic about Willard becoming a very good salesman, [illegible]

he will never be able to see very much of anything on foot. Can you possibly realize how much money we have had to spend on car-fare. An expenditure that would more than pay for the upkeep of a little car. I have figured the cost a number of times, and compared it with the cost of running the car we had last summer, and there will be an least a saving of nearly two dollars every week on car fare alone -

The above sounds like I have been attending high-pressure sales classes myself. But I have wanted to explain all this to you a number of times before, but Willard thought best

not to. But I am sure that you can readily see when a help it will be to have in this new job, and when a saving it will be to you in the long run. Needless to say, he needs the car solely for his work, since neither of us feels that taking pleasure trips in a car that you might provide, would be the sporting thing to do. Besides, he has too much work to do to be gadding about over the country.

This is enough gabber from any one woman -

I hope you decide in favor of the flivver. Please

Love & the best of everything

Rose

PATRONS ARE REQUESTED TO FAVOR THE COMPANY BY CRITICISM AND SUGGESTION CONCERNING ITS SERVICE

1201 S

CLASS OF SERVICE

This is a full-rate Telegram or Cablegram unless its deferred character is indicated by a suitable sign above or preceding the address.

WESTERN UNION

NEWCOMB CARLTON, PRESIDENT J. C. WILLEVER, FIRST VICE-PRESIDENT

SIGNS
DL = Day Letter
NM = Night Message
NL = Night Letter
LCO = Deferred Cable
NLT = Cable Night Letter
WLT = Week-End Letter

The filing time as shown in the date line on full-rate telegrams and day letters, and the time of receipt at destination as shown on all messages, is STANDARD TIME.

Received at

1933 JUN 7 PM 7 14

SB270 50/53 NL XC=SANTAANA CALIF 7

D W GRIFFITH=

PARK CENTRAL HOTEL 55 ST SUITE 2265 NYK=

MINUTES IN TRANSIT	
FULL-RATE	DAY LETTER

AM TAKING AUNTIE TO DOCTOR DAILEY FOR TREATMENTS HER NERVES ARE ALL SHOT MORALE LOW SINCE QUAKE DOCTOR ADVISES RECREATION BUT OUR CAR IS NO GOOD EXTRA THIRTY FIVE MONTHLY AND TWO HUNDRED CASH WILL GET CHEVROLET WHICH ILL AID HER MATERIALLY CASH PRICE SEVEN EIGHTY SEVEN LETTER FOLLOWS WIRE ME WESTERNUNION LOVE=

RUTH.

WESTERN UNION MESSENGERS ARE AVAILABLE FOR THE DELIV

XC EXCLUSIVE! The point of origin of this message is one of the thousands of places served exclusively by... WESTERN UNION

718 W. Sixth, St.,
June, 7, 1933.
Santa Ana, Calif.,

Dear uncle David:

I hope my wire was not too great a shock to you. Auntie has'nt been well since the quake, she just seemed nervous and upset, life did'nt interest her, and nothing seemed worth the effort, she could'nt sleep, and her digestion went back on her, so I took her to Dr. Baker he said she has a serious growth, wanted an x-ray etc. But Auntie says that is useless, as she will not be operated on, she saya: "What's the difference, If I die I die and that's all there is to it. " We do not blame her, as we think Dr. Baker exaggerated her trouble, she is'nt sick in bed, and is too well to be made sick by him.

We took her to another Dr. and he says her trouble is nervous indigestion, sluggish liver and spleen. She is having treatments daily for a time, is on a diet, and he wants her to get out in the open and get in better frame of mind. That is what I've been wanting her to do, and why I had to take her to a Dr. When the morning work is over she sits and sits till bed time; its enough to make any one ill. One eye is troubling her, so she reads very little. I could'nt insist on her getting out in the car, for it is not safe; even when we went to the Dr. I had to call a mechanic before we could get home, and I never know when the car will stop dead still in traffic, or on a railroad track.

WE've tried to have it repaired, but it is eight years old, and seems to be dying by degrees, things give out one by one with out warning, the vibration is terrible, and the noise makes visiting impossible, so when she preferred sitting to getting out in her car I had to let her sit, and now the Dr. says I "must" get her out, SO what could I do but come to HEADQUARTERS.

I could just about handle the down payment except that I had to pay a hundred dollars off on our mortgage this month, and the seventy dollars interest, even so I feel that we should not go into debt unless you sanction it, for we know your hands are full.

You've always been so good about doing for Auntie, that I know you will want to supply this need for her if you possibly can, I am not telling her of this letter and wire, so if you cannot help her this time she will not be disappointed, and if you can, she will be greatly surprised. She said yesterday; "if I had five hundred dollars I suppose we could get a new car, and not monkey with this old one". So can you imagine how she will feel if I drive up in a new car, and tell her its hers? If I do I wish you could be here for the show.

Love "Little" Ruth

Auntie has new glasses, we've done all we can for her eyes; but she is quite self centered, and is interested in nothing much but herself. However, your letters are a big pleasure and help. She always enjoys hearing from you. The Ky. folks were delighted with Gene & friends. They say you look fine.

June 12, 1933

Sir Oswald Stoll
The London Coliseum
St Martin's Lane
London, W.C.2

Dear Sir:

Your letter of May 3rd, also your cable of June 6th to Mr. D. W. Griffith came to my hands yesterday. Both Mr. Griffith and myself have been out of the city for the past sixty days, hence the delay in answering.

Mr. Griffith is free at the moment. He has always been desirous of making a picture in England. He has no particular story in mind; probably some of Dickens' stories.

It is difficult to estimate cost of making a picture without a definite story in mind, but would suggest from three to four hundred thousand dollars. Mr. Griffith would be willing to take a small salary and expenses and participate in profits or gross receipts. This would depend upon how the picture would be distributed.

I would be very much interested in hearing from you.

Sincerely yours,

ALFRED GRIFFITH GREY

AGG:FC

D. W. GRIFFITH COLLECTION
MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY

DID YOU RECEIVE LETTER FROM ME DATED MAY THIRD AND HAVE YOU REPLIED

OSWALD STOLL LESQUARE LONDON.

Cabled on June 1st 1.40

Telephone Your Telegrams to **Postal Telegraph**

ISABEL MANNING HEWSON » » » » » RADIO ADVERTISING

HAVERFORD, PENNA.

Tuesday June thirteenth 19 33

Mr. T. M. Griffith
Park Central Hotel
56th & 7th Ave. New York City.

My dear Mr. Griffith,

Mr. E. J. Hudson has advised me of an appointment made by him, for me to see you, tomorrow afternoon, June 14th in New York at the Park Central Hotel at three o'clock.

I shall be there at that time and appreciate the courtesy you are extending me,

Sincerely,

Isabel Manning Hewson

CABLE ADDRESS "PARKCENT"

CIRCLE 7-8000

The Ultimate in Modern Living

H. A. LANZNER
GENERAL MANAGER

THE PARK CENTRAL
SEVENTH AVENUE-55TH TO 56TH STREETS
NEW YORK CITY

Wednesday June 14th, 1933

My dear Mr. Griffith,

Upon my arrival from Philadelphia today for a three o'clock appointment arranged by Mr. E. J. Hudson, I received your message that you had been called out of town but expected back later today.

I am staying over night the hope that you may be able to see me possibly later this evening or anytime tomorrow that suits your convenience.

A message for me in care of Mrs. J. H. Stuart, Room 520, at the Hotel Commodore, 42nd St. and Lexington

CABLE ADDRESS "PARKCENT" CIRCLE 7-8000

The Ultimate in Modern Living

H.A.LANZNER
GENERAL MANAGER

THE PARK CENTRAL
SEVENTH AVENUE-55TH TO 56TH STREETS
NEW YORK CITY

Anne will reach her at once. I will telephone you tomorrow morning and will greatly appreciate your kindness in leaving word for me when you could arrange to see her. Believe me.

Sincerely,

Adele Manning Stevens.

PARIS OFFICE: 76 RUE DES PETITS CHAMPS CABLE ADDRESS "RICANTALIR"

CABLE ADDRESS "PARKCENT" CIRCLE 7-8000

The Ultimate in Modern Living

H. A. LANZNER
GENERAL MANAGER

THE PARK CENTRAL
SEVENTH AVENUE - 55TH TO 56TH STREETS
NEW YORK CITY

Wednesday eve
June 14, 33

Dear Mr. Griffith,

I am sorry you have not yet returned. I brought down the enclosed, which I shall send to Mr. Lee if you approve. He is in Chicago, and is expected back late this week. I prepared this synopsis on the suggestion of his chief associate today. L. has been in and out of town every day since I spoke to you.

Would you mind calling me, Kingsbridge 6-5827, when you have read this?

Sincerely yours,
Wm. O. Inglis.

CABLE ADDRESS, "PARKCENT" CIRCLE 7-8000

H. A. LANZNER
GENERAL MANAGER

The Ultimate in Modern Living

THE PARK CENTRAL
SEVENTH AVENUE - 55TH TO 56TH STREETS
NEW YORK CITY

Wednesday afternoon.

Dear Mr. Griffith,

I hope to see Mr. Lee tomorrow. Tried yesterday and day before, but he was cramped in a heavy schedule.

Sincerely,
Wm. O. Inglis

PARIS OFFICE: 76 RUE DES PETITS CHAMPS CABLE ADDRESS "RICANTALIR"

Mr. English phoned. expects
to see Mr. Lee this
afternoon.

If you have any suggestions
to make our express
I left. — call me up.

Kings 6-5827.

Called @ 11:50 — DMW

CABLE ADDRESS "PARKCENT" CIRCLE 7-8000

The Ultimate in Modern Living

THE PARK CENTRAL
SEVENTH AVENUE-57TH TO 56TH STREETS
NEW YORK CITY

H. A. LANZNER
GENERAL MANAGER

Shts. 7 for - 3 III at 1 - 4 4/5

Milk med. 5 PM

Shave & shower.

D. W. GRIFFITH COLLECTION
MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY

"HE ONLY DESERVES TO BE REMEMBERED BY POSTERITY WHO TREASURES UP AND PRESERVES THE HISTORY OF HIS ANCESTORS."—EDMUND BURKE.

Colonial Publishing Company

2002 NORTH PARK AVENUE
PHILADELPHIA, PA., U.S.A.

SPECIALISTS
IN
AMERICANA
GENEALOGY
BIOGRAPHY
HERALDRY
HISTORY

June 15, 1933.

J. M. SEAVER, PRESIDENT
R. E. BURCKHARDT, B. S., M. A., SEC'Y-TREAS.

"GRIFFITH FAMILY RECORDS" contains pedigrees and most interesting data on the several branches of this great family from Griffith ap Cynan, King of North Wales, A. D. 1079; Griffith ancestors in Wales and England; early Griffith settlers in America (Penna., etc.) and descendants; lists of 91 **Griffith Revolutionary Veterans;** leading facts, dates and marriages; accounts of distinguished Griffiths; material regarding the **Griffith Coat of Arms;** bibliography, etc., etc. All data guaranteed authentic.

Mr. David L. W. Griffith,
~~Mamaroneck~~, New York.

Dear Mr. Griffith:

We are glad to call your attention to the enclosed brief description of GRIFFITH FAMILY RECORDS.

We are also pleased to say that these Records contain your own name and data.

You will surely be pleased at the wealth of valuable authentic information which these Records bring to you regarding your possible ancestors and kinsmen. Our special price is $3.00 per copy.

We feel sure you will welcome this opportunity to secure a copy for yourself and your family. If you do not find the volume entirely satisfactory, you may return it to us and your three dollars will be cheerfully and promptly refunded.

If you desire a copy, please enclose your remittance with the attached copy of this letter, and return in the enclosed envelope at once.

376

Very truly yours,

COLONIAL PUBLISHING COMPANY
By J. M. Seaver

Assistant Compiler of
GRIFFITH FAMILY RECORDS.

JMS:MB

Please find Check 3.00 Paid Book to D. W. Griffith Park Central Hotel New York City

Check Sent July 13 '33

"THE DRY BRANCHES OF GENEALOGICAL TREES BEAR MANY PLEASANT AND CURIOUS FRUITS FOR THOSE WHO KNOW HOW TO SEARCH AFTER THEM."—HENRY WARD BEECHER.

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FAST, ACCURATE CABLE SERVICE TO ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD "VIA COMMERCIAL" ADDRESS, 67 BROAD ST.

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THE FOLLOWING TELEGRAM WAS RECEIVED "VIA COMMERCIAL"

JUN 22 1933

DD1512

SJ5 LX59 LONDON 43 22

NLT DAVID WARK GRIFFITHS PARK CENTRAL

HOTEL NY

SUPPOSING PICTURE WERE TO COST SEVENTY THOUSAND POUNDS COULD CONTRACT BE MADE FOR ANY FIRM IN AMERICA TO ACQUIRE RIGHTS FOR UNITED STATES AND CANADA AT FORTY THOUSAND POUNDS OR ITS EQUIVALENT IN DOLLARS

STOLL

193

John Cavanagh, Ltd.
247 Park Avenue New York

Mr. D. W. Griffith
1619 Broadway, Rm. 608
City

AMOUNT

$

JUN 24 '33

Kindly detach and mail with Check to John Cavanagh, Ltd. 247 Park Avenue New York

DATE PAID_____ 19____ CHECK NO._____ AMOUNT OF CHECK $_____

DATE	ITEM	CHARGE	CREDIT	BALANCE
MAY 25	BALANCE			49.00
MAY 31	SOFT HAT RENOVATE.	4.00		
	SOFT HAT RENOVATED.	4.00		
MAY 31	2 PANAMAS RENOVATED	8.00		65.00

Paid - by Check Aug 24-33

LAST AMOUNT IS BALANCE DUE

John Cavanagh, Ltd.

New York, June 28,1933

Sir Oswald Stoll
The London Coliseum
St Martin's Lane
London W.C 2

Dear Sir:

In reply to your cable of June 22nd, in which you inquire as to whether it would be possible to raise £40,000 in America and Canada, wish to state that owing to the financial conditions the various producers and distributors in this country, I think it would be a useless undertaking to try. There is no question, however, but what we could get a distribution release in this country and there is no question in my mind that any picture made by Mr. Griffiths would gross not less than $500,000.00 in America and Canada.

Distribution cost would not exceed 30%. Of course it is quite possible that a picture could be made in England, probably for £50,000. I am not familiar with the conditions over there, which makes it difficult to judge just what the cost would be. At any rate, we are not in a position to try to raise the money here. I wouldn't want to subject Mr. Griffiths' name to the proposition.

With all good wishes.

Sincerely yours,

C-1951

MEMORANDUM RECEIPT

NEW YORK TELEPHONE COMPANY

No 8755 June 30 1933

RECEIVED FROM D. W. Griffith

Call No. COL 5-5966.

Thirteen & 55/100 Dollars, $13.55

to be applied on account.

New York Telephone Company,

By Ford.

NOTE:—If payment is made in connection with a request for New Service, and application is not accepted by the Company, the above amount will be refunded on surrender of this receipt.

6/ /33 M.d.)

ZIMMERMAN LITHO. CINCINNATI, O.

Pickwick Arms Club Residence
230 EAST 51ST STREET
NEW YORK

Ill call you
-this afternoon
late -
or tomorrow

David, dear:-

That I am still in town will not, prehaps, surprise you.

After seeing you I had an offer to play in a company trying out new plays through July and August. Also the head of the company is very interested in the idea I told you I was working on and will do mine if it can be gotten in shape by that time.

The money you so generously let me have will not stretch beyond to-morrow---five weeks. I am obliged to get through June and it is absolutely essential that I have a few clothes.

If this leads back to the stage it will be nice--won't it? If not, I shan't have to be led back to the farm.

Will you do this for me and may I see you at once since I am supposed to go away and work with someone on the play next week.

And I shall be happy to see you.

Gracie S

DIRECTION NATIONAL CLUB HOTELS INC. NEW YORK

W. A. McLaughlin,

697 ~~West~~ Fifth Avenue

New York, June 30, 1933.

Mr. D. W. Griffiths,
Park Central Hotel,
New York City.

KINDLY DETACH THIS STUB AND MAIL WITH CHECK — TOTAL $46.25

M-9-7 AS A CANCELLED CHECK IS SUFFICIENT RECEIPT, NO RECEIPT WILL BE SENT UNLESS REQUESTED.

W. A. McLaughlin
Fine Shirt Maker

304 FIFTH AVENUE
NEW YORK 6/30/33

TERMS NET CASH

1933		Account Rendered		32	75
June	23	1 foulard cravat		2	50
		1 fancy wool cravat		2	00
		1 fancy silk cravat		2	50
		1 blue and red striped Sterling silk cravat		4	00
		1 white Calfskin belt		2	50
	26	2 Jersey silk Athletic undershirts	4.00	8	00
				54	25
June	23	2 Athletic shirts returned	4.00	8	00
				46	25

Account Paid in full March 21/1934

WITH THANKS
MAR 2X 1934
W. A. McLAUGHLIN

All claims to be made within 30 Days after delivery of Goods.

Ruth Griffith
718 W. 6th
Santa Ana, Calif.

Via Air Mail

Mr. David W. Griffith
Park Central Hotel
N. Y.
N. Y.

Via Air Mail

Suite 2265

July 8 - 1933

Dear Daviol:

Your letter received: I appreciat
your thought Pulmer in regard to
going back East + that is out of
the question I would simply
be bumed alive none of them
have any conveniences not even
a bath while in our little
home here we are quite comfortable
as for a car Ruth spoke of it so
quite the thing here I have a
friend here who is buying a
car who is able to get anything
at any price, who is getting
Chevrolet.
Our old car is so hard on Ruth
that we never go out only when

absolutely neccessary such as going to the Dr and for something to eat. I am taking treatments every day so if I wanted to ever so bad could not leave now as I would not be able to stand such a long hard trip and now the weather is to hot while here it is delightful.
I have my Church Friends here and a Trained nurse in the house and Ruth and Geraldine to look after me so all I need for my comfort is a new Coat and it need not be an expensive one just so it is soft and not so rough as the one we have and a visit from you and one in while You do not know how we all appreciate your letters with lots of love Sister Ruth

July 3, 1933.

718 W. Sixth St.,
Santa Ana, Calif.

Dear uncle David:

Enclosed you will find a letter from Auntie written by herself answering your questions.

I quoted you the regular price of a Chevrolet Sedan at all Dealers in Calif. I wired you, because there was a car that I could have gotten for a hundred dollars less, it had been used a little; I could'nt tell you that because it might have been sold before I could have heard from you; it has been sold now. All cars cost more out here because of the express. However, we will be glad to accept your advise; whatever, you say is law, as far as we are concerned. We're tight wads though, so we hope you will suggest a car that can be run cheaply. Auntie used to want a Buick, but she is quite sold on the Chevrolet now. I do'nt care what we have, just so it does not steer like a truck, or eat too much gas.

I'm so glad you are able to help her. When I did'nt hear, I feared you were up against it financially, and I felt so anxious for Auntie. We thought this Doctor would have her on her feet by now, but she has not responded as he thought she would. If he can correct her trouble I believe she will be good for another ten years; otherwise she is slipping away from us gradually. I do'nt want to alarm you, but I can't tell how serious her trouble is. It is liver trouble, and I think she is afraid she has what your father died of. These may be her last days, and I know they are the most miserable she has ever had, she can't sleep, and is in constant pain, does'nt enjoy her food or anything; however, when anyone takes her riding in a decent car it does help to kill the time for her, and seems to pep up her appetite a little. She is on a diet and does not like it, I buy the best food for her, but it does not taste good. I talked with the Dr. today and he thinks that she will be better in side another month. In addition to her treatments she has daily sunbaths, and seems more despondent on cloudy days. The heat in Ky. would be too much for her and the cold would be worse. She could not possibly make the trip alone; oh, she has grown so old this year. She depends on me entirely; and my nurse friend is a big help to both of us, her services are gratis. A trip for her would be nice when she is better, but is not at all neccessary, as she is happier in her own home than any where.

I'm so relieved, and so glad to have your dear sweet letter; and she is in seventh "heaven"; so proud of you for being so interested in her comfort, and truly happy over the prospect of a new car. Iknew she wanted one more than any thing else in the world, that is why I wrote. It is hard to see old people suffer, I wish I could have her pain; but since I can't I want to do every thing I can to make the days bearable for her. Tell uncle Albert to write, she enjoys hearing from you boys more than you realize.

THANKS AND LOVE.

"Little" Ruth

July, 3, 1933.

Dear David:

Your letter received. aI appreciate your thoughtfulness in regard to going back East. That is out of the question. I would simply be burried alive. None of them have any conveniences, not even a bath, while in our little home here we are quite comfortable. As for a car Ruth spoke of, it is quite the thing here. I have a friend here who is buying a car who is able to get anything at any price, who is getting a Chevrolet.

Our old car is so hard on Ruth ~~xxx~~ that we never go out, only when absolutely neccessary, such as going to the Dr. and for something to eat. I am taking treatments every day, so if I wanted to go, ever so bad, could not leave now as I would not be able to stand such a long hard trip, and now the weather is too hot, while here it is delightful.

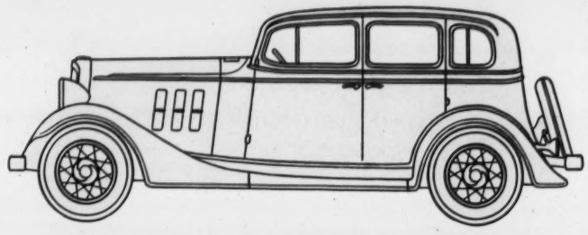
I have my Church friends here, and a trained nurse in the home, and Ruth and Geraldine to look after me, so all I need for my Comfort is a new car, (and it need not be an expensive one, just so it is safer and not so noisy as the one we have,) and a visit from you and Albert once in a while. You do not know how we all appreciate your letters.

With lots of love,

Sister Ruth.

a copy of Auntie's letter, in case her writing is hard for you to read.

The CHEVROLET MASTER SIX Sedan

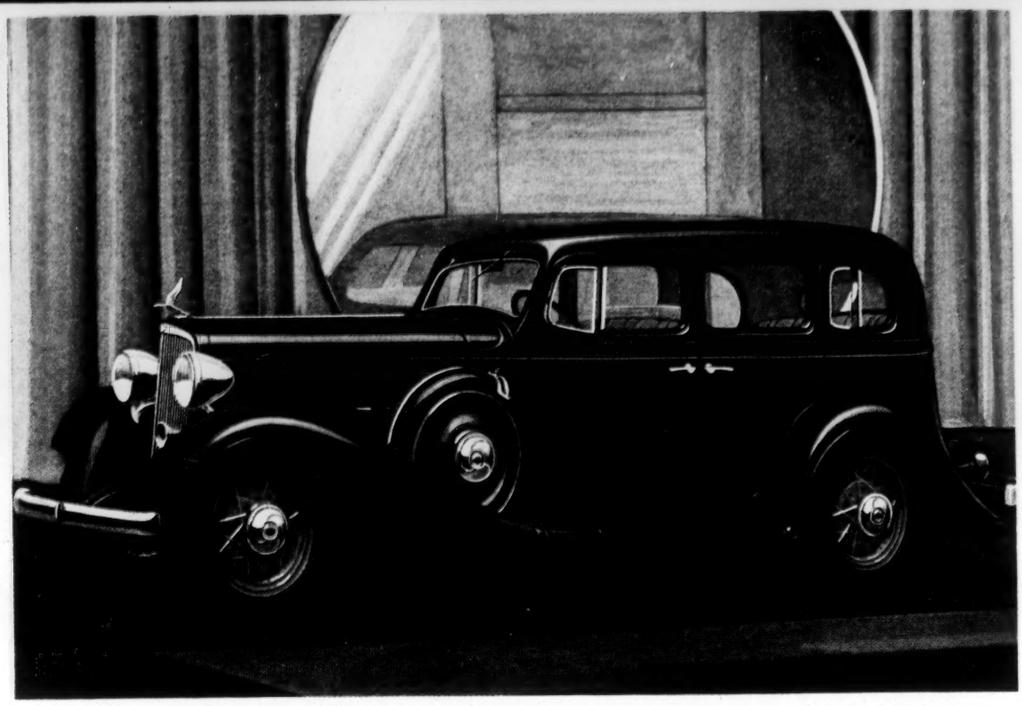


Standard equipment on the sedan includes five wire wheels. Six wire wheels and fender wells are available at slight extra cost.

Best seller in the west.

● Luxury is the keynote in this big, roomy, and strikingly beautiful model. Has inside sun deflector, adjustable front seat, walnut-finish robe rail and garnish molding. Rear seat has dome light with pillar switch, two assist straps, two smoking cases, arm rests, carpet-covered foot rest. There are seven windows, with ventilators on front and rear quarter windows. Deep, tailored seats upholstered in mohair or Bedford cord.

Cheap to operate. Runs on little gas. Includes everything but a trunk for $787. or



The Chevrolet Master Six Sedan

FORM CCC 3

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JUL 6 1933

HN3 LX286 LONDON 56 6

NLT DAVID WARK GRIFFITH PARK CENTRAL HOTEL NYK

YOUR LETTER RECEIVED STOP THE MONEY WOULD NOT BE REQUIRED TO MAKE THE PICTURE STOP WHAT IS REQUIRED IS CONTRACT TO BUY USA AND CANADA RIGHTS FOR PICTURE WHEN THIS IS FINISHED AND CAN BE HANDED OVER AGAINST THE CASH STOP IS NOT SUCH CONTRACT PRACTICABLE

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FORM 201

STATEMENT

THE PARK CENTRAL

FIFTY-FIFTH STREET AT 7TH AVE.

NEW YORK CITY

N.Y. 7/6/33

Mr. D W Griffith

765

IF RECEIPT IS DESIRED PLEASE RETURN BILL INTACT WITH YOUR REMITTANCE. OTHERWISE RETURN ONLY TOP STUB AND YOUR CANCELLED CHECK WILL BE YOUR RECEIPT.

$ 450 03

THE PARK CENTRAL Paid Folio

7/6/33	Paid Sun A/c	JUL 6 33 CASHIER		450 03

ALL BILLS PAYABLE WHEN RENDERED

FORM 201

THE ULTIMATE IN MODERN LIVING

STATEMENT

THE PARK CENTRAL

FIFTY-FIFTH STREET AT 7TH AVE.

NEW YORK CITY

N.Y. 7/6/33

Mr. D. W. Luyster

W6J

IF RECEIPT IS DESIRED PLEASE RETURN BILL INTACT WITH YOUR REMITTANCE.
OTHERWISE RETURN ONLY TOP STUB AND YOUR CANCELLED CHECK WILL BE YOUR RECEIPT.

$200 00

THE PARK CENTRAL — PAID — FOLIO

7/6/33	Rent of —		200 00

JUL 6 33 CHECK 2

ALL BILLS PAYABLE WHEN RENDERED

Crestwood, Ky.,
Box 21-
July 11, 1933.

David Wark Griffith,
My Precious Boy:-

At last I have your correct address — at least I hope so.

Cora arrived from Calif. some time since. She wrote you the Homecoming would be August 6; directing her letter to New York City, N. Y.; has rec'd. no reply; hence I shall ~~wait~~ until you come a box I was preparing to send you.

Contents! A little Ms. song, "Two Kisses — Dedicated to Miss Evelyn Baldwin" and, a wealth of affectionate regards for her lovable Mother.

For you: Your Mother's picture; a pair of my antique gold cuff buttons, etc., etc.

Since your visit have given to your requested ancestral sketch all time my tricky heart allowed — have had two spells of angina pectoris.

Just have finished overlooking more than a 1.000 of my storage papers. Some are missing; for instance, my sketch of

you; my reward being the tender light that glowed your mother's face at my reading of same to her. Can't find my data whence the name of "Mark" — am looking to you for same, and all else you know.

I find on a "scrap of paper" the Griffith Coat-of-Arms. Think I sent the original to some member of your family years ago.

Am collecting my data of the association of the Oglesbys, Griffiths and my ancestors in Va., and their pioneer coming to Hoydsburg.

Solicited memory gives much else and the following: Some 80 years ago I witnessed your courtly grandfather woo my courtly grandmother, heard her gentle courteous reply: "No, Capt. Griffith, I shall never marry again; this is final."

He continued his visits.

I punctuate this work with prayer for help; during a recent night, sleepless, and trying to mentally get the full meaning of your Coat-of-Arms — a sudden thought came. I catapulted from my bed, and seated on the floor with arms and lap filled with a glass dish and a counterpane happily understood the following:

For a year I had tried to sell these articles. Buyers had cried: "I am just crazy to have them! But haven't the money and don't know when I shall have it."

They are needed now for yr. sketch; the counterpane made in Va. bears my grandmother's maiden name + 1816; the glass dish 200 years old or hundreds more, owned by my great-grandmother, is a composite of Heraldric symbols — containing one or more of your Coat-of-Arms (you must see the dish) and ——— well — Selah

I was your sister Mattie's most intimate friend; much in our mutual devotion too sacred for print.

Let me know when you will call.

As Ever

Lou Catherine Clore

The counterpane, etc. gives me dates so as to trace your ancestry + I knew Gov. Oglesby — wrote of him years ago

Shall write "lots heap" about you —

NEW YORK
JULY 20, 1933

Human Side of the News

A Lady Among Lions—Vanishing Big Game—Cleopatra's Rival

By Edwin C. Hill

Carl Akeley, sculptor, naturalist and African explorer, who first proved that the gorilla is a shy creature and that the lion is a gentleman, has gone to his reward. But his charming wife, Mrs. Mary L. Jobe Akeley, who adventured with him into the deepest jungles of the Black Continent, remains to carry on his great work.

To meet her in the new African Hall of the great American Museum of Natural History you would scarcely credit that this gentle-spoken, beautifully dressed and most attractive lady had walked at her husband's side in rough khaki, rifle in hand, daring perils that most men would flinch from.

When Carl Akeley died suddenly in Africa, while collecting the magnificent specimens of African wild life that now fill the new African Hall, the expedition was left without a leader. But Mrs. Akeley, then in the Kivu mountains jungle, two miles high, stepped resolutely into her dead husband's place and carried his work on to success.

KNOWS AFRICA.

A Bryn Mawr and Columbia girl, she had adventure tingling in her blood. An explorer in her own right, she has made ten expeditions into the high Canadian Rockies. A mountain there is named after her, "Mount Jobe." She mapped the headwaters of the Frazer River. She knows Africa as few old hunters know its mysteries. She can wear, if she pleases, the order of the Crown of Belgium.

She tells me that African wild life is fast disappearing—elephants, lions, giraffes, all the great creatures. The only hope of preserving it is to establish in Africa a chain of great game preserve parks.

* * *

Of all the adventurous ladies of the times the one who had the most thrilling experience, I think, was Madame Alexandra David-Neel, who spent fourteen years as a professed Buddhist in mysterious Thibet. She is the only white woman who was ever made a lama, or high priest, of the Buddhist faith.

In the land of snow, far up in the Himalayas, she came in touch with the unknowable, the incredible, the old magic of the East. With her own eyes she saw the priests and magicians of Thibet make light of the laws of nature. She saw them sit naked in the frozen snow, at heights of ten thousand feet, fifteen thousand feet, and melt the snow around them with the bodily heat they were able to create at will.

She saw them crouch in pits and spring straight upward eleven feet, with bodies that defied the law of gravity, made so light by the sheer power of the human will that they had to be loaded down with chains to keep them on the ground.

TELLS THE STORY.

She tells the story in her fascinating book, "The Magic and Mystery of Thibet." It is the story of the wonder-workers who have mastered some ancient secret of breathing, by which they make their bodies as light almost as the air itself; by which mountain runners can cover in a few hours distance it would take a galloping horse three days to make; by which they can go for days in the terrible cold of the high Himalayas, with no clothing whatever, and yet remain as warm as if clothed with furs.

Uncanny and mysterious as it is, the Thibetans deny that there is anything supernatural about their amazing magic. They told Madame David-Neel that all the so-called wonders depend on the clever handling of little-known laws and forces of nature. They said to her: "Gods, humans, the whole universe, are but a mirage which exists in the mind, springs from it and sinks into it."

After fourteen years spent among these masters of the old mysteries and old secrets Madame David-Neel knows that they have the power of projecting their spirits to great distances, while the body itself remains behind fully awake, conscious, even active—but soulless. The soul has been sped forth on its appointed errand.

Perhaps this accounts for the strange fact that long before there were telegraph wires, much less radio, news of great events was known from end to end of India, in the Buddhist temples, within a few hours after it occurred—weeks sometimes, before it reached the white men.

But of all the mysteries of Thibetan magic there was one for which there was no possible explanation to satisfy the shaken mind—the summoning back of life to the bodies of the dead; the dreadful power to recall, from whatever bourne to which it had taken wing, the freed and unshackled soul; to hear, above the muttered incantations of the magicians, the thin and ready lament of lagging and reluctant spirits.

A STRANGE FIND.

What fascination there is in the discovery of old cities and the eloquent relics of old peoples who lived so far back in time that the last echoes of their civilizations ceased to reverberate a thousand years ago. In Upper Egypt patient archaeologists have come upon the tomb of some forgotten king. Upon the head of the king rested a crown of solid silver. In his right hand was a sword of iron with a silver hilt. At his side was a spear of iron with a silver haft. And all about were warriors and slaves slain on the spot to keep their master company as he passed into the other world.

In Upper Egypt they have found, also, the beautifully sculptured head, in marble, of the most beautiful woman who ever lived in Egypt—not Cleopatra, but the great Queen Nofretete, whose beauty was so dazzling that men veiled their eyes as from the blazing rays of the sun.

Down in Mexico the men who make the past live again, with all its fire and color and romance, made just the other day the greatest find in years. Seven feet underground they came upon the tomb of a little girl of nine or ten, and around her were her toys—very much such toys as children have today—a red tiger with a ruffled collar, a doll baby, tiny cooking vessels and a red owl which whistled when she blew into it. And, standing in the tomb of that little girl of ancient America, one of the men of science raised the red owl to his lips and blew into it, and it whistled shrilly, the first sound that had come from it for more than one thousand years.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY

The State's Stepchild

at present we are having a struggle to keep it going owing to a large number of charity patients to be cared for.

Some of the hospital rooms that have been endowed by funds in memory of some member of the family who has passed on.

Would you be interested in endowing a room in memory of your mother?

D. W. GRIFFITH COLLECTION
MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY

July 21. 1933

Col. David H. Griffith
New York

My dear Sir -

Judging by your recent visit to Shelbyville I presume you are still interested in Shelby as your former home.

In our town we have a charity hospital, supported only by charitable organizations and girls & kind friends.

Some have equipped rooms to suits $7.00 or less, a plate is placed on the door with name desired, I cause those who can provide for upkeep of the room.

I am writing as one who is interested in the hospital for its good work, not only useful to this county, cares for patients in Oldham Henry & other counties.

Perhaps you recall the Cardwell family some were your school-mates, I write this for identification that you may know this is an honest appeal.

Hoping you may be interested, I remain,

Yours truly

Mrs W. M. Cardwell

BENJAMIN, HILL & CO.
MEMBERS NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE
39 BROADWAY
NEW YORK

TELEPHONE DIGBY 4-1400

July 28th 1933

Dear Mr. Griffith:

This department mailed to you quite some time ago, several forms with a request that you kindly sign and immediately return them to us.

According to our rules as Members of the New York Stock Exchange, we cannot maintain a margin account unless a hypothecation agreement, and a signature card, have been signed and are in our files.

Undoubtedly your failure to return the papers mentioned above was an oversight, and we have, therefore, enclosed duplicate forms which we trust you will immediately sign.

Thanking you for your courtesy in this matter, we remain

Yours very truly,
BENJAMIN, HILL & CO.
By: (Jack Tissy)
Record Department Mgr.

MK:K
Encls.

Mr. David W. Griffith,
Suite 2265,
Park Central Hotel,
New York City.

Name in Full ....DAVID W. GRIFFITH.....

Mailing Address Suite 2265, Park Central Hotel

City and State New York, New York.

BENJAMIN, HILL & CO.,

39 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

DEAR SIRS:

In consideration of your acting as brokers for the undersigned, it is hereby agreed and consented that:

All transactions shall be subject to the rules and customs as at any time amended of the New York Stock Exchange and its clearing house, committees and brokers and/or other exchanges where executed, and may be executed in the manner customary on such exchanges, and all contracts may be settled in accordance therewith. Interest shall be charged in accordance with Wall Street custom and usage. Any and all securities, contracts or property owned by the undersigned, or in which the undersigned has any interest, now or hereafter carried by or deposited with you or coming into your possession, may, either separately, or together with other securities, and without notice, be carried in your general loans or be pledged or loaned by you either to yourself as brokers, to your customers or to others, and either for the sum due you thereon or for a greater sum, or be otherwise disposed of by you, all without your having securities or property of like kind or amount in your possession or subject to your control. Whenever you deem it necessary or advisable for your protection, or whenever you deem the margin insufficient, any or all such securities, contracts or property, may be sold, or securities, contracts or property may be bought to cover any "short" position of mine, at public or private sale, without any tender, demand, call, advertisement or notice of any kind, and the undersigned agrees promptly to pay any deficiency. At any such sale, you shall have the right to purchase the same for your account.

All statements, demands, notices or other communications may be given by mail, telegram or telephone to the address or number furnished herewith, until you receive a new address or number by registered mail from the undersigned. In the event, however, that you give any notice or make any demand, you may, nevertheless, if you deem it advisable, sell, buy, hold or otherwise deal with the said securities or property as though you had not given such notice or made such demand, nor shall the same constitute a waiver then or thereafter of any provision hereof dispensing with the same. All statements and notices so mailed, shall be deemed correct and the transactions appearing thereon ratified, unless you shall receive from the undersigned written notice to the contrary within ten (10) days.

Whenever in your opinion circumstances require it, you may apply and/or transfer any of or all my equities interchangeably between all my said accounts, without notice to me in the premises.

The above shall apply to all transactions heretofore or hereafter had with you, and to any and all accounts, securities, property or contracts in which the undersigned is or may be interested, whether jointly or individually, and shall continue in full force and effect, notwithstanding any change in the membership of your firm until all of the accounts of the undersigned with you are closed.

Any controversy arising between us shall be settled by arbitration, pursuant to the Arbitration Law of the State of New York, and under the rules of the American Arbitration Association. Any arbitration shall be before three arbitrators.

Very truly yours,

.....

x Signature of Customer

Dated .....

x

Form A—4-32—M.P.

FORM AA BENJAMIN, HILL & CO. FILL OUT COMPLETELY

NAME (IN FULL) GRIFFITH: DAVID W.

MAILING ADDRESS: Suite 2265, Park Central Hotel, N. Y. C.

BUSINESS ADDRESS: BUS. TEL.

RESIDENCE: Hotel-Park Centra l HOME TEL. Circle 7-8000

NATURE OF BUSINESS: ARE YOU OVER 21? Yes.

BANK REFERENCES: 1-

2-

ACCOUNT OF: Mr. Ben G. Behrman DATE OPENED: 4/24/33

CASH	
MARGIN	XXX

SIGNATURE: _____

They Stand Out From the Crowd

Marion Nevada Talley, buxom, demure, uncommunicative, came out of the West to study with music teachers in New York and in Italy, and then made her appearance at the age of nineteen on the stage of the Metropolitan Opera House as *Gilda* in "Rigoletto." For four seasons her sweet, clear, but not particularly powerful soprano voice was heard, and then suddenly and somewhat mysteriously she retired to a Kansas wheat ranch. Her marriage to a German pianist was annulled. Now, at twenty-six, she visits New York to arrange for a concert tour, and interviewers find her as reserved as ever, but slenderer, more stylishly dressed.

Keystone

Nikola Tesla, at seventy-seven the dean of American inventors, expects to live to be 140 by paying scientific attention to his diet. With a hundred triumphs of electrical engineering already behind him, he hopes to announce the discovery of a new source of energy and to produce steel twice as strong as that now available.

Acme

He works incessantly in his laboratory, maintaining his vigor with two meals a day, the first consisting largely of fats for fuel, the second of proteins to rebuild the body tissues. He uses no coffee or tea, considers alcohol in moderation virtually an elixir of life, and does not mind being called insane because of his theories.

David George Brownlow Cecil, Lord Burghley, at twenty-eight announces that he is too "old," too busy, to continue his career as hurdler. He's an M. P. now. His day as Britain's hero of three Olympics and countless minor meets is done. He prefers riding to the hounds, anyway, is happiest on a horse. He rides fast, just as he sprints, and drives his car fast, too. They call him "young man in a hurry." He looks the athlete, moves easily, is tall, straight, fair, with hair like glossy straw. He has a broad grin, high forehead, Wellingtonian nose. He does not smoke and prefers draft beer.

Acme

Jack Dempsey's timing and rhythm helped him to punch his way to the heavyweight championship of the world. Timing and rhythm, expressed in song and dance, brought fame to the brown-eyed, sprightly **Hannah Williams.** Now they are married. The one-time "Manassa Mauler" recently has interested himself in promotional enterprises, of which the Baer-Schmeling bout was the most conspicuous. He is the former husband of Estelle Taylor, film actress. Both of Miss Williams's former husbands were musicians, Charles Kaley, a Chicago bandmaster, and Roger Wolf Kahn, orchestra leader—experts in timing and rhythm.

© International

The Maharaja of Alwar, India, as the penalty of misgovernment in his domain is under compulsory exile in England. He is described by William Hickey in the London *Daily Express* as the best orator in England. Tall, wiry and athletic, usually he wears European clothes, well-cut, but with exaggerated padded shoulders. Often he wears a hat of his own design, a sort of biretta of blue velvet, decorated with a large diamond star.

From the London *Daily Express*

Miss Margaret Bondfield, Britain's first woman Cabinet Minister, is in America for the National Council of Women, ready to be interviewed on any subject save Ramsay MacDonald, her longtime associate in the labor movement, who put her in his 1929-1931 Cabinet. She was not made a member of the Coalition Government that followed. Miss Bondfield is a small woman, active, intense, with brown eyes that flash as much as brown eyes can. Her hair is gray, her cheeks pink. She has been described as having sincerity, vividness, ardor.

John Collier, the new Indian Commissioner, is a fighter. A quiet, blond-haired man with glasses, he has been carrying on a persistent fight for the American Indian for a dozen years. A good deal of this fighting has been against the Bureau of Indian Affairs itself, so it would seem that President Roosevelt thought it would be a good thing to reorganize the Bureau by appointing its most severe critic to run it. In 1923 Mr. Collier — a social worker who had already become a specialist on Indian problems—became the only executive officer of the American Indian Defense Association, organized to defend Indian rights.

© International

Irene Castle, as a slender girl with shrugging shoulder and step light as thistledown, once made history in the dance world of America. She reigned supreme till the war came and took her husband Vernon's life in an airplane crash.

Wide World

Retired for years now to private life as Mrs. McLaughlin, she has turned humanitarian, particularly in regard to dumb animals. Not long ago she worsted a farmer in a legal battle over his mistreatment of pigs. Always a lover of dogs she has gone to court in Chicago, where she lives, to save the life of "Spotty," a dog she gave to a boy. The dog was picked up by dog-catchers, and by law 75 cents must be paid or the dog's life forfeited. She sought to restrain the authorities from destroying Spotty.

What's the Name, Please?

Dollfuss — Austria's diminutive Chancellor—*doll'foos* not *fuss.*

Baruch—Financier and practical economist—*ba-rook'.*

Chaco—Scene of South American teapot tempest—same as *charcoal,* minus *r* and *al.*

De Mille—Producer of super-super movies—rimes with *the mill,* not with *the meal.*

Robot—Wiley Post's mechanical companion — *row'bot,* not *row'bow* nor *row'boat.*

—Frank H. Vizetelly

D. W. GRIFFITH COLLECTION
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News and Comment From the National Capital

Republican Leaders Are Lying Low and Watching the New Deal Closely While They Attempt to Adjust Their Differences and to Effect a Centralized Leadership

WASHINGTON—Senator David A. Reed's rendezvous with former President Hoover on the west coast and Chairman Sanders's group meetings with Republican State leaders, just as the Roosevelt New Deal is moving from first to second speed, have not failed to excite curiosity. One who sat recently in high party councils "let it be known," as the phrase runs here, that Senator Reed was carrying an appeal to the party's titular leader. Mr. Hoover was to be told that the Republican leaders still here wanted centralized leadership and a party spokesman of recognized standing and prestige to help hold the lines of "rugged individualism" against the advance of what they call "State Socialism." There was, in this view, a party obligation to present a responsible, organized opposition as well as to "keep the record straight." In the campaigns to come, it was felt, the party could ill attack the Roosevelt creed as grounded in political ineptitude if the Republicans themselves had failed to speak out effectively while it was in the making.

Naturally enough, political divergencies are more numerous in party defeat than in victory. Nothing shows it more clearly than these present Republican developments. Not at all are they related. Mr. Sanders knows little, if anything, about the journey of Senator Reed. Senator Reed, for the life of him, can not see how Mr. Sanders can do the party any good by his present tactics. Mr. Sanders, it appears, is following a plan of his own to turn back the charge that he does nothing and should be replaced. Senator Reed admits nothing more than that he will be Mr. Hoover's guest at the famous Bohemian Club's annual performances in the hills back of the Golden Gate. Needless to say, no meeting of two such stalwart Republican conservatives could proceed far without touching the subject closest to both. Whether it was prearranged for that purpose, no one can say. They will, of course, talk over the state of the nation and Republican strategy. But no Senator who grew up amid the works of Boies Penrose will make the blunder of urging Mr. Hoover to come back at this juncture.

The Return of Hoover

Mr. Hoover, of course, will not return to the firing-line now. That he would like another term no one seriously disputes. Mr. Hoover himself has not made the mistake of Roosevelt I and Wilson by saying he was through with running. Should the turn of events result in an unmistakable sentiment for a return to the Hoover conservative philosophy, Mr. Hoover will hear the call and respond. None of his really responsible advisers doubt it. Several of them are right here in Washington, keeping "the chief" abreast of developments. Selected clippings from the big Eastern dailies go to Palo Alto daily by special air-mail. Mr. Hoover will know to-morrow what the New York *Herald Tribune*, the New York *Times*, the Baltimore *Sun*, and other representative media of news and opinion are reporting and thinking to-day. But, despite all the perfectly natural pressure upon one in his position, he is too well advised to jump back into the fray now.

This is more than a hunch. By mail and by telegraph, Mr. Hoover keeps up a correspondence with many former coworkers here. He frequently exchanges private views with them on the development of the

"WONDER IF I GET A CODE?"
—Fitzpatrick in the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*

Roosevelt program. He and they realize that Mr. Roosevelt is popular with the country. True, there has been some backwash from the wave which swept him into office, but not much. That was to be expected. It is perhaps not surprizing that the national capital where the Roosevelt economy ax has fallen so sharply, should be among the first cities to reflect it. In the same cinema theaters which showed small respect for the picture of Mr. Hoover in the week of March 5 there were startling bursts of applause at the sight of him in the simple pose of watching the Governor of California turn a ceremonial spadeful of earth at the beginning of the San Francisco bridge project.

Cheers for Mr. Hoover from victims of the New Deal's deflationary side, while not surprizing, when one comes to think of it, were food for thought. Mr. Roosevelt, to be sure, is still popular. If the Republican chieftains meeting with Chairman Sanders report what they see and feel, they report that the country, on the whole, likes the President.

Over wide areas there is genuine affection for him. It may not be so if the New Deal goes wrong. It probably won't be so nearly universal a year hence. No public man making positive decisions of far-reaching consequence can help treading on many toes. But all reports coming into Washington are that, on the whole, the country is "with" Mr. Roosevelt. It goes without saying that any one who started out now to discredit him before the nation would not be popular. A year hence things might be different. Mr. Hoover's closest advisers doubt that he could be persuaded to come out of retirement even then. In their opinion, he would be far stronger in 1936 if it could be said that he had bowed respectfully to the mandate of the people and had stood aside to give his successor a chance to show what he could do in the depression.

The National Recovery program is so far-reaching a thing, it cuts so deeply into the established order, that people probably will have no difficulty choosing sides in the next Presidential election.

Source of the Division

The main source of Republican factionalism lies, it appears, in the activities of some of the Hoover subordinates. The Old Guard still lives in the Republican National Committee. If not actually in control, it is close to it. It centers around Charles D. Hilles of New York, J. Henry Roraback of Connecticut, Daniel Pomeroy of New Jersey and Ralph Williams of Oregon. Practical politicians, they certainly aren't going to make any commitments now, either for or against Mr. Hoover. Their personal inclination would be to look elsewhere. They accepted Mr. Sanders for national chairman because Mr. Hoover designated him. Indeed they much preferred him to Walter Brown, the former Postmaster-General, and some of the others of the original Hoover group which defeated them at Kansas City in 1928.

Confronted with an immediately attractive candidate, they would gladly have displaced Mr. Sanders after March 4. Mr. Sanders's action in calling a meeting of his executive committee, including all these men, just before Mr. Hoover left office, made it impossible for the committee to displace Mr. Sanders without implying a slap at the retiring President. Mr. Sanders is chairman and has the power to call meetings. Only Mr. Hoover, as titular party leader, can call him off without a meeting of the national committee. This he will not do. And, except by the untried device of calling the committee together by petition of its own members, only Mr. Sanders can convene the committee. This explains the outstanding Republican divergence at the moment. It narrows down to the fact that the great majority of Republican leaders are for continuing to lie low, save in those instances where the Roosevelt Administration has obviously laid itself open to attack. They want to see more of the New Deal first. And they are talking it over as they go along.

DIOGENES.

Date	Gals. Gas.	Gals. Spec. Gas.	Qts. Oil	Trans. Storage	Wash & Polish
1					
2					
3					
4					
5		21			Voo
6					
7					
8		5			
9					
10					
11		18			Voo
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23					
24	5				
25	5				
26	5				
27					
28	5				
29					
30					
31					
TOTAL	41	67			800

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	Qts. Oil @			
July 1	2 Sparkplugs	200		
11	3 Gallons Crystal Oil	675		
23	3 Gallons Wolfshead Oil	600		
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		7251		

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AUG 1 1933

Mr/ D. W. Griffith,
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DATE		CHARGES	CREDITS	BALANCE
	Balance Forward	$160.00		
AUG	1933 Breakfast Charges	10.00		$170.00

D. W. GRIFFITH COLLECTION
MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY

Aug. 2-1933.

Dear uncle David:

Auntie and I wrote to you, the day we received your letter, we sent the letter to you air mail and have wondered and wondered why we did not hear from you again.

Auntie has been very miserable and we were worried for fear she would go like aunt Wheeler. She was in constant pain and so low spirited and depressed, couldn't sleep or eat, she has lost so much weight that she looks like a little old lady and we were afraid she was actually slipping away from this earth. We've taken her to another Dr. and her appetite is picking up and he has given her medicine for the pain so she sleeps better.

Sunday I borrowed a car and took her to the beach, (the first recreation she had had for a long time) and it seemed to help her.

I suggested getting a used car last Fall, but Auntie opposed it, she was afraid we'd get one no better than what we have. So many people that have bought used cars have advised us against it, and since we use a car so long, we thought it would be cheaper in the long run for us to get a new car. We've had our car 8 years and spent practically nothing on it till

(over)

D.W. GRIFFITH COLLECTION
MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY

the last 2 yrs. However, we will be glad to accept your advice in the matter. Whatever you say, we will do. Auntie cannot read or work at all so she does need some kind of a "rocking horse" to help her pass the time, as the days are so long for her. Her treatments are costing $50. and more a month otherwise I think we could buy a car and make the monthly installments out of her regular check. Maybe we can do that later on, when she no longer needs treatments.

I've been so worried about Auntie and so busy keeping her as comfortable as possible I haven't had time to worry or wonder about a car. Every time she sees a Chevrolet she says "There goes my car." However, I do not believe the older makes were especially good, they seem to have made their improvements during the last year. What ought we pay for a good used car? They seemed rather high to me in comparison with the new cars; and so many of them want all cash.

Love Ruth

Do you have Willard's address?
We haven't had a line from them in months and our mail is returned.

Aug. 2 —

Dear Durick

Your letter received I appreciate your thoughtfulness very much in regard to going back East that is out of the question I would simply be buried alive none of them have any conveniences not even a bath While our little Home here is quite comfortable. As for the Car Ruth spose of it is quite the thing here. Our old car is so hard on us that we never go, only when absolutely necessary such as going to the Dr and for something to eat I am taking treatments every day, so if I wanted to go ever so bad could not leave now as it is a long hard trip and now the weather is so hot, While here it is delightful.

(over)

I have my Church Friends here
nurse in the house and Ruth and
Geraldine to look after me, so all
I need for My comfort is a better
Car and it need not be an expensive
one, one not so noisy and softer
and most of all a visite ~~f~~ With
You and Albert. You will never
know how we appreciate Your letters
With lots of love and hopins to hear
from You soon.

Sister Ruth

D. W. GRIFFITH COLLECTION
MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY

August 10th, 1933.

Dear Willard:

Am sending you weekly checks for $17.50. Will do this several months. This will give you a chance. At least you must remember that I have two brothers and a sister to take care of that are much older than you are. You are the youngest and should be the ablest of them all, and should be able to make a few dollars.

I think the Southwest is as good as any and certainly better than New York as it is cheaper to live there than here. If I allow you to depend on me for support you will never amount to anything and I will be doing you a great injustice.

If you can't get newspaper work, there is some other work that you can find. You will lose all of your own self-respect as well as that of everyone else unless you hop on it and make a desperate struggle to pull in a few dollars a week. If you will just figure how much money I have sent you in the last six weeks, Brother Will could live well on it for six months.

You have got to accept the enclosures because this is all that is possible. Take this in the spirit in which I mean it.

Kindest regards, as ever,

GRIFFITH FILM COLLECTION
MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY

BENJAMIN, HILL & CO.
MEMBERS OF NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE
THIRTY-NINE BROADWAY
NEW YORK

August 10, 1933.

My dear Dave:

Buddy and myself leave tomorrow on the "Dixie" for Lake Champlain where we expect to spend about ten days at Coates Island, Malletts Bay, about 7 miles north of Burlington on the main road to Montreal. The fishing sometimes is very good there and there is a lake nearby in which there is very fine small mouth bass fishing.

I have taken a cottage up there for my children (my married son, his wife and baby, and my daughter) and we will have room to spare. It would be a fine thing if you go to Lenox next Sunday to drive up to Malletts Bay and spend a day or two with me and have a good time together. I think it is only about 100 miles, certainly not more than 150 miles, from Lenox to Burlington. We could also arrange to put up your chauffeur. Can not you come up and spend a couple of days with me next week? If you want to come by train, you take the Rutland & Vermont. It is only an overnight ride and we will meet you at the Lake Champlain Yacht Club if you telegraph us which is right on the dock where the train lands. My address, telegraphic and mail, will be:

Mr. S. S. Fontaine
Care of: Mrs. Coates,
Coates Island,
Winooski Post Office,
near Burlington,
Vermont.

Hoping to see you, I am

Cordially yours,

S. S. Fontaine

Mr. D. W. Griffith,
Hotel Park Central, Apt. 2265,
55th Street and Seventh Ave.,
New York City.

BENJAMIN, HILL & CO.
MEMBERS NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE
39 BROADWAY
NEW YORK

TELEPHONE DIGBY 4-1400

Dear David: Friday!

Buddy, My Cousin Clem Reiss, a Yellow Kentuckian, and myself are driving up to the Pine Forest Lakes Country tomorrow Saturday morning to stay until Sunday P.M. The Club is at East Hartland, Conn, twenty miles South of Lenox - good macadam roads - Drive to Riverton, Conn, - four miles from there - Telephone 161 - Ring 2 twisted - Cannot you drive over Sunday and have dinner with us at 12.30 o'clock?

Cordially A. Lowland

Phone Great Neck 3100

HARRY HICKS

Professional

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Mr. D. W. Griffiths,

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	"	1 " Spoon	8	00
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			✓✓	✓✓
Aug	24	Playing Lesson	9	00
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Aug 28/33
Hicks
Harry

" THE GREATER SHOW SEASON RADIO PROGRAM "

FROM

STATION WEAF

AT

9 P.M. to 10 P.M. On Staurday, August 26th, 1933.

ORCHESTRA

Trumpet Blast (repeated three times)

This is that single long-drawn-out trumpet note that punctuated the ride of the Klansmen . Giving the notes full time to die away we will begin the actual 'Ride of the Klansmen' very softly behind the announcer's voice gradually building up in volume to the climax of our opening speech

ANNOUNCER

With these three notes an industry was born . Turn back your memories ....in 1915 David Wark Griffith made "The Birth of a Nation ".....it can also well be called 'the birth of the motion picture '. Few thought that when the white-robed Klansmen thundered across the screen that same screen was being set for might epics that were to follow . On that day "Cimarron" and "The Big Parade " were born ....a lusty youngster threw away its swaddling clothes and started to become a man .

The glamour ,tragedy and romance of the motion pictures cannot be crowded into one short hour but we can cull from the full pages of its history some few highlights that have marked the growth of America's fourth industry . Some of its great deeds must be forgotten some of its heroes must remain unsung but tonight ,we hope to bring to you enough to refresh four memories and win for the men and women of the silver screen some little of your praise . The 'movies' have been fashioned out of dreams , out of ideals , out of ideas ---they have made fortunes for some ---brought happiness

to others ----and to some it brought tragedy and tears .Mr & Mrs Wally Reid ,Thomas Ince ,Rudolph Valentino...all did their part .

Turn back the clock to September 14th,1903. For several years motion pictures have been struggling to get a footing in the esteem of American theatre-goers ----and have only succeeded in becoming something comparable to a glorified side-show . Ov r in Franch the Gaumont Company is threatening to do big things .....the Pathe Freres are begining to wonder whether this new idea is worth their attention ..other less scrupulous of their brethren are using the new 'cinematograph' as a somewhat off-color attraction for (men o ly '.....then ....out of this era of back stairs entertainment and make-shift novelty comes something that is well worth while . Think of it .... a three reel motion picture ...with a real story and real stars .....

ORCHESTRA

For about fifteen seconds ...enough of the old piano vamp to get the idea over that ' The Indians Are Coming '.

ANNOUNCER

Sure ! The Indians are coming -----but that isn't the title of the first motion picture 'epic '....how many of you remember " The Great Train Robbery"...it was three reels in length ...a little longer than the average Laurel and Hardy comedy.... but it made enough money to bring the pioneers of the picture business into the scene .

After " The Great Train Robbery" ----and more men were killed in this than were killed in the Great War ...nothing much happened until

VOICE (Pedro De Cordoba----good and base and sonorous)

1907

ANNOUNCER

David Wark Griffith....magic name in motion picture history....friend and guide to almost all of the really great ...for 'arrived' in these early days except in a "David Wark Griffith Production ". In those days he was a youngster...with the troubles that the rest of us have or had ....nobody with brains wanted to be a director in those days and there weren't many who saw far enough ahead to gamble their future on this 'new industry'.

Since 1903 a new company had been formed . In fact two of them , one boasted Thomas Ince ...a great director and a greater organizer ...the other...Biograph Pictures... had David Wark Griffith....a great director ..and an inspired leader who could see into the future ...who could see the possibilities that lurked in these phantom shadows thrown on a silver screen ----or should we say 'sheet'...for the 'silver screen' of today was a whitewashed wall in the early days .

Right at the begining even David Wark Griffith didn't get everything his own way . There were years in whic he had to struggle and fight ...fight to build up the reputation that enabled him to make "Intollerance","Orphans of the Storm" and " Birth of a Nation ". Thinking back ..maybe some of you will wonder why it took so long for you to recognise his genius .

ORCHESTRA

A roll of drums followed by a trumpet blast (three times)

VOICE

1913

ANNOUNCER

ANNOUNCER

This is the year of the first "Quo Vadis", the first of the great 'super-Specials'...and a show that would look as if it were made on 'Poverty Row ' if you were to see now . Still, "Quo Vadis" with its buring Rome and the lamprey pool into which the Christian slaves were thrown gave us some hint of the grandeurs that the movies were to hold .

This is the year that a wistful little English comedian was discovered . A little , pathetic appearing figure with big shoes , baggy trousers and a derby hat ....yes...there was a funny litt e cane as well for Charlie Chaplin in 1913 was just as he is today . What a thrill that first pokey, little room full of reviewers would have had if they had known that the stars of that first film were to reach the heights they did . Marie Dressler was in ~~xxxxxxx~~ 'Tillie's Punctured Romance " with Charlie ....imagine what a crowd you'd have to fight through to see THAT first night again.

ORCHESTRA

Roll of drums and trumpet .

VOICE

1914

Announcer

A young man came out ofthe Middle West to try his fortunes in New York . He became manager of the Strand Theatre, then one of Broadway's greatest ....later he became 'Roxy' one of the most beloved figures in American Theatre .

Now , we turn back the pages of history to a day in the Spring of 1914....in a few days Europe was to be torn by war ..but the momentous happenings at (wherever the Arch Duke was killed hardly had more far reaching effect than a drama

Announcer (continued)

that was played out in a few moments in a little office above Broadway . Let us listen !

DRAMATIZATION

To run no more than four minutes.

This is to be a dramatization of the signing of Mary Pickford to the first long term contract and the guaranteeing her a yearly income of $104,000.

ORCHESTRA

Rolly of drums and trumpets.

VOICE

1915

ANNOUNCER

This is the motion picture's natal year in truth . In 1915 pictures began to acquire individuality . A comedy had been little more than a copy of the current slapstick stage methods and dramas were based on the tried and true formula of the old-time (meller'. But this year motion pictures stepped out with Thomas Ince and David Wark Griffith leading the parade .

This is the year that Theda Bara arrived ..possibly the first actual 'type' that motion pictures created ...the forerunner of the Greta Garbos,Katharine Hepburns,and Joan Crawfords of today ...but far more important than that...this is the year when the Klansmen rode ...when America was thrilled out of its placid acceptance of the new toy 'the movies' and was made to see that and thrill . " The Birth of a Nation" ...what a grand title ...all over the world people have watched the unreeling of this epic of Americans quest for freedom. No other picture has approached it's popularity...it is hardly possible under current conditions for another to reach those heights .

The original musical score of " Birth of a Nation" is

still in existance and through the courtesy of its present owner Harold Sanford offers a symphonic arrangement of "The Birth of a Nation ".

ORCHESTRA

THE BIRTH OF A NATION

ANNOUNCER

That was a symphonic arrangement of the theme music that accompanied the greatest of motion pictures ....and the pages of history still turn.

ORCHESTRA

Roll of drums and trumpets.

VOICE

1916

Announcer

Charlie Chaplin , the wistfull little Englishman with the baggy pants and the derby , has proved himself to be one of the immortals of the Drama ...also one of the best business men in the business . "The Rink","Easy Street","A Dog's Life", and "The Cure" have proved that the public is 'Chaplin conscious' and ----as we learned to say at a somewhat latter date ----and how !

From two reel comedies and custard pies Biograph guarantees Charles Chaplin the unheard off sum of $670,000 for one year's work . The motion picture business is growing .

And still the pages of history turn .

ORCHESTRA

Roll of drums and trumpet blasts .

VOICE

1917 ,1918, 19119.

G.S.S. RADIO SHOW (7)

ANNOUNCER

The World War....and the heroes of the screen joined other heroes who fought in the mud of Flanders and the Argonne . Clive Brook,Merrian C.Cooper,Ronald Colman, and others too numerous to mention answered their countries call...and through these years of Strife the motion pictures got along as best they could with those too old or young for active service. In was in these years that Mary Pickford, Anna Q.Nillson, and other names that were and still are dear to us carried on .

Then with the days of battle over, America and the whole world wanted to play . Never before had motion pictures been in such demand . They were challenged to provide entertainment for a world that hadn't laughed for many dreary years . This was their first great crisis and their first great triumph.

ORCHESTRA

Roll of drums and trumpet blast.

VOICE

1921

ANNOUNCER

In this year the brightest star that graced the movie heavens in these early days approached its zenith . Rudolph Valentino, gallant and tragic ,greatest lover of the screen and unloved by those he loved .

Who that saw it can forget "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse"...those four ghastly phantoms riding the blood-red clouds of war and pestilence ----and the superlative acting of the sleek-haired youngster who over-night flashed to the very peak of stardom ? "The Four Horsemen" was another step t along the road of cinematic progress . And still the pages turn.

GREATER SHOW SEASON RADIO SHOW (8)

ORCHESTRA

Roll of drums and trumpet blast.

VOICE

1922

ANNOUNCER

1922....first of the great years when a public was longing to acclaim new stars ...when there was a thrill to every new show ...when wondering youngsters in tiny hamlets scattered all over the world began to see their dreams come true upon the screen . This was the year of the Great Stars .

THE GISH SISTERS

Shy,whimsical Lillian.....the tom-boy Dorothy .....and the inspired sweep and grandeur of "Orphans of the Storm". ~~Thomas Ince reached his greatest heights in the direction of "Orphans of the Storm"....Thomas Ince has gone ...but those who saw his handiwork will remeber him in it .~~

BLOOD AND SAND

Valentino...loved by women ....and almost hated by their men-folk ...proved himself to be no mere flash in the pan . "Blood and Sand "---a movie version of the immortal "Carmen".. reached a new high note for color and thrilling sweep of action . How many who saw him then dreamed that a few short years in the future the star would set so sadly on a sunny afternoon when the sun shone brightly on the Polyclinic Hospital in New York .They shaded the windows that day ...and those that knew him felt that the sun had set for always .

TOLAB'LE DAVID

Bringing us Richard Bartlemess who with Richard Dix shares the distinction of having held the affection of their fans for longer than any other star .

G.S.S. RADIO SHOW (9)

ROBIN HOOD

The greatest of all the great shows starring Douglas Fairbanks . All over the world the deeds of the famous English outlaw were cherished in the hearts of children,young and old ...and Douglas Fairbanks made them live .

'Before we turn the next page in our history...let us hear a famous song from "Robin Hood"... a song as staunch and true as the English long-bow---and the merry men of Robin Hood.

ORCHESTRA AND BARITONE SOLOIST

SONG OF THE ARMORER from 'Robin Hood'

ANNOUNCER

'And here's to the men who weild it '...and here's to the men and women who helped to make great pictures and grand entertainment when only a tithe of the things we know know had been discovered .

And still the pages of history turn .

ORCHESTRA

Roll of drums and trumpets.

VOICE

L(1923

ANNOUNCER

(After the 'Voice' the orchestra will go into the strains of " Susanah')

Who has forgotten little Jimmie Fox and his banjo in"The Covered Wagon ". Maybe that wasn't a page out the red-blooded thrillers ---and maybe the old-folks didn't throng the theatres just as eagerly as any of the kids . Ernest Torrence , one of the finest men who ever lived ,appeared in "The Covered Wagon" ...it is a monument to him that will endure for ever .

Harold Sanford and his orchestra will refresh your memories

G.S.S. RADIO SHOW

ANNOUNCER (Continued)

WITH " COVERED WAGON DAYS "

ORCHESTRA

COVERED WAGON DAYS

ANNOUNCER

"Covered Wagon Days"....a march that was played in theatres from here to Shagghai and most of the way back again. Sometimes with orchestras ...sometimes just a piano ...but ... music is creeping into motion pictures . And now ....

"THE HUNCH BACK OF NOTRE DAME "

Lon Chaney ...the lovable, unaffected owner of a thousand faces and a thousand moods . He too, reached his zenith and passed on ...hee too left behind him memories that should never fade .

THE GREEN GODESS

George Arliss, consumate actor who ten years latter is still giving to his followers something that no other can hope to give .

LITTLE OLD NEW YORK .

Mario Davies and the first of the great 'costume' dramas ...the Marion of 'When Knighthood was in Flower", and "Yolanda" is still with us ....but there can only be one "Little old New York ".

ORCHESTRA

Roll of drums and trumpet blast.

VOICE

1924

ANNOUNCER

The Ten Commandments"....who can forget it ? Cecil De Mille, ~~arrived~~ topped anything that had ever been done ....millions all over the world ,have wondered how the Red Sea was made to

Announcer,Continued)

DIVIDE .....these same millions are wondering today how "King Kong" was made . In remembering the spectacle in " The Ten Commandments" do not foget entirely the superb acting of Richard Dix, one of our modern favorites, in the role of the honest foreman in the modern sequence .

There was another great picture this year, a vastly different one , a fantasy that had as its motto an old Eastern proverb " Happiness Must be Earned ".

"The Thief of Bagdad"...charming,aweinspiring .... beautiful....it was perhaps the most courageous undertaking what the motion pictures hadattempted . Drama , they knew was popular, comedy was always profitable ...but this was a fairy tale ...a fantasy ....and it is to their credit and that of motion picture audiences the world over that " The Thief of Bagdad " was a success . Douglas Fairbanks has been heard to say that of all the pictures he has ever made it is of this one that he is the proudest .

And still the pages of history turn .

ORCHESTRA

Roll of drums and trumpet blast

VOICE

1925

ANNOUNCER

This is another of the Movie's Greatest Years . The inimitable Charlie Chaplin appeared in his most popular show "The Gold Rush"....Emil Jannings ---after a startling performance in "Variety" with Lya De Putti---reappeared in "The Last Laugh". . ...probably one of the most dramatic triumphs of which the Movies can boast .....Sound Movies robbed us of much when

ANNOUNCER (continued)

THEY TOOK Emil Jannings away .

Then came Mae Murray and John Gilbert in the " Merry Widow " played to the hauntingly popular tune of " The Merry Widow Waltz".....and Gilbert again ....this time with Rene Adoree in " The Big Pararde "...first of the 'war-shows'..and the greatest ...possibly the only rival that " Birth of a Nation " can ever hope to have in the memories of movie fans .

(The Merry Widow Waltz to go behind all of this particular announcement)

ORCHESTRA

ANNOUNCER

Do you remember a song inspired b the "Big Parade " Phil Dewey will help your memory .

BARITONE AND ORCHESTRA

MY DREAM OF THE BIG PARADE

ANNOUNCER

" My Dream of the Big Parade"....a dream that in the memories of those who fought in the ranks of the A.E.F....is just as vidid as it ever was .....

And still..the pages of history turn .

ORCHESTRA

Roll of drums and trumpet blast.

VOICE

1926

ANNOUNCER

Another memorable year . Hard on the heels of " The Big Parade" came "What Price Glory", tough, bawdy and realistic ...the nearest thing to red-meat that had been tried on the movie public . It was a success ...even now we still have our Sergeant Quirt and Captain Flagg.

ANNOUNCER (continued)

Then another war-story...not on the Eastern Front this time . "Beau Geste "...the incomparably charming , strangely two-fisted story of the three English brothers who fought in the Foreign Legion . Ronald Colman blazed a trail to the topmost heights in " Beau Geste "....Herbert Brennon, who also gace us "Peter Pan " did the greatest work of his career .

Cebil De Mille , anxious to top even " The Ten Commandments ",made " Ben Hur ".....by far the greatest of all the spectacles . Who can forget the chariot race ....the unforgetable scenes during the mighty naval battle ...the quiet charm of the early scenes in Jerusalem---the search among the lepers for the mother that Ben Hur had given up for lost . That was a picture to remember .

And the pages turn again .

ORCHESTRA

Roll of drums and trumpet blast.

VOICE

1927

ANNOUNCER

Another year with far reaching results . This is the year when those intrepid explorers Merrian C, Cooper and Ernest Schoedsack brough back " Chang " and paved the way for " Bring 'em Back Alive " and " Wild Cargo ".

It was also the year that gave us Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell and the haunting beauty of "Seventh Heaven ". Who can forget ....or the soft,strains of " Diane "

NOTE

Either the song'Diane' sung by Dewey or a dramatization of the return of Chico after he is blind. This latter should play in startling fashion with a background of "Diane ".....

To last 3.30 mins.

ANNOUNCER

"Seventh Heaven " .....I wonder how many of you remember "Seventh Heaven " as your favorite movie ?

But the pages of our history still turn .

ORCHESTRA

Roll of drums and trumpet blast

VOICE

1928

ANNOUNCER

1928....the year of the rebirth of the motion picture. The year that sent old favorites to oblivion and brought new stars over the Movie horizon .....the year of SOUND....the year that brought Al Jolson into the highest spot in the realm of Motion Pictures that upset all precedent ~~thnk~~ and brought to the motion picture industry its greatest crisis.

Yet in this year came a silent show that is among the greatest of all-time ..." The King of Kings " ....a mighty document of the sweetest story that the annals of the whole world hold...the life of Christ....a simple story ...and one ~~thnk~~ of which the whole great Motion Picture Industry may well be proud .

Before we pass along to this New Era in Movieland let us pause for a moment to pay tribute to those who gave their All for our Amusement ...to the Great Stars and those who failed to achieve greatness..who have passed into the Beyond .

It is no more than fitting that David Wark Griffith, the man whose efforts helped to build this industry,whose understanding helped to build these stars , should read this

ANNOUNCER

Roll of Honor of Movieland's Immortals . You too owe this moment of quiet thought to the memories of these who lived to please you.

ORCHESTRA

Dal Steiger or some other good trumpeter.

TAPS

(To continue faintly behind the actual reading)

DAVID WARK GRIFFITH

Rudolph Valentino
Milton Sills
Roscoe Arbuckle
Mabel Normand
Ernest Torrence

This list should be checked with Terry Ramsey to assure accuracy.

Some little ,very simple statement from MrGriffith should be read here . The orchestra backing with "Nearer My God to Thee" if it doesn't sound too damn sentimental .

ANNOUNCER

And still,in happiness or sorrow the pages of history still turn .

ORCHESTRA

Roll of drums and trumpet blast.

VOICE

1929

ANNOUNCER

A year of fruitfullness and happiness around the world ...or so it seemed when 1928 rolled by . This is the year when music came into the movies ----and came to stay. Let's listen to Harold Sanford play a medley of hits from the three outstanding favorites,"Rio Rita", "Broadway Melody" and "Gold Diggers of Broadway .

ORCHESTRA

MEDLEY OF HITS FROM "RIO RITA",GOLD DIGGERS OF BROADWAY" AND " BROADWAY MELODY"

Announcer

LAW OFFICES OF
LOYD WRIGHT
SUITE 1125-1130 BOARD OF TRADE BUILDING
111 WEST SEVENTH STREET
LOS ANGELES, CAL.
TRinity 3361

LOYD WRIGHT
CHARLES E. MILLIKAN
RICHARD M. GOLDWATER
HERSCHEL B. GREEN
S. EARL WRIGHT

August 30th, 1933.

Air Mail:

Mr. D. W. Griffith,
Hotel Astor,
New York, N. Y.

Dear D. W:-

I have intended writing to inform you that Earl Taylor has filed suit against Governor Rolph, of California, the Prison Board, the Warden, you and myself for $300,000.00, for conspiracy.

He has been up to the Grand Jury twice, and in general has made himself a damn nuisance. I believe he is mentally off balance.

Do not worry about it. There is no occasion for it. I will keep you advised.

I enjoyed hearing you over the radio last Saturday night.

Sincerely yours,
Loyd Wright,

LW/AG

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TRINITY 3361

LOYD WRIGHT
CHARLES E. MILLIKAN
RICHARD M. GOLDWATER
HERSCHEL B. GREEN
S. EARL WRIGHT

September 6th, 1933

Mr. D. W. Griffith,
Hotel Astor,
New York City, N. Y.

Dear Mr. Griffith:

A letter has just been received by us from Mr. W. R. Oglesby, addressed to Mr. Wright. Due to the fact that Mr. Wright is out of the city and will not be back for approximately ten days, I deem it advisable to write you in his absence.

The suit referred to in Mr. Oglesby's letter is one brought by Earl Taylor in which he is seeking damages against several public officials, yourself and Mr. Wright, as defendants, for an alleged conspiracy resulting in Taylor being sent back to San Quintin for breach of his parole.

Mr. Wright was served with a copy of the complaint and summons, and I have filed an answer to the complaint in his behalf. However, no appearance was made for you in the action, and you may be assured that no appearance will be made for you by Mr. Wright or anyone in this office, without express authorization from you.

I know that it is Mr. Wright's thought that you need not have any personal concern regarding the suit because of the fact that it will be impossible for the court to obtain jurisdiction over you so as to render a judgment against you.

As I have said above, you may be assured that no appearance has been made in your behalf and none will be made unless, of course, you should later expressly direct that this be done.

With kind regards, I am

Very truly yours,

Chas E. Millikan

CEM:W

LAW OFFICES OF
LOYD WRIGHT
SUITE 1125-1130 BOARD OF TRADE BUILDING
111 WEST SEVENTH STREET
LOS ANGELES, CAL.
TRinity 3361

LOYD WRIGHT
CHARLES E. MILLIKAN
RICHARD M. GOLDWATER
HERSCHEL B. GREEN
S. EARL WRIGHT

September 6th, 1933

Mr. W. R. Oglesby,
Lenox,
Massachusetts.

Dear Mr. Oglesby:

Your letter dated September 3rd addressed to Mr. Wright has been received during Mr. Wright's absence from the city.

I have written to Mr. Griffith today giving him assurance that no appearance has been made in his behalf in the action mentioned in your letter, and also assuring him that no appearance would be made unless he should expressly direct that this be done, which, of course, is quite improbable.

I shall bring your letter to Mr. Wright's attention upon his return to the office.

Trusting this will prove acceptable to you, I am

Very truly yours,

Chas E Millikan

CEM:W

Sep., 8, 1933.
Santa Anna, Calif.,

Dear uncle David:

Auntie wishes me to say, in answer to your letter, that Dr. Baker whom Willard mentioned is almost prohibitive in his prices now, and wants his money in advance. However, she has been to him and he scared her to pieces by mentioning an operation for her; consequently she does not want to go back to him or to any other M.D. She is satisfied with her Chiropractor; and this week she has felt a degree of improvement. She appreciates your interest and says if she is not better by the time you get here, she will go with you to whom ever you please.

We are delighted at the prospect of your coming here; and as Auntie does not feel equal to, nor want a trip East, she says that settles the question. She will see you here in her own little home, and will go "bye-bye" with you if she is able.

That also settles the car question. When you are here you can see the mileage of the car, and also the condition the car is in. We will be happy to have you be your own judge in the matter.

Jerry is waiting to have her "boy friend" teach her to drive; and I will certainly be glad when she is able to chaffeur for herself; however, Auntie says she would be out of luck if she had to depend upon Jerry to take her places, she scarcely has time to purchase a loaf of bread for us. Her school, church games, parties, and studies keep her on the jump. She studies from seven till ten in the evening, and that is about the only time we see her. She a good kid, and at present is very thrilled over a certain uncle who lives in N.Y. She is dying to answer your letter, but has not had a spare minute since its arrival, you may rest assured she will write you , just as soon as she can find the time. I suggested some time ago that she write, but she was timid about it, but now that you have asked for a letter you'll certainly be getting one.

Love from all.
"Little" Ruth
and
With love
Sister Ruth

Love to Mortie + Willard. I am relieved that Auntie is a little better and your interest is a big help.

Buckner Ky
Sept. 12, 1933.

Dear Uncle David:-

We are sorry you did not make that August visit you promised us. Have plenty of fried chicken now, wish you could eat a few of them with us.

Had a lovely letter & "interesting" pictures from Mrs. Baldwin last week had decided you all had forgotten us entirely.

Dr. Edmore helped mother, but of course she

is still frail, says she feels better, she is still taking his tonic.

We have had a hot, dry summer crops are pretty bad so if you feel able to help papa out a little I am sure he is not flushed enough to make any bad investments. If you send him any thing please request they have telephone connected. Myrtle Seamen was in La Grange to attend a church social one night last week, Papa got sick in night and mother had to walk to telephone you remember

how far the next house is, don't you? Papa said he believes he was sickest he ever was, stomach spell, but he was OK in a few days. Bess & M. S. want telephone, but mother says they can't pay $2 per month for it. Marguerite and I just can't help as we are doing on as little as we can any way. I would not think of reminding you of this had you not told me several times to let you know if they needed any thing.

Papa's cows did not bring but $17.85 a piece. Pastures

were very poor from drought and prices are so very low.

Bruce wrote you once and this is my second letter I know you hate to write, but please dictate a few lines to some one and you will make us very happy.

David is in High School and Mary Bruce & John Thomas in our school they will talk about Uncle David.

Do come again and let us have some more happy days.

Your loving niece
Marie S. Duncan

September 16, 1933.

Mr. William Griffith,
LaGrange,
Ky.

Dear brother Will:

I just had a letter from Marie saying you had never installed a telephone. I asked you after I gave you the money last Summer to let me know if you wanted anymore. You said you had plenty.

I am sending you $200. Don't put it in the bank; don't invest it in any farmers' unions, gold bricks or oil stocks, nor lend it, nor give it to anybody.

#1. Install the damned telephone. Marie says it is only two bucks a month. I paid $75.00 for your radio so what is $2.00 a month? Install it and pay for it a year in advance.

#2. Buy yourself clothes that you want -- not what you need but what you want.

#3. Get plenty of wood or coal or whatever you use, ahead.

#4. Get yourself a negro helper. I was going to say "smoke" but perhaps you might not understand it. That negro, Henry, at the hotel would work for $2.00 a week and think it was a gift from God. I gave him a dollar and he didn't show up for a week.

Let me know how much a month will take you through the winter.

You can milk the cows to your heart's content -- not that it does any good because nobody will pay any price for the milk anyhow. But have this "smoke" do the

milking and take care of the damned cows (apologies to sister Mary for swearing) as it is silly for you to go out

in the rain and wet.

I will send you the money by the month because every time I have sent you any real sum of money you have put it in the bank; and the bank fails and you get nothing. So spend it; don't save it.

This letter is all in fun; I'm not taking a crack at anybody.

Willard and Monty have at last gotten back to New York close to the "sugar". I sent them money to Los Angeles. To my surprise I heard from them from Oklahoma City. They wanted to go to New Orleans (Why, God alone knows) to get a job. Shortly afterwards I heard from them from Alexandria, La. They had all new clothes so as to make a fine appearance but they put them in the back part of the car and, according to their report, the car blew up. This is not serious. I am laughing as I write it but as you say I so seldom write, I am just trying to be entertaining. You can read it to all the family. Of course I didn't see the car blow up but the frantic telegrams for money go get to New Orleans assured me that it was blown up. From the tone of the telegrams I expected to see both of them scarred for life -- so again I wired them money. I wired them too much. I should have wired them just enough to live in Oklahoma City where the living is cheap. I returned from Lenox two weeks later and, lo and behold! They were both here in New York. If they were burned at all, it must have been, particularly with Williard, on the seat of his pants; for there were certainly no signs of any burns. However, Williard is in great luck as the kindly doctor tells him he is aenemic and two or three other things that make it imperative for him to take it easy. The doctor doesn't know that he is always taking it easy. But now he has a good excuse. Anyhow they are getting along all right now.

I am dictating this letter in the office of the hotel and they are both downstairs in the restaurant where (as I had some other business) I sent them an hour ago, as I was to join them in a square meal. I will have to hasten this letter because I know they can't get out of the restaurant until I appear and pay the check.

I did expect to get down in August but the weather was so hot and I did'nt see that I could do any particular good. I expect to go down next Spring and endow the Mt. Tabor churchyard in my mother's name; and put up a Trust Fund that will take care of it for all time. But I couldn't send the money to do this because I want to attend to it myself.

Take good care of yourself and sister Mary this Winter.

The first of the coming month I am going to send you a couple of bonds to be put away in a deposit vault so that you will have nothing to worry about in the future. In the meantime, as I have said in the first part of this let ter, tell me how much you need monthly to take care of you through the Winter.

I also recommend that you submit this to your doctor though I know you've lived to be nearly eighty eating hot biscuits and fried food, which doubtless is much longer than I'll live; still I think it would be a good idea if you laid off of them for a time. Try some whole wheat or graham bread, lamb or broiled chicken; or if you must fry it, not much batter on it. Ask the doctor's advice about a change of diet.

Give my love to all the 49 relatives. I am afraid to mention names outside of David, John and Martha - who are going to school. I hope it does them good. I mean the school.

Spend a goodly part of this money on things you need before you leave it in the bank, because the damned thing might close again.

A hug and a kiss for you and sister Mary, and Myrtie Seamon -

As ever -

D. W. GRIFFITH COLLECTION
MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY

(error for Sept. 16)

September 61, 1933.

Mrs. Bruce Duncan,
Buckner's Station,
Oldham County,
Ky.

Dear Marie:

I have just written a letter and sent a check for $200. to brother Will, warning him to be sure the first thing to install a telephone and then get needful things for himself and family. I am not writing you a long letter because I wrote an alleged joking one to brother Will which the family can read. You had better see to it that they get a telephone and stuff they need; and you can read the letter I wrote him. Apologies to your mother for swearing in it. Tell her that's the New York language and isn't supposed to be profane. The "damns" used in the letter are taken from the Muscle Shoals dams and don't mean profanity.

I am sorry to hear about the drought and the spoiling of your crops. It is certainly terrible that just when they are getting better prices for things you shouldn't have stuff to sell. The government is spending a tremendous amount of money for farm relief. Has Bruce looked into this? If not he should do so and if there is anything to get for both himself, brother Will, and the rest of the families, let him go to it. Personally I myself have paid enough income tax to the government in the last 13 years to take care of a thousand families. So have no compunction. It is not charity but only just action on the part of the government.

Give my best regards to your husband and love to David, John and the young lady singer of "42nd Street". I intend really to come down next Spring and will see you all again.

Bestlove --

AGREEMENT made this 18th day of September, 1933, between D. W. Griffith, Inc., party of the first part, and D. W. Griffith, party of the second part in manner following:

WHEREAS, on or about the 29th day of June, 1931, D. W. Griffith, Inc., the party of the first part hereto, borrowed from the Federation Bank and Trust Company of New York the sum of $200,000 and gave its promissory note to said Bank and Trust Company for the amount so borrowed, and duly assigned and delivered to said Bank and Trust Company certain collateral as fully set forth in an agreement entered into between said D. W. Griffith, Inc and said Federation Bank and Trust Company on said 29th day of June, 1931, and

WHEREAS, D. W. Griffith, party of the second part hereto resigned as President and director of said D. W. Griffith, Inc. on the 15th day of April, 1932, the said resignation being forthwith duly accepted and his successor duly elected, and

WHEREAS, on or about the 27th day of May, 1932, said D. W. Griffith brought an action in the Supreme Court of the State of New York, Westchester County, against D. W. Griffith, Inc. for moneys alleged to be due, owing and unpaid to him under an executed contract of employment, in which action an alleged defense and counterclaim were interposed, and

WHEREAS, said aforementioned action was compromised and settled, as evidenced by a certain agreement in writing entered into between the parties thereto, and hereto, under date of June 29th, 1932, (the said agreement being duly ratified at a Stockholders' meeting on February 7th, 1933) in and by which agreement a certain portion of the collateral deposited with the said Federation Bank and Trust Company to secure payment of the aforementioned note was assigned and agreed to be delivered to D. W. Griffith, and

WHEREAS, thereafter the said Federation Bank and Trust Company demanded payment of said note and threatened to immediately sell all of said collateral at public auction for the purpose of paying said loan or so much thereof as the amount which might be realized for said collateral at such

sale would pay, and

WHEREAS, in order to protect his interest in said collateral said D. W. Griffith on the 19th day of April, 1933, provided the funds and took an assignment of said note and collateral in the name of Frank D. Reynolds to be held for the benefit of said D. W. Griffith, his personal representatives and assigns, and

WHEREAS, on the first day of February, 1933, said D. W. Griffith, Inc. to secure its indebtedness to Consolidated Film Industries, Inc. in the sum of $16,216.54 assigned to said Consolidated Film Industries, Inc. the said collateral held by said Federation Bank and Trust Company, said assignment being subordinate, however, to the prior lien of said Federation Bank and Trust Company, and

WHEREAS, on the 19th day of April, 1933, D. W. Griffith provided the funds and took an assignment of said obligation of said D. W. Griffith, Inc. to said Consolidated Film Industries, Inc. and the interest of said Consolidated Film Industries, Inc. in said collateral, said assignment running to Frank D. Reynolds, but for the benefit of D. W. Griffith or assigns, and

WHEREAS, included in said collateral was a mortgage on certain lots shown on a map of Edgewater Point in the Town and Village of Mamaroneck, Westchester County, New York, upon which interest was due, owing, and unpaid for more than two years, and State, County, Town, School, and Village taxes had not been paid for the years 1930, 1931, 1932, 1933 on the said lots covered by said mortgage, and said lots had been several times sold for the non-payment of said taxes, and said tax liens and penalties now amount approximately to $65,000, upon which interest is accumulating at the rate of 12% per annum, and

WHEREAS, Edgewater Point, Inc., record owner of said mortgaged property had in effect abandoned it, failed, neglected, and refused to pay said taxes or to repair the roadway leading thereto, and it became necessary for said Frank D. Reynolds, the record holder of said mortgage to foreclose same, and to buy said property at said foreclosure sale, which he did for the sum of $5,000, that being the highest sum bid therefor subject to the taxes as above recited, and

WHEREAS, D. W. Griffith, Inc., is unable to pay the balance owing on its said indebtedness, originally to Federation Bank and Trust Company and to Consolidated Film Industries, Inc. and now held by said Frank D. Reynolds for D. W. Griffith, and is unable to pay the taxes and tax sale liens on said foreclosed property, and to repair the road to said property, and can not market the said lots and the residue of said collateral for sufficient to pay said indebtedness, now this paper writing

WITNESSETH, D. W. Griffith, Inc., party of the first hereto hereby sells, assigns, transfers, releases, and quit claims to D. W. Griffith, party of the second part, all its right, title and interest in and to said foreclosed property and to each, every, and all of the other collateral heretofore deposited with and or assigned to the Federation Bank and Trust Company and to the Consolidated Film Industries, Inc. to secure the indebtedness hereinbefore described or any part thereof, and D. W. Griffith, party of the second part hereby releases and discharges the party of the first part of and from all liability on account or by reason of said above described obligations, and has caused the notes and other evidences of said indebtedness to be cancelled and surrendered to the said party of the first part, and

The parties hereto hereby mutually release and discharge each the other of and from all claims and demands of every kind and nature whatsoever which heretofore at any time arose out of any cause whatsoever from the beginning of the world to the day of the date of these presents

In witness whereof the parties thereto have executed this agreement this 20th day of September, 1933.

D. W. GRIFFITH, INC.

by_____

D W Griffith

AGREEMENT between D. W. Griffith, party of the first part, and Woodson R. Oglesby, acting for his children, Leewood, Woodson Jr., and Kate, party of the second part, in manner following:

WHEREAS, Frank D. Reynolds holds the legal title to certain property in the Town of Mamaroneck, Westchester County, New York, for the benefit of the above parties, and

WHEREAS, said property is heavily covered with tax liens and requires substantial expenditures for repairs to the road giving access to said property in order that said property may be marketed, and the party of the first part is unwilling to advance money for such expenditures, now this paperwriting

WITNESSETH, the party of the second part agrees to make the expenditures necessary for the protection and marketing of said property and to pay to the party of the first part from the proceeds of the sale for said property one hundred and fifty-one thousand dollars and interest thereon from this date, less the sum of $56,000 received by the party of the first part from the proceeds of the sale of collateral taken over from the Federation Bank and Trust Company, and the sum of $5,000, received by the party of the first part from the sale of a portion of said property, and less also whatever sums shall be actually collected by said party of the first part, his personal representatives, or assigns on account of the notes aggregating $63,000 executed and delivered to him by United Artists Corporation on the 19th day of April, 1932.

The party of the second part shall be entitled, in the representative capacity above set out, to the residue of said property after payment of taxes, commissions, improvement to access roads, legal and other expenses, and after payment to the party of the first part as above provided.

This agreement does not affect the right of the parties hereto to share equally the assets hereinafter realized from stories and plays heretofore assigned to Warwood Plays, Inc.

Dated New York, September 20th, 1933.

September 22, 1933.

The Breakfast Club Ltd.,
3213 Riverside Drive,
Los Angeles, Cal.

Gentlemen:

In going over some of Mr. D. W. Griffith's papers, I find that you have continued billing him for the Breakfast charges since his return to New York. I wrote you to please drop Mr. Griffith's name from your roles until such time as he returned to California and am at a loss to understand these charges.

Very truly yours,

Robert Greathouse,
Personal Representative.

RG:H

D. W. GRIFFITH COLLECTION
MUSEUM OF MODERN

La Grange, Ky.
Sept. 27/1933

Dear Uncle David,

We received your letter and sure enjoyed it. Both sisters were out Sunday and read it. We were also glad to get the check and thank you again and again. We have ordered the telephone connected.

I want to tell you now how much we have enjoyed the radio. We don't see how we got along without it.

Mother and Dad are feeling better now but we want to take mother to the doctor again soon. The doctor certainly helped her a lot.

I am sure glad you are coming back in the spring. Hope you will bring Mrs. Baldwin and Evelyn. Please tell them "Hello" for me.

Dad says that $25 a month will be enough for this winter.

It has rained here for the last three days and I would be glad if it would stop as we do not need it now.

We hope you will write again sometime. Thanking you again for the check. With love,

your niece
Myrtie Seaman

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NEW YORK, N. Y. Sept 3 1933

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								August	6766
						Mercedes			
						STORAGE for the month of September	2500		
		20			700	48 Gals. Gasoline @ 21 8	1046		
					700	63 Gals. ~~Special~~ Regular Gasoline @ 22 (up	1386		
		14 34				39 Qts. Oil ~~Spec Gas~~ @ 24	936		
						Sept 7 Remove & Repair 2 wire wheels			
	10					install new spokes & nipples	1070		
						9 3 Gallons Crystal oil	675		
						23 1 Gallon Crystal oil	225		
						28 2 Flashlight Batteries	30		
						28 3 Gallons Crystal oil	675		
	10					30 1 Bottle distilled wat	30		
						3 Washes	600		
						PAID Oct 5th 1933			
						K. Williams	9173		9173
	20				700	A. A. AUTO SERVICE INC.			15439
	5								
	18	5							
TOTAL	111	39	—	—	600				

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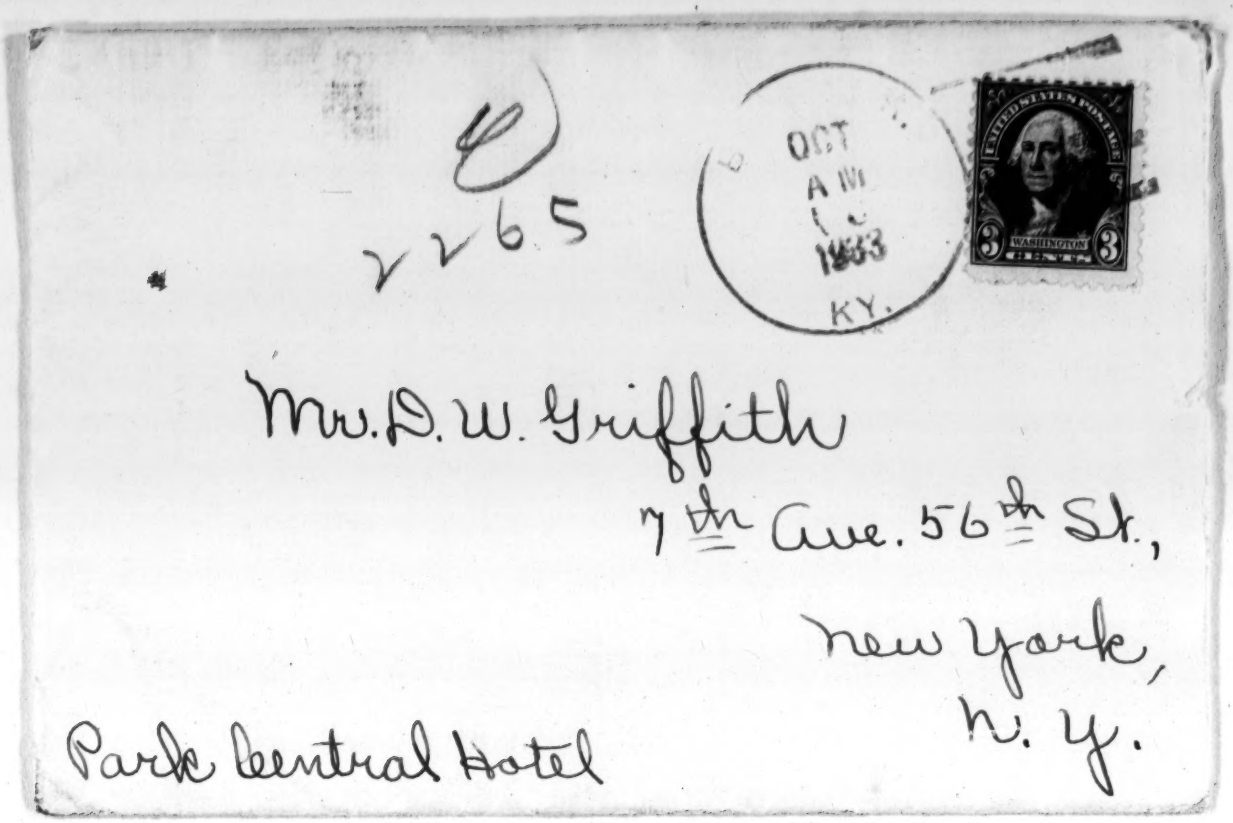
We will not be liable for loss of any articles left in car or not checked at office.
Cars are driven by our employees solely at customer's risk.



2265

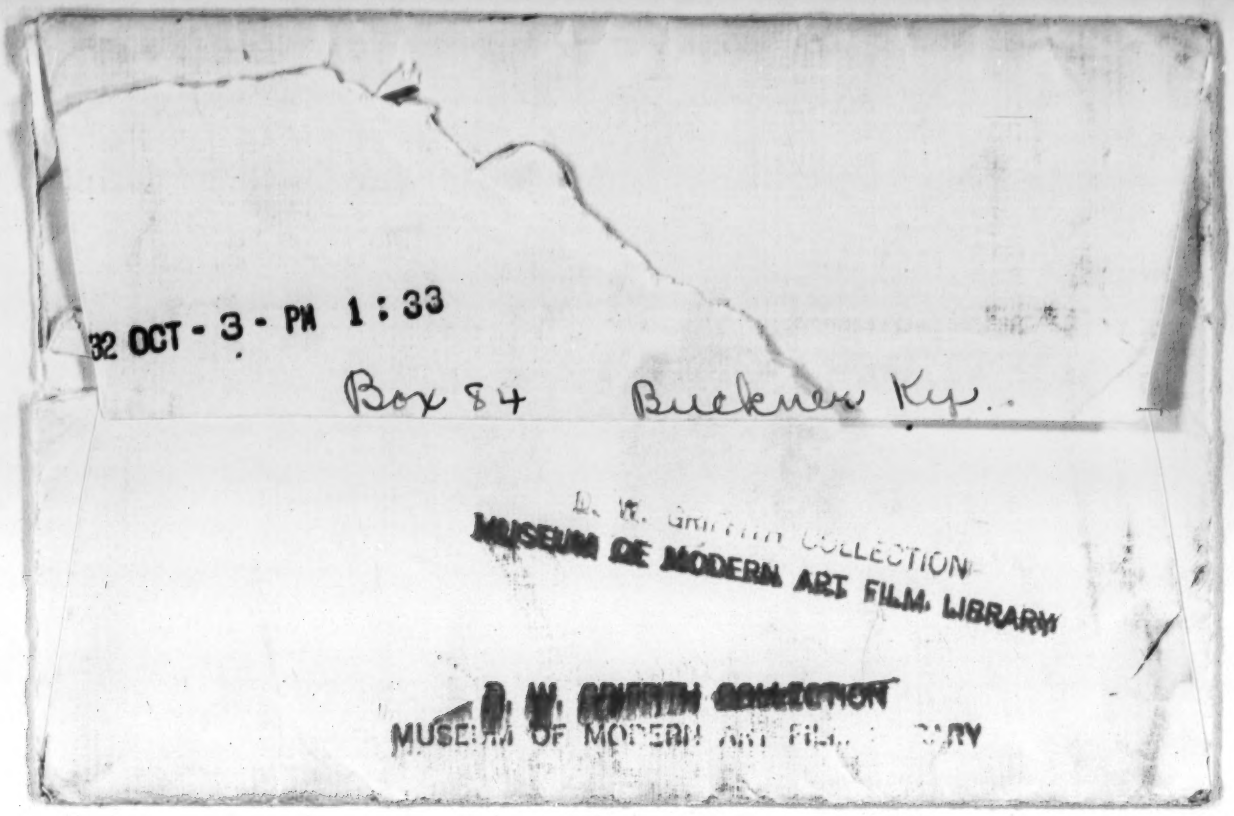
Mr. D. W. Griffith

7th Ave. 56th St.,

New York,

N. Y.

Park Central Hotel



Buckner Ky
Oct. 1, 1933.

My Dear Uncle David:—

I hardly know how to express my appreciation and thanks for the prompt way you responded to my appeal. Such a comfort to know if papa and mother need any thing you are so willing to do for them.

We were out home last Sun. and your letter and check, sure made them happy. The telephone has been connected mother went to Dr. again

papa has done some things he wanted to do, they have bought some needed clothing etc., in fact they feel and we feel they are living again. Sure kind of you to send them money each month.

Hope Willard will soon be able to care for himself again you have sure been a wonderful uncle to Uncle Jacob's children.

Bruce is trying to get Federal loan on our farms, only one appraiser been here he thinks it will pass. The fee is $245, + $23 have to buy $100 worth of stock so of course that adds

another $1000 to our awful debt.

Our only chance to not lose out, is to sell if farms ever advance again, Bruce thinks they will, he is rather optimistic sure well he is for I can hardly think of our financial condition without getting blue.

I try to economize all I can without sacrificing our health and work as hard as I can, Dr. says too hard, maybe I should be more like Ruth and Willard, perhaps I would not be so gray.

Am afraid you will weaken Muscle Shoals if you take any more dams from them.

Do write again, Bruce says your letters are equal to a picture show, we sure did have some good laughs when we read them, sounded so much like you.

So glad you are giving papa part of money you would have to give the government he needs and appreciates more. You sure must pay some income tax from the way you wrote. Thats one tax we escape.

Lots of love and many, many thanks your loving niece

Marie G. Duncan.

2265 GRIFFITH D W MO
VOUCHERS ATTACHED

THE PARK CENTRAL

The Ultimate in Modern Living

SEVENTH AVENUE 55TH TO 56TH STREETS

NEW YORK CITY

Memo		Date	Explanation	Amt. Charged	Amt. Credited	Balance Due
Tip	1	OCT-2-33	TRNDR — —	* 491.86		* 491.86
	2	OCT-2-33	— PDOUT —	* 0.75		* 492.61
	3	OCT-2-33	RESTR — —	* 1.50		* 494.11
tip	4	OCT-2-33	— PDOUT —	* 0.75		* 494.86
	5	OCT-3-33	LNDRY — —	* 3.00		* 497.86
	6	OCT-3-33	RESTR — —	* 1.15		* 499.01
	7	OCT-3-33	RESTR — —	* 2.60		* 501.61
	8	OCT-3-33	— PDOUT —	* 0.75		* 502.36
	9	OCT-3-33	PHONE — —	* 0.10		
	10	OCT-3-33	— PDOUT —	* 0.75		* 503.21
	11	OCT-3-33	PHONE — —	* 0.00		* 503.21
	12	OCT-4-33	LDIST — —	* 0.35		* 503.56
Tip	13	OCT-4-33	— PDOUT —	* 0.50		
	14	OCT-4-33	RESTR — —	* 1.15		* 505.21
	15					200
	16					705.21
	17					
	18					
	19					
	20					
	21					
	22					
	23					
	24					

OCT 4 33

PM PAID

WE APPRECIATE YOUR PATRONAGE AND TRUST THAT THE SERVICE AND ACCOMMODATIONS FURNISHED DURING YOUR STAY WITH US, HAVE BEEN ENTIRELY SATISFACTORY. WE HOPE YOU WILL COME TO REGARD THE PARK CENTRAL AS YOUR NEW YORK HOME.

THE MANAGEMENT

Last balance is amount due
unless otherwise indicated
Bills are payable when presented

Retain this receipt

2265 GRIFFITH D W MO
VOUCHERS ATTACHED

THE PARK CENTRAL

The Ultimate in Modern Living

SEVENTH AVENUE 55TH TO 56TH STREETS

NEW YORK CITY

Memo		Date	Explanation	Amt. Charged	Amt. Credited	Balance Due
Tip	1	DEC-7-33	TRNDR — —	*1,566.22		* 1,566.22
Tip	2	DEC-7-33	— PDOUT —	* 0.75		
	3	DEC-7-33	— PDOUT —	* 0.50		* 1,567.47
	4					
	5					
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	23					
	24					

DEC 7 33

CASHIER 1

PM PAID

WE APPRECIATE YOUR PATRONAGE AND TRUST THAT THE SERVICE AND ACCOMMODATIONS FURNISHED DURING YOUR STAY WITH US, HAVE BEEN ENTIRELY SATISFACTORY. WE HOPE YOU WILL COME TO REGARD THE PARK CENTRAL AS YOUR NEW YORK HOME.

THE MANAGEMENT

Last balance is amount due
unless otherwise indicated
Bills are payable when presented

Retain this receipt

DIRECTORS
Dr. W. W. Beckett, Pres.
Geo. E. Moreland, Vice-Pres.
Orra E. Monnette, Vice-Pres.
Ivon D. Parker, Vice-Pres.
Col. H. M. Baine, Vice-Pres. and Treas.
Roland Rich Woolley, Vice-Pres.
Dr. Bruce R. Baxter, Chaplain
T. V. Allen
Fletcher Ford
Chas. F. DeLong
Edwin Lester
Ernest W. Bennett
Fred E. Keeler
John Boyce-Smith
R. C. H. Rupp
Chas. S. Hutson
Ralph J. Scott
Dr. Loren Duncan Hollingsworth, Secy.
Wm. Thos. Kester, Chairman of the Board

Carl Laemmle, Past Pres.
Dr. Rufus B. vonKleinSmid, Past Pres.

THE BREAKFAST CLUB
THE SHRINE OF FRIENDSHIP
ORGANIZED MARCH 6, 1925, BY MAURICE DE MOND, FOUNDER PRESIDENT
3213 RIVERSIDE DRIVE
LOS ANGELES
PHONE OLYMPIA 1916

ADVISORY COUNCIL
Dr. Frank F. Barham
E. Manchester Boddy
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Edward L. Doheny
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Wm. Randolph Hearst
Carl Laemmle, Jr.
Jesse Lasky
Wilbur D. May
Louis B. Mayer
J. F. T. O'Connor
Claude I. Parker
Gov. James Rolph, Jr.
Mayor Frank L. Shaw
Irving Thalberg
James Woods
G. G. Young

Harold B. Link, Manager
Mark S. Feiler, Legal Counsel.
Lilian Scouten, Social Executive

October 2nd, 1933

Mr. Robert Greathouse,
Personal Representative of Mr. D. W. Griffith
The Park Central
New York City

Dear Mr.Greathouse:

We have searched our files since receipt of your letter of September 22nd, but have been unable to find any communication from you or from Mr. Griffith regarding the cessation of charges since his return to New York.

We would have been glad, of course, to comply with such a request had it been received and we assure you we do not wish to work any injustice on a member whom we prize so highly.

Would you be good enough to give us the date of the letter to which you refer so that we can check it with our records?

Very cordially yours,
THE BREAKFAST CLUB,
H. B. Link
Harold B. Link
Manager

HBL*BG

October 10th, 1933.

Mr. Raymond Klune
10 Belcher Road
Hartsdale, New York

Dear Mr. Klune:-

Enclosed please find letter concerning the drilling of oil on my ranch.

I suppose he means the original ranch. I am not very eager about letting him have one hundred eighty acres but I do not think it wise to quibble. You find out concerning his backers, also 1/8 royalty is very small but, however, this could be adjusted after he sends his idea of the lease, etc. Of course, as he says in his letter, he expects to be six months before he starts drilling. This is ok but we should be sure that he sets the exact time to begin drilling.

I am sure in this case, as a rule they make a cash deposit as a guarantee of good faith. However, I leave this to your judgement.

As ever,

D. W. Griffith

DWG:KG

136

United Artists Corporation Ltd.

Directors:
JOSEPH M. SCHENCK, (American) (Chairman)
ARTHUR W. KELLY, (British) (President)
M. SILVERSTONE, (American) (Managing Director)
~~ALBERT H. T. BANZHAF~~.
NATHAN BURKAN.
DENNIS F. O'BRIEN.
HARRY D. BUCKLEY.
F. M. GUEDALLA. (British)

Film House, Wardour Street,
London, W.1.

ASSOCIATED WITH
The Allied Artists Corporation Ltd.

MARY PICKFORD.
NORMA TALMADGE.
GLORIA SWANSON.
CHARLIE CHAPLIN.
DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS.
D ~~W. GRIFFITH.~~
SAMUEL GOLDWYN.

Telegrams:
UNARTISCO, RATH, LONDON.
Cables: UNARTISCO, LONDON.
Telephone: GERRARD 5084.

UNITED ARTISTS

October 13, 1933

Albert H. T. Banzhaf Esq.,
70 Eightysecond Street,
Brooklyn. U. S. A.

Dear Mr. Banzhaf,

The Annual General Meeting of this Company we held on September 14th, and among the items of business to be transacted, was that of the election of Directors.

As you were among the retiring Directors this year and did not offer yourself for re-election, the Annual Meeting did not of course re-elect you a Director of this Company.

I am requested by my Directors to convey to you their regret at the breaking of a long association and to thank you for the services which you have rendered to the Company during your term of office as a Director.

They have also asked me to convey to you their good wishes.

Yours sincerely,

G. Churchland

Secretary

GA/PR

D. W. GRIFFITH, INCORPORATED

TELEPHONE [redacted]
COLUMBUS 5-1477

[redacted]
NEW YORK CITY, N.Y.
1619 BROADWAY

October 17, 1933.

Received of Mr. Albert H. T. Banzhaf key to safe No. 1343, now or formerly occupied by D. W. Griffith, Inc. in the vaults of Central Hanover Safe Deposit Company, 40 East 42nd Street, New York, N.Y.

D. W. GRIFFITH, INC.

Grant D Reynolds
Secretary & Treasurer

Commercial cut Stone &
300 machine
R. 102

Alexander Fox Pres.
Yonkers

SANTA ANA, CALIFORNIA

718 West Sixth Street
October 18, 1933

Dear Uncle David,

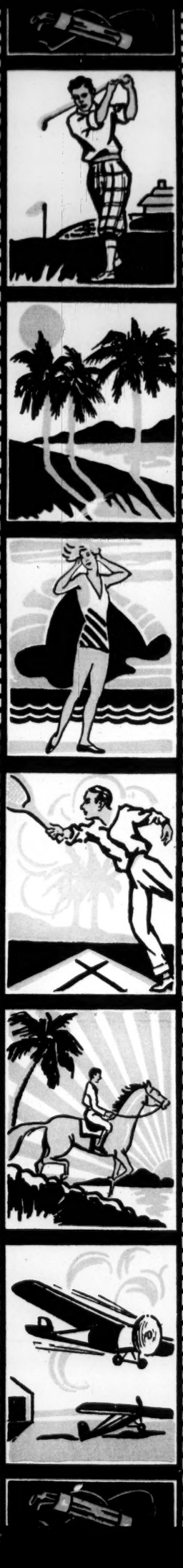
I certainly consider it a compliment for you to ask for my opinons. I'm sorry I couldn't write sooner but I cut my finger and it is still hard for me to make my writing readable.

Please tell Uncle Willard I'm mad at him. I thought he would help us get a new car because when they were here even Montie "kicked" about driving the "Lady Bug" (our car's name). It has been driven exactly 18366-29.8 miles (that's the way the speedometer reads). Maybe it isn't worn out but it surely needs a new one. Whatever the aliments are no mechanic likes to "doctor it up." It would even be disgracefull to repeat their mutterings.

Whenever we go anyplace (if the car will go), we have to be pushed home (costs too much to be towed). When we go to town it always stops at some intersection where everyone can see us — very embarassing. If we had a new Cheverlot and it happened to stop, that would be okay. I wouldn't even mind dusting a new car.

You said something about me as the driver. That would be impossible as I am not at home enough to do the errands.

You just come and see what a good driver Ruth is. When you were using all those good sounding words you were talking about yourself. Everybody says Ruth is a good driver only they don't see how she can drive our car. Every man that drives



it looks at the car and then at her, and ends up with a good salesman's talk on a new car.

I'll bet you wouldn't even ride in it unless you had on a clown's costume. Even Gaaas and Clyde's Ford looks, sounds, and drives better 'n ours.

If we had it fixed up good enough for Griffiths to ride in, it would cost as much as a new car.

Leavin everybody else out of it and just thinking of myself, I would love for us to have a new car.

Now - as for a trip to new York - Ruth and I would be willing to leave tomorrow if it weren't for my school and auntie's liver.

Since it is impossible for us to come, it would make us just as happy to have you here. Even little things like a watch, or a tennis racket, or a little extra cash ~~would~~ for elocution lessons would cheer me up a lot. Ruth used to get me things I really didn't need, just things that were nice to have, when she got her check. But now I've certainly know what "Depression" means. You see - aunty gives 15 (fifteen) dollars to the Church and the rest "goes up in smoke" for bills. Every time we go to a movie or get something extra it almost hurts.

Please make it a promise that you

October 28th, 1933.

United Artists Corporation, Ltd,
Film House, Wardour St,
London, W. 1, England.

Attention: Mr. G. Archibald

Dear Mr. Archibald:

I wish to adknowledge your most courteous letter of October 13th, relative to my retirement as a Director in the United Artists Corporation, Ltd. Your kind letter was greatly appreciated since it carried a sentiment, albeit formal, yet in marked contrast I regret to state, to that of the home office, where the sincerity of my endeavors in the original organization and continued championship of the United Artists' cause should have received some expression of regret for my resignation.

Please convey my respects to Mr. Guedalla, and other members of the firm.

With kind regards and best wishes, I remain

Respectfully yours,

_____

AHTB:f

D. W. GRIFFITH COLLECTION
MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY

EN DICOTT 2-5065

JOHN KLEIN

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC
AUTOMOTIVE MAINTENANCE AND SERVICE

213-215 WEST 64TH STREET
NEW YORK. October 25th 1933

Mr. D. W. Griffith
Park Central Hotel
56th Street & 7th Ave
New York, N. Y.

PROMPT SERVICE

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED

Work done on Mercedes Car.

Make cover for side apron tool compartment. Furnish and install lock in same. Refinish in color to match car. Furnish one pint of Duco to match car.	$ 7	50	
			$ 7 50

OUR POLICIES DO NOT COVER CUSTOMERS CARS WHILE IN OUR POSSESSION.

Date	Gals. Gas.	Gals. Spec. Gas.	Qts. Oil	Trans. Storage	Wash & Polish
1	6				
2		7		200	
3					
4	5				
5				200	
6	10				
7					
8	5				
9	5				
10					
11	8				
12					
13	8				
14					
15					
16	20			200	
17					
18					
19	20			200	
20	5				
21					
22					
23					
24	9				
25					
26	10			200	
27					
28	7				
29					
30	5				
31					
TOTAL	123	7		1009	

PHONES CIRCLE { 1881 1882 1883

ALL BILLS DUE AND PAYABLE ON OR BEFORE THE 10TH OF EACH MONTH.

SCOTT & TIGHE GARAGE, INC.

STORAGE AND ACCESSORIES

153-155 WEST 54TH STREET

PRIVATE LIVERY SERVICE

PACKARD LIMOUSINES
WITH UNIFORMED CHAUFFEURS

NEW YORK, N. Y. October 31. 1933

SOLD TO Mr. D W. Griffith

ADDRESS 1619 Broadway

MADE BY AUTOMOTIVE SYSTEMS AND FORMS CO., INC., 27 THAMES ST., NEW YORK, N. Y. PHONES RECTOR 8410 & 1790

DATE	PARTICULARS	CHARGES	CREDITS	BALANCE
	Mercedes			
	STORAGE for the month of October	2500		
	123 Gals. Gasoline @ 22¢	2706		
	7 Gals. Special Gasoline @ 24¢	168		
	Qts. Oil @			
Oct 11	1 Gallon Wolfshead Oil	700		
	1 Can Mobil Grease	35		
18	3 Gallons Wolfshead Cryshalog	675		
	Supply & install invisible Hot Water Heater in rear of Tonneau	5000		
21	Hubcap wrench made up by Smith & Gregory	250		
31	1 Whisk broom	55		
	5 Washes	1000		
	O.K. Williams	12589		

Not responsible for loss or damage by fire, theft or breakage.
We will not be liable for loss of any articles left in car or not checked at office.
Cars are driven by our employees solely at customer's risk.

ROBERT T. CROWE
ATTORNEY AT LAW
LAGRANGE, KY.

November 1, 1933

Mr. D. W. Griffith,
1619 Broadway,
New York, N. Y.

Dear Sir:

The school taxes for Ruth Griffith amount to $21.12. If you will send me your check at once you may deduct a discount of 2%.

Hoping to hear from you, I remain,

Yours very truly,

Robert T. Crowe

Robert T. Crowe

RTC/VS

November 1, 1933.

D. W. GRIFFITH COLLECTION
MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY

Mrs. Eugene H. Ray
Weissinger Gaulbert Apts.
Louisville, Kentucky

My dear Mrs. Ray:

I was sorry I did not get in touch with you when I was in Louisville at the races this last spring. I am writing you now, giving you what little data I possess concerning the family, as the house that contained these papers was destroyed by fire during the Civil War.

While I was in Louisville, I visited "LaGrange", Oldham County, Kentucky. The Courthouse there had records of the marriage of my mother, Mary P. Oglesby and Jacob Wark Griffith. There is also an allusion there to a Daniel Griffith who had powers of attorney from Virginia or Maryland, I have forgotten which.

Captain Daniel Griffith, my grandfather, I know was in Oldham County. I think Miss Lou DeClore or her nephew, Mr. Hays, who live at Crestwood, could give you information concerning this. My mother was a very silent sort of person and labored under the idea that she was what she was and did not need to talk about it. I have had very little information excepting hearing her talk when I was a boy about a certain Lord Brayington, who was an ancestor of my father's. I remember it as Brayington, but perhaps my memory may be a traitor. Anyhow, he was an English Lord. His estates were confiscated, and he was inter-married or descended from the Griffith family.

There is a book on the Griffith family records by J. Montgomery Seaver, 2002 Park Avenue, Philadelphia, Pa. If the Filson Club hasn't received it, it can be easily procured for a very small cost - I think $2.00 - or I can have a copy sent you if you so desire. It gives, with proper references, the history of the family from the time they were rulers of Wales, and their inter-marriages with various noble and royal families of England and France.

I understand Mr. Catesby Jones has a family tree which includes that of my own. He is at Winchester, Kentucky.

Also, at Worth, Kentucky, two miles from Crestwood, a William Oglesby can doubtless give you some information, particularly concerning my grandmother on the other side.

As I understand it, and there is a marriage license contract in the County Courthouse records at LaGrange,

she was Nancy E. Carter and was given in marriage, according to this contract, to a Mr. W. B. Oglesby (I may be wrong on the initials), but Mr. Wm. Oglesby, before spoken about, can give you correct information on this. As I understand it, this Nancy E. Carter was a descendant of the famous Carter family in Virginia - I think a Miss Lois Carter - this is her maiden name and I can't remember who she married. I am looking this up through Miss Lucy Kincaid, the curator at the Filson Club.

There was also a record there of a certain Daniel Griffith. I know that grandfather's name was Daniel W. Griffith and I suppose the W. means Wark, and that he had a title as a Captain. That was around 1790 so it must have been in the American Revolution. As I have always been very careless with this sort of thing I did not take the trouble to look it up in the Courthouse in Louisville, Jefferson County. However, I know you can do this much better than I.

You can find out in the book called "The History of the Orphan Brigade" dealing with the soldiers of the Confederacy, concerning my father. As you will read in this, he served with Joe Wheeler. They were bosom friends. He was five times wounded, three times very seriously, in service as Commandant of the First Kentucky Cavalry. During the close of the war he was breveted a Brigadier General, breveted for gallant service as there were too few men left for him to take command as a Brigadier General. He was a personal friend of the late General Basil Duke, and I have met in Central Kentucky in my youth, several families who knew him very well, some of whom served under him. One of these was a well known family by the name of Holly at Versailles, Kentucky.

Incidentally, the young folks of the family - I mean my nieces and nephews - have been after me to do this for a long time, so now kindly write me your terms and what arrangement you can begin at work on this.

Mr. Wm. Oglesby can give you information concerning the various family burial places in Oldham and perhaps some of the remaining Mallory family can give you better information than I am giving.

I do not think it will be difficult to trace my father and his father's descent back into Virginia or Maryland and into England.

When you answer this letter, which I ask you to do immediately, as I am now moved down from the country and it will be more convenient for me to attend to the matter, I promise you a prompt response.

Sorry to annoy you with this long letter but I wanted to get it all off my chest at once. I am

Yours sincerely,

David Wark Griffith.

Dear Mr. Griffith,

My son has asked me to write and thank you for your lovely gift. His writing is scarcely legible but he insists he will sign his name at the closing.

He was certainly thrilled to receive such a huge lion and it has become his favorite animal. He is trying

to read and if you use your imagination, you can detect a slight resemblance.

May I add just a line of thanks to my child's, for your kindness and for your little note enclosed. As time goes on, one realizes more and more the joy and pleasures which accompany motherhood.

Sincerely.

Ellen M. Duncanson

Nov. 6, 1933.

Nov., 8, 1933.

Dear uncle David:

Auntie says you are a descendant of Lord Brayington. Your father had a sister named Martha Brayington, she is quite sure the name is Brayington, but she knows nothing of any connection with the de Brothertons, has never heard the name before.

Incidentally I remember having heard, (years ago) that the griffith name was originally Brayington. The Brayington property & name was confiscated, the family moved to Wales and took the name: "Griffith", which

is a Welsh name.

Our last letters crossed and as there is a possibility that you will be seeing us in Calif., I will not write more for the present.

Thanks for the check and letter, its so good to hear from you personally.

Love from all,

"Little Ruth

Auntie is about the same; still no appetite.

Telephone BRyant 9-5600-1-3

Cable "LOYFILSOR"

LLOYDS FILM STORAGE CORPORATION

Founded in 1914 by

JOSEPH R. MILES

PROJECTION THEATRES
SOUND AND SILENT
R. C. A. EQUIPMENT

729 SEVENTH AVENUE
NEW YORK, N. Y.

CUTTING ROOMS
Equipped for
SOUND—SILENT PICTURES

November 8th, 1933.

D.W.Griffith, Inc. -2-

INTOLERANCE - Containers 3439)
3957)
1060)

PRINT INCOMPLETE

Reel 1	-	945 feet	
2		---	
3	-	584 "	scenes missing
4	-	711 "	
5	-	746 "	
6	-	559 "	Babylon scene cut out
7	-	423 "	1 scene missing
8		---	
9	-	537 "	scenes missing
10	-	675 "	Babylon scene missing
11	-	815 "	" " "
12	-	--- "	
13	-	454 "	scenes missing

also 3 cans small rolls

INTOLERANCE -- in 2 metal cans -

[redacted]

Reel 1	-	939 feet
2	-	809 "
3	-	944 "
4	-	985 "
5	-	745 "
6	-	873 "
7	-	566 "
8	-	823 "
9	-	1173 "
10	-	904 "
11	-	993 "
12	-	548 "
13	-	901 "

TOTAL FOOTAGE 11203

Telephone BRyant 9-5600-1-3

Cable "LOYFILSOR"

LLOYDS FILM STORAGE CORPORATION

Founded in 1914 by

JOSEPH R. MILES

PROJECTION THEATRES
SOUND AND SILENT
R. C. A. EQUIPMENT

729 SEVENTH AVENUE
NEW YORK, N. Y.

CUTTING ROOMS
Equipped for
SOUND—SILENT PICTURES

November 8th, 1933.

D.W. GRIFFITH, INC.

"INTOLERANCE" - print in containers 4459 - 4946 - 1464

Reel	1	- 938	feet
"	2	- 798	"
"	3	- 1082	"
"	4	- 542	"
"	5	- 704	"
"	6	- 789	"
"	7	- 538	"
"	8	- 790	"
"	9	- 730	"
"	10	- 1100	"
"	11	- 628	"
"	12	- 920	"
"	13	- 782	"

TOTAL FOOTAGE 10341 ft.

SDIP IN CONTAINER #4946 STATING : BABYLON SCENES & TITLES ARE MISING FROM THIS PRINT

****

INTOLERANCE - 3 containers : - 4602 - 3287 - 2492

[redacted]		- 934	ft.
		- 835	"
"	3	- 1217	"
"	4	- 720	"
	5	753	"
	6	- 879	"
	7	561	"
	8	839	"
Reel	9	- 1194	ft.
	10	- 907	"
	11	- 993	"
	12	- 555	"
	13	- 918	

TOTAL FOOTAGE - 11305

Telephone BRyant 9-5600-1-3

Cable "LOYFILSOR"

LLOYDS FILM STORAGE CORPORATION

Founded in 1914 by

JOSEPH R. MILES

PROJECTION THEATRES
SOUND AND SILENT
R. C. A. EQUIPMENT

729 SEVENTH AVENUE
NEW YORK, N. Y.

CUTTING ROOMS
Equipped for
SOUND—SILENT PICTURES

11298- D.W.Griffith Corporation 11/9/33
Park Central Hotel
New York City.
Projection 5 rls. INTOLERANCE - Rls. 9 to 13 (SILENT) $5.00

Telephone BRyant 9-5600-1-3

Cable "LOYFILSOR"

LLOYDS FILM STORAGE CORPORATION

Founded in 1914 by

JOSEPH R. MILES

PROJECTION THEATRES
SOUND AND SILENT
R. C. A. EQUIPMENT

729 SEVENTH AVENUE
NEW YORK, N. Y.

CUTTING ROOMS
Equipped for
SOUND—SILENT PICTURES

11291 D.W.Griffith, Inc. 11/10/33
Park Central Hotel
New York City.
Measuring 4 prints- 13 reels each INTOLERANCE --
52 reels @ 15 $7.80

Louisville, Ky.
Nov. 10/1933.

Mr. David Wark Griffith,
Park Central Hotel,
New York City.

Dear Mr. Griffith:

Yours of November 1st. at hand and will say in reply, it will be necessary for me to know exactly what you wish done before we can arrange anything about cost. I am inclosing a little form, please fill in all blank places as nearly as you possibly can and return to me-at once I will write you concerning prices and arrangements. I can begin on the work immediately if you wish me too.

Your family is a very intersting one to me-first because my father was named William Oglesby Armstrong the middle name for one of his father's most intimate friends. Capt. Oglesby who owned and operated a Steam-Boat on the Ohio river before the War between the states. And secondly because the Griffith family intermarried with one of my own-the Carter family is always, to me, charming and highly delightful. I shall be pleased to do all your lines for you and feel sure there is a lot you have to be proud of.

Mrs. Catesby Jones (of Winchester) is also connected with one of my families-way back-I can run up there most any time and see what Mr. Jones has to offer on your family. I shall be glad to have a look at the Griffith book we do not have a copy at Filson Club-nor at the Public Library, it will perhaps suggest many leads, and there are many delightful items to establish. I am so glad your young nieces and nephews have aroused your interest in these things and know the finds will give you much pleasure in the days to come.

Again-please fill in the blank places on the inclosed sheet and write me exactly how far you wish me to go with the research, and I will let you hear at once---and if satisfactory terms can be arranged-will begin on your work immediately.

Cordially,

Elizabeth A. Ray

(Mrs. Eugene H. Ray)
306 Weissinger- Gaulbert Apts.
Louisville, Kentucky.

Questions.

Do you wish only your direct lines in the Griffith, Oglesby, Carter etc.etc. straightened--or all branches of each family?_____

Do you wish me to arrange application papers for you to join various patriotic societies_____

Do you wish me to straighten the families only after they came to Kentucky, or back in Virginia, Maryland and other states _____

Would you be interested in joining Colonial Wars(Society)_____

" " " " " " Sons of the American Revolution_____

" " " " " " # and Daughters of Pilgrims_____

I believe you are also eligible to membership in the Huguenot Society, would you care to join_____

If you wish to become a member of these(or any of them) allow me to suggest that you join in Kentucky(your boyhood home) then afterwards if you desire you could transferr your membership to the New York chapters where you would get some interesting contacks from attending the meetings. I should like to have you invited to join these societies by some of my Kentucky frineds. Let me know.

Are you a member of Filson Club? if not may I present your name?_____

Are you sure your gtand father(Griffith) was named DANIEL GRIFFITH_____

Where are your grand parents buried_____

What county_____

Do you have a family Bible, if so give me all names and dates therein_____

Please mail me the Griffith book, Filson Club, nor our Public Library have a copy-

Telephone BRyant 9-5600-1-3

Cable "LOYFILSOR"

LLOYDS FILM STORAGE CORPORATION

Founded in 1914 by

JOSEPH R. MILES

PROJECTION THEATRES
SOUND AND SILENT
R. C. A. EQUIPMENT

729 SEVENTH AVENUE
NEW YORK, N. Y.

CUTTING ROOMS
Equipped for
SOUND—SILENT PICTURES

11310 D. W. Griffith Corporation 11/11/33
Park Central Hotel
New York City.
Projection 13 rls. INTOLERANCE (SILENT) $13.00

shaped the social, commercial and political life of those early days, and whose impress is felt in our city at the present time.

Quite sure I will be understood and pardoned, should I make this communication somewhat of a personal nature, because it will deal largely with my family connection.

I am not positive, but have every reason to believe, that my grandfather, John T. Schwing, was the possessor of a stretch of land on the west side of Seventh Street, extending from Walnut to Grayson Street, and to a possible depth of about 200 feet toward the west. Within this space, besides himself, one son and four daughters had homes of their own, as will be shown later.

His oldest daughter, Maria, married William Kendrick. She owned a lot situated on the north side of Walnut, a few doors west of Seventh, on which he built a brick house. They were privileged to live in this new home but a few years. When, in 1838-1842, the entire country was swept by a financial wave (similar to our recent experience) which brought disaster to many well-established concerns, Mr. Kendrick, unfortunately, being one of those who were compelled to submit to the inevitable and take advantage of the bankrupt law. After having surrendered his business, he also gave up this, his first home, for benefit of his creditors.

It was then that he, his wife and two small children closed the door of their home behind them and went out in the world to make a new start in life.

A few years of economy and close application to business enabled him to accumulate sufficient funds with which to pay his creditors in full, with interest. Notwithstanding he was legally free, he regarded this a moral obligation.

A Mr. Dent conducted a drug store in the building now standing on the northwest corner. I do not recall the details of the tragedy, but a man named Clarke killed him, adding much to the excitement in that immediate locality, during the early days of the war.

Adjoining this corner building there is, hidden behind a recently planted vineyard, a very old house, which the record shows was built in 1832. It was in those early days the home of Mr. and Mrs. John G. Schwing, my grandparents. During the war they rented this house to Dr. J. A. Ochterloney and his wife. She was the daughter of a prominent citizen and foundry man, William Grainger, whose son, Charles, was at one time Mayor of Louisville.

Dr. Pirtle, son of the distinguished Judge Henry Pirtle, married Elmira, daughter of Mr. Schwing. This family consisted of one son, Dr. Henry Pirtle, dentist, in Starks Building, and three daughters, now deceased. They lived in a very modest home abutting the alley. In recent years a new store front has been added to the original building.

Directly across the alley there stood until recently a double brick house. The one next to the alley was occupied by a family named Griffith, formerly of La Grange, Ky.

About the year 1880 they became identified with the Broadway Methodist Church. One of the boys, David W., became very active in the young people's dramatic club. Some years later he became nationally known as a moving picture magnate. It was under his direction that several of the greatest pictures ever produced soon placed him as the foremost of screen promoters.

The other side of this double house was at one time occupied by Samuel P. Dick, whose two sons, Will and Tom, were associated with him in the manufacture of tobacco, their plant being located at Ninth and Jefferson Streets.

In after years, John G. Schwing's son, William, who married a lady of social prominence from a distant city, lived in this house for many years. Theirs was quite a large family. As I now recall, only a daughter, Mrs. Ed Prince, is now living.

Passing on north from these two houses just referred to will be seen a large double brick house. The first of these was for many years the residence of one of Louisville's most eminent and lovable jurists, William S. Bodley, whose two sons, Temple and William, near my age, were my boyhood companions.

Due to the kind assistance of Temple Bodley, the well-known historian, we checked up on our neighbors of those early days, that we may avoid all possibility of mistake.

There lived in the other half of this double house James Bryant, who was associated in the wholesale dry goods business with the firm of Porch, Cook & Bryant.

In 1861 financial disaster seems to have overtaken this firm. Seizing the opportunity as he saw it, Mr. Bryant ventured into the business of supplying the United States Government with horses for use in the war. The demand for horses was so great it was not long before he recouped his lost fortune.

There is to be seen today near the center of that block, sitting far back from the street, a very narrow old brick house, in the front yard of which once stood a stone pedestal, on top of which was a sun dial, which was often consulted as to the time of day by the owner of this house, Hon. John M. Delph, who married Ellen Schwing. To them several children were born. Probably Dick Delph, as he was more familiarly known, will be remembered as an assistant in the First National Bank. Two daughters only are living, Mrs. Len and Mrs. Lyda Delph, who married her cousin.

In 1850 John M. Delph was elected Mayor for a term of one year, and in 1852 he was re-elected for a two-year term. Mr. Delph continued to live in this house until just before the war, when he moved into his new and beautiful residence on the northwest corner of Seventh and Chestnut, now a private boarding house.

The family of a most charming woman, Mrs. Wood, lived next door to Mr. Delph. Her son, Tom, was for years associated with the original Bank of Kentucky, situated on Main, east of Third. Later he filled very acceptably the position of Chief of Police of this city.

My reference to the next house, which once stood where the office of the Arctic Ice Company is now located, is of special interest to me.

It was a very modest two-story brick, with a small porch at the north side. There was an ell with several connecting rooms. This was my father's new home, which he built after several years of success in his business following bankruptcy.

This was the home in which I was born on June 7, 1852. The customary iron fence with swinging gate separated the yard from the street. As a small child, my left-hand thumb was caught in the swinging gate, the mark of which I bear to this day. By 1860 father had built him a more commodious home, as his family had become quite large at this time—in addition to himself and wife, five daughters (two married), two sons, Grandfather and Grandmother Schwing. Of the original family, say nine children (two of whom died in infancy), five daughters and two sons, only my brother George, four years my junior, and myself are now living. The new home referred to is on Broadway, east of Sixth Street, next to the Methodist Temple. After moving from the Seventh Street house, Annie, the youngest daughter of Mr. Schwing, who was married to William Beynroth, lived in this home for a few years. Of their once large family, some are residing in Louisville, others in California. Mary, the other daughter of Mr. Schwing, wife of the Rev. Drummond Welburn, made their place of residence in Jeffersonville. Of his original family, only three sons are living.

The neighborhood grocery, in a small building at the corner of Grayson, was conducted by Mr. Enright. Immediately adjoining him to the west on Grayson Street was, and is today, a two-story brick residence which belonged to Amelia Schwing, who had married Richard Coxe. Several of their children are living, but reside in different sections of the country.

Before 1860, a family of Claggetts occupied the Coxe residence. There were two boys, William and Charles, who were my schoolboy companions. Later in life these boys engaged in the manufacture of saddle trees. They were successful in making contact with the United States Government in the early days of the war to supply them with a special brand of saddle trees which they must have at once. It proved a very valuable contact, inasmuch as it made each of them independently rich. William, the eldest, after marriage, made his place of residence in St. Louis, Mo. Following other successful investments, his health became impaired. He is at present a retired capitalist. In a recent visit to our city, he favored me with a delightful two hours' chat of our schoolboy days and the old neighborhood. With his consent, I am enabled to give the readers of The Courier-Journal something of our reminiscing (he has been reading my articles on old Louisville).

Charles, his brother, remained in Louisville, where he became largely identified with the social, business and civic life of our city. His widow continues to reside in the elegant old home on Dundee Road which was occupied by them for many years.

Louisville. W. C. KENDRICK.

Nov. 12 - 1933

MARY PICKFORD
HOLLYWOOD, CAL.

November
18th
1 9 3 3.

Dear Mr. Griffith:

I was so sorry about the young lady you gave a letter of introduction to me. The letter arrived while I was away and it is quite possible she tried to communicate with me at that time because we have not heard from her since and, as you gave no address, I did not know how to get in touch with her. Of course it would have given me happiness to have complied with your request.

Regret I did not see you while I was in New York and hope you, Lillian, Dorothy and I may have dinner together on my next trip east.

With all best wishes

As ever,

Mary.

Mr. D.W. Griffith,
The Park Central,
New York City.

Telephone BRyant 9-5600-1-3 — Cable "LOYFILSOR"

LLOYDS FILM STORAGE CORPORATION

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R. C. A. EQUIPMENT

729 SEVENTH AVENUE
NEW YORK, N. Y.

CUTTING ROOMS
Equipped for
SOUND—SILENT PICTURES

11564 D. W. Griffith Corporation — 11/27/33
Park Central Hotel
New York City.
11/20-- Cartage INTOLERANCE from 55th St. Playhouse — $.50

Phone Great Neck 3100

HARRY HICKS

Professional

SOUND VIEW GOLF CLUB

Great Neck, L. I., Nov. 30 1933

Mr. D. W. Griffiths,
Park Central Hotel,
N. Y. City.

Oct.	9	3 Purple Flash Mc. G.	1	00
	29	1 - #2 Iron	4	75
			$ 5	75

Date	Gals. Gas.	Gals. Spec. Gas.	Qts. Oil	Trans. Storage	Wash & Polish
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TOTAL					

PHONES CIRCLE {1881 1882 1883

ALL BILLS DUE AND PAYABLE ON OR BEFORE THE 10TH OF EACH MONTH.

SCOTT & TIGHE GARAGE, INC.

STORAGE AND ACCESSORIES

153-155 WEST 54TH STREET

PRIVATE LIVERY SERVICE

PACKARD LIMOUSINES
WITH UNIFORMED CHAUFFEURS

NEW YORK, N. Y. November 30th 1933

SOLD TO Mr. D W. Griffith

ADDRESS 1619 Broadway

MADE BY AUTOMOTIVE SYSTEMS AND FORMS CO., INC., 27 THAMES ST., NEW YORK, N. Y. PHONES RECTOR 8410 & 1790

DATE	PARTICULARS	CHARGES	CREDITS	BALANCE
	Mercedes		OK	12589
	STORAGE for the month of November	2500		
	10 Gals. Gasoline @22¢	220		
	10 Gals. Special Gasoline @24	240		
	Qts. Oil @			
Nov 6	1 Gallon Crystal Oil	125		
		3185		3185
				15774

O.K. V Williams.

Not responsible for loss or damage by fire, theft or breakage.
We will not be liable for loss of any articles left in car or not checked at office.
Cars are driven by our employees solely at customer's risk.

JOHN F. HILL
OPTOMETRIST
EYESIGHT SERVICE EXCLUSIVELY
EIGHTH AVENUE & 47TH STREET
NEW YORK CITY
ONE BLOCK WEST OF TIMES SQUARE

EXAMINATIONS
UNTIL 8 P.M.

TELEPHONES
LONGACRE 5-5060
LONGACRE 5-5061
LONGACRE 5-3129

Dec. 1, 1933

Mr. D.W.Griffith,
Park Central Hotel,
New York, N.Y.

6/23/33 Pair lenses as R in sport-lite goggle $20.00

Date December 3 1933

Mr. D. W. Griffith

To E. Dafoe

FOR PROFESSIONAL SERVICES

called for night duty,

From Sunday, to Dec. 3rd, 19 $ 10.00

Miscellaneous Expenses $

$

Received Payment Total $

OLYMPIA 2978

INTERNATIONAL STUDIOS
4376 SUNSET DRIVE
HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA

SEVEN SEAS CORPORATION

December 5, 1933.

Mr. D. W. Griffith,
Park Central Hotel,
New York City.

My dear Mr. Griffith:-

I understand that you own the rights to "THE SUN ALSO RISES" by Ernest Hemingway. Our Company is deeply interested in this story and we would like to know whether the story is in the market.

The aim of our Company is to make pictures in different parts of the world. Our first production "CANE FIRE" was made on the Island of Kauai and will be ready for release within the next two weeks.

It is our intention, if we can come to an understanding, to make "THE SUN ALSO RISES" in its original location.

Will appreciate an immediate response.

Sincerely,

Isadore Bernstein (per P.L.)

Creator and former General Manager of Universal City, at which time I had the pleasure of knowing you personally.

IB:pl

ACADEMY OF MOTION PICTURE ARTS AND SCIENCES

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HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA

December 18, 1933.

Mr. D.W. Griffith,
1619 Broadway,
New York City.

Dear Mr. Griffith:

In going over the records at the close of the year my attention has been called to the fact that you permitted yourself to be suspended for non-payment of dues on August 1 despite the fact that your arrears account had been written down to $21.00 at that time.

As the Academy is a voluntary organization dependent on the support of the membership, the assumption is that members will either show their loyalty by paying their dues or will resign.

The suspension provision in the By-laws was intended to keep arrears dues from accumulating against a member who might be in such financial difficulty that the dues of $3.50 a month would be a burden.

I sincerely hope that this is not your situation and that you will establish your good standing by sending in your check for $21.00 before the close of the year.

Very sincerely yours,
Donald Gledhill
Donald Gledhill,
Acting Executive Secretary.

dg;j

Received of D W Griffith
Check United Artists Corporation
No E. 8944 drawn on and
certified by the National City
Bank of New York for
five thousand dollars.
This is to be repaid unless
said D W Griffith decides
to have same invested
in a participation in a
mortgage on property of Colonial
Cut Cost Store Corporation
dated Dec 22-1933
W R Oglesby

HARRY M. GOETZ
PRESIDENT AND TREASURER

EDWARD SMALL
VICE-PRESIDENT AND SECRETARY

RELIANCE PICTURES, INC.

EXECUTIVE OFFICES
« 1776 BROADWAY »
New York, N. Y.
CIRCLE 7-6144

HOLLYWOOD OFFICES
UNITED ARTISTS STUDIO
1041 NORTH FORMOSA AVENUE
HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA

Dec. 22, 1933.

Dear Mr. Griffith;

Greetings.

Next Wednesday afternoon the old Biograph studio will be re-opened. Mr. Yates of Consolidated has taken it over.

Sherry's will serve. Etc.

Mary pickford has accepted an invitation to attend --she even suggested she wanted to be there----and that means that you, Lillian Gish if I can reach her, and any and all of your old Biograph bunch must be there.

Can you advise me at once if you will attend---I am at Trafalgar 7--9400 after 11, here at the office from 9---and any suggestions you have for that afternoon, when the most celebrated stars of the stage and screen and radio will be there.

If you can drop over here early in the morn---we are just around the corner---I shallbe very happy to discuss anything with you

for next Wednesday afternoon will really be YOUR afternoon, the glories of D.W.Griffith re-lived.

Your word?

Cordially,

B. P. Schulberg

PARIS FOUNDED 1907 NEW YORK

Bernard
INC.

GOWNS - FURS - MILLINERY
18 West 57th Street
New York

CIRCLE 7-7971

Dec. 23, 1933.

Sold to Mr. David W. Griffith, Park Central Hotel, N.Y.C.
Apt. 2265

1	Black Broadtail Coat	550	00
	Paid on acct.	500	00
	Balance	50	00

Rec'd Payment
12-24-33
Lily Hanauer

Telephone BRyant 9-5600-1-3 Cable "LOYFILSOR"

LLOYDS FILM STORAGE CORPORATION

Founded in 1914 by

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R. C. A. EQUIPMENT

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NEW YORK, N. Y.

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SOUND—SILENT PICTURES

12444 D. W. Griffith Corp. 12/28/33
Park Central Hotel
New York City.
12/26-- Cartage IDOL DANCER to Warner Bros.- 321 W.
44th St. $.50

New York City
Dec. 29, 1933

Received from D. W. Griffith
Check for Fifteen hundred
Sixty Dollars ($1560.00) in full
payment of principal and
interest of his note dated
April 1st, 1933 and maturing on
Dec. 5th 1933 in the amount
of $1500 00/100

Raymond A Kunz

Date	Gals. Gas.	Gals. Spec. Gas.	Qts. Oil	Trans. Storage	Wash & Polish
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31					
TOTAL					

PHONES CIRCLE { 1881 / 1882 / 1883

ALL BILLS DUE AND PAYABLE ON OR BEFORE THE 10TH OF EACH MONTH.

SCOTT & TIGHE GARAGE, INC.

STORAGE AND ACCESSORIES

153-155 WEST 54TH STREET

PRIVATE LIVERY SERVICE

PACKARD LIMOUSINES
WITH UNIFORMED CHAUFFEURS

NEW YORK, N. Y. Dec 31 1933 19

SOLD TO Mr D W Griffith

ADDRESS Park Central Hotel

MADE BY AUTOMOTIVE SYSTEMS AND FORMS CO., INC., 27 THAMES ST., NEW YORK, N. Y. PHONES RECTOR 8410 & 1790

DATE	PARTICULARS		CHARGES	CREDITS	BALANCE
	Mercedes				
	STORAGE for the month of December		25 00		
	70 Gals. Gasoline	@ 22¢	4 46		
	Gals. Special Gasoline	@			
	Qts. Oil	@			
Dec 24	Can Miracle oil		2 00		
25	Metric Spark plug		75		
			32 15		
Dec 31	a a Auto Bill	59 25			
	Less Cash payment	22 26	36 99		
	O.K. Pillsbury.				
			69 14		

Not responsible for loss or damage by fire, theft or breakage.
We will not be liable for loss of any articles left in car or not checked at office.
Cars are driven by our employees solely at customer's risk.

n.d. 1933 gen.

Dear uncle Albert:

Well, why all the silence? We haven't had a line from you for ages.

Auntie has not been so well since the earth quake. She is having a lot of nervous indigestion, its so unusual for her not to feel well, that it goes hard with her. Drop her a line sometime. It'll do her good.

The post mark was blurred on Alma's card to Auntie, so will you please forward my letter to her.

Thanks.

Love from all.

Little Ruth.

1934

Telephone BRyant 9-5600-1-3

Cable "LOYFILSOR"

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CUTTING ROOMS
Equipped for
SOUND—SILENT PICTURES

1068 D. W. Griffith, Inc., 1/1/34
Rm. 1002, 300 Madison Ave.,
N.Y.City
Storage rental month of January $65.00

Check will be appreciated

D. W. GRIFFITH COLLECTION
MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY

La Grange, Ky.
Jan. 2 1934

Dear David,

I am writing this to thank you for our nice X-mas presents. Willie was as pleased as a school boy and I think it is my first sweater. My girls think it is very becoming.

I will be sure to wear it when I go out with the boys.

I also want to thank you for the checks, I don't have to worry. I am feeling better than I did when you was here.

Bruce has been suffering with rheumatism, is better now.

We are still enjoying the radio. Its so nice to have these long nights. We all enjoy "Amos & Andy" so much and I like the early morning devotionals.

With lots of love.

Sister Mary.

ATTORNEYS & COUNSELLORS AT LAW

DENNIS F. O'BRIEN
ARTHUR F. DRISCOLL
EDWARD C. RAFTERY

O'BRIEN, DRISCOLL & RAFTERY
LAW OFFICES
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152 WEST 42ND STREET
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EDWARD S. COONS, JR.
TAX CONSULTANT

IN - RE D. W. Griffith

January 3, 1934

Mr. Woodson R. Oglesby
Hotel Victoria
New York City

Dear Congressman:

I have been informed by Mr. Philips, the escrow agent in the escrow agreement dated April 19, 1933 between D. W. Griffith and United Artists Corporation, that the deferred installments of payment specified in that agreement and evidenced by notes have all been paid by United Artists Corporation, and Mr. Philips has asked us to prepare the necessary document terminating the escrow and authorizing him to deliver the collateral shares of common stock of United Artists Corporation to United Artists Corporation. Hence, I am enclosing to you a memorandum addressed to Mr. William P. Philips, 200 West 56th Street, authorizing him to deliver the collateral stock to United Artists Corporation.

Extending to you and yours and to D. W. the compliments of the season, I am,

Sincerely yours,

Dennis F. O'Brien

DFO'B/IC
(Enc)

New York, January 3, 1934

Mr. William P. Philips
729 Seventh Avenue
New York City

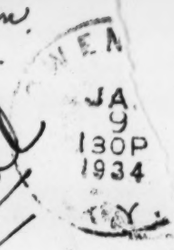
Dear Sir:

This Memorandum will evidence acknowledgment by the undersigned of having received full payment of the principal and interest of all of the promissory notes described in a certain escrow agreement dated April 19, 1933 addressed to you and signed by D. W. Griffith and United Artists Corporation, by Arthur W. Kelly, Treasurer, and H. D. Buckley, Vice President, reference to which is hereby had to the same full extent as if recited herein, except as to those notes described in said instrument as the undersigned transferred by delivery to Consolidated Film Industries, Inc., which I am informed by Dennis F. O'Brien, attorney for United Artists Corporation, have been fully paid by United Artists Corporation to Consolidated Film Industries, Inc. both as to principal and interest;

AND I do hereby consent upon United Artists Corporation presenting evidence to you which establishes the full payment of the aforesaid notes held by me personally and of those transferred by me to Consolidated Film Industries, Inc. being fully paid as to principal and interest, that you deliver one thousand (1000) shares of common stock of United Artists Corporation held by you as escrow agent to United Artists Corporation, and do hereby agree to terminate the escrow agreement with you.

Very truly yours, D W Griffith

Mrs. P. H. Klosterman
Owenton, Ky.



Personal

2265

Mr. D. W. Griffith,
Park Central Hotel
New York, N. Y.

56 Seventh Ave.

Owenton, Ky.
Jan. 9 - 1934.

Dear Cousin David: -

I've written to you twice before asking you to lend me some money but I feel that you have not gotten the letters.

To-day I am desperate and I write again.

Please lend me five hundred dollars if you possibly can. Mr. Donaldson, the commissioner of this District has notified us that if he has another complaint from anyone we owe that he will let Pat go.

If you have gotten my other letters you are familiar with my story and so I'll

Not bore you with that further.

If you can let us have the money we will pay you back 25.00 a month until it is all paid and interest, of course.

We are in such a shape that we are not able to help Dad and Mother hardly at all. They are all but destitute, friends keeping them in fuel and food. It nearly kills me because I have pride and I never thought they would come to this and us not to be able to help.

However, if you will help me you will not lose anything and I can help them and Pat can pay what we owe and hold his job. We were without work two years and I know what it means.

Please don't toss this aside but help us to help ourselves. We will keep anything that you do confidential.

Sincerely,
Ruth O. Klocterman.

718 W. 6th. St.,
Santa Ana, Calif.,
Jan. 9 - 1934.

Dear uncle David:

This tax bill came today and Auntie asked me to send it on to you. I thought perhaps we could pay it, but she is afraid to. She had to buy a washing machine in order that I can do the washing; and that took a sum of money, then too, she feels that Mr. Johnson who occupies the house ought to pay the taxes. Marie wrote us that uncle Will paid them last time in order to keep the house from being sold. I don't know why they are always so late in sending the bill, nor why they did not notify us that it was about to be sold.

Auntie was much pleased with your last letter and thinks you are mighty sweet and thoughtful, so do we all.

I took her over to see the Oglesby today, (the first time she has been out in months) and as we chugged away in our car we were all very happy in knowing that: "it won't be long now" till we'll have a regular car; in which we can visit while we drive. Auntie thinks she'll be willing to get out more then, and we all think that will be fine for her. Cousin Jim says she is better, — but she says she isn't. Her improvement will probably be slow and gradual.

I have read this to Auntie and she said: "tell him I think he ought to let the LaGrange

house be sold for taxes — if he can't get rent enough to pay them, — what good is the place?" And she was very positive — but I feel as you do about it. It's a shame to sell so fine a place for so little. If we could only have it out here, to spread out in. Our quarters are rather cramped, but its too far to ship.

We agree with you, it is well that we did not get to N.Y. this winter, and we sincerely hope we will be seeing you here in Calif. soon.

Best wishes for the New Year, thanks and love!

"Little" Ruth

Your Christmas cards were very pretty and the folks wish me to thank you for theirs.

January 11th, 1934.

Dear Sister Ruth:

I am enclosing check for $625. to use in getting a car. Little Ruth spoke of getting one for something under this amount - $595. I think it was - with a guarantee equal to that for a new car. I haven't the faintest idea whom to suggest that you see about getting a car but I do think you need the advice of someone who knows. Certainly $595. for a car that has been used, even though for only a few months, is a considerable price and I most certainly suggest you ask some one who knows about such things.

They are putting out a new stream line body in the 1934 cars, entirely different in appearance from the old ones and everyone seems to be falling for this new type. So if you think better to get a brand new car you will have plenty to take care of the payments on it for the present and I will take care of the balance.

If you do buy a used car, be sure that the guarantee given with it, if not from the Chevrolet people themselves, is in any case from a reputable company. I don't know anything about either the Chevrolets or the Fords but if you like a Chevrolet, get it. And having little Ruth's letter in mind, I might also suggeat that you be sure you are going to be able to ride in it. For she says none of the doctors seem to be able to find out what is wrong with you.

I sort of have a sneaking idea (no offense meant) that there isn't much wrong with you at all. As I don't know any of the other doctors out there, I should think Dr. James Oglesby's advice would be as good as any of them, if not better. I should think if you did a little walking around and got a little exercise or did something to make you forget that illness and trouble of yours (neither of which probably

exist), that might help you. You might have Jim write me a letter here as to just what, if anything, he thinks is wrong with you and what could be done to help you. Perhaps you might get hold of some native wine - which is plentiful now -, take a little for your system's sake, then add a little more to this, on general principles; get slightly cock-eyed and go out on the street, meet up with somebody you don't like, give them a swift kick in the pants and get it out of your system. Maybe that might stir you up. There must be plenty of people whose pants you would like to caress with a shoe, so why not go to it. However, this is merely a weak suggestion.

Whatever you do, unless you have a real doctor's recommendation, keep away from chiropractors, bone jerkers and others of that sympathetic ilk whose whole purpose is to dig some coin out of you. This applies to little Ruth as well for I understand little Ruth has changed off on them.-- One week she has a bone jerked East and another guy the next week jerks the bone West. That sort of monkey business would kill a Jack Dempsey.

Anyhow, with very best wishes to you and all, I am, affectionately,

As ever -

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM

January 12, 1934.

Mrs. Eugenie H. Ray,
306 Weissinger Jaulbert Apartments,
Louisville, Ky.

Dear Mrs. Ray:

After promising you a quick reply to your letter, I had to make a trip which lasted for some two months, out West, and found your letter had not been forwarded.

I am enclosing you check for $25.00, to show you I really meant what I said. I am also having forwarded to you the history of the Griffith family. I think it would be a better idea to trace my family first before we do anything about the Clubs; but you can advise me concering this.

I am quite sure that Grandfather's name was Captain Daniel Griffith. You can ask Miss Lou Clore of Crestwood, Holham County, about this. I am sure she can confirm it. As to the burial place, I think she could inform you about that also though I do know there is a Daniel Griffith at Floydburg, a couple of miles from Crestwood.

I would like to have the family traced back and connected with the Griffiths spoken of in the book I am sending you. My eldest sister still insists, however, that from her recollection of my mother's conversations, my father was descended from a Lord Brayington. She writes me from California that my father had a sister named Martha Brayington. I suppose this must have been a half-sister but as I wrote you, conversations to which I paid little attention in my youth were to the effect that Father had changed his name to Griffith, having married a Griffith from somewhere in Wales. All this I know seems very complicated. Of course as I wrote you, you can find out about my father from the story

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART

in "The Orphan Brigade in the Civil War, and Colonel Jacob Griffith." As I wrote you, there are also other papers concerning my father and mother in the Court House in LaGrange, - and about Oglesby and a Nancy E. Carter, evidently my grandmother. I have no idea how you work this sort of thing out but as I have given you an idea of what I want to try to find out, kindly, if you will, get to work on this and tell me if you expect to be paid monthly or a certain amount for the entire job. Would suggest that you take it for a time, say on monthly payments, and see what you can discover.

I will see that any other letters sent here will be forwarded to me promptly so we can keep in touch. And if you think it desirable for me to join the Filson Club, and you will arrange the matter, I am certain that I will be agreeable.

Very truly yours,

DWG:H

D. W. GRIFFITH
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January 12, 1934.

Captain Dennis O'Brien,
152 West 42nd St.,
New York City.

Dear Captain O'Brien:

I am sending you the paper regarding the escrow agreement with Mr. Phillips, signed according to Mr. Oglesby's advice. Suppose this is all right.

Hope you don't have too many troubles during the coming year. Though I know this is a silly hope to wish anybody connected with the movies, it goes just the same. Anyhow, my very best wishes.

I am, as ever,

Cordially yours,

D. W. GRIFFITH COLLECTION
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January 12, 1934.

Mr. Robert T. Crowe,
LaGrange,
Kentucky.

Dear Sir:

Enclosed find check for $21.12 covering school taxes for Miss Ruth Griffith.

Kindly send me receipt in full.

Very truly yours,

DWG:H

Enclosure.

January 12, 1934.

Bekins Van & Storage Co.,
1335 So. Figueroa St.,
Los Angeles, Cal.

Gentlemen:

Enclosed find check for $55.97 covering storage on Lot. No. G-2130-13. Please send me receipt in full and oblige,

Very truly yours,

DWG:H
Enclosure.

D. W. GRIFFITH COLLECTION
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We are trying to trade the old car for a water heater, as the Co. will allow us only $32 for it. We want more.

Jan. 15-1934.

Dear uncle David:

You have made us all very happy and Auntie is better already. The selecting a car has been a tonic for her.

We were sure we would want a 1934 model, and were glad you suggested it. However we were able to save quite a little by getting a 33 car and will continue to save as we will get better mileage.

Auntie likes the 1933 Plymouth de luxe four door sedan because it is not so pretentious looking, and so we are getting

that car. The new model Plymouth is 82 horse power and will take about 3 miles less on a gallon of gas as the 33 model is only 70 horse power, — which is plenty for our use. We all feel that the free wheeling will be a big help to me.

The new model out here is $895. But the 33 model is reduced to $802 so we are getting wind wings and a trunk which we know we need and the total price will still be $50 less than the new car. $847.00 These prices do not include tax and insurance. I do not know what that will come to. I was so tired (We are getting a brand new 33 model car.) after our trip to L.A. with the Demonstrator that I had to leave the detail for tomorrow. I've been driving our old car, (getting Auntie out of doors) too much and my back has almost given out on me. We are getting the new car just in time to save me from a grand flop. No sir — I don't go to the bone-twisters any more & I hope Auntie never will, either.

Will thank you again for all of us, & tell you we are very, very happy.

Love Ruth

P.S. I thought of wiring you as to which card we should get, but

Auntie said not to bother you, as you wanted her to have what she ~~wants~~, and she knows she wants the 1933 Plymouth.

We had the advise of a couple of professors here who have made a study of cars. One recently bought a Krysler instead of a Buick, + the other one is going to, + the Plymouth is the same plain.

good night.

"Do come up some time" and try out our new car.

"Little" Ruth.

The folks talk so much about the car that I left my Latin so I could go see it. The old car had a new "tune" Saturday, so you see, your aunt Auntie's check just at the right time. We surely are lucky!

Love, Gerrie

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LAW OFFICES OF
LOYD WRIGHT
SUITE 1125-1130 BOARD OF TRADE BUILDING
111 WEST SEVENTH STREET
LOS ANGELES, CAL.
TRINITY 3361

LOYD WRIGHT
CHARLES E. MILLIKAN
RICHARD M. GOLDWATER
HERSCHEL B. GREEN
S. EARL WRIGHT

January 16th, 1934.

Mr. W. R. Oglesby,
Suite 1002,
300 Madison Avenue,
New York, N. Y.

Dear Mr. Oglesby:-

In answer to your inquiry of January 12th, on behalf of Mr. Griffith, the status of the case referred to in the letter is that the complaint was filed and summons issued, but no one ever served.

We will be in a position shortly after February, to make a motion to dismiss the action. I have been trying for a year, in a subtle way, to bring about a dismissal with prejudice. If we resort to our legal right to dismiss the action, it would not preclude this woman from bringing another action should D. W. return to California.

Our interpretation of the law is that the statute is tolled during his absence, consequently my present plan is to wait until we are in a position unquestionably to dismiss the action legally, then take it up with the attorney representing this woman, and see ff we cannot obtain a dismissal with prejudice . I feel sure for a very nominal consideration this can be accomplished. I have not wished to approach the attorney at yet, because hs is of the shyster type and I do not want him to know that we are even thinking of the matter, until the time is well by for him to do anything at all.

The woman married some months ago and is difficult to locate. I have had her contacted two or three times, and each time she has promised and agreed to dismiss the action with prejudice, but each time she has failed to do it. I know that she has not paid the attorney anything, and I think for a nominal consideration of perhaps $100.00, he will be able to get her to dismiss the action with prejudice, which will permit D. W. to be free of this cloud.

Of course, Taylor, the man in the action, sued Governor Rolph, the District Attorney, myself as well as D. W. some time last year. So far as the records show, I am the only one that he has served. No appearance has been made on behalf of D. W. and no effort has been made to acquire jurisdiction by publication. My information is that this man is not the one that married the woman, and that they are at outs.

I am keeping strict watch of the situation, and will advise you fully what I may accomplish, though it will be the latter part of March before the time has sufficiently run for me to take an active interest.

May I ask you to be kind enough to remember me to D. W., and with kind personal regards to you, I am,

Sincerely yours,

Lloyd Wright

LW/AG

9

feel you would be able to attend a meeting orso- and we would be so highly pleased to have you any time.

There are three forms of membership(see back of card) please look them over and indicate on card-where I have little red x which form you wish- sign your name, occupation and address-- then return card to me and I will attend to the rest-- do not send any dues until you have been notified of your election.

Inclosed is a little clipping from our Sunday Courier-Journal a few weeks past-- you will be interested in the mention of your family- and yourself- If I can locate the house will send you a little kodak picture of it. However Mr. Kendrick seems to think the house has lately been torn down.I will see.

You may look for news from me in the next week- as soon as I feel pretty confident about what we may expect to find.

Cordially,

(Mrs. Eugene H. Ray.) Elizabeth A. Ray

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MRS. EUGENE H. RAY
WEISSINGER GAULBERT
LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

Jan. 19, 1934.

Dear Mr. Griffith:

Your letter with check came-thank you very much. I am proceeding with LaGrange first as it seems to be our starting point in Kentucky. In a few days we will be able to tell just about what to hope for-- then I will write you more fully. I am at work on your genealogy.

The Griffith book has not arrived.

In regard to becoming a member of the verious societies referred to in my last letter-of course we could do nothing about that until your lineage has been established- as eligibility for membership is based entirely on that- But as for Filson Club, which is, as you may know-the largest and most exclusive Club of its kind in the whole south- and the only eligibility clause in ones own self. I am proposing your name-if you wish to become a member, please fill in the card inclosed in this letter and return same. I will see that the two endorsers sign and then file card with the Membership Committee.

Mr. Griffith, there is no particular reason for you joining Filson Club- and no particular benefits to come to you, except to identify yourself with this nationally known Historical Filson Club of your own state- and certainly we (as members of the Club) will be very pleased to have you with us- sometimes I

Sunday Night, Jan. 21 – 1934

Dear David –

Mrs. Ray called twice Today. Forenoon, I gave data as to Mt. Tabor, but the pioneer Oglesbys and Griffiths of Capt. Daniel were at Floydsburg. She visited both places; found Tombstone Capt Daniel Griffith born 1790, died 1863 and the name "Martha" nothing more – I think it was his wife and that your sister Mattie was named for her. She agreed with me that Capt. G. was probably in 1812 War.

I told her your father was in the Mexican War, and other data. When asked the name of my grandmother I exhibited a counterpane bearing "M. Y. (Mildred Yager) 1816." "Beautiful! Beautiful!" she exclaimed. She is coming again soon."

and I'll give her more data.
She & I have mutual friends; she
insisted I knew her father — and I
did, and her grandfather also.

Lou Catherine Clore

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1/21/34

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end of 1926
or early
1927

Aug. 18 - 1932

GOVERNOR OGLESBY OF ILLINOIS

LOU CATHERINE CLORE.

Governor Richard J. Oglesby was born in Oldham county, Kentucky

Situated on the Middletown Road about two miles from Floydsburg and slightly nearer Pewee Valley is the site whereon Governor "Dick" Oglesby first saw the light of a world which later was to know him as an encouragement and example to effort-making youth, and a man who was nationally known.

Some years ago the writer found the residence non-existent and the site in an open field, unmarked. At the time of his birth this realty was owned by Samuel Watson, maternal uncle of Governor Oglesby. Since, it has been variously owned. Recently it was purchased by Mr. Henry L. Ott, of Crestwood, a citizen highly esteemed, much beloved, and a public benefactor.

In the immediate vicinity was a farm, the property of Wm. Watson, brother of Samuel Watson: and here Governor Oglesby spent the first years of life. A playmate of these years—the writer's mother. Mrs. Richard Clore, deceased—thus reminiscently described him: "Dick was a chubby, fair-haired, round-faced little boy, good-natured and fun-loving." This voice miniature, in some respects, much resembled the Governor as the writer saw him during one of his visits to his sister in Floydsburg, Mrs. Wilson.

The Watsons were immediate progenitors of Governor Oglesby's mother. The Oglesbys, located at Floydsburg, Brownsboro and later in Illinois, were his paternal forefathers.

Unauthentic the exact date when his parents located in Brownsboro, at which place, in the Kemp House, they died of cholera.

From the weather-beaten, lichen-dotted tombstones on the Wm. Watson place (later Benson) the writer and her nephew, Wm. Camden Hays, in 1898, copied the following:

"Isabel W. Oglesby, born Nov. 1, 1792, died June 26, 1833.

"Col. Jacob Oglesby, born Sept. 27, 1791, died June 30, 1833."

Thus in a breath of time this boy was orphaned. Of this time as given to his life-long friend, my aunt, Mrs. Zerelda Boulware Rowe, I quote:

"Dick told me, when his father lay dead, he uncovered his face and kissed him, that he would always remember how the kiss chilled him. How cold his father was. He said he was about eight years old and his sister Emeline sixteen."

This sister, Emeline B. Wilson, daughter of Col. Jacob Oglesby, born January 11, 1816, was the wife of Col. James F. Wilson and lived in Floydsburg. For many years she and my grandmother, Mrs. Mildred Yager Rowe Duncan, lived in neighborly nearness separated only by Main street. Of Mrs. Wilson was gleaned:

"R. J. Oglesby went to Indiana, then to Illinois. Came back from Illinois in 1836. Worked with John Rankin at the Carpenter's trade. Returned to Decatur, Illinois and studied law with Major Waite. Was in the Mexican War. Later studied law in Louisville."

The late Capt. Joe E. Vincent, an intimate friend of the Vinsons, related this incident:

"Dick, while a law student in Louisville, frequently visited his sister, Mrs. Wilson, at Floydsburg; making the trips to and fro via the back of an old gray horse. On one occasion, while standing on a sidewalk of the village, Mrs. Betsy Jennings seated on an unmanageable horse in the middle of the street cried out vociferously: 'Dick, why don't you come out and hold the horse?'

"Glancing at his highly polished shoes, thence to the muddy street, he smilingly drawled: 'Bring him here and I'll hold him.'"

When a child living with relatives near Brownsboro he was sent by a Mrs Burton for a basket of eggs. His old worn hat blowing off frightened the horse he was riding bareback. There was a sudden and violent collision with terra firma. The result, fatal to all the eggs, an unenjoyable experience when reporting to Mrs. Burton, but a topic of graphic description and laughter when he had older grown.

Lifetime residents of Floydsburg were "Sandy" and Miss Bell Wilson, (son and daughter of Col. and Mrs. Emeline Wilson) who were devoted to their uncle: especially Miss Bell, who, with prideful, adorng love, never wearied of talking of "Uncle Gov."

WHEN UNCLE STEVE CAME FROM "OLE VIRGINNY"

By Lou Catherine Cleve

"L-a-w, chile, come in! I'se so glad to see you! I heerd you'd come back, an' I tried to see you, but it wuz too fur to walk."

After brief converse the scribbler requests: "Uncle Steve, tell me what you know of early Floydsburg."

A genial smile o'erspread his face; he smacks his lips as with savory taste and, intermingling the grammatical and dialect with celerity, proceeds:

"I wuz a little nigger an' belonged to Miss Nancy Ballard. She lived on Thoroughfare mounting, in Virginny, twelve or thirteen miles from Fredericksburg. On the mounting wuz bears an' painters—"

"What, Uncle Steve?" the scribbler interrupted.

"Pan-thers," he retorted with dignity and emphasis, an' I've seen bald eagles (they wuz common things), an' we wuz afeerd of 'em because they'd ketch little children.

"In Virginny we had pines, poplars, chestnuts, huckleberries, black-jacks an' chincapin, but no beech or sugar trees; to make us little niggers willin' to come to Kentucky they told us we could get sugar out of trees, an' hogs run aroun' with a knife an' fork stuck in their backs ready for us to eat 'em; we thought a lot of hog meat—"

"But, Uncle Steve, what of Floydsburg?"

Miss Nancy Ballard," he continued, "raised your gran'father, Cap'n. Proctor Ballard Rowe, an—"

"Yes," hastily broke in the scribbler, "but didn't you pass through here when you came from Virginia?"

"Your gran'father wuz nigh six foot tall, straight, active, dark hair, blue eyes, sung beautifully, went to dancin' school, danced graceful, wuz highly educated, a graduit, wuz high up, smart, perlite as a French dancin' mawster; perlite to ev'ry body, even a dog; had mawnners; wuz quick to awnser, an' spoke in a proper mawnner, an'—"

A pause for breath inspired the scribbler with hope. "Uncle Steve, were there many houses here when you came through?"

"There wuz no railroads when we come across. They put us little niggers in wagons—an' Gawd knows there wuz a lot of us—while the grown folks—"

"Now, Uncle Steve, do tell me something of Floy—"

"As we come from Virginny to Kintucky over the Alleghany mountings the wagon train camped one night at a big spring. It wuz the first time I ever seed a Indian. All the Indians set in a covey round the fire 'cept the big chief; he stood up likey, an' when the young white folks—the old folks didn't go—an' us little niggers followern 'em, went up an' walked roun' the Indians an' gazed at 'em, the big Indian said: 'Wooh! In-john, puck-a-chee!' I tell you, us little niggers cut dirt, an' the young men went back to their wagons an' zamined their guns. The chief meant 'go away.' When we crossed Guyandotte or Big Sandy, I disremember which—"

"This house, now yours, was it here when you came from Virginia to Louisville?" asked the scribbler.

"Your gran'father an' us lived in Louisville. When I first went to Louisville there wuz only three brick houses there; they wuz on Market street, somewhere near Six, and wuz called 'Brick Row;' wuz one story high an' of red brick.

"The Indian fighter, ole Blan' Ballard, wuz our kinfolks, an' used to come to our house.

"He wuz a squar-built man of solid countenance. He wuz all right. The family of people that I come from is out o' sight!"

The scribbler, rising, bade adieu.

"Good-bye, Clerk. I calls you clerk because you writes so much. Come again soon, chile, I haint got many kinfolks left, an' this ole nigger won't be here much longer." "LUCILE."

Lou Catherine Cleve

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In 1928 a notable writer quotes me as follows:
"Miss Casseday's first 'Rest Cottage' was in my father's home, the Richard Clore Homestead, at Camden, the red brick now owned by Mr. Thos. Ingram.
At the time of Miss Casseday's death I was living in Louisville, and because of the insistence of my young friend, David Wark Griffith, sent my verse MS. for publication — Not knowing her grand soul was departing for the glorious home of God's Love at that moment"

So the verses of the gifted young poet appeared as a most fitting requiem —

David — In 1893 you were in Louisville for a few days; Each call you urged me to send my verses, "To Miss Jennie Casseday" for publication; your farewell words: "You have promised, and you always keep a promise" You were my inspiration, oft times.

Lou Catherine Clore

(Miss) Lou Catherine Clore
Crestwood, Ky.

Data for

David Wark Griffith
New York City.

Some eighty years ago, I saw in Floydsburg not only your grandfather, Capt. Griffith, but, also, your grandfather Lonnie Oglesby.

One day, My grandmother (aforementioned as matrimonially sought by Capt. Griffith), expressed in low compassionate voice her deep sympathy for the invalid, Lonnie Oglesby; and I saw him, tall, slender, with forward bent head and shoulders, slowly and feebly walking along the opposite side of the street.

I find in my old, yellowed records of Floyd Co. the following: "1851 Thos. Oglesby grantor, Silas B. Yager grantee - lots 5 and 6."

Silas Yager - grandmother's brother - later sold these lots to grandmother's 3 sons, the "Rowe Brothers" who builded thereon a storehouse, other buildings and a marble-yard, importing their stone from Italy and other countries.

I also find that Geo. W. Griffith was a member of the Board of Trustees in 1839, 1843, 1844 and a claim was allowed Robert Oglesby and Granville Fishback in 1843.

Sallie A. Griffith, a resident 1881.

In reply will say: Do not know where Capt. Griffith is buried - will investigate.

Can't recall if he came from Va. or Maryland. In one of my several sketches of yourself, published in years gone by, I gave the origin of the name Wark, and whence came the Griffiths.

I suggest the following: Address, "Chief of the Record and Pension Office, War Department, Washington, D. C." Request the 1812 war record of Capt. Daniel Griffith of Maryland, and Thos. Oglesby of Culpeper, Va.

One is allowed only 2 names, and no one save Chief and Employees allowed to see the records.

Thirty years ago, while spending 7 months in research work in the East, I called at the War Department; Genl. H— sent me full record of great-grandfather, Wm Rowe, Culpeper Bill, 1776, etc., and grandfather, Capt. Procter Ballard Rowe, 1812 — no charges.

I believe your G. F-s were in the 1812 war.

In physique and mannerisms you very much resemble your County grandfather Griffith.

In Floydsburg graveyard on monument, this:

Col. James T. Wilson born in Culpeper Co., Va., Oct. 26, 1795 - died Jan. 10, 1875.
Emeline B. Wilson, daughter of Col. Jacob Oglesby, born Jan. 11, 1816, died Feb. 11, 1893."
She was Gov. Dick Oglesby's sister. Note my sketch of "Governor Oglesby of Illinois"

On tombstone: Elizabeth Oglesby born Dec. 28, 18[illegible] died Dec. 17, 1874.
Ellis Oglesby and Joanna Yager, grandmother's sister, wed in Va. and coming as pioneers to Kain-tuck-ee settled in the dense wilderness at "Mt. Zion". In 1823, my grandmother - Mildred Yager Rowe - with her 2 little ones, Benj. Proctor and Francisa M. - (my mother) visited them when en route to join her husband, Capt Proctor Balland Rowe, at the settlement, Louisville. The road led through Floydsburg.
Read my sketch "When Uncle Steve Came from 'Ole Virginny'" published in 1903. Of that time he would say: "There was woods, dense woods ever-wher!"

Five years or more after Capt. Rowe's death grandmother married Jack Duncan and his 4 children. The latter adored her, and they and her 4 Rowe children lived in perfect harmony always.
At death of her second husband she moved to F.-burg and was visited by Capt. Griffith. He was clasping her hand, pleading, when she gently said: "No! Capt. Griffith, this is final, I shall never marry again." She assured him she very much enjoyed his visits and hoped they would continue. He asserted such would be - that he had not lost hope. In reply to her statement, that he could easily win some other -

he declared she was the one desired, "he would be proud to introduce her anywhere as his wife."

And then came the next generation, your parents and my parents, followed by the children of each, and, all bound by a bond of never failing devotion. Selah.

Col. Jacob Griffith, father of David Ward Griffith, gained his military experience in the Mexican War.

Some years after his return to his home in Oldham Co., Ky., with unerring acumen realized a War Between the States was approaching.

Preparatory to such he organized a cavalry company of young men from the surrounding country — a flower of manhood — which he proceeded to drill on the campus at Floydsburg, a nearby town; and his far-reaching voice in command "To H-o-r-s-E! To H-o-r-s-E!" etc., etc. — could be distinctly heard at Beard Station (present Crestwood) more than a mile distant.

This company, the "Robert J. Ward Lancers" later became a component part of the famous Confederate 1st Kentucky Cavalry.

Col. Robert J. Ward, a wealthy Mississippian had located in Ky. — a winter residence in Louisville and a summer home at Beard Station. Just before these

troopers deserted for the South he gave them — on his vast, beautiful lawn opposite the Commercial buildings and residence of Mr. and Mrs. Hiram Rowe Hays — a sumptious banquet that was long remembered.

At this time the only available access to the South was via Cumberland Gap — a deadly dangerous route.

Frank Crowe of Floydsburg and others were killed at Lebanon Junction, Ky.; and they found at Pound Gap a trocha in the form of a cannon concealed in a dense wilderness the ever discharge of which depleted the Troopers' ranks.

The Comonandant called for volunteers to silence this death-dealing implement.

Silas B. Yager, his pal Columbus Crowe and four others volenteered.

Dismounting, they advanced afoot until — a puff of smoke and all lay dead save Silas Yager, a slender youth of 18 years whose life had known only pleasant and peaceful scenes.

Mounting a stump he wildly raved! "Kill me! Kill me, You Cowardly Curs! Kill me! You ++++"

After a time of waiting he lifted the body of his devoted pal and, sobbing, bore it back to theer Command. No language can tell, and God alone knows the anguish of a Commander when he sees his brave boys die.

Silas Yager was present

when President Davis received the dispatch telling of President Lincoln's assassination. He and others of Col. Griffith's command were members of the guard with President Davis when he was captured.

To be continued

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In re - "The Great Ascent"

CHARLES ABBOTT BUSH
LAKE CHAMPLAIN
REAL ESTATE

126 Hancock St
Brooklyn, N. Y. Jan 28/34.

Mr David W. Griffith
Hollywood
Los Angeles, Cal.

My dear Mr Griffith:

Elaine Seymour, ("Cutie Beautiful") was a cousin of my wife. Elaine left with me such an impression of your business probity, that I am writing you at this time.

Recently a friend of mine has written a work of fiction that his publisher calls a masterpiece. Another friend has written a story that her publisher has had quick succeeding editions. The success of my friends has spurred me to write, and recently I have written a short story entitled - "The Great Ascent" A successful writer says very nice things of it and a critic for a magazine states this story enlarged gives infinite possibilities. It is my belief this story amplified and adapted by an adapter to the screen, because of the dramatic, unique situations, never to my knowledge and belief presented in fiction or on screen would make a masterpiece of masterpieces. In my story I describe in an imaginative way the "Great Day" when all Christians will be translated to "the beyond" a world wide exodus of Christians. A number of eminent scholars believe this great truth and many bible students believe it will occur within a decade. It impresses me that this portrayal would give you an opportunity to not only create a great picture but opportunity to give to the world a message of transcendent importance.

To most on this old floundering world, Christ is coming "as a thief in the night."

In my story I have for dramatic effect placed a certain happening out of it's actual sequence, but a short foot note can make this permissible.

There are marvelous possibilities in picturing the ascent of individuals and groupes here and in far flung spots of the earth. In our South I can imagine an effective scene in a negro camp meeting - preacher describing this day and while so doing the Christians around him beginning slowly to rise etc etc.

If you do not contemplate producing in the near future, will you not suggest to me one or more names of producers, capable of handling this situation and that would give me a fair count where a royalty might be agreed on - better still if you do not yourself Produce, will you get a contract for me and take a part of my profits? At your convenience will you let me know what you think a fair divide would be? also advise me the better course, wheather to seek a royalty or cash price.

I await your appraisal of my unusual story with it's tremendous situations, with interest.

Yours very truly

Chas Abbott Bush.

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I000 Words.

Cabot Abbott. (pen name)
I26 Hancock St.
Brooklyn N.Y.

THE GREAT ASCENT.

The Great Ascent.

Well! Well! and again Well!! Grace Noble Darling, are my eyes tricking eyes this morning, that I see you in the flesh? I thought you queen among the good and here are your feet on the earth and not riding clouds. Why were you not in the ascent yesterday? Thus started a conversation the morning after the most dramatic, romantic day in the histoby of this world named Earth. A day in June "The Great Day" when old Earth looked it's best; every flower in gala attire, caressing breezes. Old dame nature, up to date, on this day had properly humidified the air. Wooing and bird voiced, She seemed calling to all to seek the open spaces and to get a new love for our little world. Strange to say shadows lengthened more rapidly than in the memory of man and at noon the sun went down. Dense darkness followed. The first hour of this new night passed and heavens are alight with great brilliance of the Northern, Southern and Western lights. From each of the four quarters the lights were distinctive colors and seemed to vie with each other to supreme attractiveness. Cold colors of the North, steel blues to the artist's content; warm furnace reds from the South. From the East came sunrise shades, and sun-set colors from the West. Colors co-mingled from the four winds, no artist has yet painted. It was an hour of this world's greatest panorama, when all colors, not faded but are replaced with white light. Both halves of our sphere were bathed in a light of daylight brilliance but heatless. Expectancy encircled the globe, and why not? Suddenly in the twinkling of an eye, every Christian in every land was changed and unseen forces (simple to the creator of the universe) caused them to be elevated and transported beyond the clouds and the blue em-

perium.Their changed bodies passed through ceilings and roofs, for it was a straight line ascent;slowly at first until reaching the mountain sky-lines,then rapidly going to the beyond and not through the gate-way of the grave. No country on this terrestrial that some ascent was unwitnessed. The Earth for seven days full turned on it's axis twice a day,disrupting civilization's habits though giving no physical effects on the inhabitants because of the speed increase of the revolutions. During the week the birds did not sing,perhaps because only mocking birds and nightingales were translated.We hope when nightingales and companions reached the new world the birds there acknowledged them stars in their singing world. In the slow ascent to the mountains sky lines,friends called back to friends,mothers as ever leaving instructions and advice to daughters and sons;what remembered messages,treasured and recorded!All singers in the ascending bodies sang with unusual beauty, doubtless a suprise to themselves,every note a joy note. The ascending birds did not use their wings but oh! what songs.During the twelve hour days little work was done on this old work-shop world.Many were stunned with suprise and those who had loved ones taken from them mourned not only at separation but from chargin remorse,supreme dejection that they were not counted worthy of the company of their life long companions and friends;and what of living in a world with not a Christian in it?True there were many church goers and ministers here but would there be found a "sky-pilot in all their ranks? Time would tell.Quick time did tell some ministers the secret of flying through the stars.

Grace Darling at the opening of our story had just met Hart Van Brunt on the street in one of New York's suberbs. They lived in the same town and if her telephone had been usuable, she would have messaged him, the evening before,for Hart was her affianced one. She had lost that which she valued more than stocks and gold:her mother,father and sister Hope. As she approached her lover, he poorly masked surprise at her appearance.She was suffering from shock and her physican would not have been suprised if the effect on the nerve controlling the heart muscle had caused so terrific an impulse that the muscle had been torn apart to the extent that she could have literally died of a broken heart.Her appearance as she approached Van Brunt was startling,she had aged in the short day.She was still beautifull,for hers was a beauty that time and events find hard to efface, but there was registered change.A word as to her normal appearance;a blond neither tall nor short,almost tall.Fashion makers would delight in her outlines.Nature planned her to allure every eye.There was enough gold in her hair and balance of features to make a golden moment for any passing observer. Most observers were lingerers.Her voice was as vibrant as a trained voice,modulated, for blue blood coursed her veins. Statuesque was she_a thing to love.As most veiwed her she seemed fit to have gone with her mother to higher altitudes. Let her answer Hart Van Brunt's question as to why her feet were still on ground.Hart,my particular college took from me the faith of my ancestors.I now see their veiws were correct and I have been left to get more spiritual wisdom.

You prize highly my virtues, but if one is honest, because"honesty is the best policy",there is not a high de-

gree of virtue in honesty for that reason; and so too in keeping the commandments motives count. I want you to help me find better motives than have been mine of the past. Hart in reply: "Yes Beautiful my Beautiful we will find our way through the stars and to-gether."

January 30th, 1934.

Mr. William Griffith,
LaGrange, Ky.

Dear Brother:

Enclosed you will find the usual check. I was very pleased to hear that Sister Mary's health had improved and that she had gained four pounds. Keep up the good work.

I received a very charming birthday cake from Mrs. Duncan. You see I am becoming very formal. As I know you all read these Northern letters, I will save myself the trouble of writing her a special one, by sending my thanks here and now. You can tell her it is the first cake I have eaten for many a year; in fact on its arrival, (though it was after my birthday which is unimportant as the cake was in fine shape) I tasted a bite of it superciliously, as I am not a cake-eater; but it was so good I devoured a large hunk of it. There was quite a small crowd that got a bite of it and they were so enthusiastic they were all ready to build a monument to its maker, if they had any money. But tell Marie not to get excited as none of them had any money -- so she escaped a monument. Also tell her not to worry about this either as all the parks in the world are full of monuments to various birds and birdesses, at which no human being ever looks.

Every time I pick up a paper here, I see that the Democrats at Washington are spending money on farmers, ditch diggers, railroads, dress-makers, actors and everybody in general. I hope they drop out a few pennies down at LaGrange but I guess you are so far off the map and away from Washington that somebody will gobble it all up before it gets to you.

Give my regards to all the children. I hope they learn how to make a living at school. Though I have my doubts on this subject, don't tell them. I am afraid to mention their names as I saw so many of them

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on my last visit I might get them mixed up. Don't tell them this either or I won't be popular on my return.-- Unless you smooth it over with - "What's in a name?" A farmer by any other name will be just as poor. This is all in fun so don't take it seriously-- at least try not to.

Having said nothing in this letter and not being able to think of anything to say, I will close.

With love to you all and best wishes, as ever

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January 30th, 1934.

Dear Sister Ruth, little Ruth,
Geraldine and who ever it may concern:

Enclosed you will find the usual check. I am glad you liked the car. I hope the wheels under it are still turning. When you answer this, tell me when the next payments come due and I will remit.

We have had some nice weather in January here but it has turned cold again, with plenty of wind and shivers. So far I know of nothing new to tell you. Willard seems to be in very good health, as far as I can judge; also his wife. So far they are still earning the same income, to which by this time they are quite accustomed, namely - nothing at all. Robert is also on this same rather intangible income. My nightly prayers are mostly filled with urges that they get jobs but evidently I don't stand in with the "powers that be", because as yet they have given me no satisfactory answers.

I had a birthday cake sent up from Kentucky and, incidentally it was a very high-class cake being touched with cocoanut of the sponge variety. A few Yanks that tasted it opined that if the South was good for nothing else, it certainly could throw a dirty cake. "Dirty" in this sense means grand.

Write me about your next payments and anything else that strikes your fancy. My kindest regards and - if you feel able - a kick in the pants to the chiropractors. (I can't forget these birds). Outside of this, love to all of you.
As ever --

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"HE ONLY DESERVES TO BE REMEMBERED BY POSTERITY WHO TREASURES UP AND PRESERVES THE HISTORY OF HIS ANCESTORS."—EDMUND BURKE.

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J. MONTGOMERY SEAVER, PRESIDENT
R. E. BURKHART, B.S., M.A., SEC'Y-TREAS.

January 30, 1934.

Mr. David Wark Griffith,
The Park Central Hotel,
New York, N.Y.

Dear Mr. Griffith:

Please accept our thanks for your recent order, with remittance of six dollars ($6.00).

We are shipping copies of Griffith Family Records to Mrs. Eugene H. Ray, and to yourself, as directed.

We are also including a painting of the ancient Griffith Coat of Arms, as per our recent offer.

We will be glad to have you acknowledge receipt,, with any comments you can make. We may publish a "complete" Genealogy of the Griffity Family in the near future.

Of course, the writer is familiar with your work in the motion picture field, and an admirer of same.

Very truly yours,

COLONIAL PUBLISHING COMPANY

By J. Montgomery Seaver

J. Montgomery Seaver,
Compiler of
GRIFFITH FAMILY RECORDS.

JMS*3.

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"THE DRY BRANCHES OF GENEALOGICAL TREES BEAR MANY PLEASANT AND CURIOUS FRUITS FOR THOSE WHO KNOW HOW TO SEARCH AFTER THEM."—HENRY WARD BEECHER.

"As we build, let us think that we build forever. Let it not be for present delight, or present use alone; let it be such work as our descendants will thank us for, and let us think as we lay stone upon stone, that a time is to come when these stones will be sacred because our hands have laid them, and that men will say as they look upon the labor and wrought substance of them - 'See! This our fathers did for us.'" -- Ruskin.

"The kind of person you are depends upon your forebears, for generations back, just like a plant."--Thomas Edison (Statement made on his 81st birthday, Feb. 11, 1923.)

1/30/34

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--ooo GRIFFITH FAMILY RECORDS ooo--

By

J. Montgomery Seaver.

---ooooo---

2002 North Park Avenue,

Philadelphia, Pa.

U. S. A.

TO MY ANCESTORS

I see you toiling down the tedious years,
You bearded, bent and gaunt old pioneers,
Sowing and reaping, slowing once again,
In patience for an unborn race of men.

I see you struggling in the wilderness,
Where failure meant starvation, and success
A cabin in the clearing, rough-hewn, rude;
Garments of homespun and the humblest food.

Traditions scarcely tell me whence you came;
I only know a few of you by name;
I only know you lived and multiplied,
Quite profligate in progeny, and died.

Yet, in my heart, I know that most of you
Were strong and steadfast, and that one or two,
At least, had weaknesses that still may be
Traced in the trend of atavistic me.

One was a rather worthless wight, I fear,
Who, when the bluebird whistled, spring was near,
Forsook his plow -- a shiftless sluggard one --
And roamed the woods alone with rod and gun.

And one a gentle dreamer was, I know,
Who, lured by shadows, let the substance go.
'Twas he who dared the raging western sea.
I'm glad he handed down his dreams to me!

--- "Oelius"

INTRODUCTION

That a record of ancestry is considered of great importance is manifested in the Bibical account of seventy-six unbroken generations from Adam to Christ.

Though comparatively small in numbers, the Griffith Family has contributed generously with brain, brawn and blood to the progress of the British Empire and the United States. It has distinguished itself in war and in the varied pursuits of peace.

Pride of family, perhaps even more than pride of country, is a commendable trait and should be cultivated. The Griffiths have just cause to be proud of their family history, traditions and standards.

There are in the United States Towns bearing the family name as follows: Griffith: Ind.; Griffithville: Ark., W. Va.

There are also in the United States numerous counties, townships, streets and avenues bearing the name "Griffith."

While this collection of data is concerned with those members of the family who have been statesmen, military heroes, scientists, writers and captains of industry, it is also intended as a memorial of men and women whose very names are forgotten today; who, unnoted then, as they are unremembered now, faced and solved the problems of humble living, laughed at fate and refused to be broken by misfortune, who gave sturdy children to the world --- and died!

It pleased them that, as a result of their sacrifice and toil, their progeny might have more comforts, increased opportunities, and a greater freedom. An affectionate regard to their memory is natural to the heart. To resurrect their memories out of the mists of time, to link their lives with the evolution of events and to assign to them their share in the wonderful past should be a very lofty aspiration to every member of the Griffith family.

The data in this "volume" has been gathered from authentic sources, as shown on the last few pages. The compiler hopes and believes that in producing this Record he is bringing to the Griffith Family information which will be of great interest and value to them.

In reference No. 26 we find the following regarding the origin and meaning of the family name Griffith: Bapt. (Welsh). A variant of Griffin. Griffin means: the son of 'Griffin' or 'Griffith', the name of many Welsh princes. Variations are: Griffiths.

Unless otherwise shown, the persons in this material whose names are accompanied by three figures are children of the immediately preceding persons bearing immediately preceding numbers. All persons in each group bearing the same letter as a part of their numbers, are directly related. The generations of the descendants of those bearing numbers of three figures are represented as follows:

Generations....	1st	2nd	3rd	4th	5th
Symbols.....	(1), etc.	(A), etc.	(a), etc.	1, etc.	A, etc.
Generations....	6th	7th	8th	9th	10th
Symbols.....	a, etc.	(I), etc.	(i), etc.	I, etc.	i, etc.

Abbreviations: Add., address; b., born; ch., children; coll. College; d., died; d.y., died young; dau., daughter; grad., graduated; univ., university; m., married; s., son.

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THE GRIFFITH COAT OF ARMS

A Coat of Arms is an emblem or device "traditionally inherited", and originally bestowed, usually with other honors and privileges, by royalty, in recognition of meritorious deeds. For centuries the Coat of Arms has been a distinctive mark of families of noble blood.

Coats of Arms were often used for purposes of identification and recognition on the field of battle as well as in civil life. To most Americans of today a Coat of Arms is understood to be a "family relic" or an "emblem of family pride." This is especially true if there is no genuine claim to a family Arms.

It is claimed by some writers that Coats of Arms, in a crude form, were used by Noah's sons after the flood. There are records of other Coats of Arms at different periods of ancient history. Heraldry, however, as we know it today, did not become of much importance until soon after the invasion of England by William the Conqueror, A.D. 1066. Heraldry became of general interest at about the time of the Crusades.

In 1528 Henry VIII, King of England, appointed a commission to visit each country in his kingdom, and summon his subjects of rank to appear for examination as to their heraldic rights. This procedure was repeated at irregular intervals and a record, known as "visitations", kept.

The ancient Griffith Coat of Arms which is correctly described below has been in the Griffith family for many centuries. It was, in its original form, used by GRIFFITH AP CYNAN, KING OF NORTH WALES, A.D. 1079. He was a descendant of ANARAWD, KING OF WALES, eldest son of RHODI MAWR, KING OF WALES, A.D. 843 (founder of the Royal Tribes; many princes of North Wales derive from him). Griffith ap Cynan had a son, Owen, King of North Wales. The latter had a descendant Llewellyn ap Griffith, Prince of North Wales, slain on the Wye, 1272. (See Burke's General Armory).

It is described in "Burke's General Armory," "Burke's Landed Gentry," "Burke's Peerage and Baronetage," and other reliable works on heraldry, as shown below, in some cases accompanied by illustrations and pedigrees.

	Heraldic Language	English Translation
Arms:	Gules, 3 loincels passant in pale argent, armed azure.	On a red shield three young loins in a walking position, one above another--loins silver with blue paws.
Crest:	A demi-lion rampant sable, armed gules.	A half-lion rampant, black with red paws.
Motto:	Virtus omnia Nobilitat.	Virtue ennobles all things.

As a matter of personal taste, which is permissable, some members of the family vary the shape of the shield and of other features of the Arms. The mantle and helmet which are sometimes seen with Coats of Arms are merely ornamental and may be correctly included or omitted.

Besides its family significance and inspiration this Coat of Arms painted in full brilliant colors makes an excellent mural ornament and inspires the admiration and comment of all who see it.

Sir Bernard Burke, of Heralds College, London, said "Heraldry is prized by all who can show honorable ancestry or wish to found honorable families."

ANCIENT GRIFFITH FAMILIES

With Descendants of Later Generations.

Some of the members of the Griffith family recorded in this collection were members either of the peerage and baronetage or of the landed gentry of Great Britain. For all Americans of the name their history holds a peculiar charm, since there is about them something of the glamour of antiquity and the romantic appeal of the country which, not so many generations ago, our ancestors called home.

In these pedigrees are recorded the lives of many men who were or are prominent in the civil and military life of the empire. In many cases it was the younger sons of these families who migrated to the American colonies.

In "Burke's General Armory," including the edition of 1921, titled Griffith families are mentioned under headings and in the order as follows:

Munster Grillagh, co. Londonberry, bart.

Bristol.

Penrhyn, co. Carnavon, Wales.

Woodhouse and Barrow-Super-Soar, co. Leicester.

Co. York.

Burton Agnes, co. York, bart.

Winchnor, co. Stafford.

William Griffith, Esq., co. Gloucester.

John Griffith Griffith, Esq., of Bangor, co. Carnarvon, Wales.

John Griffith, Esq., of Llwynduris, co. Cardigan, Wales.

Lord of Bromfield.

(Griffith Ap Cynan) King of North Wales.

(Griffith Ap Jenklyn) Wales.

(Griffith Ap Nicholas) Co. Herts.

Garn, co. Denbigh, Wales.

Caer Rhun, co. Carnavon, Brongain, co. Montgomery, Etc., Wales.

Rev. Thomas Griffith, M.A., Prebendary of St. Paul's.

Arms in the Crown Inn, Aylesbury, co. Bucks. Visitation Oxon, 1574.

Prince of Upper Powys.

Gloddoeth, in Cryddyn.

Llwyndegrust, North Wales.

Co. Warwick.

Penprompren, co. Cardigan, and Trevalyn Hall, co. Denbigh, Wales.

(Griffith Ap Llewellin) son of Hwlkyn Ap Howell Ap Yerworth, which Howell altered his paternal coat of Arms. He was descended from Huva Ap Kynddelw, "one of ye 15 tribes in accompt amongst ye Brittaines."

Lord of Ross and Rhyvoniog.

Fun. Ent. of Judge Griffith, buried in Christ Church, Dublin, 1666.

Some of the ancient Griffith estates in Wales have been in the uninterrupted possession of the family for many centuries.

There was a Griffith, King of Wales, who married a sister of Edwyn, King of the East Saxons.

See under the article regarding the Griffith Coat of Arms. William Griffith came from co. Cardigan, Wales and settled in Oneida Co., N.Y., 1721, and had numerous descendants.

Pedigree A

A101 RHYS AP RYDDERCH, of Castle Howell, or Hywel, owner of Gilvychwen Pantstreimon, and other lands in the Parish of Llandyssil, Cardiganshire, Wales. One record says he was living in 1169.
A102 Richard ap Rys: b. about 1300 (?).
A103 Kydwgan Vawr, of the Parish of Llandyssil: held lands inherited from his father; he was actively engaged with his second cousin in the Welsh uprising in 1400, as was one of his sons, David, who was captured, 1410, and sent to Windsor Castle.
A104 Kdywgan Vychan: m. Ellen, who appears to have been heiress to a great part of the parish of Llanddeiniol, or, as has been anciently called, Carrog, from a small stream which flows through the district.
A105 Llewellyn ap Kydwgan: d. about 1450; had several children.
A105 Rys du: inherited family estates; had several children.
A106 Thomas ap Rys Du: b. circa 1440; m. a David, of Uwch Aeron; had several children.
A107 Jenkin ap Thomas ap Rys Du: of the parish of Llanddeiniol; inherited lands in this parish and in Llanrhystyd; d. about 1543-4.
A108 Griffith ap Jenkin ap Thomas: b. probably circa 1506-8; m. Elizabeth.
(1) Jenkin ap Griffith: owner of Keven Maen Elin and Carrog farms in Llanrhystyd; d. after Feb. 13, 1609; had following children: Hugh Jenkin, David Jenkin (living in Nantcunlle Parish, 1638), Thomas Jenkin (of Nantcullle, will proved 1636), Morgan Jenkin, Griffith Jenkin.
(A) Hugh Jenkin: b. circa 1556; m. ___; m. (2nd) Mary Lewis; inherited estate part of which was situated in parishes of Llanddeiniol and Llanrhystyd; d. 1636; ch. by 1st and 2nd wives: Richard ap Hugh (b. circa 1578), David ap Hugh (living 1636), Griffith Hugh, John Hugh (living Aug. 12, 1670), Jenkin Hugh (living Aug. 12, 1670), Jowan Hugh (living Oct. 14, 1636).
(a) Griffith: b. circa 1601; d. Nantcunlle about Dec., 1670; m. Margaret ___; ch: Hugh, (d. 1663), Margaret (m. Thomas John, of Llanddewi, Brefi), Jowan (m. Edward ___), 1 John, David, Jane.
1 John: b. Nantcunlle, Cardiganshire, circa 1635; m. Gwenllian David; d. interstate prior to May 3, 1681; ch: Hugh John (b. circa 1661-2), David John, (b. circa 1664), A Griffith John.
A Griffith John Griffith: b. near parishes of Llanddewi Brefi and Trevilan, Cardignashire, circa 1666-7; m. Margaret Jones. His child-

ren came to Chester County, Penna., soon after December, 1716.

a William Griffith: b. near parishes of Nantcunlle, Llanddewi Brefi and Trevilan, co. Cardigan, South Wales; removed to Pa.; settled in Township of Easttown or Eastown, Chester Co., where he d. about Feb. 1790; m. ____.
(I) William.
(II) John, who had Benjamin.
(III) David.
(IV) Sarah: m. Daniel McKachen, and had Griffith McKachen.
(V) Ann: m. John Edward, and had Absolem Griffith Edwards.

b John Griffith: settled first in Township of Newtown; taxed in 1722; d. Township of East Nantmeal, about Oct. 1774; early applied himself with the Society of Friends and became prominent among them; in 1750 he removed to Wilmington, Delaware, from Goshen, and, 1754, he returned to Goshen; m. Aug. 8, 1734, Mary John; ch: William (b. 1736), (I) John, Samuel (d. prior to 1787), Ruth, Anna.
(I) John Griffith: b. Chester Co., Pa., June 13, 1737; d. Frederick Co., Virginia, Jan. 22, 1833; m. Mary Faulkner; m. (2nd) Mary Ellis; ch. by 1st wife: Martha (b. 1769), Mary (b. 1771), Sibilla (b. 1774), Jesse (b. 1776), John.

c Griffith: settled first in Newtown Township, 1724; m. Gwen Thomas; d. Oct. 16, 1760.
(I) Abel: b. April 25, 1728; m. (1st) Margaret Bramer; m. (2nd) Mary ___; ch. by 1st wife: Griffith (b. Oct. 15, 1763), Given (b. 1765), Anna (b. 1767), Benjamin (b. 1768), Elijah (b. 1769), Amos (b. 1771), Salone (b. 1772), Margaret.
(II) William: had several wives and children.
(III) Evan: b. Feb. 23, 1729.
(IV) Dan: a planter and one of the Justices of the Court of Common Pleas.
(V) Levi: b. 1738; he was in the Fifth Pa. Regiment, Continental Line; promoted Lieut.
(VI) Amos.
(VII) Rebecca: m. John Howell.

(2) Morgan ap Griffith.
(3) Thomas ap Griffith.

Pedigree B

Griffith of Garn, Trefnant, co. Denbigh, Wales ("This family is one of the oldest in Denbighshire" -- Burke).

B109 EDWARD GRIFFITH, of Garn: living in 1648. His son,
B110 Robert: m. 1642, Jane Prichard, heiress to Cwybr.
B111 John, of Garn and Cwybr.
B112 Edward: d. 1700.
B113 John: 1695; 1758.
B114 John: 1737; 1791.
B115 John Wynne: M.P. for Denbigh Boroughs; 1768.
(1) George: 1790; 1877; m. Charlotte Douglas, of Gryn Castle, co. Flint.
(A) William Douglas Wynne, now of Garn: b. 1840; High Sheriff; J.P., D.L.
(a) John Douglass Wynne: 1874. Ch: John W., Douglas, Hazel, Lowry, Mary.

(b) George H.: 1879; had a dau., Mary.
(c) Capt. Gronwy: served in World War. Ch: Douglas E., Euronwy.
(2) Edward Humphrey: 1790 (same year as brother George).
(i) Edward Lynne: Capt. Royal Dragoons.
(a) Edward Waldegrave: D.S.O., J.P., D.L. Cheshire and Denbighshire; Lieut.-Col.
1 Edward Gilbert Edmund: 1900.
2 Humphrey Lynne: 1904.
3 Betty.
(3) Harriet: m. John Price.

Pedigree C.

Waldie-Griffith of Henderside Park, Kelso, co. Roxburgh. Also Griffith of Castle Neynoe, Colloony, co. Sligo.

C116 EDWARD GRIFFITH of "the very ancient andeminent family of Griffith, of Penrhyn, Carnarvonshire:"sprung from Marchudd ap Cynan; creditor of the Crown for services performed in the Royal Cause under the Earl of Leicester, previous to 1649. He was a nephew of Sir Thomas Griffith, Knight, to whom a considerable estate was granted in the county of Leitrim, 1612.
(1) Thomas: held an estate in co. Sligo, 1676.
(A) Edward, of Ballinear, Sligo: b. 1641; served as Colonel in the service of Queen Anne in the expedition in Spain, 1707; had two daus.
(B) Rev. Richard: Rector of Coleraine and Dean of Ross.
(a) Edward.
1 Richard: of Maiden Hall, co. Kilkenny; m. 1752, Elizabeth Griffith, of Glamorganshire.
A Richard: went to the East Indies; later settled in co. Kildare and became Deputy-Governor; member of the Irish Parliament; 1752-1780.
a Sir Richard John, 1st Baronet: 1784; m. 1812, Maria Juno Waldie; distinguished civil engineer.
(I) Sir George Richard Waldie-Griffith, 2nd Bart.: b. 1820; D.L. co. Roxburgh; m. Eliza Leader.
(i) Sir Richard John, 3rd and present Bart.: of Munster Grillagh, co. Londonderry; Brigadier of Royal Archers.
b Walter Hussey, M.A.: 1794.
c Henry Allen: Lt. R.N.; 1798.
d Rev. George, M.A.: 1802.
e William Downes: 1803.
f Charles James: 1808.
g Arthur Hill, J.P. co. Westmeath: b. 1810.
2 James: Major in the Army.
(2) Henry, of Ballinear Castle: b. 1639; High Sheriff for co. Sligo; fought as a Royalist in the Battle of the Boyne.
(1) Humphrey, of Ballietivenan: High Sheriff for Sligo; Capt. of Sligo Geomanry.
(a) William, Esquire: b. 1701.
1 Henry, of Ballytivenan: 1733; 1791.
2 William.
3 John, of Kellery: 1748; a Magistrate and Deputy Governor of Sligo.
4 Humphrey, of Ballytivenan: 1750.
A William, of Ballytivenan: 1776; 1819; High Sheriff; J.P., D.L.
a Henry, Esq., of Port Royal and Castle

Neynoe, co. Sligo; b. 1815.
(I) William James, Esq., of Castle Neynoe: J.P.
(i) Bertie Humphrey Wynne, Esq. of Castle Neynoe: b. 1875.
(II) Henry Thomas: 1850.
(III) Edward R.S.: 1856.
(IV) Richard P.S.: 1856.
5 Thomas: 1754.
A Reynolds: J.P. and D.L. for co. Hereford; b. 1815.
B Thomas, of Barton Court: J.P. and D.L.
(B) John: collector of Sligo; b. 1672.

Pedigree D

The historian may find that the Kings mentioned in the three following Royal Pedigrees are, by intermarriage, related to practically all the European Monarchs.

D117 HUGH CAPET, KING OF FRANCE: reigned 937.
D118 ROBERT I (THE WISE), KING OF FRANCE: reigned 996.
D119 HENRY I, KING OF FRANCE: reigned 1031.
D120 PHILIP I (THE FAIR), KING OF FRANCE: reigned 1060.
D121 LOUIS VI (le GROS), KING OF FRANCE: reigned 1108.
D122 LOUIS VII (le JEUNE), KING OF FRANCE: reigned 1137.
D123 PHILIP II, KING OF FRANCE: reigned 1180.
D124 LOUIS VIII, KING OF FRANCE, reigned 1223.
D125 LOUIS IX (SAINT LOUIS), KING OF FRANCE: reigned 1226.
D126 PHILIP III (THE BOLD), KING OF FRANCE: reigned 1270.
D127 Margaret: m. EDWARD I, KING OF ENGLAND. See E148 for his Royal line, reigned 1272-1307.
D128 Thomas Plantagenet, Earl of Norfolk: surnamed De Brotherton; Earl Marshall of England.
D129 Margaret, Duchess of Norfolk: d. 1399; m. Lord Segrave.
D130 Lady Elizabeth de Segrave: m. John, Fourth Lord Mowbray (s. of John, Third Baron Mowbray, and his wife, Lady Joan Plantagenet, dau. of Henry, Third Earl of Lancaster, son of Prince Edmund---and his wife, Blanche, widow of HENRY, KING OF NAVARRE, and granddaughter of LOUIS VIII, KING OF FRANCE, and his wife, Blanche, dau. of ALPHONSO, KING OF CASTILE, and his wife, Lady Eleanor, dau. of HENRY II, KING OF ENGLAND---, s. of HENRY III, KING OF ENGLAND).
D131 Sir Thomas, K.G., Sixth Lord Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk, Earl Marshall of England: d. 1413; m. Lady Elizabeth Fitz-Allan.
D132 Lady Margaret de Mowbray: m. Sir John Howard (s. of Sir Robert Howard, Knight).
D133 Sir John Howard, K.G., Baron Howard: Captain-General of the King's forces at sea, and Earl Marshall; created Duke of Norfolk.
D134 Sir John Howard, K.G.: d. 1524; created Earl of Surrey, 1433; was attained with his father, and lost his earldom, and was imprisoned in the Tower of London for three years. In 1489 he was restored, and created Duke of Norfolk, and Earl Marshall, in 1514.
(1) Lady Catherine Howard: m. RICE (or RYX) ap GRIFFITH, of Carew (b. 1508; beheaded in public, on Tower Hill, Jan. 4, 1531-32, for a political offense. Son of SIR GRIFFITH AP RHYS, K.B.--b. 1478, d. 1521).
(A) GRIFFITH AP RICE: m. Lady Eleanor, dau. of Sir Thomas Jones, Knt. He had several sons of whom the youngest was,
(a) THOMAS AP GRIFFITH: resident of the Parish of Ebbernant, in Caermarthenshire, Wales. He had descendants.
1 Thomas Howard, Duke of Norfolk.
A Catherine: m. RHYS AP GRYFFYTH.
a GRYFFYTH AP RHYS, of Carew Castle.

Pedigree E

E135 ALFRED THE GREAT, KING OF ENGLAND: reigned 878.
E136 EDWARD THE ELDER, KING OF ENGLAND: reigned 901.
E137 EDMUND I, KING OF ENGLAND: reigned 940.
E138 EDGAR THE PEACEFUL, KING OF ENGLAND: reigned 959.
E139 ETHELRED THE UNDEADY, KING OF ENGLAND: reigned 979.
E140 EDMUND THE IRONSIDES, KING OF ENGLAND: reigned 1016.
E141 EDWARD THE EXILE, KING OF ENGLAND: reigned 1042; m. Agatha, dau. of HENRY II, of Germany, reigned 1002.
E142 Princess Margaret: m. MALCOLM III, KING OF SCOTLAND (reigned 1057).
E143 Princess Matilda, of Scotland: m. HENRY I, KING OF ENGLAND (son of William the Conqueror; reigned 1100-1135).
E144 MAUD, EMPRESS OF GERMANY: m. Geoffroy Plantagenet, Count of Anjou.
E145 HENRY II, KING OF ENGLAND: reigned 1154-1189.
E146 JOHN, KING OF ENGLAND: signed the MAGNA CHARTA; reigned 1199-1216.
E147 HENRY III, KING OF ENGLAND: reigned 1216-1272.
E148 EDWARD I, KING OF ENGLAND: See D127; m. Princess Eleanor, of Castile. He m. twice.
E149 Princess Elizabeth Plantagenet: m. Humphrey de Bohun, Earl of Hereford.
E150 William de Bohun, Earl of Northampton.
E151 Lady Elizabeth de Bohun: m. Richard Fitz-Allan, K.G., Earl of Arundel.
E152 Lady Elizabeth Fitz-Allan: m. Sir Robert Goushill, Knt.
E153 Lady John Goushill: m. Sir Thomas Stanley, K.G., Lord Stanley.
E154 Lady Margaret Stanley: m. Sir William Troutbeck, of Prynes Castle, Knt.
E155 Lady Jane Troutbeck: m. SIR WILLIAM GRIFFITH (Sir William Griffith, K.B., of Penrhyn Castle, Carnarvonshire; Chamberlain of North Wales; made a Knight of the Bath on St. Andrew's Eve, 1489). Their son,
E156 SIR WILLIAM GRIFFITH, Knt., of Penrhyn: Chamberlain of North Wales; was with HENRY VII at the siege of Boulogne, and was knighted at Touraine, France, December 25, 1513, "after the king came from Masse, under his banner in the Church;" m. (1) Jane Stradling; m. (2) Jane Puleston, of Carnarvon, Wales--also of Royal descent. He had descendants.

Pedigree F

F157 CONAN, KING OF ALL WALES.
F158 Princess Essylt: m. MEREFYN FRYCH, KING OF ANGLESEY (killed A.D. 843).
F159 RHODI-MAWR, KING OF ALL WALES: d. A.D. 876; m. Lady Angharad, dau. of Meirig ap Dynwal, s. of ARTHUR (Arthur ap Seissyllt, Prince of Cardigan), KING OF BRITAIN.
F160 Caell, Prince of South Wales.
F161 HOWELL-DDA, KING OF ALL WALES: m. Lady Jane, dau. of Earl of Cornwall.
F162 Owen, Prince of South Wales: m. Lady Angharad, dau. of Llewellyn ap Mervyn, Prince of Powis.
F163 Oinoin: m. Lady Nesta, dau. of Earl of Devonshire.
F164 Tudor-Mawr, Prince of South Wales.
F165 Rhys ap Tudor-Mawr, Prince of South Wales.
F166 GRIFFITH AP RHYS, Prince of South Wales: m. Lady Gwenlain, dau. of GRIFFITH ap CYNAN, Prince of North Wales.
F167 RHYS GRIFFITH, Prince of South Wales, Lord Rhys, Chief Justice of South Wales; d. 1197.
F168 Rhys Gryd: m. Lady Joan de Carte (dau. of Richard de Carte, Fourth Earl of Hertford, one of the twenty-five Barons who signed the MAGNA CHARTA, also of Royal descent. His wife

was a descendant of HENRY 1, KING OF FRANCE--D119, and a granddaughter of HENRY I, KING OF ENGLAND--E143.
F169 Rhys Mechyllt: d. 1242-43; Lord of Llandovery Castle.
F170 Rhys-Vaughn, of Yestradtywy.
F171 Rhys-Gloff, Lord of Cymcydmaen.
F172 Madoc ap Rhys.
F173 Trahairn-Goch, of Llyn.
F174 David Goch, of Penllech, 1314: m. Lady Maud, dau. of David Lloyd.
F175 Ievan ap David Goch, of Grainoc and Pellench, temp 1352: m. Lady Eva (dau. of Einion ap Celynnin, a descendant of Bleddyn ap Cynfn, Prince of Wales, founder of one of the Royal Tribes).
F176 Madoc ap Ievan, of Grainoc.
F177 Deikws-ddu: m. Gwen (dau. of Ievan-ddu, a descendant of Maeloc Crym, Chieftain of the seventh Royal Tribe of Wales, 1175).
F178 Einion ap Diekws: m. Morvydd.
F179 Howel ap Einion: m. Mali (dau. of Llewellyn ap Ievan).
F180 GRIFFITH AP HOWEL: m. Gwenlian (dau. of Einion ap Ievan Lloyd).
F181 LEWIS AP GRIFFITH, of Yshute: m. Ethli (or Ellen, dau. of Edward ap Ievan Llanoddyn, and his wife, CATHERINE GRIFFITH, dau. of GRIFFITH AP LLEWELLYN, a descendant of EDWARD I, KING OF ENGLAND). They had descendants.

DISTINGUISHED GRIFFITHS, PAST GENERATIONS.

A colorful procession marching down the centuries---the Griffiths whose achievements are here briefly mentioned were among the distinguished personages of their day.

Alexander Griffith: d. 1690; a Welsh divine. During the Civil War he was deprived of his livings on account of his loyalty to the king, but his rights were later restored; author of several political and religious publications.

David: Episcopal clergyman: b. N.Y., 1742; rector of Alexandria Christ Church, 1779; member of first Va. Convention of Clerical and Lay Deputies; Bishop, 1786; intimate friend of General Washington.

Edmund: 1570; 1637; bishop of Bangor; b. Carnarvonshire, Wales; Fourth son of GRUFFYD ad SION of Cevnamlwch. of an ancient house. Among his brothers was Hugh Griffith, "a very proper man, of a comley tall personage who became 'the worthiest most valiant captain of any nation that was at sea.'" Became canon of Bangor, 1606; rector of Llanbedorg, 1604; buried in the choir of his cathedral.

Edward: 1790; 1858; naturalist; s. of William Griffith, of Stanwell, Middlesex; was solicitor and master in the court of Common pleas; one of the original members of the Zoological Society, and a fellow of the Linnean, Antiquaries and Royal Societies. Wrote and published over fifteen volumes on zoology, some of them being extensively illustrated with colored plates.

Mrs. Elizabeth (her maiden name, also, was Griffith): 1720K; 1793; playwright and novelist; b. Glamorganshire, Wales; m. Richard Griffith (1714?; 1837, a "poor Irishman of good family"); soon after marriage she appeared on the stage in Dublin; played at Covent Garden Theater, 1753 and 1754. Wrote and published several poems and novels.

George: 1601; 1666; Bishop of St. Asaph; b. at Penrhyn, Carnarvonshire; became a distinguished tutor at Oxford; a popular preacher; urged the necessity of a new edition of the Welsh Bible;

is said to have undertaken the translation of the revised prayer-book into Welsh.

John: 1622; 1700; general Baptist minister; practised medicine for a time; after the Restoration he frequently got into trouble as a conventicle preacher, and persistently declined the oath of allegiance. "His difficulty was that the terms of the oath bound him to obey laws not then in being, and future sovereigns who might prove papists." Was imprisoned for seventeen months (1661), and again committed, 1683, and is said to have spent about fourteen years in jail. He appears to have been free from molestation after James's declaration for liberty of conscience April 11, 1687; a useful minister after liberation.

John: 1714; 1798; independent minister; b. London; became a follower of Whitfield. His ministry was successful till a dispute with one of his deacons lead him to withdraw, 1758, with part of his congregation; the new congregation grew; later became minister of another congregation; published, 1759, "A Brand Plucked out of the Fire."

Matthew: 1599?; 1665; royalist divine; for preaching and publishing, 1642, a sermon entitled "A Pathetic Persuasion to Pray for Public Peace," he was sequestered from his livings and imprisoned. On regaining his liberty "he took refuge with King Charles I, by whom he was made a royal chaplain;" later made D.D. at Oxford, 1643. He fought in defense of Basing House, 1645, at the storming of which his daughter, by her taunts, provoked the roundheads to kill her.

Maurice: d. 1558; bishop of Rochester; b. Wales; during the reign of Queen Mary he took part in the consecration of several bishops.

Moses: 1724; 1785; physician; son of Edward Griffith; b. Shropshire; practised for many years in London; wrote "Practical Observations on the Cure of the Hectic and Slow Fevers and the Pulmonary Consumption;" credited with the invention of the useful compound iron mixture of the Pharmacopoeia.

Moses: fl. 1769; 1809; draughtsman and engraver; b. parish of Bryn Groer in Llein, Carnarvonshire.

Piers: d. 1628; naval adventurer; son of Sir Rees Griffith of Penrhyn (sheriff of Carnarvonshire in 1567); grandson of Sir William Griffith (Chamberlain of North Wales); fitted out a ship against the Spanish Armada, 1588; honorably received by Sir Francis Drake; shared in the honor of the defeat of the Armada; went with Drake and Sir Walter Raleigh to cruise upon the Spanish Coast, and parted with Sir Francis Drake at the mouth of the Gulf of Magellan; was accused of continuing attack upon Spanish ships and possessions after the proclamation of peace, and is said to have been obliged to sell or mortgage his estate in order to purchase his pardon or to defray the expense of his prosecution. Some of his recorded experiences based on tradition. Known in some circles as "Griffith, the Welsh pirate." Was buried in Westminster Abbey.

Richard, M.D.: 1635?; 1691; physician; on the recommendation of Cromwell and the council of state he was appointed by the parliamentary visitors to a fellowship at University College, Oxford.

Richard: d. 1719; naval captain and hero; said to have been a son of Richard Griffith (a captain in the Navy); in 1691 he was commander of a small merchant ship which was captured by a French privateer, and which he recaptured in the night with the aid of only one boy, by overpowering and throwing overboard the sleeping watch. For this exploit he was ordered by their majesties a gold

chain and medal and appointed captain of the galley "Mary;" later commander of several other vessels; was in numerous naval battles and had more than one narrow escape from shipwreck.

Richard: d. 1788; author; elder son of Edward Griffith. His grandfather, Richard Griffith, was rector of Coleraine and dean of Ross; family originally resided in Carnarvonshire, Wales, later settling in Ireland; about 1760 he was appointed to a political post by the Duke of Bedford, lord-lieutenant of Ireland; wrote "The Trimuvirate," "The Koran," "Variety," etc.

Richard (son of Richard, d. 1788, immediately above): 1752; 1820; made early in life a fortune in trade in the East Indies; settled in co. Kildare, Ireland and was deputy-governor of the county; also Member of Irish Parliament.

Sir Richard John: 1784; 1878; geologist and civil engineer; first baronet, son of Richard Griffith, of Millicent, Naas, co. Kildare; editor "Journal of Natural Philosophy;" authority on mining; appointed mining engineer and professor of geology to the Royal Dublin Society; government inspector of mines in Ireland; prepared a geological map of Ireland, which was published in 1815, and for which he was awarded a medal by the Geological Society; numbered among his friends the chief scientific men of his time.

Robert Eglesfield: noted physician; b. Penna., 1798; professor of medicine, Va. Univ.; noted as a botanist and conchologist; author of numerous medical works.

Walter: d. 1779; captain in the Navy; "of an old family long settled in Merionethshire. In September 1759, he was in command of the frigate Gibraltar, attached to the grand fleet off Brest, France. He fell in with the French fleet, secured valuable information which he immediately communicated to his superiors. His conduct on the occasion won high praise and a promise of high favor; commanded other vessels and was in several engagements; killed in an encounter with the French in Fort Toyal Bay.

William: 1810; 1845; botanist; son of Thomas Griffith; b. near Petersham, Surrey; assistant surgeon in the service of the East India Co.; India was the scene of his marvelous labours; accumulated a large collection of specimens in every branch of natural history, especially botany; underwent many hardships in his explorations.

William Pettit: 1815; 1884; architect and archaelogist; s. of John William Griffith, architect; contributed, at age twenty, notes to Loudon's Architectural Magazine, continuing for many years; exhibited architectural designs in the Royal Academy; awarded the institute silver medal for an "Essay on the Principles or Laws which Govern the Formation of Architectural Decorations and Ornaments;" honorary member Liverpool Architectural Society. Among the works executed under Griffith's superintendence are: the reparation of St. John's Church, Clerkenwell; the restoration of St. John's Gate; the rebuilding of the spire and the erection of a font for St. James Church, Clerkenwell, etc. Published several works on architectural subjects.

GRIFFITHS IN THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

Following is a roster of the patriots by the name of Griffith who fought in the cause of freedom during the Revolutionary War. Much greater was the number of non-combatants behind the lines; some of whom were engaged in fashioning bullets from melted metal, often destroying heirlooms of value from across the sea; some in knitting warm garments for the men at the front; others by personal sacrifices and prayers, and sometimes even by secret intrigue, aiding the warriors.

Officers of the Continental Army.

Benjamin Griffith (Pa.). 1st Lieutenant 9th Pennsylvania, 15th November, 1776; Resigned 30th November, 1777.

Charles (Md.). 2nd Lieutenant 3rd Maryland, 20th February, 1777; taken prisoner at Monmouth 28th June, 1778, and was a prisoner to close of war.

Charles Greenberry (Md.). Colonel 1st Maryland Battalion of the Flying Camp, July to December, 1776.

David (Va.). Surgeon and Chaplain 3rd Virginia, 28th February, 1776; resigned 18th March, 1779. (Died 3rd August, 1789).

John (Md.). Ensign 1st Maryland Battalion of the Flying Camp, July to December, 1776; 1st Lieutenant 7th Maryland, 10th December, 1776; resigned 22nd March, 1777.

Joseph (S.C.). Captain South Carolina Militia, 1775-1776.

Levi (Pa.). Ensign 4th Pennsylvania Battalion, 8th January, 1776; 1st Lieutenant 5th Pennsylvania, 1st January, 1777; retired 1st January, 1783. (Died 30th January, 1825).

Philemon (Va.). Captain of Stephenson's Maryland and Virginia Rifle Regiment, 11th July, 1776; taken prisoner at Fort Washington, 16th November, 1776; exchanged in 1778; was appointed Captain in Rawling's Continental Regiment in January, 1777, but does not appear to have joined it. (Died 29th April, 1838).

Samuel (Md.). Captain 3rd Maryland, 10th December, 1776; wounded at Marmouth, 28th June, 1776. Resigned 3rd August, 1778. (Died 1833).

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The following Griffiths served from the respective colonies. Figures following some of the names indicate the number of times these names appear on the records examined:

Connecticut.

George-4 — Total--4

Delaware

Curtis-13	David-5	Elijah-5	Griffith-7
Isaac-5	John-4	Joseph	Parris
Richard	Timothy	William-4	Total---47

Georgia

James-2 — Samuel — Total---3

Maryland

Amos-4	Charles-7	Daniel	Dennis-2
George-2	Greenbury	James-4	John
Luke-2	Matthew	Michael-2	Moses
Nathan	Nicholas	Philip	Richard
Samuel-4	Stephen-2	Thomas-2	William
Zaddock			Total---42

Massachusetts

Aaron	Abraham	Daniel	David
Elias	Eliphalet	Ellis	Henry

John-5	Joseph	Nathan	Robert
Samuel-2	Stephen	Thomas	William-4
			Total-----24

New Hampshire

David	George-4	John-4	Samuel
William-7			Total-----17

New Jersey

Benjamin-3	David-2	John	Levi
			Total---- 7

New York

Aaron	Abraham	Abram	Dane
Jeremiah-2	John	Jonathan	Joshua-2
Lazarus	Nathan	Solomon	Thomas-2
W., William-2			Total----17

North Carolina

Edward	Isaac	John	Total--- 3

Pennsylvania

Abijah-8	Absolam-2	Abraham-5	Absolom-5
Amos-5	Archibald-2	Benjamin-23	Christopher-2
Dane-2	Daniel-4	David-9	Evan-10
Ezekiel-7	Howell-15	Hugh-9	Isaac-9
James-6	Jedadiah-11	Jeriah-2	John-37
Joseph-36	L.-2	Levi-16	Lewis-8
Moses-3	Owen-7	Richard-2	Samuel-4
Thomas-8	Timothy-2	William-29	Total----290

Rhode Island

Archibald-3	John-3	Southworth-10	Thomas-2
			Total----23

Vermont

Eli	Thomas		Total---- 2

Virginia

John	Major	Moses	Nathan
Peter	Philemon	Thomas-2	William
			Total---- 8

Grand Total ---- 487

PROMINENT AMERICAN GRIFFITHS OF TODAY

True to the traditions and standards of their noble past the American Griffiths of today "carry on" in the fields of endeavor in which their forefathers achieved distinction. The biographies of the living, as well as the rolls of the dead, testify that the traits of character and the ambition to achieve were passed on by the Griffith fathers from generation to generation. The states or countries mentioned at the end of most of the paragraphs represent present places of abode.

Armond Harrold Griffith: museum director.

Benjamin: lawyer.

Benjamin Whitfield: Banker; b. Hinds Co., nr. Jackson, Miss., Jan. 8, 1853; s. of Richard Griffith; A.B., Miss. Coll., Clinton, 1872, A.M., 1874, LL.D., 1915; Eastman Business Coll., Poughkeepsie, N.Y., 1872; m. Coar Bertha Griffing, of Claiborne Co., Miss., May 7, 1879; Professor of mathematics, Miss. Coll., 1872-74; admitted to bar, 1877; gave up practice and entered Capital State Bank, Jackson, Miss., as bookkeeper, 1878, made cashier, 1884; president of 1st National Bank, Vicksburg, since 1893; vice-president of City Savings & Trust Co.; director of Vicksburg Ice Co., Bldg. & Loan Assn., Jackson; Alderman, Jackson, about 1890; elected mayor of Vicksburg on reform ticket, term 1905-09; treas. Warren Co., Miss., 1912-16; president of board Miss. Coll.; Sound Money Democrat; Baptist; Ex-president of Miss. Bankers' Assn; Mason (K.T.); Miss.

David (Lewelyn) Wark: motion pictures; b. La Grange, Ky., 1880; s. of late Brig.-Gen. Jacob Wark Griffith; educated public schools; actor for two years; identified with motion picture business since 1908, first as actor, then as director for Biograph Film Co.; independent producer; principal productions include "The Birth of a Nation," "Intolerance," "Hearts of the World," "Way Down East," "Broken Blossoms," "Orphans of the Storm," and "America;" N. Y.

Elmer Cummings: college professor; b. Mt. Carroll, Ill., Oct. 16, 1869; s. of Hugh J. Griffith; A.B., Beloit Coll., Wisc., 1895, A.M., 1898; student at Oxford Univ. and Univ. of Berlin, 1899-1900; Ph. D., Univ. of Chicago, 1902; m. Martha McMillen, of Granville, Ohio, 1903; professor of history and polit. science, 1902-05, director of Summer School, 1903-05, Yankton (S.D.) Coll.; William Jewell Coll., 1905-13; actg. prof. hist., Brown Univ., 1918-19; actg. prof. history and head of dept., Univ. of Cincinnati, 1919-20; prof. economics and business administration, Kalamazoo Coll., 1922--. Economic research investigation for Carnegie Institution, summers 1908-09; in Europe, summer 1910; lecturer, Kansas City School Social Service, 1914-18, summer session, Univ. of Mo., 1915, Brown Univ., 1919, Univ. of Cincinnati, 1920. Speaker 3rd and 4th Liberty Loans; member of American Econ. Assn., Mo. Bapt. and Mo. Hist. socs.; Baptist; Mason; author of "Rise and Development of the Gerrymander", "Epochs in Baptist History," "Early Banking in Kentucky," "The Practice of Citizenship," "Jewish Activities During the Renaissance," "Lessons We Have Learned from Europe;" also various pamphlets and magazine articles; Mich.

Frank Carlos: theatrical manager; b. Dixfield, Me. Dec. 30, 1851; s. of Amos W. Griffith; educated at Me. and Boston public schools; m. Mary Catherine Lee, of New York, May 3, 1884; acting manager of Mrs. Langtry in U.S. and Great Britain, 1888, 1889, 1890; manager of Margaret Mather, 1892; acting manager of Minnie Maddern Fiske, 1893-1923; Director of Poland Spring (Me). Art Exhibition, 12 years; organizer and librarian Poland Spring Library; editor-in-chief, The Hilltop, 12 years; member of S.A.R., Actors' Fund America, Boston Y.M.C.U. A proprietor Boston Athenaeum; author of "Maine's Hall of Fame," "The Man from Maine," "Mrs. Fiske, a biog. sketch," also several plays, serial stories, travel articles, etc.; publisher of the Mary Catherine Stories; Mass.

Franklin Thomas: lawyer; b. Minneapolis, Feb. 6, 1870; s. of William A. Griffith; educated high school and academy; m. Etta Pope, of Oregon City, Ore, July 15, 1896; admitted to bar, 1894, practiced in Portland; member of Griffith, Peck & Coke; from organization with Portland Ry., Light & Power Co. (now Portland Electric Power Co.), and became gen. attorney for the co.; pres. same co., since 1913; Republican; member of Am. Bar Assn., Ore. State Bar Assn.; Mason; Ore.

Griffith Pritchard: banker.

Helen Sherman (Mrs. W.O. Griffith): author; b. Ia., 1873; dau. of Hoyt Sherman; niece of Gen. W.T. Sherman; educated at The Misses Vinton's School, Pomfret, Conn.; univ. extension course under Prof. Dallas L. Sharp; m. W.O. Griffith, of Phila., Pa., Oct. 28, 1896; Republican; Episcopalian; member of Authors' League of America; author of "Her Wilful Way," "Her Father's Legacy," "Rosemary for Remembrance," also short stories, plays, etc.; Pa.

Ivor: chemist: b. Rhiwlas, Wales, 1891; s. of Rev. John William Griffith; came to U.S. 1908; P.D., Phila. Coll. Pharmacy and Science, 1912, Ph. M., 1920; m. Carolyn Amanda Hobson, of Phila., Mar. 28, 1914; Clin. chemist Stetson Hosp., Phila., since 1912; instructor in mathematics, Phila. Coll. Pharmacy and Science, 1916-17; instructor pharmacy same, 1917-22, asst. professor since 1922; spl. lecturer Brooklyn Inst. Arts and Science; prof. organic chemistry, Wagner Inst. of Science, Phila., since 1925; head of research laboratories John B. Stetson Co., since 1924; editor Am. Jour. Pharmacy since 1921; Chem. investigations for Med. Supply Depot, Phila., during World War; fellow Am. Inst. Chemists; mem. Am. Pharm. Assn., Am. Chem. Soc., Am. Soc. Bacteriologists, Welsh Soc. of Phila.; Republican; Presbyterian; Mason; special blood research; Pa.

Jefferson Davis: surgeon; b. Feb. 12, 1850; d. Aug. 29, 1924.

J(ohn) P. Crozer: M.D.; b. Phila., Jan. 5, 1856; s. of Benjamin Griffith; A.B., Univ. of Penna., 1st in class, 1877, M.D., with 1st prize for med. thesis, 1881, Ph.D., 1881; m. Julia E. Jenks, of Phila., 1882; instructor clin. medicine, Univ. of Penna., 1889-95; visiting physician St. Agnes Hospital, 1889, Howard Hospital, 1890; prof. clin. medicine, Phila. Polyclinic, 1891-1906; clin. professor diseases of children, 1891-1913, prof. of pediatrics, 1913--, Univ. of Penna.; visiting physician Children's Hospital., 1891; consulting physician, Women's Hospital, 1896, St. Christopher's Hospital for Children, 1901; consulting pediatrist Abington Memorial, Jewish, Misericordia and Babies Seashore hospitals; editor Proc. of Coll. of Physicians for several years and of Internat. Clinics at its start; author of "The Care of the Baby," "Diseases of Infants and Children;" has written over 100 contbns. to med. journals; Pa.

P. Merrill: vice consul at Neuvitas, Cuba.

Reginald Harvey: distinguished college professor; b. N. C., Feb. 3, 1873; s. of Richard Henry Griffith; Greenville (S.C.) Mil. Inst., 1885-87; M.A., Furman U., Greenville, 1892, Litt. D., 1925; Johns Hopkins Univ., 1 94-96, scholar, 1895-96; sr. fellow in English, Univ. of Chicago, 1901-02, Ph.D., 1905; student, Library of Congress, 1900-01, British Museum, summer of 1904, libraries, Univ. of Misc., summer of 1906, Harvard Univ., summers, 1903-10, British Museum, 1912-13; m. Alice Mary Matlock, of Wichita, Kan., Aug. 3, 1906; teacher in public schools, N.C. and S.C., 1892-94, 1896-98, 1899-1900; professor in English, Furman Univ., 1898-99; instructor in English, 1902-08, adjunct prof., 1908-14, asso. prof., 1914-19, prof., 1919, prof. in the graduate faculty since 1925, curator, Wrenn Library, since 1918, Univ. of Texas; prof. English Univ. of Chicago, summer 1922; appointed by President Taft member board of visitors to U.S. Naval Academy, 1910; Democrat; Baptist; author of Sir Percival of Galles," "A Study of the Sources of the Legend," "Alexander Pope"; Texas.

Thomas Stuart: b. Toronto, Canada, July 22, 1862; s. of Thomas Griffith; educated, Upper Canada Coll., Toronto; m. Charlotte Evans Brown, of Spokane, Wash., Aug. 26, 1892; came to U.S. 1882; agt. Niagara Ins. Co., Spokane, Wash.; vice-president and manager Benham & Griffith Co., wholesale grocers, 1888-1918; president Glen Tana Farm Dairy; president and manager Spokane Interstate Fair since 1910; ex-president Spokane Chamber of Commerce, Spokane

Merchants' Association; Republican; Episcopalian; Little Spokane.

William: editor and author; b. Memphis, Mo., Feb. 15, 1876; s. of Samuel P. Griffith; public school education; m. Florence Vernon, of Brooklyn, June 25, 1909; on staffs of New York newspapers, 1901-06; managing editor Hampton's Magazine., 1906-09; editor, director and secretary, Travel Magazine, 1910; editor McCall's Magazine, 1911-12; editor, director and treasurer National Sunday Magazine (of a dozen leading American newspapers), 1912-16; editor Current Opinion Magazine, since 1917; author of "Trialogues," "The House of Dreams," "History of Kansas City and the Louisiana Purchase," "Excursions," "City Views and Visions," etc.; N. Y.

NOTED BRITISH GRIFFITHS OF TODAY

No more convincing evidence could be offered of the relative importance of the Griffith family than the length of the following incomplete list of those who have attained distinction in the British Empire of the present day.

Hon. Arthur Griffith: b. Ireland; nine years Master, Sydney Grammar School; Minister for Public Works, N.S.W.; fifteen years practising as Patent Attorney, Sydney, and Member of the Parliament of New South Wales.

Arthur Donald, M.B., B.S. (Lond.), F.R.C.S. (Eng.): Ophthalmic Surgeon and Lecturer on Ophthalmology, Westminster Hospital; s. of Arthur Griffith, solicitor, London; m. Aurora Soranzo; King's College Hospital (formerly House Surgeon, House Physician and Surgical Registrar); House Surgeon and Registrar, Royal Eye Hospital; Senior Resident Medical Officer, Royal Free Hospital; served in World War in Malta, Salonika and Italy.

Major Arthur Lefroy Pritchard, D.S.O.; R.A.; b. 1886; s. of Ven. H.W. Griffith; m. Muriel Frances Swabey; served in World War (despatches four times, wounded at the Battle of the Aisne, wounded twice 4th Battle of Ypres, D.S.O., Bt.-Major).

Very Rev. Charles Edward Thomas, M.A.: Dean of Llandaff, 1913-26; b. 1857; m. Margaret Mynors; Curate of Merthyr Tydvil; Select Preacher before the Univ. of Cambridge.

Brig.-Gen. Charles Richard Jebb, C.B.; C.M.G.; D.S.O.: b. 1867; s. of Col. R. Griffith; served South Africa (despatches, Queen's and King's medals with four clasps, D.S.O.); commanded Battalion in France and Flanders; commanded Brigade in France and Flanders (despatches eight times, C.B., C.M.G., Bt.-Colonel; Officer Legion of Honour).

Lt.-Col. David Maitland, D.S.O.: s. of Lt.-Col. J. G. T. Griffith; b. 1871; m. Kathleen Venetia Digby; served in World War (wounded, despatches, D.S.O.); operations Western Frontier, Egypt, occupation of Sollum as C.R.E.

Lt.-Col. Edward Waldegrave, D.S.O.; J.P. Denbighshire and Cheshire; D.L. Denbighshire; b. 1871; s. of Capt. Wynne Griffith; m. Bertha Greenall; served in World War in France; Master of the Flint and Denbigh Hounds.

Sir Ellis Arundell Ellis-, 2nd Bt.: b. 1896; s. oflst B.; served in World War as Lieutenant.

Ven. Ellis Hughes, M.B.E.: Archdeacon of Montgomery; Vicar of Welshpool.

Francis Charles, C.S.I., O.B.E.: J.P.; Inspector-General of

Police, Bombay Presidency; b. 1878; s. of F.R. Griffith; m. Ivy Morna Jacob.

Francis Llewellyn, M.A.: Hon. LL.D.; professor of and Reader in Egyptology, Univ. of Oxford; Fellow of Imperial German Archaeological Inst.; spent four seasons in archaeological research in Egypt with Sir Flinders Petrie and M. Naville; since 1884 has worked for the Egypt Exploration Fund and Society at home and in Egypt; in charge of the Oxford Excavations in Nubia; publications: "Hieroglyphs from the Collections of the Egypt Exploration Fund," "Stories of the High Priests of Memphis," "Christian Documents from Nubia."

Frank Kingsley, M.C.; M.P.:b. 1889; s. of Col. Frank Griffith; m. Eleanor Bruce; president of Oxford Union Society; served in France with 1st Gloucester and 2nd Lincoln Regiments; president National League of Young Liberals.

Ven. Henry Allday, M.A.: Rector of Ashwell since 1926; b. 1875/ s. of Y. H. Griffith; m. Margaret Cheales; Deacon, 1904; Arcadia, Transvaal, 1912-15; served in France.

Ven. Henry Wager: Vicar of Thorpe Arch since 1905; s. of James Griffith; m. Eleanor Eva Pritchard; Chaplain at Delhi, Acting Archdeacon and Bishops' Commissary; Archdeacon of Lahore and Chaplain of Murree.

Hubert Freeling: dramatic critic, journalist and painter; b. 1896; s. of Noel Ledbrook Griffith; Staff Lieutenant (Intelligence), 1917; Flying Officer, Observer, Royal Flying Corps; contributor to The Observer, Manchester Guardian; publications: "Three-Act Plays," "Tunnel Trench," "The Tender Passion," etc.

Rev. Principal James Shaw, M.A., B.D., F.R.G.S.: principal, Congregational Coll. of Victoria, Melbourne; s. of Rev. Alfred John Griffith; b. 1875; m. Margaret Pearce Sharman; Union Church, Tientsin, China; temporary Minister in charge, during World War, of Old Independent Meeting, Halstead, Essex; minister of Congregational Church, Elsternwick, Melbourne; Registrar (1926-28), Vice-President (since 1928), of the Melbourne Coll. of Divinity; Chairman of the Congregational Union of Victoria, Australia.

John Jones, B.Sc.: Professor of Agriculture and Director of College Farm, Univ. College, Aberystwyth; b. 1877.

Sir John Purser, Knight: b. 1845; s. of William Griffith; m. Anna Benigna Fridlezius Purser; assistant Surveyor for Co. Antrim; Assistant Engineer, Dublin Port and Docks Board; Chief Engineer, Dublin Port and Docks Board; Member of Royal Commission on Canals and Waterways; advising Engineer to the Government on Wicklow Harbour and Foreshore Works and on Arklow Harbour; elected a Commissioner of Irish Lights; President of the Institution of Civil Engineers; Chairman Irish Peat Inquiry Committee.

Lt.-Col. Ralph Edwin Hotchkin, C.I.E.: Indian Army, Political Department; Deputy Commissioner, Peshawar, N.W. Frontier Province; b. 1882.

Sir Richard (John) Waldie-, 3rd Bt.:b. 1850; m. (1st) Mary Irwin; m. (2nd) Frances de Burgh Griffith.

Robert Arthur: Stipendiary Magistrate for the Merthyr Tydvil and Aberdare district since 1915; b. Carnarvon; s. of Ioan Arvon; publications: two volumes of Welsh poems; "Murmuron Menai;" etc.

Thomas Wardrop, C.M.G.; LL.D. Aberd.; s. of Charles Fox Griffith; m. Louisa Talbor; professor of Medicine; professor

of Anatomy, 1887-1910, Univ. of Leeds; Consulting Physician Leeds Public Dispensary; Hon. Consultant for Yorkshire in Cardiac; member of the General Medical Council.

Walter Spencer Anderson, C.B.E.; M.D., F.R.C.P., F.R.C.S.; b. 1854; s. of Rev. John Griffith; m. (1st) Mary Anne Kinder; m. (2nd) Ella F. Kennedy; Consulting Physician Queen Charlotte's Lying-in Hospital; Consulting Obstetric Physician, St. Bartholomew's Hospital.

William, M.B., Ch.B. Vict.; M.R.C.P. Lond.; Physician to St. John's Hospital for Diseases of the Skin, Leicester Square, W.C., and practicing as consulting physician on diseases of the skin; b. 1868; s. of J. J. Griffith; member of the Royal Coll. of Physicians of London, and was appointed successively Registrar, Asst. Physician and Physician to St. John's Hospital for Diseases of the Skin, Leicester Square, W.C.; temporary Commission in the Royal Army Medical Corps.

Sir William Brandford, Knight: Legal Adviser Ministry of Pensions; b. 1858; s. of Sir William Brandford Griffith; m. Eveline Florence Elizabeth Nevins; acting Queen's Advocate, Gold Coast Colony, 1894; District Comm., 1895; Chief Justice, Gold Coast, 1895; deputy for Governor of Gold Coast Colony; president of Special Court for trial of Human Leopard cases in Sierra Leone.

William L.: Permanent Secretary Department of the High Commissioner for Canada; b. Wales, 1864; s. of John Griffith; m. J. B. Sutherland; for some years successful farmer, one of the first wheat exporters, via C.P.R. to England, Canadian Agent in Wales; visited Patagonia as Canadian Government Delegate.

W. St. Bodfan: Headmaster of Friars School, Bangor; b. 1876; s. of John Griffith; m. Doll Roberts; formerly assistant Master at King Edward VII. School, Sheffield, and at Uppingham.

"GOLD MINES" OF GRIFFITH DATA.

A wealth of material regarding the Griffith family--genealogical, biographical and historical--is found in the publications listed below, most of which are copyrighted. A-References consist of volumes covering the Griffith family almost exclusively which show large numbers of descendants listed in order. Practically all of these volumes will be found in the Genealogical Sections of the Library of Congress, Washington, D.C., and of the Public Library, New York City, and some of them will be found in any genealogical library.

Most of the B-References are general biographical or historical works, etc., which include material on hundreds of family names. Nearly all of the works of this class can be found in any large public library. Figures in partheneses following some of the titles under B., below, indicate the number of persons by the name Griffith who are specifically mentioned.

A-References.

1. The pedigree of William Griffith, John Griffith and Griffith Griffiths (sons of Griffith John, of the parish of Llanddewi Brefi, removed to Pennsylvania; 1905.

2. Genealogy of the Griffith family; by R. R. Griffith, 1892.

3. Pedigrees of Jowitt; S. B. Foster; 1890.

B-References.

20. Americans of Royal Descent; Browning (Griffiths includes as shown in these Records.)

21. Appleton's Cyclopedia of American Biography; 6 Volumes; (2).

22. Burke's General Armory; (39).

23. Burke's Landed Gentry; London.

24. Burke's Peerage and Baronetage; London.

25. Crozier's General Armory.

26. Dictionary of English and Welsh Surnames; Bardsley.

27. Dictionary of National Biography; 26 volumes; London; (20).

28. Directories, City and Telephone.

29. Miscellaneous Sources.

30. Officers of the Continental Army, 1775-1783; Heitman; (9).

31. Private Collections of Family Data.

32. Revolutionary Records of the Respective Original Colonies; (407).

33. U.S. Postal Guide; (3).

34. Who's Who in America; (16).

35. Who's Who, British; (27).

36. British Family names; Barber; London, 1903.

Griffith Genealogy.

Of Royal Lineage - The Last King of Wales a Forefather.

The Welch form of this name is Gruffydd, or Gruffyd and Llewery in the Vale of Llwydd, is one home of the family. Griffith, Griffiths and Griffyth are present day forms of the name, Griffith being the usual orthograph.

The family claim descent from Llewellyn, the last King of Wales, who was the son of Griffith also King of Wales.

The Griffiths of America are descendants of a Welch princess and she married Rydderch at Rydiron.

Ready with pen as with sword are the Griffiths. The founder of the "Monthly Review" Great Britain was Ralph Griffith born in Shropshire. He was a steady advocate of literature, a firm friend and possessed of great social gifts. His brother a planter of South Carolina about the middle of the eighteenth, was perhaps the founder of the Southern branch of the family.

Three brothers born in Wales crossed the sea in 1715 or 1720. Their names were Griffith, John and William Griffiths and they made homes in Chester Co. Pa and Maryland.

One brother settled in Maryland, one of his sons Howard Griffith was prominent in the Revolutionary War. He married Jemima Jacobs, his second son Greenberry Griffith was a gallant officer in the War 1812. His third son Joseph T. Griffith married Jane Wilson, He fought in the Civil War. There was a marriage of this branch of the family with the Howells of Bucks Co. Pa. Other marriage connections include the Sharps, Fosters and Cadwalladers.

The father of Brig. Gen ~~Ruth~~ Griffith Rutherford (of which branch I am a descendant) had stopped in Wales on his way over to America and married into the Griffith family. He and his wife were both drowned on the voyage to America, and the young was taken and reared by a family of Virginia, a history of the military operations of General Rutherford is part of the history of the states of North and South Carolina, He died in Tennessee in 1804.

William Griffith's name in list of Fred. Co. Clerk's fees for the year 1744 in Winchester, Va., and in Va. Rifle Regiment in 1776 - 2nd Va Co. is Capt. Philemon Griffith name and James Griffith's as a private.

my great, great, great grand father John Boyd an Englishman married Sarah Gryffth or Griffith a Welch lady in 1754, lived west of Martinsburg, West Virginia, He died in 1800 and she in 1806 - John Boyd obtained a grant of land from Lord Fairfax, They had 8 children, all but the youngest moved to Kentucky and were the first emigrants to that state.

2/3/34

Dear Uncle David,

Ruth wants me to thank you for your quick reply concerning the car. The payments are: $25.67 (twenty-five dollars and sixty-seven cents); due on the 10th of each month up to, and including, January, 1935. Payments may be made larger when ever convient, or paid in full at any time, and the interest will be pro-rated accordingly. However this months installment is $~~25~~.69, and is not due until (25.61)
the 15th. (February)

Every time I have a chance to learn to drive "our swell car", I have a chance to earn six-bits, so I still don't know how to drive, except from the back seat.

Don't get excited, but, Aunty is in a sanitarium, for a week's treatment; and Ruth is home in bed trying to get

enough strength to resume the care of Aunty, when she returns. The "rest" is very disgusting because we would like to be "painting the town red" and putting the miles on the car, while we have no boss.

Aunty feels very much at home in the car, and is as proud of it as if she had earned every penny for it herself. She thinks it is the best car on the market. Riding is the only thing Aunty seems to enjoy, but we can't ride all the time, as She only likes short rides.

Ruth will write you in detail as soon as she can push the pen.

Thanks again and Love from all,

Your gratefull niece, Geraldine

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P.S. On your birthday we were scolding one another for not having sent a greeting to you. Auntie said: "ah, he ought'nt need any encouragment after sending me this fine car; that ought to be enough for him to be happy over". And you would be if you could see how proud she is of it. We enjoyed your letter, and were glad that some of your southern friends sent you a "dirty" cake in honor of your natal day.

718 W. Sixth St., ~~San~~
Santa Ana, Calif.,
Feb.,5, I934.

Dear uncle David:

I am sorry to tell you that Auntie is no better. We had hoped we could put off further doctoring until you get here; then you could choose the Dr. But she suffered continually, and complained so much, it seemed like neglect not to do something.

Cousin Jim has been out of practice for so long, that he said he could'nt advise much outside of simple home remedies and they gave her no relief. He suggested taking her to Dr. Cowles in Fullerton for an x-ray, so that he could write you his opinion of her case. But Dr. Cowels does not rate any higher than the Dr. here who took her x-ray. You can't get any two Dr.'s to agree on the reading of an x-ray, so we thought the price would be rather high; considering there seemed no need for it other than for Jim to be able to write to you.

We feel that the best place for sick folks in So. Calif., is Santa Barbara.
Long Beach is the next best. Dr. Jones Hospital Clinic has a very high rating, exceptionally fine Doctors who are known not only in Long beach and surrounding towns for their ability, but all over the Southland.

We were able to pay for one week's treatment, and hoped th at would be enough. From what the other Dr.'s had said we believed the main trouble was nervous indigestion, and to tell you the truth we thought maybe a week away from the family would be an inspiration and a tonic, but it seems she really has an enlarged liver, some kidney trouble and colitus. The Dr. could not give me a full report today, he does not know yet how bad the kidney condition is; at any rate he will not advise operating at her age. He thinks he can give her some relief, but she should stay there at least two weeks.. The rates are six dollars a day, and that includes treatment, nursing day and night, food and Dr. bills. Medicines, analysis, tests, etc. are extra. I think we can count on about $50. a week to cover every thing. I'm sorry to write this, it seems every thing comes at once; but I'm sure you will never regret having gotten the car for her. It seems to us she is in her last days; only weighs 90 pounds, is so helpless, so weak and unlike herself. Please write me what you want me to do; and if she is to stay, will you write her a letter: %Dr. H. Jones, Hospital Clinic, Cherry St., & 2nd. Long Beach Calif.

Love from all
"Little" Ruth

I am better, but am staying in bed, resting, so I can take care of

Auntie when she returns. My back gave out, some weeks ago, but was able to hold

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LESLIE J. TOMPKINS
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW
116 JOHN ST., NEW YORK CITY

TELEPHONE BEEKMAN 3-6497

February 5th, 1934.

Mr. D.W. Griffith,
Hotel Park Central,
7th Ave. & 55th Street,
New York City.

Dear Mr. Griffith:

Immediately after you called me on Friday I sent a wire to the bank asking for a reply to my letter. I haven't received a single word from them, nor has Harby.

You will recall that in my original letter to the bank I said, in effect, that I could not conceive of the Statute of Limitations running against this note. I am still of the same opinion, but should they insist in their statement that it nevertheless does run, I think it would be advisable for you to execute the note which they sent and return it to me so that I can in turn deliver to them if it becomes necessary, and further than that I can assure them that the note has been executed within the period of the Statute, and that further negotiations can await our convenience.

You will see that the note is dated August 11, 1933 and is intended to run for a period of one year. I shall make no change in that. If a change is desired, naturally I will return it to you for that purpose.

You will further appreciate that the note is sent to me in escrow to be delivered only in the event it becomes necessary to properly adjust the matter.

Kind regards.

Sincerely yours,

Leslie J. Tompkins

The car is such a help, the trips over to see Auntie are a real pleasure in it. She drives like a bird. We are so grateful to you.

Feb. 9-1934.

Dear uncle David:

Your wire received today, just as I sat worrying because the Dr. had taken an x-ray of Auntie's gall bladder, and because he is to take another tomorrow. Thanks! so much. You are wonderful.

Auntie is so full of aspirin they have been unable to determine how serious her condition is, however the kidney condition has cleared up considerably since they have stopped her taking aspirin. She continued taking it for several days at the Hospital without the Doctors knowledge. Cousin Jim had told her they would not hurt her, so she thought it was alright to help herself when she felt like it.

Dr. Donaldson says it is hard to know just how much of her trouble is due to the aspirin, as aspirin is hard on the liver and has a tendency to produce the very kind of trouble she has.

Dr. Donaldson said he would be very glad to confer with cousin Jim, but cousin Jim doesn't wish to. I had the worst tongue lashing from him tonight I've had from any one. It was over the phone.

I'm afraid I've hurt his feelings, but I hope you will not be cross with me. For I assure you I was thinking of your purse and Auntie's comfort.

Auntie's health means more to me than any thing in the world and you may rest assured I'll be as intelligent as possible in seeking help for her.

Should cousin Jim sug-

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gested taking Auntie to Dr. Cowels in Fullerton for an X-ray in order that he could write to you. Auntie would have gone, she'd do anything for relief. But cousin Tom's family think Dr. Burlew is just as fine a Physician as Dr. Cowels and as we had been to him, I could see no need for a repetition of what we had just done, especially with a Dr. whose local rating is no higher than the ones she had already had.

Consequently I stalled for time, meanwhile Auntie seemed more uncomfortable, and so dissatisfied with her food that we thought a few days in this fine hospital would help her; I supposed cousin Jim would be willing to talk with these Drs. and get his material for his letter to you, should she need more than just a rest, or had she had just a few days rest & thought she could have Dr. Cowels x-rays

later, should she need further diagnosing. My main thought was that Auntie needed a change, care, and some kind of treatment for relief. She is getting that and is very pleased and satisfied. She likes her Drs. and nurses and is doing as well as can be expected. I hope you approve of what I have done. All I can say is if I had it to do over again I'd still have to do as I have done, because I am sure Auntie is having competent care. Cousin Jim is disgusted because I did not do as he wanted & he will have no further interest in the case.

I did not act on my own initiative entirely, the nurse friend of mine mothers, & my neighbors all felt that if Auntie had to have more Doctoring & should be with a Dr. of wider experience than Santa Ana and Fullerton offer. The Hospital has Specialists in all kinds of troubles and are very attentive. Will keep her there as long as necessary unless you advise otherwise. I do hope you realize my position & are not cross. Love Little Ruth

317 North Richman Ave
Fullerton Calif Feb 9, 1934

D. W. Griffith
Newyork, N.Y.

Dear David:

In a casual and rather superficial way I examined your sister Ruth and observed her on a good many occasions to see if I could determine just what ails her. I asked her to go with me or meet me at Dr. Bowles office to have an X Ray photograph made and also a physical examination made. She was willing but Jacob's daughter Ruth said they were short of cash and would wait a week or two. I heard nothing more until yesterday when I drove over to see how she was getting on and found that Ruth had taken her to some hospital in Long Beach because some friend

if Lers had told her what a very wonderful doctor was at this hospital.

Will very naturally I do not care to butt in on what they wish to do. Had hoped to learn if possible her real trouble and write you what I found. However I will tell you what I suspect though I do not wish to alarm you. My definite suspicion is that she has cancer involving the liver, though of course I may be wrong. She has lost considerable flesh, has a bad color, almost no appetite and suffers pain all the time. You know that Ruth is very uncomplaining so when she says that she has pain it is not apt to be imaginary.

Thank you for being nice to the girls They appreciated your attentions very much.

I hope you are well and getting on well. Fannie and Sallie are getting on as usual and I am just as no account as usual - just walking around to keep from paying funeral expenses.

With kindest regards and best wishes from all of us

Yours

Jim

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February 9th, 1934.

Dear Little Ruth:

Enclosed you will find check for $150. Jerry writes they need $25. on the car; the rest you can use for the extra week or so at the sanatorium. Keep Sister Ruth there as long as you think necessary. If you need more money write or telegraph.

As I wrote you before I expect to go West in the early Spring but have important business here for about another month. I suppose you have read the papers concerning the extraordinarily cold weather we are having here. It certainly would have been a big mistake to have brought Sister Ruth here this Winter. Yesterday broke all records; official thermometer registered 14 degrees below zero. The streets have been covered with snow and ice so that even walking has been practically impossible and owing to the extreme cold, they don't seem to be ever able to get the ice off the sidewalks.

I am writing Sister Ruth at the hospital. I hope this letter finds you and your back in better shape. You and Sister Ruth seem to have your illnesses at the same time. When Sister Ruth gets out of the hospital be sure to get an idea of the diet she should have as, according to your letter, that seems to be the most important thing. Either you or Jerry write me upon receipt of this and send your answer Air Mail, telling me just how everybody is getting on because I am right worried about Sister Ruth.

As ever -

P. S. If you have any difficulty cashing the check, take it over to Sister Ruth at the hospital and have her get it cashed.

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February 9, 1934.

Dear Sister Ruth:

I have sent a check for $150. to your address in Santa Ana, as I suppose little Ruth can cash it. If she is not able to, she can bring it over to you and let you do it.

You want to be sure and stay in the sanatorium as long as you think necessary. I wrote little Ruth to wire me if you needed any more money so you don't have to bother about this; but stay in the sanatorium as long as you need to.

It is certainly a darn good thing you didn't come on East this Winter, as it has been so cold I am quite sure you would have eaten, rested and slept on the radiator, and even then you might not have been able to keep warm. Yesterday and today have broken all records for excessive cold, the official thermometer registering 14 degrees below zero; and as New York has so much water surrounding it, the air is generally damp and this 14 below would be as cold as 35 or 40 degrees below in the mid-West. Even in this big hotel, which is supposed to have plenty of heat, they can't keep the lobby warm and all the residents are yelling their heads off. The kindly lady stenographer who is taking this dictation was putting on her hat, fur coat etc. and beating it out of here, to keep from freezing at her desk, as she expressed it. (And dear Miss Griffith, I can assure you this is the truth; not only I but all the other stenographers have been typing our letters wrapped up in our fur coats. (signed) the steno herself).

I suspect also said stenographer was bent on getting around the corner to purchase some flannel underwear when I corraled her to take this letter. In fact that is about all this Winter has been good for -- the sale of flannels. And to make things better, our streets have been caked with ice and the remnants of the snow that fell in the long past. It has been so cold they haven't been able to clear the sidewalks, so if you don't freeze when you are outside trying to take a walk, you are apt to slip and fall down and break something;

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and you're lucky if it's the seat of your pants and not your neck. So at least you have one thing to be thankful for, as I notice from the papers that you are having the usual California weather.

Now I judge from little Ruth's letter, the principal thing you want to do is to stop worrying. I know when you don't feel well, like everyone else, if you haven't anything to worry about, you probably make something. As I wrote you before, as long as I live, you can rest assured of being taken care of and I have provided for you in case anything should happen to me. I am just quoting from a New York Life Insurance agreement with me, so that you will rest easy on this point:

"New York Life Insurance Co., a Mutual Company, of New York City, New York, agrees to pay David W. Griffith an annuity of $2,470.00, payable in annual payments, these payments to be made on the first day of October each year. These payments preceding the death of the annuitant. In case of said event the Company further agrees to continue said payments to Ruth Griffith, sister of the annuitant beneficiary upon receipt of due proof of the death of the annuitant."

I quote this merely to assure you that you can live to be 120 and not have to worry about money.

Albert and Willard were here just a few minutes ago. They dropped in to thaw out, as they expressed it. They were only partially welcome as both of them made a dive for the radiator and as I had been using it as a pleasant seat before they came, we had a scramble - the radiator not being long enough for three people to sit on. And Albert hasn't lost any flesh; he needs plenty of space when he sits down. Willard, not having gained any weight, is much more welcome as when he takes his overcoat off, there is not enough of him left to use any space in particular when he sits down. Albert opines that Willard is very lucky as he is so skinny, there isn't enough of him to freeze in the Winter nor enough to get hot in the Summer. However, this is only Albert's opinion. Willard has a different idea about it.

Albert has at last secured a job. The job seems to be all right excepting for the pay, and that is quite small but he hopes it will lead to better things.

Now don't get excited about this news I am going to impart to you. It is possibly the most tremendous event that has ever happened in our lives. I am having the statement I am about to make sworn to before a Notary, so you will surely believe it. I am almost afraid to tell you for fear it will react too fiercely on you.

Wonders of wonders! Believe it or not! Truth, after all, IS stranger than fiction!

WILLARD! WILLARD!! H A S G O N E T O W O R K!

Sworn to before me this
9th day of February, 1934.

He also isn't getting much money but he has a place with the C. W. A. -- some sort of business of checking up on small commercial concerns to see how the N. R. A. is working for them. They have got him out interviewing these small merchants, and with his usual **luck**, this unusually cold wave struck him as he first started out. He has the highest, biggest overshoes I have ever seen on a small guy. Robert opines he should take them off as he gets in the door so they can see he is a man instead of laboring under the delusion that a rubber plant of some kind is visiting them. They have him working on the East Side. The East Side of New York is a polyglot population of Italians, Russians, Pollocks and such; in other words a community of all nations. However, all these merchants speak English. But evidently it isn't collegiate as Willard said after his first day's work that these store-keepers either can't speak English or he can't, because he couldn't understand a word they said. So I imagine if he meets similar results elsewhere, he won't be of great assistance to the U. S. Government. However, this cold weather is giving him splendid ventilation as you don't have to walk out more than a few seconds in this air, to get well aired as it were.

Now, be a good girl and do what the doctors tell you. As I wrote little Ruth, I have extremely important business keeping me here for about another month but, as I have said to you before, shall come on there in the early Spring to see you or bring you on here to see us.

Am going to close now so the poor lady stenographer can go home and sit on the stove. If you have any red flannel underwear left over from the old days, telegraph it on to me immediately. I know red flannels aren't any warmer but they look warmer anyhow. And if they don't fit me I'll cut them down and put them on Willard.

Am sending you a sack full of love and kisses. Tell the nurses and doctors to be nice to you and make you behave. I think they understand that a young lady like you, just starting out in life, will cut up capers, but try to be good. Don't flirt with the doctors nor get overly skittish, and remember you are getting to be a big girl now and have got to behave.

As ever, your Father Advisor -

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1201-S

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WESTERN UNION (03)

R. B. WHITE, PRESIDENT
NEWCOMB CARLTON, CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD
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SIGNS

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Received at 1934 FEB 12 AM 1 05

MINUTES IN TRANSIT	
FULL-RATE	DAY LETTER

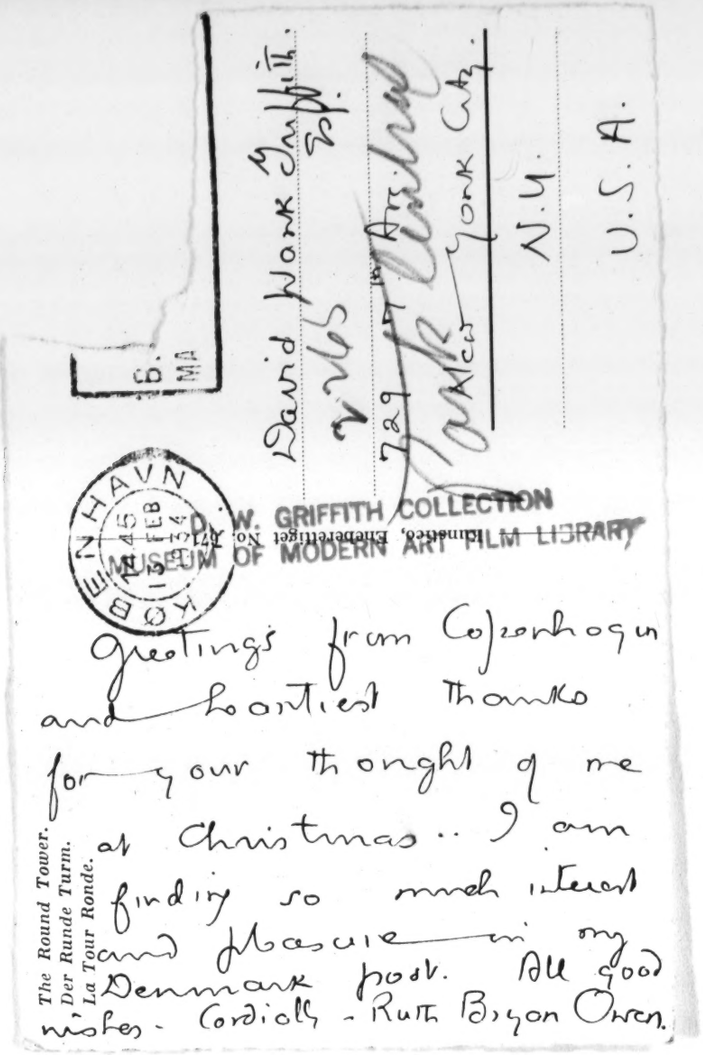
SB496 54 NL=TDS SANTAANA CALIF 11

D W GRIFFITH. SUITE 2265=

PARKCENTRAL HOTEL 55 ST AND 7 AVE NYK=

DEAR UNCLE DAVID AUNTIE IS BETTER XRAY SHOWS GALL BLADDER TROUBLE DOCTOR WILL DRAIN GALL BLADDER AND WILL GIVE TREATMENT WHICH WILL BUILD UP STRENGTH IF SHE FINALLY HAS TO HAVE AN OPERATION SHE WILL BE IN GOOD CONDITION SHE HAS NO CANCEROUS TROUBLE THANKS SO MUCH FOR STANDING BY YOU ARE WONDERFUL LOVE=

RUTH.



David Wark Griffith Esq.
Mamaroneck
New York
U.S.A.

729 5th Ave

KØBENHAVN
K 45
13 FEB
1914
BØX

D.W. GRIFFITH COLLECTION
Numerico, Bureberetiget No. 6714
MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY

The Round Tower.
Der Runde Turm.
La Tour Ronde.

Greetings from Copenhagen
and heartiest thanks
for your thought of me
at Christmas.. I am
finding so much interest
and pleasure in my
Denmark post. All good
wishes - Cordially - Ruth Bryan Owen.

P.S. Auntie was very much pleased with your letter telling of the provision you had made for her, and we think it is mighty thoughtful and sweet of you to do as you have done. Your letter pepped her up and she has had a brighter out-look ever since. Some times, I think she felt that she was just a care and a responsibility to you, and that she might as well be dead as alive; so I want to thank you for relieving her mind as you have, you'll never know how much that letter helped her.

Feb., 16, 1934.
Santa Ana, Calif.,

Dear uncle David:

If Auntie had had good results from the gall bladder drainage, we could have brought her home today; but she is still in pain and requires day and night care. She has been able to take little rides with me in the afternoons but her nights are regular night-mares.

Dr. Donaldson says her gall bladder is diseased, and he is not surprised that the drainage was not a success; ordinarilly he would have advised operation in the first place, but because of her age he hoped to spare her that ordeal; or at least to put it off until you got here. However, since they are unable to give her real relief; and since she has no appetite the chances for building her up are nil, therefore it seems reasonable to suppose that if she has to be operated on the sooner, the better. For that reason he parsuaded her to stay in the Hospital until Monday, in order that he can confer with the other Doctors and check up more thoroughly on her heart and general resistance.

Regardless of what they decide, she is to come home Monday for a few days vacation. She is lonely for the home. I can manage the days, but may have to have a night nurse, and I suppose we will have to take her to the Hospital for her treatment; financially there will be nothing gained but it will make it easier for her to remain in the Hospital should she have to return for an operation.

Dr. Jones and Dr. Sedgwick are the Surgeons, and I have heard from many sources that there is no better Surgeon in the Southland, Jim Jones However, if you lack faith, and wish me to take her to the Dr. Cowels that cousin Jim reccommended that is alright with me; I will be glad to do what ever you say, and so will Auntie. Or maybe you would like to talk with Dr. Donaldson yourself, if so you can call him at the Hospital, or you can wire him, and have him wire you, if you perfer. The operation has not yet been advised, and I am sure it will not be unless she appears strong enough to undergo it. However, we know that cannot be definitely determined; and if it were possible to give her relief with out the knife, I'd much perfer it. I know she would rather die than continue to suffer as she has been suffering, but we have no assurance that an operation will either kill or cure, so at best it will have to be somewhat of a gamble.

I've written you in detail, so that if I have to wire you you will know what is is all about.

Love Ruth

D. W. GRIFFITH COLLECTION
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Cousin Jim has kept his word and hasn't been near.

Auntie is Splendid
She says she eats for you, Geraldine
and me.
She will do whatever we think
best.

February 15, 1934.

Mrs. Eugene H. Ray,
Weissinger Gaulbert Apartments,
Louisville, Ky.

Dear Mrs. Ray:

I wrote you some time ago asking you to kindly name your conditions for doing the work I outlined. I received your letter saying you had begun it but so far you have not sent me any clue as to how we can arrange about this matter of payment. Kindly write me under what terms and arrangements you can start to work.

I delayed this letter to you until you had time to receive the document from that Philadelphia firm. They wrote me that this was sent to you last week. I don't know if it is of any value but I delayed writing until you had had time to look it over.

You answered your own idea about joining the Filson Club by saying you did not see that there was any particular advantage to it. Perhaps it would be better to save that money and divert our currency into something more tangible for you.

With kindest personal regards, I am,

Yours sincerely,

found your grand-father Capt. Daniel W. Griffith's grave with dates on tomb-stone. I made a search for your grand-father Thomas B. Oglesby's grave at both Mt. Taber and Duncan Memorial-but with no success-but did find the tomb-stone of Thomas B. Oglesby's third wife"Elizabeth Oglesby, born Dec.28-1801 died Dec.17-1874"- Thomas B. Oglesby had married herJune8-1847 & her maiden name was Elizabeth Souther. I found later that the grand children called her"Grand-mother Betsy Did you ever hear of her?

After searching the two Cemeteries, I went to LaGrange-and spent three days searching records in the Clerks office--- Capt. Daniel W. Griffith, did not leave a will there--- nor is his name mentioned in any record that I could find--except one time--when Mr. John Watson gives Power of Atty. to DanielW. Griffith, of Maryland in 1836, to collect money due his(John Watson's) wife who was Martha A.B. Watson, formally Martha A. B. Griffith.

Now from that, one would think Capt. Danile W. Griffith did not come into Kentucky until after 1836- for at that time John Watson, mentions him as being"of Maryland". This John Watson and Martha A.B. Griffith are the grand parents of Mr. William Oglesby at Worth.

I found that Martha A.B.Griffihh Watson, was named Martha Ann- and I believe the B. was for the name you mention in a letter-you thought it was"BRAYINGTON" Lord Brayington---but I find it was BARRINGTON- and this Martha was your grand-father(Capt. Daniel W.Griffith) sister, not your fathers. (more of Lord Barrington later

In LaGrange I found the settlemnt of Thomas B. Oglesby's estate in Sept.25-1863 in which your mother Mary P.Griffith, your father Jacob.W. Griffith, your uncles Miller Woodson, his wife Rebecca, William and his wife Mary Oglesby, and the widow(Elizabeth whom I told you of)This of course causes me to believe that your grand father Thos. B. Oglesby died about 1862-3. I hope so much to find

D. W. GRIFFITH COLLECTION
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MRS. EUGENE H. RAY
WEISSINGER GAULBERT
LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

Sunday, Feb. 18-1934.

Dear Mr. Griffith:

Your letter came yesterday afternoon. This one to you will be a long one-I trust it will not bore you-but there is so much I want to talk over with you- and so the lengthy letter.

The Griffith publication came safely one day this past week. It is a compilation of the name "GRIFFITH"-and in no way a family history. Names of Griffith both in Americ and Europe-with little to connect and few dates. I have gone over it carefully and will return to you when the work is finished.

When your letter of January 12th. reached me with the chec for $ 25.00 inclosed I decided to spend it all in making a few trips around to see what we might expect to gain here in Kentucky--making no charge for my time in that-I hoped to get something tangible and write you in a few days.

I went to LaGrange first(as I wrote you I would do) spent one day talking to Miss Lou Clore- she could give me no family information-she had been ill, ad as you know is no longer young-her mind runs rather to the things she has written and little happenings when she was a child and "your courtly grand-father visited my courtly grand-mother"---but as for dates and things of that kind- she could give nothing. Same thing with her nephew Mr. Hayes.

I went to Mt. Taber church yard, found your fathers grave and two of your sisters-- tomb-stones gave dates of cours but I did not find your mothers stone and so am asking you to fill out her dates on another sheet inclosed. It is important for me to have these.

Then I went to Floydsburg "Duncan Memorial" Cemetery and

his grave later- and at Floydsburg, Duncan Memorial Cemetery, when I can go out and scrape off a few of those old stones that are now covered with moss.
After my search at LaGrange, I went to Shelbyville and spent two days searching records there---and there I found the will of your grand father Capt. Danile W. Griffith. I had the Clerk make me an Attested copy of both the WILL and the Appraisement- I am sending these to you to look over--but please return to me- when the work is finished I will send them with all other information to you-but right now I need them while working on the line. This will gives the names of all his children- and the appraisement is interesting.

You may not know it-but statements by me-or any other Genealogist will not be accepted unless those statements can be verified by "Documentary evidence which is accesdible"- and an old record tucked away in some far off Clerk's office, is not accessible to you or any one else who is not near enough to go in and read it for himself. So it becomes necessary to have Attested copies. I will furnish you with these when ever it is necessary. By "Documentary evidence" we mean Court-records, published books on the subject, Bible records and tomb-stone inscriptions-- they must be either Attested copies or photographs.
In the mean while I had heard that your grand-parents were (perhaps) buried on the John Sweeny place, about nine miles from Floydsburg on the Zion road-- so I arranged with Mr. William Oglesby, of Worth to meet me at Crestwood and take me to that place--we spent one Sunday there, digging around among old tomb-stones, and all that one would expect to find in one of those old, deserted family-buring grounds- I scraped stones and found much valuable information- It had been the old Carter family grave-yard. I did not find the grave of Nancy E. Carter Oglesby though-but many other Carter and Oglesby members of your family.
I have read everything that might suggest a head in both Filson Club and the Public Library-have gained a lot of information-but there is much, much that can never be gotten this side of Virginia and Maryland.

I do find that in ~~where~~ June 14-1782, the Treasurer of Maryland was ordered to pay to WILLIAM WARK, certain funds due him by the Gov. This William Wark, must surely lead to your family name-and I shall look further into it.

I find too, that Lord Viscount BARR-ING-TON-(Barrington) was a man of much importance in English affairs-he was a member of the Kings Council, present at the meeting called because of the sudden death of King George 2nd. Saturday Oct. 25-1760- and at the meeting when his son King George 3rd. took over the affairs of state-He was connected with Cecilius Calvert and the business in the Province of Maryland-I have come to the conclusion that Lord Barrington, must have had a son, who married a Miss Griffith- the Griffiths were Colonists- the Lord Barrington, a Loyalist-and after the lands of your ancestor were confiscated changed his name-but that of course will work out later. I just want you to know I have at least found the correct spelling of the name and his connection with Maryland.
I find where in 1779 and on through until about 1799, the Rev. David Griffith is taking up land in Ky. thousands of acres which reach from what was originally all Jefferson county clear up nearly to Cincinnati, on this side. I have not in any way connected your line with Rev. David Griffith, but believe it can be done and am going in a few days to one of those counties where many Griffiths live, to see

Now for the Carter family- I have made little progress-the chart you mention as being in Mr. Catsby Jones family at Winchester, has a thousand Carter names on it-but not your Nancy E. who married Thomas B. Oglesby- when I find her father, it will be little trouble (so I believe) to connect her with that splendid old Virginia line. And he can be found, but so far I have not done so. There was a Joseph Carter who died in Oldham county in 1855-56-but he was not the

6

lines--no telling what others each one opens up the prospect of something else that may turn out nicely.

I would suggest that I continue with the search here— and there is a great deal I may find in those counties up the river, Carrell, Henry and perhaps Trimble on the Griffith and Carter lines-and when the reduced rates go on, and that is late in March or early in April, let me go over into Virginia and Maryland to finish up what is there.

There is so much I have not told you- so much that will come later- but I must not write more now-it will bore you and all that. When I get started in these matters I could just go on for ever, I love the work and could spend every day working out these pboblems.

I have asked questions on another sheet, if you can not answer them, please send it to your sister in Cali. perpaps she can. Let me have it back as soon as you can.

Cordially,

Elizabeth A. Ray

D. W. GRIFFITH COLLECTION
MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY

MRS. EUGENE H. RAY
WEISSINGER GAULBERT
LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

father of your Nancy E. He was too young- and I am beginning to think he may have been her brother. That will work out later. I have just heard of some distant relatives you have on the Carter side and will see what can be gotten through them. Mrs. Lois Carter Schawer, who lives here does not come from your Nancy E. Her grand mother was Martha Oglesby who married Joseph Carter.

As for the Oglesby line, we are coming along so nicely and I am finding great things there. You grand-father Thomas B. Oglesby was the son of the Hon. Micajah Oglesby, who removed from Virginia to Surry county N.C. where he at once became a man of prominence-appointed at once on various commissions and elected to the Assembly-in 1792 he served and for many years there after- I believe on this Oglesby line you go straight to Sir. Thomas Oglesby, the first of the name in Virginia. But that too will have to work out later.

Now I have given you a brief(and you, I am sure do not think it brief) outline of what I have been doing and have gotten--it is just to let you see what has to be done how long it takes and all that--- Most Genealogists charge $ 1.00 an hour and their expenses when away from home- I always dislike to charge by the hour, beaause so often we search for hours and even days without finding anything- but I do not know what else to do. You mentioned something about going on a monthly amount until we saw what we could do-- that will be perfectly satisfactory to me--but Mr. Griffith, I am satisfied we will have to make a trip into Virginia and Maryland before we can go much further. I am positive the information can be gotten to bind up all your broken links in the Griffith, Carter and Oglesby

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R. B. WHITE
PRESIDENT

NEWCOMB CARLTON
CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD

J. C. WILLEVER
FIRST VICE-PRESIDENT

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DL = Day Letter
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Ship Radiogram

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Received at PARK CENTRAL HOTEL, N. Y.

NP121 50 DL XC=SANTAANA CALIF 18 535P

DAVID W GRIFFITH, PARK CENTRAL HOTEL=

55 ST AND 7 SUITE 2265=

DEAR UNCLE DAVID DOCTORS ADVISE OPERATION AUNTIE WANTS IT BLADDER DISEASED MAY CONTAIN STONES OPERATION COSTS TWO HUNDRED FIFTY TERMS IF PREFERRED MUST REMAIN IN HOSPITAL TWO WEEKS SPECIAL NURSE FOR FORTY EIGHT HOURS HAVE FIFTY LEFT OF SPECIAL CHECK OPERATION SET FOR TUESDAY IF YOU APPROVE WIRE ME LOVE=

LITTLE RUTH.902P.

MINUTES IN TRANSIT	
FULL-RATE	DAY LETTER

WESTERN UNION GIFT ORDERS ARE APPROPRIATE GIFTS FOR ALL OCCASIONS

D. W. Jones
Closeup Thread
Long
6. 62 46

D. W. GRIFFITH COLLECTION
MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY

February 19, 1934.

Miss Ruth Griffith,
718 West 6th St.,
Santa Ana, California.

Dear Little Ruth:

Am sending you check for $350. according to my wire. As the Air system is so upset, I thought it wiser to send this by regular mail.

I do not need to say how sorry I am that Sister Ruth has to go under the knife and I do hope and pray that she comes out all right. I think and I feel quite sure she will as her natural physical condition is very fine. Was so glad to hear from you that after my last long letter, her old attitude changed and she got into such a cheerful mood, as I think this was more important than most anything else. That is the reason I made it so exact that she is being taken care of to the end of her days regardless of what might happen to me. I am so glad I did this.

Upon receipt of this, write me in detail and, as I wired you, you can get me on the telephone Long Distance at any time.

I am finishing now as I want to get this check off to you as early as possible.

With love and kisses,

As always

D. W. GRIFFITH COLLECTION
MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY

Feb., 19, 1934.

Dear uncle David:

Auntie and I would not consent to the operation until we had your approval, so the Doctors had to wait till Wednesday to operate, as the operation is to be preceeded by a special treatment for one day.

When your call came today, Clyde mother and the nurse and Auntie were getting ready to go for a little ride, and I was waiting to have a talk with the Dr. The phone call came to me over the upstairs phone, I picked up the reciever, heard Long Distance; so I dropped the phone, and ran down stairs and into the Doctor's office, shouting to the office girl to connect me with N.Y. down stairs, so my uncle could talk to the Dr. They did, and a score of nurses went off to locate the Dr. Meanwhile Auntie and the folks went outside for their ride, when I asked for her they went off on another run. It was very exciting, and Auntie enjoyed it, though she said, she wished she had'nt been so dumb, but she could'nt think of any thing to say, it was all such a surprise. She is not worrying a bit, is a real sport, and is in much better spirits than she was a while back. You have done much to pep her up, and we are so grateful to you; without you and your support in every way, I'd be crazy.

I am going to order a real pretty bouquet for Auntie, and one for the Hospital tomorrow. Of course we have kept Auntie in flowers, and I've told Auntie they were from you, but now we get her one "Special" beauty, something more elaborate than we ordinarilly can afford, because you have been so generous. On the Hospital bouquet, I'll put with compliments and appreciation to the Jones' Hospital and complete staff, for the splendid care they are giving my sister. From D.W. Griffith. That will prove the best kind of a tip; I know they will all love it, and will do their level best by Auntie.

You can tell by my mistakes I'm tired, so I'll stop now and go to bed. I want to get as strong as possible while Auntie is away, so I can take care of her when she returns. But it is hard to relax, when under such a strain, the worst will soon be over though and we'll all be happy.

Love
"Little" Ruth

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PARK CENTRAL HOTEL
Circle 7-8000
STANDARD TIME
INDICATED ON THIS MESSAGE

Postal Telegraph

THE INTERNATIONAL SYSTEM

Commercial Cables | Mackay Radio | All America Cables

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DL	DAY LETTER
NL	NIGHT LETTER
NM	NIGHT MESSAGE
LCO	DEFERRED CABLE
NLT	NIGHT CABLE LETTER
WLT	WEEK END CABLE LETTER
	RADIOGRAM

Form 26

N13 59 DL XU=TD NEWYORK NY 512P FEB 20 1934

D W GRIFFITH=

PARK CENTRAL HOTEL

NEWYORK NY=

MARY PICKFORD CHRISTENING STUDIO AT THREE OCLOCK FRIDAY ENTIRE CAST OF FRANKIE AND JOHNNIE AS WELL STOP AS I WOULD LIKE TO HAVE YOU HERE AT THE SAME TIME STOP FROM EVERY SENTIMENTAL ANGLE YOU SHOULD BE HERE I SHALL ALSO TRY TO GET THE GISH SISTERS CAN YOU ADVISE ME EARLY WEDNESDAY SO I CAN PLAN ACCORDINGLY REGARDS=

R H HAMMER.

424P.

Telephone Your Telegrams to **Postal Telegraph**

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MINUTES IN TRANSIT	
FULL-RATE	DAY LETTER

NV136 17=LONGBEACH CALIF FEB 21 1059A

DAVID W GRIFFITH=

SUITE 2265 PARK CENTRAL HOTEL 55 AND 7 AVE=

DEAR UNCLE DAVID OPERATION REVEALS MALIGNANT GROWTH RESTING AS WELL AS POSSIBLE MORE DEFINITE NEWS LATER LOVE=

RUTH.212P.

WESTERN UNION GIFT ORDERS ARE APPROPRIATE GIFTS FOR ALL OCCASIONS

Jan 6 - 30

1 - Letter from
Fox to DWG
Dec 19 - 1929 -
DWG Hollywood
Office copy to Fox
Dec 24 - 1929

D. W. GRIFFITH COLLECTION
MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY

Auntie is doing nicely - she says the Drs. + nurses are wonderful, + so is David. I feel as if I had been stabbed in the heart with a sharp knife - but I am able to keep smiling and am grateful to be well enough to go through with this.

D. W. GRIFFITH COLLECTION
MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY

Feb. 21, 1934.

Love
Little
Ruth

Dear Uncle David:

This is a blue day for us, and I hardly know how to write you. Our friend Harriet Gates is a trained nurse, so she stayed in the room and watched the operation, mother Clyde and I knew the minute she came to us that something was wrong. She told us that Auntie was alright, that is she stood the operation splendidly, but that the trouble was more serious than expected.

Dr. Sedgwick who operated with Dr. Jones told me, they found that the hard mass which had appeared to be gall stones is a malignant growth of some kind they took a specimen of it and I will send you their report as soon

as I get it, that will be in about 24 hours. If it is one kind of growth x-ray treatments will give relief, but if it proves to be cancerous then nature will have to take her course.

Truly, for your sake I'm glad you aren't here. If I could only bear the pain for her, I wouldn't mind, but its the worse Hell I've ever been in to see her suffer and to feel that we are helpless. Of course she is fortunate to have these splendid Doctors and nursing caring for her and it is a great help to know what the trouble is; we will know better how to care for her. Still it is hard to know that this is just the beginning of trouble for her.

We can't tell her, we'll have to kid her along and keep her in the dark for a while at least. When the wound heals the Doctor advises that I should do as we have been doing. Take her out in the car, keep

her interested, and cop her appetite, the growth will cause no serious trouble until it reaches a vital spot. As I understand it, it is on the gall bladder, so they were unable to remove that organ, however, it may be in good condition, I have not had a complete report yet.

The way Auntie has stood the operation is wonderful. I was with her immediately after it and she talked with me, that was 10:00 a.m. I stayed out of the room so she would rest, at 3 p.m. I went in, she said: "why don't you take off your wraps." I replied: "I'm not going to stay long, because I think you should be kept quiet." She answered back: "well you don't have to get noisy just because you remove your wraps do you? Of course I laughed, but I thought you poor Dear, you'd be plenty noisy if you knew your true condition. She dreads pain so. They give her ice water or little lumps of ice, and she says they

should have all day ice suckers. So you see what a splendid condition her mind is in now that she feels she is on the road to recovery. It was discouragement that had her down before. However we won't be too pessimestic, this may give her a great deal of relief and help in many ways. The Dr. says there is nothing in her condition to cause her loss of appetite, or her dislike for foods. Now that she thinks the cause is removed maybe she will enjoy her food again, and if she does she can build up, and be much stronger.

I've gotten a room over here because she gets so lonely at nights and I couldn't make two trips a day from Santa Ana. Just address me % the Hospital and I'll receive the mail, or you can write me at 1905 Appleton St. Long Beach, Mother is looking after Geraldine, & Geraldine is looking after the house. One of Auntie's nurses' (Harriet) looks after me when not on duty with Auntie. The rule in Cal. is 8 hrs for nurses, so we have to have three Special a day for a little while. They are lovely to auntie, have her under dope so she is not suffering.

Auntie is doing nicely - she says the Drs. + nurses are wonderful, + so is David. I feel as if I had been stabbed in the heart with a sharp knife - but I am able to keep smiling and am grateful to be well enough to go through with this.

D. W. GRIFFITH COLLECTION
MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY

Feb. 21, 1934.

Love
Little
Ruth

Dear uncle David:

This is a blue day for us, and I hardly know how to write you. Our friend Harriet Gates is a trained nurse, so she stayed in the room and watched the operation, mother Clyde and I knew the minute she came to us that something was wrong. She told us that Auntie was alright, that is she stood the operation splendidly, but that the trouble was more serious than expected.

Dr. Sedgwick who operated with Dr. Jones told me, they found that the hard mass which had appeared to be gall stones is a malignant growth of some kind, they took a specimen of it and will send you their report as soon

THE COMPANY WILL APPRECIATE SUGGESTIONS FROM ITS PATRONS CONCERNING ITS SERVICE

1201-S

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WESTERN UNION

R. B. WHITE
PRESIDENT

NEWCOMB CARLTON
CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD

J. C. WILLEVER
FIRST VICE-PRESIDENT

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Received at

NAK151 41 DL=LONGBEACH CALIF FEB 22 447P

MINUTES IN TRANSIT	
FULL-RATE	DAY LETTER

D W GRIFFITH=

PARK CENTRAL HOTEL SUITE 2265 55 ST AND 7 AVE=

DEAR UNCLE DAVID AUNTIE HAS ADENOCARCIMONA INVOLVING MYSENTERY EVERYTHING BEING DONE TO HELP HER IS HAVING SPLENDID CARE SO SORRY FOR HER AND FOR YOU HOPE SOMEONE IS STANDING BY YOU IN PLAIN ENGLISH THE TROUBLE IS CANCER LOVE AND THANKS=

LITTLE RUTH.

808P.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART LIBRARY

WESTERN UNION GIFT ORDERS ARE APPROPRIATE GIFTS FOR ALL OCCASIONS

Harriman Jones Clinic
211 Cherry Avenue
Long Beach, California

February 23,
1 9 3 4

Mr. D. W. Griffith
Suite 2265 Park Central Hotel
New York City, N. Y.

Re: Miss Ruth Griffith

Dear Sir:-

I shall attempt to send you a brief resume of our operative findings as I promised during our telephone conversation last night.

The tumor mass which was definitely palpable in the upper part of the abdomen on the right side, proved at the time of operation to be a group of lymph nodes extensively involved with cancer. The mass was about three inches in diameter and one and one-half inches thick. It was located in such an area that complete removal would have so seriously impaired the circulation to the small intestine that gangrene would have been inevitable. Therefore only a small amount of the tumor was removed for microscopic study. The microscopic examination revealed the tumor to be of a very slow growing type of cancer, which apparently originated from the ovary. The examination of the pelvic organs at the time of operation, however, revealed no gross tumor. The right ovary, however, did present a stony hard consistency but no enlargement. This condition was interpreted as a calcareous degeneration and probably means that the original site of the cancer is relatively inactive and will cause no trouble.

I feel that your sister's loss of weight is largely due to a self-imposed fast almost amounting to starvation, as I could find no physical reason for her inability to eat. X-ray examination previous to operation failed to show any obstructive lesion in the intestinal tract, and the patient herself had presented no symptoms of intestinal obstruction. The location of the tumor, however, would put a definite pull on the nerve plexus supplying the small intestine, and probably resulted in considerable discomfort and possibly a feeling of nausea. The poor nutrition of the patient and her age will keep us on the

alert to prevent any untoward complications developing. On the other hand, since definite cure cannot be anticipated and the discomfort is likely to persist, we shall not feel justified in resorting to any heroic means of stimulation purely for the sake of prolonging the patient's life a few hours or days. I believe Miss Griffith is quite in accord with this program as she has watched your sister fail rather rapidly in the past few months, and you no doubt will agree that such a program would be according to your sister's wishes. We shall do everything in our power to relieve any discomfort and keep her as happy as possible. We shall keep you informed by telegram of any definite change which occurs in her condition.

Our Clinic Staff and nurses greatly appreciated your courtesy in sending the lovely basket of flowers.

Yours very sincerely,

V. DeMott Sedgwick, M.D.

V. DeMott Sedgwick, M. D.

VDS:AL

LESLIE J. TOMPKINS
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW
116 JOHN ST., NEW YORK CITY

TELEPHONE BEEKMAN 3-6497

February 23rd, 1934.

Mr. D.W. Griffith,
Park Central Hotel,
55th St. & 7th Avenue,
New York City.

My dear Mr. Griffith:

I am sorry to learn of Mr. Banzhaf's death. That case in which the Fox people are suing the Griffith Company was restored to the calendar and I was counting on using him as a witness. He was not absolutely essential to the case, however, and I can use Mr. Klune, I think.

Miss Foord tells me that you had certain papers in Mr. Banzhaf's possession. Most certainly you ought to get them. A mere request ought to bring them to you. If you would like to have me take it up I shall be very glad indeed to make the request for you.

I have no desire to replace Woodson, but if in his absence matters arise which require the services of a lawyer I shall be very glad to serve you.

Yours very truly,

Leslie J. Tompkins

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Received at

NU90 10=LONGBEACH CALIF FEB 23 1112A

DAVID GRIFFITH=

SUITE 2265 PARK CENTRAL HOTEL 55 AND 7 AVE=

NO DEFINITE CHANGE IN CONDITION MISS GRIFFITH MAKING SATISFACTORY PROGRESS=

DR SEDGWICK

MINUTES IN TRANSIT	
FULL-RATE	DAY LETTER

WESTERN UNION GIFT ORDERS ARE APPROPRIATE GIFTS FOR ALL OCCASIONS

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Received at

NAF17 18=EB NEWYORK NY FEB 23 1025A (1934)

D W GRIFFITH=

PARK CENTRAL HOTEL 56 ST AT 7 AVE=

WE ALL SURELY EXPECT YOU AT BIOGRAPH STUDIOS THIS AFTERNOON MARY PICKFORD BEING THERE BY TWO THIRTY REGARDS=

H J YATES.1033A.

MINUTES IN TRANSIT	
FULL-RATE	DAY LETTER

D. W. GRIFFITH COLLECTION
MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY

WESTERN UNION GIFT ORDERS ARE APPROPRIATE GIFTS FOR ALL OCCASIONS

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Received at PARK CENTRAL HOTEL, N. Y.

MINUTES IN TRANSIT	
FULL-RATE	DAY LETTER

NW127 50 DL=LONGBEACH CALIF FEB 25 426P

D W GRIFFITH=

PARK CENTRAL HOTEL SUITE 2265=

DEAR UNCLE DAVID THANKS FOR CHECK AUNTIES CONDITION SEEMS GOOD BUT SUFFERS SO MUCH I WONDER IF SHE CAN LIVE UNTIL YOU ARRIVE APPRECIATES YOUR WONDERFUL CARE I AM IN HOSPITAL OFF AND ON THROUGH THE DAYS ALWAYS IN EVENING BETWEEN SEVEN AND EIGHT TRUST DOCTORS POST YOU SATISFACTORY LOVE=

LITTLE RUTH.750P.

WESTERN UNION GIFT ORDERS ARE APPROPRIATE GIFTS FOR ALL OCCASIONS

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(12)

Received at 1414 Sixth Avenue, New York

1934 FEB 26 PM 7 14

MINUTES IN TRANSIT	
FULL-RATE	DAY LETTER

NU102 9 COLLECT=LONGBEACH CALIF 26 359P

DAVID GRIFFITH= 1206

PARK CENTRAL HOTEL SUITE 2265 55 AND 7 AVE NYK=

MISS GRIFFITH WEAKER TODAY BUT APPARENTLY FAIRLY COMFORTABLE=

DR V DEMOTT SEDGWICK.

THE QUICKEST, SUREST AND SAFEST WAY TO SEND MONEY IS BY TELEGRAPH OR CABLE

LESLIE J. TOMPKINS
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW
116 JOHN ST., NEW YORK CITY

TELEPHONE BEEKMAN 3-6497

February 26th, 1934.

Mr. D. W. GRIFFITH,

To

LESLIE J. TOMPKINS, Dr.

To professional services rendered in the matter of note - D.W. Griffith to Security-First National Bank of Los Angeles, consisting of interviews, correspondence, &c.,	$100.00
Miscellaneous disbursements,	2.25
	$102.25

Thank you

RECEIVED PAYMENT,

Leslie J. Tompkins

Winchester, Ky. R. R. #2. Box 101

Feb., 28th 1934.

Dear Mrs. Oglesby:-

I have been anxious to get some data about Nancy E. Carter, but I have not been able to find her name on our Carter Family Tree, yet, but it may be there among the five thousand names.

I will continue to look for it, but thought, in the mean time, you might possibly be able to help me some.

Nancy E. Carter, married Thomas B. Oglesby, of Oldham Co., Ky. July 6th 1826.

Their daughter Mary married Jacob St. Griffith I think he was the Father of David St. G. and Misses Mattie and Wheeler Griffith.

I would also like to know who Joseph

2= Carter was? Was he the Father of Nancy E.?
Dec Joseph Carter died in Oldham Co.,
Jan., 1st 1856. I don't think she could
have been the daughter of this Joseph Carter.
Was this the Joseph Carter who married
Martha Oglesby in 1814, and one year
after her death married Mary Oglesby
Oct., 30th 1843 and had a marriage
contract bearing this date?

Please let me hear from you
at once.

Any information you can
give me, will be greatly
appreciated.

Very truly yours,

(Miss) Lucy E. Jones.

Winchester,

R. R. #2. Box 101. Ky.

Who was the Father of Nancy E. Carter?

Who was her Mother?

Did she marry Thomas B. Oglesby?

Who did Joseph Carter marry?

Was this the same Joseph Carter who married Martha Oglesby and Mary Oglesby?

Were they sisters?

Who was Martha Ellis?

Where are these people buried?

If in a family grave yard, where is it?

Are the graves marked?

Are any of them buried in La Grange Cemetery?

I am very anxious to find out something about Nancy E. Carter, especially-

D. W. GRIFFITH COLLECTION
MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY

Wood Oglesby Dear Sir, my cousin Louis want
Dave Griffith's address please leave it at Ellis
garrage for me Any Oblige Jas Baxter
have not been able to find out any thing
about Mary E baxter You call up Jesse Potts at
Brentwood, get him to give you Jas baxter
Address he might be able to tell you something
mot Ellis was J. Oglesby
Sister

THE MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY

file 2/ 134

D. W. GRIFFITH COLLECTION
MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY

Dear Sister Ruth:

I do not know whether you understood me very well over the telephone last night as I have a bad cold.

In my letters or any telegrams I have sent you I do not think I have talked about the Oglesbys, so write you the following thinking you might like to hear something about them. I meet Woodson quite often, that is as often as I meet any men, as when I go out meeting, as a rule I like to meet the gals. Don't worry; they are all nice ones.

I go up to Woodson's house at Lenox, Mass. quite often in the summertime, because he has a perfectly marverllous place. You know he has made quite a lot of money. The house must have cost from seven to eight hundred thousand dollars at least; it is 200 ft. long one way and with the wing or ell, almost as long the other way. Some of the rooms are as big as a stable - carved oak and all sorts of stuff. Yet despite its size it is quite a homey place. I always get three rooms to myself. It is a three story joint - I mean the house - and they are very fine rooms. Private baths and everything.

Woodson and I play golf together - that is, Woodson plays golf and I carry on the conversation, as I never started the game until a couple of years ago and he has been playing for 20 odd years. He gives good food and doesn't charge any board. Woodson is much as you remember him; hasn't the high hat or anything. Whatever anyone says he certainly deserves some credit. He was several times a millionaire in the good times and lost a fortune. Went right out to work and is now doing well enough to keep things going including the big house. Tells the same old stories in the same old way - some stories good, some not so good but you can't stop him telling them just the same.

Of course as you know he has three children - Leewood who is about 18 or 19; Kate, and Woodson Jr. Also I forgot to mention he has a wife - the same one. Of course

coming from Kentucky he preserves the old idea - hasn't switched. She is a darn fine looking woman and has a regular Southern accent, so they make quite a handsome family. Of course they scrap like Hell at the table, just like most of our family does or rather used to do down South, so that is nothing new.

Leewood is about as tall as I am; quite an athlete, swinging walk; can dive like a fish. (I don't exactly know whether or not a fish dives but it is just an expression); has a very fine figure. Looks good most any time but really beautiful in evening dress. About the best looking gal I ever saw on a horse, when she is in her riding costume.

They ride to the hounds up at Lenox and she's a bear cat at it. Makes a very pretty sight - horses, scarlet coats, bugles blowing, hounds baying. The only thing against it that I can see is the way they deceive the poor hounds. They run, pant, jump, and howl, spin around and gallop themselves to death trying to catch that fox -- over and over again -- and all the time "there ain't no fox to catch". It's just the drippings or scenth of a fox that some guy drags over the field, and all around, and the damfool hound never gets on to the fact it is not a real fox. Anyhow it gives the horses plenty of exercise and the same to the riders' behinds.

Woodson Jr. who is about 15, is built like a well fed truck. Very much resembles Ship, at that age, and he's a hard bird to describe. He has plenty of hair and plenty of muscles. How much brains remains to be seen. He has a strange drawl which is a sort of combination of all of the family that you knew so well. I think he would like to work if he could find any fun in it. So far I don't think he has discovered it very amusing but imagine if he got started he'd go like a tank. He has a quisical sense of humour and I think one great quality that's much like Ship had - You can't shame him out of anything. He will do something that none of the family like and at the table they all bounce invectives on his bean for a half hour or so, telling him how wrong he is, and at the end of it all, he says with great nonchalence - "Well I think I was right anyhow." Also another good quality for business or most anything else - He won't take a rebuff. Personally I find the same likeable qualities in him that I did in Ship when we used to go around so much together.

As for Kate, she is not so tall. She has coal black hair that you couldn't cut with a mowing machine; loves to ride horses, or loves to be doing something, - it don't matter what it is. Got a hand like a blacksmith

from exercise - I don't mean in its size but in its strength. Is always on the run -- a whirling dervish. And hasn't the faintest idea whether she's coming or going, falling down or jumping up and doesn't give a hoot which. Leewood is rather casual; you don't know whether she has any affection or not. But Kate - beneath her turmoil - is chuck full of it. We often get in the kitchen at night to eat a cold snack. Kate has the most fun razing me. Of course that isn't important as I have been razed by experts. But at least she gets a kick out of it.

The older Woodson and the mother give the children quite a range, according to the old ideas but I sort of eel it is right because I think at heart they are just as good, even a darn sight better than the old-fashioned kids. They have their family quarrels around the table just as they used to do in my days and Woodson bawls them out plenty, with his usual vehemence; and yet he adores the ground they walk on; in fact that's about all he thinks of - his kids. Of course he always was crazy about kids and now naturally prefers his own. Don't imagine they will ever realize how hard he has worked for them and how much he has had to go through for them; but that's nothing unusual. That's the way of the world.

Leewood had a big coming out party this Fall -- debut they call it as you know - in fact one of the biggest in New York. The papers were full of it; it was a real knockout; her pictures were in all the papers and all that sort of stuff -- ~~just like we used to do down South before we lost our money~~. And Woodson was pottering around with pictures of Leewood under his arm; in other words acting like an old ~~hen~~ Rooster with its chicken.

I am writing all this thinking you might be interested in hearing how one of Aunt Becky's boys has come up in the world. We often talk about the old times. Woodson knows all about you; I've told him all about Jim and Tom and while in business he is a dead pan Louis but when talking about the old times I've never seen him without a tear in his eye when we mention Aunt Becky. If he didn't have, incidentally, I'd feel like picking up a stick and giving him a crack on the head, because you know what a grand lady she was in the way she raised all the boys and girls. Well, in other words, Woodson has that same cold exterior that most of the Oglesbys preserved -- a hard outside, and like most of them, with a heart as big as a motor truck inside.

Little Ruth writes me often and as you know I keep right up with you. I understand you have been

getting up an affair with one of the doctors. I don't care for this at all. If there are to be any affairs carried on in this family, that's my own department. However, I've got one of the nurses watching you and if you misbehave too much I'll know all about it. Or of course, if you know any good looking nurses, tell Little Ruth or Jerry to let me know about it and we will team up. You can have your darn doctor and I'll try to grab off the nurse. Then we'll all have a _____ (I started to say something else but we'll just call it "the dickens of a time".

Willard, Monty and Albert are all doing fine and send their love. And I wrote you all this about Woodson and his family because he so often asks about you. He takes the same old clan interest that we all used to in each other's business.

With love and kisses (and you can even have a couple of hugs included) -

As ever,

Affectionately,

P. S. What do you mean by not sending me that flannel underwear that I asked you to telegraph me.

C. C. WILKENING & SON
AUTHORS' REPRESENTATIVES
65 WEST 45TH STREET
NEW YORK
BRYANT 9-1700

March 1, 1934

Dear Mr. Griffith;

This letter is to confirm a verbal agreement with Mrs. Grey that Marquis James grants an extension until Monday, March 5th, of the option held by you on the motion picture rights of "The Raven."

The understanding is that Mr. Grey is to see me on Monday.

With kindest remembrances, believe me,

Sincerely,

Lora C. Wilkening

D. W. Griffith, Esq.,
The Park Central Hotel,
Seventh Avenue & 55th St.,
New York City.

CCW-MN

MRS. EUGENE H. RAY
WEISSINGER GAULBERT
LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

Mrch 2-1934.

My dear Mr. Griffith:

Since writing you on Feburary 18th. I have found that your grand father, Captain Daniel W. Griffith, married Margaret WARK, daughter of George and Catherine Wark---- Indeed he appears to have married twice--second time Elizabeth D. ----------

If you will refer to his will (a copy of which I mailed you-probated in Shelby county in 1863) you will see he named his first son George W. and I have no doubt this was for Margaret s father--She had a brother named Jacob Wark, and of course that is where your father got his name. The first son George W. Griffith was born Jan. ~~XXI~~ 4th. 1812- while your father was not born until Oct. 13-1820- Margaret Wark, wife of Captain Daniel W. Griffith, died before 1829-for in that year he signs DEEDS with wife ELIZABETH. D. Quite a good deal of property came to Capt. Daniel W. through the WARK connection--and he purchased from that estate lands too. In Sept. 1832 he bought land from Margaret's brother, Jacob Wark.

I am just telling you this, as it may bring to mind(of your sister) some things she may have heard in her youth. And too, that you may see where the name WARK comes in to your own name.

Cordially,

Elizabeth A. Ray

years.

'BIRTH OF A NATION' IS 19 YEARS OLD TODAY

1934

Many of Its Players Are Still Active In Theater.

Hollywood, March 3 (AP)—Today is a birthday in movieland.

Nineteen years ago today the film colony's first epic, "The Birth of a Nation," had its great New York opening at a $2 top—unprecedented in that day when the screen was scarcely emerging from its nickelodeon era.

Many of the players who thrilled audiences all over the world in that film still are active on the silver screen.

The slip of a blonde girl who was the heroine—Lillian Gish—remained a film star for years until she went on the stage, and recently she has returned to films, still a star.

Henry B. Walthall, the dashing "Little Colonel," has remained before the camera, playing character roles.

May Marsh, the "Little Sister," has forsaken the screen for home and children, of which she has three, but she still plays occasional film roles.

Joseph Henabery, the "Lincoln," became a director. Raoul Walsh, the "John Wilkes Booth," for several years has been in the top ranks of the directing field. Donald Crisp, the "General Grant," now is an actor and director. Sam Degrasse and Walter Long, other characters, are on today's list of actors.

At least five of the cast are dead, including Wallace Reid, the "Strong Man."

The picture grossed between $18,000,000 and $20,000,000, and its success made David Wark Griffith foremost among film directors. Griffith is living in New York, in retirement, as far as Hollywood hears. His last film, "The Struggle," attracted little attention.

1934

YOUNG DOUG ADMITS

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Received at

NAJ103 47 DL COLLECT=LONGBEACH CALIF MAR 5 116P

D W GRIFFITH, PARK CENTRAL HOTEL=

55 ST AND 7 ST SUITE 2265=

MINUTES IN TRANSIT	
FULL-RATE	DAY LETTER

DEAR UNCLE DAVID AUNTIE REFUSES ALL NOURISHMENT IS LOSING GROUND CONDITION VERY SERIOUS STILL HAS THREE NURSES A DAY DOES NOT COMPLAIN OR WANT ANYTHING CAN PHONE ME WITHOUT I PERSON TO PERSON CALL LONGBEACH SIX EIGHT SIX THREE FOUR SIX WITHIN NEXT TWENTY FOUR HOURS LOVE=

LITTLE RUTH. 435P.

THE QUICKEST, SUREST AND SAFEST WAY TO SEND MONEY IS

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Received at PARK CENTRAL HOTEL, N. Y.

NAB157 23 DL COLLECT=LONGBEACH CALIF MAR 5 427P

MINUTES IN TRANSIT	
FULL-RATE	DAY LETTER

DAVID GRIFFITH=

55 AND 7 AVE PARK CENTRAL HOTEL SUITE 2265=

SISTER SLIGHTLY WEAKER BUT GENERAL CONDITION IS FAIR STOP

WEAKNESS DUE TO PATIENTS REFUSAL TO EAT DO NOT THINK

TELEPHONE CONVERSATION ADVISABLE=

DR V D SEDGWICK 748P

CLASS OF SERVICE DESIRED			
DOMESTIC		FOREIGN	
TELEGRAM	X	FULL RATE CABLE	
DAY LETTER		DEFERRED CABLE	
NIGHT MESSAGE		NIGHT CABLE LETTER	
NIGHT LETTER		WEEK-END CABLE LETTER	
SHIP RADIOGRAM		RADIOGRAM	

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Postal Telegraph

THE INTERNATIONAL SYSTEM

Commercial Cables | All America Cables | Mackay Radio

TELEGRAMS CABLEGRAMS RADIOGRAMS

RECEIVER'S NUMBER
CHECK
TIME FILED
STANDARD TIME

Send the following message, subject to the terms on back hereof, which are hereby agreed to

Form 3

March 7th, 1934.

SECURITY FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF LOS ANGELES

LOS ANGELES CALIFORNIA

MAILING TONIGHT AIRMAIL CHECK TO COVER PAYMENT DUE MARCH TENTH PURSUANT TO ESCROW INSTRUCTIONS DATED OCTOBER TWENTY SECOND LAST.

DAVID W. GRIFFITH

Chg 2265

March 7th, 1934.

VIA AIR MAIL

Security First National Bank of Los Angeles,
Los Angeles,
California.

Dear Sirs:

I enclose you herewith my check for Six Thousand ($6000.00) Dollars, to be applied on account of note in the sum of $29,750.00. This payment is due March 10th, 1934, and is sent pursuant to escrow instructions dated October 22nd, 1933, which escrow instructions have been signed by Mrs. Griffith and myself.

I will appreciate it if you will telegraph me when you will put this check through for collection.

Trusting this will be satisfactory, I remain,

Very truly yours,

D. W. Griffith

D. W. Griffith.

Her address:- Jones Hospital 2nd & Cherry - Long Beach Calif. Room 212.

P.S.
Auntie always speaks so highly of Alma, is so proud of ~~her~~ you, drop her a line if you can, she will appreciate it, if she is here when it comes. So praised you to the sky when telling that you were to sing for the President's birthday party.

1905 Appleton St.,
Long Beach, Calif.,
March, 8, 1934

Dear Alma and uncle Albert:

I suppose uncle David has kept you posted regarding Auntie's condition. Uncle Albert was with me, when Grandma passed on, and I surely wish he, or some of you were here now, because this is even a harder experience; and yet I'm glad for you that you are'nt here ~~you~~, it was selfish to say I wished you were ~~here~~; because I'm really glad you are all spared seeing Auntie so ill.

Maybe its harder for me, because its the first thing that has come to her that I have not been able to take off her shoulders if she wished me to. Now she seems so pitifully helpless, just a little more than a skeleton, does not take more than an ounce of nourishment a day; does not make a move without help. Physically she is just a baby, but mentally she is clear. Its a marvel to us that she remains conscious, ~~s~~ is even able to joke at times. She has to have opiates, but they do not dull her mind for any length of time; she is a very light sleeper, even with the medicine. Her night nurse will not try to read, even when she is asleep for fear the paper will rattle and waken her. Her nurses are so satisfactory, so tender and sweet, they treat her just like a baby. Auntie has always been so independent, you can't imagine how it seems to have her like this. She does'nt fear death or any thing. She thought she wanted to die, but she must be trying very hard to live; else she could not have lived as long as she has under these conditions.

The Drs. have not given her stimulants etc., because she will have to live in pain if she lives, and she suffers too much to get any enjoyment out of life. Every day is just another agony. She is very greatful for the splendid care she is having, and still enjoys having the folks, (Clyde and mother) come to see her, also appreciates letters etc.. I started this last night and have seen Auntie several times since. Your wire has come and she was very glad to here from you, you "scallow-way". She told mother you and David would be here this Spring.

~~That~~ There is'nt much that I can tell you, her condition is about the same; as we used to say with Grandma, "she is holding her own". It is 6:30 now, so I will sign off and go over to spend the evening with her.

Much love & sympathy.
"Little" Ruth

My room is just one block from the Hospital; and my phone is 686-346 if you send a wire before hand as you did today, you can always catch me. I can't set a regular time for being here, because I go to Auntie when she feels good, when she feels bad, and at such irregular times.

I905 Appleton St.,
Long Beach Calif.,
March, 8, I934.

Dear uncle David:

I'm sorry we have not made things clear to you regarding Auntie's condition. We've tried to be plain with out being too harsh. We've been playing a loosing game from the beginning. Since the operation we have had no hope of recovery for her, and no real desire for it under the conditions; because she would be in constant pain.

Every time the phone rings, I think it is a word saying that Auntie is leaving us. Mentally she remains clear, and there are times when she is quite sarcastic in a pleasant way; but physically she is just a baby. The nurses turn her over, and help her to make every move she makes, except for her hands she never makes a move with out help.

She has to have opiates, and of course she wants more than she is allowed. The Drs. have been very generous with her hypos because they have wanted her to suffer as little as possible; and since they have not expected her to live they felt they could do as they have with the medicine. She talks to the nurses of dying but has never mentioned it to me but once. At first she seemed to want to die, but it does'nt seem possible that she would continue to live as long as she has, with out a real effort on her part to do so. The night nurse says she frequently says "poor Ruth, poor Ruth", so we feel she is trying to get well for my sake. And I wish she could, but since she has to suffer I cannot wish to hold her here. She is so little, so patheticly helpless, so patient that she has every one in the Hospital sorry for her, and her nurses are wonderful. They are so gentle and tender in coaxing her to take her medicine and treatment. She likes them all,and when a friend asked if she were sorry that she had gone to the Hospital, she said "no indeed, I'm not sorry, its a regular Paradise". She has not complained once of any thing, and has not wanted to hear about her operation, so I think she knows that it was more serious than we had expected.

I had a cot put in her room so I could spend more time with her, I tried to be with her from two till eight thirty p.m. going out for a bite of supper, and when ever she fell asleep. For days every breath was a groan, and it nearly killed me to see her suffer. I made a couple of visits each morning, came home for lunch then went back; but the depression, the routine the worry was too great.

Then to see her watching, waiting, asking for her medicine, was too much, my back ached more and more, but I stayed with her trying to help pass the time till she could have her hypo. Sunday the Dr. sent me home to bed. I would'nt go till he talked with Auntie, she understood, and I came home to my room with the understanding they should send for me if she became restless, or asked for me. I had an upstairs back bed room, but the nurse and land-lady moved me down stairs, near the phone. Each day I've sent friends over to visit Auntie, Tuesday the folks took me over, and from today on I'm going to see her ever day, for as long as possible; when I leave her I'll come home and go to bed, in order to keep my back from giving out completely. You'd be busted up too if you had been here. I've never had my heart ache so in my life, and never felt so helpless; except for you I'd have gone crazy.

I've been wanting to talk to you for several days, but kept waiting, hoping I could say that we could take Auntie home. I've been anxious about the heavy expense for you; and then I had to wait because my back hurt so I could not write. To-night I took an aalonal tablet put the hot water bag on my back and am in bed writing, if my back wants to break it will just have too, because I feel you need comforting, and a Heck of a comfort this kind of a letter is; but the truth is better than suspence.

Auntie does not enjoy flowers very much, and they wilt quickly in the room, so I surprised her last week with a few drops of attar of roses, she has always said that was her favorite perfume. She really did enjoy it very much. Its so hard to do any thing forher because she never wants any thing. That's why it made me so cross for that Dr. to send me to bed; because she does want me in and out, and thanks to the rest she will be able to have me from now on. Of course we keep flowers in her room all the time and sometimes she enjoys them.

Our friend Miss Gates is with Auntie in the early evening during the hardest part of the day for her, and Auntie clings to her just like she does to me, so its really like having me with her, only better because she is able to do for her professionally. Then she makes the morning calls when I am unable to make them.

I'm sorry there was such a mix up at the Hospital tonight. I phoned over immediately after our talk, and was told that Dr. Sedgwick was out of town. so I asked Dr. Donaldson to talk with you, as both Doctors have the case. Dr. Donaldson was in the building at seven and gave me permission to have the phone put in for Auntie to talk to you. Apparently he was called out on an emergency just a minute before you called, he wrote off a report and left it for the head nurse to give to you. While you were phoning to Auntie I ran down the hall and asked Dr. Paaps to please talk with you, if he knew the case, and he said he was thoroughly famaliar with it, that was why you had to talk to Auntie first, we could'nt get in touch with a Dr. from the room. When I left the building the business manager and every one was enquiring to see if you had finally received any satisfaction.

Regarding expenses, I will need about $160 on Monday. I pay weekly.

March 12, 1934.

Mr. William Griffith,
LaGrange,
Oldham County,
Kentucky.

Dear Brother:

Enclosed you will find the usual check. I know it comes a little late this time but "Better late than Never" as the old saying goes.

I talked with Little Ruth and also to Sister Ruth the other night by Long Distance. Also talked with the doctor in charge of the case. Little Ruth had told me before and the doctor confirmed her statement, that it is abcolutely hopeless. It is only a question of hours or days. I talked to Sister Ruth and could hear her fairly distinctly and she said there was nothing she wanted. I had seen to it that she had plenty of flowers and she said there was nothing else. Strangely enough, she seemed quite calm. I had more difficulty in talking than she did. I had just bought them a new car; she only got to ride in it a few times but in talking, she said it was a nice car and that the flowers were just wonderful. Well, it is something of course that has to come to us all but I was in hopes she would have a few more years. They performed the operation on the 19th of last month and at first seemed to hold out some hope, according to the information they sent me; but I suppose they were misled too.

If you haven't already frozen, in this old-fashioned Winter, I hope you don't. Well, here is love to you both.

As ever -

RECEIVED AT

ARK CENTRAL HOTEL
Circle 7-8000

STANDARD TIME
INDICATED ON THIS MESSAGE

Postal Telegraph

THE INTERNATIONAL SYSTEM

Commercial Cables | TELEGRAMS CABLEGRAMS RADIOGRAMS | All America Cables

Mackay Radio

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DL	DAY LETTER
NL	NIGHT LETTER
NM	NIGHT MESSAGE
LCO	DEFERRED CABLE
NLT	NIGHT CABLE LETTER
WLT	WEEK END CABLE LETTER
	RADIOGRAM

Form 16

N17 51 DL COLLECT=LONGBEACH CALIF 415P MAR 13 1934

D W GRIFFITH,

PARK CENTRAL HOTEL=

DEAR UNCLE DAVID MAY WE HAVE O.E HUNDRED FIFTY DOLLARS EXPENSES MARCH FOURTH TILL TENTH AUNTIE SEEMS WEAKER SAYS TELL DAVID QUOTE I KNOW MY TRUE CONDITION ITS ALL RIGHT DONT WORRY AM READY TO GO NO ONE EVER HAD A BETTER BROTHER THANKS FOR EVERYTHING LOVE TO ALL QUOTE=

BOTH RUTHS.

805P.

Telephone Your Telegrams to **Postal Telegraph**

THE COMPANY WILL APPRECIATE SUGGESTIONS FROM ITS PATRONS CONCERNING ITS SERVICE

1201-S

CLASS OF SERVICE

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WESTERN UNION

R. B. WHITE, PRESIDENT — NEWCOMB CARLTON, CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD — J. C. WILLEVER, FIRST VICE-PRESIDENT

SIGNS

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Ship Radiogram

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Received at PARK CENTRAL HOTEL, N. Y.

NN223 49 DL XC COLLECT=SANTAANA CALIF MAR 14 630P

MINUTES IN TRANSIT — DATE | DAY LETTER

D W GRIFFITHS, PARK CENTRAL HOTEL=
55 ST AT SEVENTH=

BROUGHT AUNTIE HOME FOUR PM WAS PRETTY TIRED SEEMS EASIER NOW HAPPY TO BE HOME WITH FRIENDS AND FAMILY CASE TRANSFERRED TO DOCTOR HERE KEEPING TWO NURSES DONT WORRY UNCLE DAVID YOUR ARE MAKING HER LAST DAYS COMFORTABLE THANKS FOR CHECK HOSPITAL BILL PAID IN FULL UNCLE DAVID=
LITTLE RUTH.950P.

WESTERN UNION GIFT ORDERS ARE APPROPRIATE GIFTS FOR ALL OCCASIONS

THE COMPANY WILL APPRECIATE SUGGESTIONS FROM ITS PATRONS CONCERNING ITS SERVICE

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Received at PARK CENTRAL HOTEL, N. Y.

NF165 50 DL XC VIA QR RDD=SANTAANA CALIF 16 407P

MINUTES IN TRANSIT — FULL-RATE | DAY LETTER

WILLARD GRIFFITH=
D W GRIFFITH PARK CENTRAL HOTEL=

DEAR WILLARD AND MONTIE AM SORRY FOR UNCLE DAVID SHOULD I BE LESS FRANK IN MESSAGES AM CUTTING EXPENSES CONSIDERABLY BY BEING HOME AUNTIE IS ABOUT SAME GRATEFUL FOR SPLENDID CARE SAYS SHE WANTS TO BE BURIED AT TADOR HAVE GIVEN HER FLOWERS IN YOUR NAME THANKS FOR MESSAGE LOVE=
RUTH. 1138P

THE QUICKEST, SUREST AND SAFEST WAY TO SEND MONEY IS BY TELEGRAPH OR CABLE

Mar. 17-34.

Dear uncle David:

I've been waiting to write thinking I could use the typewriter and give you a real newsy letter, but Auntie wants me within ear shot of her so guess I'll just write a few lines while I sit here in her room.

She enjoyed your nice long letter and says your account of Woodson and family is somewhat different than what she has heard from Jim. We are glad you enjoy the family, and suggest you might borrow that red flannel

(over)

underwear from some of them.

We've turned our home into a regular Hospital and Auntie is more comfortable or at least more contented here with the family and friends. Her room is a bower of flowers and she appreciates the interest and love of our friends.

We have the phone muffled and an extension out in my room, her bed is raised high like in Hospitals, the lights are fixed the way she wants and Harriet Gates is her main nurse. Auntie says she has all other nurses beat a mile. She is a trained nurse and is supposed to be on eight hour duty — but she stays here day and night and is always at Auntie's beck and call.

D. W. GRIFFITH COLLECTION
MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY

We have a practical nurse and Auntie says she is a jewel. Our nurses seem to be "Perfection" for Auntie but they aren't the type of gals you'd go stepping out with, though you would love them with a real affection if you could see how tenderly they care for Auntie.

A policeman lives in our neighborhood, Auntie said for me to tell him she was ashamed of him for not calling on her, I told him and he came right over. When she saw him enter the room, she said: "I haven't done anything, I 'clare I haven't," and raised her arms in defense. Can you beat that for sportsmanship? You can't imagine how brave she is; and so patient. She doesn't forget a thing and is still "boss" of the home in a way. She leaves things to me, but if I

(over)

did them wrong, I'll bet she'd tell me about it. For a time she lost all interest in every thing, but now she is more like herself, she told a neighbor she couldn't bear to have Harriet, Ruth and Geraldine out of her sight, says I want to know where they are every minute of the time. Consequently I spend a great deal of time on the other bed in her room, and the rest is helping my back, but when she talks about things the way she does it ties me up in knots; and she seems happier when planning the future; she tried to take her rings off and put them on me, her poor little chin trembling and her eyes brimming with tears; I petted her and coaxed her to keep them on. Your (radio) picture and Albert's is on her dresser and we keep a bouquet of flowers between you.

D. W. GRIFFITH COLLECTION
MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY

By the way, where is Alma? And when are you really coming to Calif? In a way I'd like for you to see what a splendid soldier Auntie is, on the other hand I dread having you see her so ill, it would be too great a shock. Don't see how she can possibly live long. She has about 2 oz. of coffee a day, bacon the size of a nickle, toast the size of a dime, and some days she takes nothing except water all day long. Never complains of hunger and doesn't like to be coaxed to eat or drink.

She said today she always thought she'd live to be 85 or 6 the age of Grandma. She looks very much like Grandma, except that her hair is still black, and she never dyed it either.

I've been so worried about the heavy expense for you, I've done

(over)

every thing possible to keep the bills down, and now that we are at home we can cut down considerably. Auntie seems to have forgotten money entirely or else she has confidence in your ability to raise plenty of it, because she does not worry over her expenses one bit, (and we are glad she doesn't) she says, David wants me to have what I want and I want this, so we get it; however, she has not been at all unreasonable in her wants. has only wanted what she had to have, and has realized that except for a mighty splendid brother she would have suffered a great deal more, because she could not have afforded the splendid care that you have allowed her. I do hope you are not having to sacrifice to make it possible.

Love from all "little" Ruth

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R. B. WHITE
PRESIDENT

NEWCOMB CARLTON
CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD

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Received at PARK CENTRAL HOTEL N.Y.

NAB249 50/53 DL COLLECT XC=SANTAANA CALIF MAR 17 333P

TRANSIT

FULL-RATE	DAY LETTER

D W GRIFFITH=

PARK CENTRAL HOTEL=

WIRING YOU AT YOUR SISTERS REQUEST FEELS SHE CANNOT LEAVE RUTH UNLESS ASSURED SHE WILL BE CARED FOR FEELS YOU WILL DO SO WHILE ALIVE WONDERS IF ANNUITY IN HER NAME CAN BE MADE TO LITTLE RUTH HAS REQUESTED TWICE TO BE BURIED AT TABOR IS OTHERWISE CONTENTED PLEASE ANSWER BY WESTERNUNION=

HARRIET GATES NURSE.708P..

WESTERN UNION GIFT ORDERS ARE APPROPRIATE GIFTS FOR ALL OCCASIONS

Santa Ana, California
March-19-1934

Dear Mr. Griffith

Sitting at the bedside of your sister - She wants me to write you for her, at her dictation.

Dear David

Thank you for the wire assuring me you will always look after Ruth.

She has always been my all in all - I have left everything to her - She has taken care of everything for me and will look after Geraldine

Thank you for your loving care of me thru my life

May God bless you always, my dear brother David.

Lovingly Your
Sis Ruth

Dear Mr. Griffith

I feel I want to add a personal note enclosing it with the the one I have written you for dear Auntie

What "just a nurse" may say may not mean so much - but I have to say it just the same It has been a great joy (if you may call it :) to do and care for Auntie in her last days She has been so sweet and patient thru all these awful days and nights of pain and suffering Of course I am not a stranger to her and she is used to my ways of doing things and they please her - I am glad I am a comfort to her -

Ruth has told you how every body in the Hospital loved her

You have brot her such joy and company - I am telling by her as I write - as I do so occasionally she says something to me which I try to catch - sometimes when she is dropping off to sleep she speaks incoherently "I was - thinking what an — easy life - I — had — had." — "Only - waiting - waiting" xxx We have had many heart-to-heart talks concerning life —

Ruth has been very wonderful thru all this - She has been the greatest company to Auntie - If she is out of Auntie's sight she wants to know where Ruth is yesterday she asked me where Ruth was - We had told her but she had forgotten - I told her Clyde had taken Ruth to the Dr. - that she would be back in a few minutes - her answer was "that's alright - I just want to keep track of my fleet" Bless her heart!

She feels now that she has her "house in order" That every thing now has been attended to She feels so at ease now that you have promised to take care of Ruth financially The other day in her chats of Ruth, she asked me to look after Ruth in the way I had, trying at all times to save her, knowing her (Ruths) frailty - and when I promised Auntie I surely would then she was greatly relieved and seemed at ease on that score And I feel happy about it to think that even I could bring her comfort in my little way -

So much there is to tell you - But I close -

Very Sincerely

Harriet Gates

March 20th, 1934.

Mrs. Eugene H. Ray,
Weissinger Gaulbert,
Louisville, Ky.

Dear Mrs. Ray:

I am enclosing check for $50. as a matter of acknowledgment. You have not yet answered my letter in which I asked you to give me a businesslike plan on which you could work. As I am in and out, and busy with other things, I would like you to settle on some plan as to what your expenses might be in travelling around, and your general charges.

It would be impossible to question my sister as I have had her in a hospital out West for the last two months. The 19th of last month I had to consent to the doctors' insistence for an operation upon her. I naturally have had some very anxious weeks as recently the doctors give no hope for her recovery. It might be possible that my brother, William Griffith, who lives in LaGrange could give you some information; though I doubt this as he takes very little stock in this sort of thing. You can get him on the telephone at his house and incidentally his place is some two miles outside of LaGrange.

Will surely be here for at least two or three more weeks so kindly write me concerning your terms; then in case I have to travel again there will not be so much delay involved. If you think it necessary to go to Maryland or Virginia, please also figure out what that expense would be and let me know. The $50. enclosed is for past services and while I do not like to be insistent I really must ask for some definite figures as to what I may expect to spend for this work.

Yours sincerely,

D. W. Griffith,
Apartment 2265, Park Central Hotel.

JESSE A. LEVINSON
ATTORNEY AT LAW
67 WEST 44TH STREET
NEW YORK
TELEPHONE VANDERBILT 3-3924
CABLE ADDRESS "JESLEV" NEW YORK

March 21, 1934.

Mr. D. W. Griffith,
Park Central Hotel,
New York City.

Dear Mr. Griffith:

Apropos of our telephone conversation I have spoken to Mr. Laurilard and brought up specifically the question of a remake on "Broken Blossoms". Mr. Laurilard suggested a meeting at my office tomorrow (Thursday) at 11:15 A. M.

Will you let me know whether the time and place is convenient to you.

Faithfully yours,

JAL:RW

Jesse A. Levinson

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1201-S

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WESTERN UNION

(18)

R. B. WHITE, PRESIDENT
NEWCOMB CARLTON, CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD
J. C. WILLEVER, FIRST VICE-PRESIDENT

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Received at 955 Eighth Ave., New York

1934 MAR 22 PM 1 22

NBA172 12 COLLECT XC=SANTAANA CALIF 22 955A

D W GRIFFITH= C

PARK CENTRAL HOTEL= 1.29-7

MINUTES IN TRANSIT

FULL-RATE	DAY LETTER
27	

DEAR UNCLE DAVID DOUBT IF AUNTY LIVES THROUGH THE DAY LOVE=

RUTH.

XC EXCLUSIVE! The point of origin of this message is one of the thousands of places served exclusively by... WESTERN UNION

THE QUICKEST, SUREST AND SAFEST WAY TO SEND MONEY IS BY TELEGRAPH OR CABLE

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Received at Mar - 22

NW116 13 COLLECT XC=SANTAANA CALIF 22 736P

D W GRIFFITH=

PARK CENTRAL HOTEL=

MINUTES IN TRANSIT

FULL-RATE	DAY LETTER

DEAR UNCLE DAVID AUNTIE PASSED AWAY PEACEFULLY SEVEN FIFTEEN NO SUFFERING LOVE=

LITTLE RUTH. 1100P.

THE QUICKEST, SUREST AND SAFEST WAY TO SEND MONEY IS BY TELEGRAPH OR CABLE

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT

Form 01235
May, 1932
PRINTED IN U.S.A.

JOHN P. ROGERS
Assistant Secretary
MANAGER
HOME OFFICE
ORDINARY DEPARTMENT

In replying, please address
Ordinary Maturities JWB

NEW YORK CITY March 22, 1934

Mr. David Wark Griffith
Hotel Park Central
55th Street & 7th Avenue
New York, New York

In re: Annuity Contracts 831 AB
and 1019 AB

Dear Sir:

We were notified by the Chase National Bank that our check AB 66821 for $818.75 representing Annuity payments due you under the above numbered Annuity Contracts was certified on Sept 6th, 1933, but as yet has not been presented for payment.

Will you kindly deposit this check as soon as possible so that our records may be properly adjusted.

Yours truly,

C. P. Darling

Manager
Ordinary Maturities Section

AH

WHEN REPLYING TO THIS COMMUNICATION, BE SURE TO GIVE CORRECT POLICY NUMBER

THE COMPANY WILL APPRECIATE SUGGESTIONS FROM ITS PATRONS CONCERNING ITS SERVICE

1201-S

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WESTERN UNION

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CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD

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Received at

NAK74 60 DL XC=SANTAANA CALIF 23 1149A

MINUTES IN TRANSIT	
FULL-RATE	DAY LETTER

D W GRIFFITH=
PARK CENTRA HOTEL=

CASKET SUITABLE THREE HUNDRED SEVENTY THREE DOLLARS TICKETS IF IM ACCOMPANIED THREE FIFTY NURSES ONE HUNDRED TOTAL EIGHT TWENTY SIX JERRY INEXPERIENCED SUGGEST MOTHER ACCOMPANIES ME COULD SEE SISTERS WHO SHE HAS NOT SEEN IN TWENTY YEARS CAN COME ALONE IF NECESSARY LEAVE HERE CALIFORNIA LIMITED SATURDAY FOUR FORTY THREE PM ARRIVE WORTHVILLE EIGHT FORTY TUESDAY PM VIA STLOUIS LOVE=

LITTLE RUTH.

It is hereby contemplated that the amount which David W. Griffith is entitled to receive from and after the date hereof and in addition to any moneys heretofore paid him from the ~~sale~~ Edgewater Point property has been calculated, ~~and~~ ascertained ~~to be~~ and is hereby fixed and agreed to be

$29,000.00

Dated New York, Mch 23-1934

$6000
2
70.00
120.000

150.000
120.000
29.000

Buckner, Ky.,
March 23, 1934

Dear Uncle David: —

Just received the sad news and am sure sorry aunt Ruth is gone, but she was not afraid of death and dreaded suffering so, guess it is best. So glad she got to go home first, will sure miss hearing from her.

You sure can feel you did everything possible for her and I imagine that is a comfort I know she appreciated your care so much.

Cousin Will says you are bringing her to Mt. Tabor. Do you want to bring her to my house? My house is small as you know, but I will gladly do all I can & believe if you go to any of the homes, this will be most convenient as folks at Cousin Wills' are so crowded.

Bruce & I will do anything to help we can so let us hear from you.

Your loving niece
Marie G. Duncan

THE PULLMAN COMPANY

OFFICE 7-13 FORM 100-5

PASSENGER'S CHECK—To identify accommodations purchased.

NEW YORK, N. Y.

To B K 75

Accommodations ..... Car .....

Line No. ..... Via ..... R.R.

973

1 2 3 Persons

Property taken into car will be entirely at owner's risk

Hotel Seelbach

LOUISVILLE, KY.

Peter + Burghard

309 W Jefferson

Jackson - 5531

MW Morse

Cincinnati

2204

D. W. GRIFFITH COLLECTION
MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY

THE COMPANY WILL APPRECIATE SUGGESTIONS FROM ITS PATRONS CONCERNING ITS SERVICE

1201-S

CLASS OF SERVICE

This is a full-rate Telegram or Cablegram unless its deferred character is indicated by a suitable sign above or preceding the address.

WESTERN UNION (39)

R. B. WHITE, PRESIDENT
NEWCOMB CARLTON, CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD
J. C. WILLEVER, FIRST VICE-PRESIDENT

SIGNS

DL = Day Letter
NM = Night Message
NL = Night Letter
LC = Deferred Cable
NLT = Cable Night Letter
Ship Radiogram

The filing time as shown in the date line on full-rate telegrams and day letters, and the time of receipt at destination as shown on all messages, is STANDARD TIME.

Received at 405-407-409 West Market St. (Near 4th Ave.), Louisville

1934 MAR 28 PM 10 39

NA329 13 NM=XA NEWYORK NY 28

MINUTES IN TRANSIT

FULL-RATE	DAY LETTER

D W GRIFFITH=

HOTEL SEELBACK LVILLE=

IN THE HOUR OF YOUR BEREAVEMENT WE EXTEND TO YOU OUR DEEPEST SYMPATHY=

NAOMI & JACOB COLE.

THE QUICKEST, SUREST AND SAFEST WAY TO SEND MONEY IS BY TELEGRAPH OR CABLE

THE COMPANY WILL APPRECIATE SUGGESTIONS FROM ITS PATRONS CONCERNING ITS SERVICE

1201-S

CLASS OF SERVICE

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WESTERN UNION (03)

R. B. WHITE, PRESIDENT
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Received at 405-407-409 West Market St. (Near 4th Ave.), Louisville

1934 MAR 29 AM 7 04

CB51 10=NEWYORK NY 29 751A

MINUTES IN TRANSIT

FULL-RATE	DAY LETTER
13	

D W GRIFFITH=

HOTEL SEELBACH LVILLE=

WE OFFER DEEPEST SYMPATHY TO YOU AND YOUR DEAR PEOPLE=

VALDA AND BILL.

THE QUICKEST, SUREST AND SAFEST WAY TO SEND MONEY IS BY TELEGRAPH OR CABLE

Louisville, Kentucky,
March 24th. 1934.

Dear Mr. Griffith:

Your letter came yesterday while I was in LaGrange, going over those old marriage bonds, hoping to find from them some suggestion of who Nancy E. Carter's father was. I came in late and found yours. I am so sorry to hear of the illness of your sister--and wish it could be different. Sorry to for you and the anxious hours you have spent.

You are correct- I am not a very business like person- and if it had not been for the last few years depression- I would not even try to be now. I dislike that part of genealogical work--but you are correct-we must come to a definiate arrangement.

In January you sent a check for $ 25.00- and as I told you in my last letter, I devoted that full amount(and perhaps some more) to going to Oldham, Shelby, Henry etc.etc. counties-hoping to get the material to begin real work on--I charged nothing for my time then-----after that letter I have kept on- have read every thing I could get in Filson Club, the Public Library on that part of Virginia, Maryland and Kentucky where I felt your families might have been-have kept no account of the hours--but if it is agreeable to you- we will call the $ 25.00 and the $ 50.00 you sent yesterday, payment in full for my time, trips, and what copies(certified) I have had to get from the County Clerks. Is that fair?

As I told you in my last, all work of this kind is done by the hour- Genealogists here charge $ 1.00 per hour(in the east they charge much more) I dislike that, because we search so often for hours and find nothing- those who do not understand, think the charges run up terribly- and they do-I never charge for the full number of hours-because I do not work by the clock- I work some times from nine in the morning until dinner time(five or six) then after that until the Library closes at night(nine oclock) I do charge for six hours a day- and the rest of the time I put in for good measure and because I love the work and become so deeply interested in every ones problems that I want to go on until the thing works out. Kind of a GIZ-SAW you see.

Now suppose you allow me to go on here(one or two more counties I may find leads in) until time to go east(when there are deduced rates, as I told-you you of) with another $ 50.00 which will cover trips, my time etc. Is that fair you think?

Then when it comes to Virginia and Maryland--the families went from

from county to county-northern part of both Virginia(now West Va.) and Maryland and only county records tell the story-no use to write letters- clerks will not even look in the index for a name wthout a check- then if what one wants is there- they make a charge for copies--writing letters is hopeless. It will take me some time,and I will be giving you the Griffith,Oglesby,Wark Carter and what other lines I find-- say we make the trip and my enarges,every thing for about $ 300.00--- and that is reasonable indeed-if we could go to a book,or record,in one or two places and find the family written up,giving dates and the necessary information,it would be a different thing-- but it means a lot of hard work,reading faded old records,not indexed,not even alphabetically arranged(many times) and then on to some other county-I dont think I could find what we need in less than three or perhaps four weeks- and that means working every day at it--of course some time is taken up in going from one to the other state or place--but by waiting a few weeks longer,when reduced rates go on, I am willing to say $ 300.00 to cover every thing. Now do you think I have made myself a little clear? Another $ 50.00 for a few little trips here in Ky. my time and what certified copies we need- and with the first $ 25.00 you sent and the $ 50.00 yesterday we will say that is payment in full for everything since you write me in January(15th.) that is about two and a half months work for $ 125.00- and I think you will agree that is pretty fair. Then $ 300.00 for a trip trip into Va. and Maryland,everything. And you remember it is not one family I am working on but Carter,Griffith,Wark,Oglesby and others if we find them. There is much detail,and I should like to tell you of it- but unless you say for me to do so,I will not because it may bore you.

Hoping to hear at your convenience and very much hoping your sister is improving and will soon be in better health,I am

Cordially,

Elizabeth A. Ray.

(Mrs. Eugene H.)

Questions which if you can not answer please send to your sister in Cali. and request her to answer all she possibly can.Thank you.

Questions.

Do you know of an old family Bible any where,either Griffith or Carter_____

_____

Full name of Capt.Danile W. Griffith's wife?_____

Do you have any idea when she was born or died?_____

_____

Do you have any idea when or where Capt. Daniel was married?_____

_____

Birth date of your mother?_____

Date of her death_____(I really do need this)

Did you ever go with your mother to the grave of her father Thomas B. Oglesby?_____ where was it?_____

In one letter you mention "the remaining Mallory family"____ please tell me full names of any of these and where they are living-or where they did live?_____

To which family were they related,Griffith,Carter or Oglesby?_____

Since my last letter I have found that your grand father Capt. Daniel W. Griffith served in the War of 1812, in the Humphrey Company, Riflemen, Virginia Militia- in 1812-- he was then living in northern Va. what is now West Virginia-- in 1836 he was a resident of northern Maryland---his wife(first wife) was as I wrote you, Margaret Wark---------- ---Now I have found that Margaret Wark's parents were GEORGE WARK, wife CATHERINE--------- they too were in Virginia for a time. Margaret named her first child, who was your uncle (brother of your father) GEORGE W. GRIFFITH, born Jan. 4- 1812--that GEORGE W. was for her father. She had a brother named JACOB WARK, and she named her son, your father for him

Oglesby.

Your grand father, Thomas Oglesby, was the son of the Hon. Micajah Oglesby who was in Virginia first and during the Revolutionary war-- these went into North Carolina-then took up thousand acres of land in Kentucky--He was a man of much importance-died in N.C. leaving a large family- much land and many slaves. Your grand father Thomas Oglesby(as I wrote you) was married three times- and died here in Ky. in 1863 during the War between the states. I have a very great deal on the Oglesby family- and you may well be proud of it- I have Hon. Micajah Oglesby(with but a few links) back to Sir. Oglesby the first of this titled family to come into America.

Carter.

I am really puzzled--- Nancy E. Carter-lived(I believe) with her brother Jos. in Ky. before her marriage to Thomas Oglesby in 1826- for at that time she was over 21 years and even the old marriage bond does not mention her father-I have two other counties where there were Carter descendants- and may get her father there. This Carter family traces to King Carter the famous family by that name in Virginia, and when once I get the name of Nancy's father it will not take lon to finish up the broken links.

This contract is subject to the approval of The Peter and Burghard

No lettering other than written in this contract will be engraved on the memorial. Any additional lettering to be engraved there-on at any future date will be charged for extra.

Peter and Burghard Stone Co.

Incorporated

Mar 30 1934

The undersigned has this day purchased from the Peter and Burghard Stone Company of Louisville, Kentucky, the following described monumental work.

One Barre Granite One
Marker x 8 Posts

To be inscribed as follows: *Design No.* 2 Duke

GRIFFITH
Letter G
on Posts
Replace
Slab

Ins to be sent in

The undersigned has read the above inscription carefully and found it to be correct.

All of which shall be executed in a workmanlike and artistic manner and delivered to Mt Tabor *Cemetery. Town of* _____

About June 1 *Next, unless unforeseen causes prevent, and then within a reasonable time thereafter. In consideration of and for fulfilment of the above the undersigned agrees to pay the Peter and Burghard Stone Co. the sum of* Seven Hundred Sixty *Dollars*

No Discount will be allowed

On completion and delivery of said work Cash *with interest after due.*

A deposit of fifty per cent of the purchase price is required when contract is signed.

It is hereby agreed that the Peter and Burghard Stone Co. shall retain full ownership of said monumental work until full purchase price has been paid. In the event that the undersigned shall fail to pay the full amount of the purchase price as mentioned in this contract, then the Peter and Burghard Stone Co. shall have the right to enter upon the lot or grave, where said monumental work has been erected and remove said monumental work therefrom.

In signing this contract the undersigned acknowledges receipt of one copy of the contract, and accepts all of it's terms and conditions, as stated herein.

Sold by _____ *Purchaser's Signature* _____

Park Ave Hotel

New York, **March 30th, 1934.**

GEHLERT & NESLAGE
FUNERAL DIRECTORS

156 LARCHMONT AVE.
LARCHMONT, N. Y.
PHONE 756 LARCHMONT

77 EAST 125TH STREET
NEW YORK CHAPEL
PHONE HARLEM 7-0462

EDW. GEHLERT & SON, SINCE 1879

To Funeral Expenses of **Mr. Albert H. T. Banzhaf.**

$426.00

Received Payment With thanks
By J. E. Gehlert Gehlert & Neslage

This statement is sent promptly for examination and not as a demand for immediate payment. If any errors appear, please report at once, or it will be taken for granted that it is correct.

Mrs. Grace C. Banzhaf,
155 Woodbine Avenue,
Larchmont, N.Y.

1934 Feb 19th	To funeral services with- Steel grey embossed plush casket antique silver handles, name plate engraved, upholstered complete. Preservation of remains. Hearse to Ferncliff Crematory. Limousine and Floral car to Ferncliff Crematory. Service-Cash expense and etc Pallbearers. Advertisement-Herald-Tribune. As per agreement- - - - - - - -	276	00
	Service and expense Ferncliff Crematory.	150	00
		$426	00

"THORNLEDGE"
55 WOODBINE AVENUE
LARCHMONT, N. Y.

Dear Mr. Griffith,

Your conversation with me over the phone the night Mr. Barnhart died made me realize how much you cared for him, and truly wish that he might have known of your kind offer to defray his funeral expenses.

He had always been so true and loyal to you, that this generous act on your part,

touched me very deeply.

He loved you and served you as long as you felt you needed him, and I am so glad you wanted to do this in his memory.

In heartfelt appreciation,

Sam.

Sincerely,

Grace C. Barnhart

(Mrs Albert H. B.)

March thirtieth.

"THORNLEDGE"
55 WOODBINE AVENUE
LARCHMONT, N. Y.

March 30/34

My dear Dr. Griffith,

This will introduce to you Mr J. E. Gehlert who had charge of Mr. Barnhart's funeral and who comes to you with his bill, which you asked me to send you.

Thanking you for giving him your attention, I am

Sincerely

Grace C. Barnhart

(Mrs Albert H. B.)

Louisville Courier-Journal

FRIDAY MORNING, MARCH 30, 1934.

SISTER'S FUNERAL BRINGS GRIFFITH TO BOYHOOD HOME

(Continued from First Page.)

can claim public attention, and properly so," he said.

Mr. Griffith had telegrams of sympathy on the death of "Sister Ruth," from Mary Pickford, Lillian Gish and her mother, Dorothy Gish and other stars associated with him in the earlier part of his quarter-century as a director.

For the production of "The Birth of a Nation," the epoch-making picture that was shown in all countries with gross earnings of $14,800,000, Mr. Griffith said he wants "no special credit." The remarkable part of the picture, he says, was its "run," which has never been duplicated or approached, except by "Way Down East," termed by the director the "last to make good everywhere."

Mr. Griffith recalled his "Dream Street," shown in New York in 1922, employing the Kelum process with booth control for voice reproduction, was the first "talking picture." The producers "in their hurry to grab the dough nearly ruined the picture industry," in the early days of talking pictures, he asserted.

The stage now contributes the most essential material for picture-making, that of acting, he believes. "Nobody," he said, "can make a picture with nothing but a pretty face, nowadays. It takes acting, like that of Helen Hayes, Marie Dressler, the Barrymores and the Berrys."

TARIFF BILL

(Continued

subject to Sena
all treaties tod
additional Con
fought bitterly
expected, to pr
bate in the Sen

HEINZ

the conference late last night
rotest against elimination of the
ent wage differential they had
yed over the Pittsburgh district.
he smokeless Appalachian opera-
from southern West Virginia had
n bargaining separately with the
ted Mine Workers, but they, too,
ke off their negotiations last
ht.

More than 300,000 miners benefit
the action of the conference,
ich many operators said signalled
e death of the eight-hour day in
e Nation's soft coal industry.

Coal operators predicted that in-
eased costs aggregating more than
5,000,000 would be levied upon
nsumers during the coming year
s a result of adoption of the seven-
our day and higher wages.

EGG DYE IS CAUSE OF SERIOUS ILLNESS

Dye used on an Easter egg eaten by Alice Spalding, 7 years old, 621 West Magnolia Avenue, was believed by City Hospital physicians to have caused the illness for which she was admitted to the hospital at 11:20 o'clock Thursday night. Her condition was described as serious.

TWO MEN ROB FARMER.

Damon Elliott, Bonnieville, Ky., a farmer, who arrived in Louisville Thursday night with a load of potatoes, notified police that three men robbed him of $2 on Jefferson Street, near Floyd Street, at 11:25 o'clock.

The men accosted him and suggested that he "chip in" some money for whisky, but he told them: "I can't afford it; I only have $2," he said. Counting him out of the proposed whisky partnership, one of the men pointed a pistol at him and took the $2.

seeker and the humorists naturally look to Washington for news, but the youth of America look to "Rabbit" and "Babe," and if anybody reading this has to ask who "Rabbit" is, then you should be made to show your citizenship papers.

Yours, WILL ROGERS.

former pupil, in the summer of 1931, but the marriage was not announced until December of that year.

Dr. Ely has taught economics for many years. Woodrow Wilson was one of his students. The Elys live in Radburn, N. J.

Sister's Funeral Brings Famous D. W. Griffith to Boyhood Home

Movie Producer Was Born On Farm Near Crestwood; Worked In City.

David Wark Griffith, the motion picture producer, came "back home" Thursday, for the funeral of his sister, Miss Virginia Ruth Griffith, who died in California March 22. With other members of his family from California, he attended the burial in Mt. Tabor Cemetery, Crestwood, near the Griffith homestead.

Accompanying the body from Santa Ana, Calif., were Mr. Griffith, his brother, Albert Griffith; a niece, Miss Ruth Griffith, and a sister-in-law, Mrs. C. B. Calhoun.

Reviewing bits of his boyhood in Oldham and Shelby Counties, his few years in Louisville preceding his becoming an actor and his pioneering in motion pictures, Mr. Griffith Thursday night at The Seelbach resasserted his attachment for Kentucky. Born and reared on a farm near Crestwood, coming to Louisville when he was 17 years old and working for a time as a reporter for The Courier-Journal where his brother, Jacob, was a typesetter, it was here he started on the stage.

A pioneer in the use of such technical principles of the motion picture art as the close-up, the flash-back, soft-focus photography, realism and poetic composition, Mr. Griffith nevertheless asserts "Nobody is interested in directors." "It is only the birds and birdesses of the screen that

(Continued on Page 12.)

Ask Me Another

1—Who was voted the National League's most valuable player last season?
2—Who wrote "Ethan Frome"?
3—What are woodwinds?
4—What is the capital of North Carolina?
5—What is the plural of "bijou"?

Answers to today's "Ask Me Another" are on the back page.

The Courier-Journal Offers a Booklet On the Presidents

An authoritative sketch of each President and every mistress of the White House, with a contemporary photograph of each, is in The Courier-Journal President's Booklet. Here are the historical highlights of every Administration, rich in personal anecdote and human interest. Students will find in this booklet a compact survey of American history from the foundation of the Union. The section on President Franklin D. Roosevelt brings the story up to 1934. The cover is in two colors, with a recent photograph of the White House.

Every household should have a copy of this expertly prepared handbook of American history. Inclose 10 cents to cover cost, postage and handling. Use this coupon.

The Courier-Journal
Information Bureau,
Frederic J. Haskin, Director,
Washington, D. C.

I inclose herewith 10 cents in coin (carefully wrapped) for a copy of The Courier-Journal booklet, "Presidents and Their Wives."

Name_____

Street _____

City _____

State_____

(Mail to Washington, D. C.)

Tomato Sauce and Pork

Tomato Sauce without Pork (Vegetarian Style)

Indeed they would! And they *can* have them. *Quick,* in a jiffy, any *safely,* without any worry on your part about healthfulness or purity.

Let us reassure you about Heinz Oven-Baked Beans:

Louisville Herald-Post

ald-Post

PAGES 13 to 24
CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING

Y EVENING, MARCH 30, 1934

PASSOVER FEAST BEGINS TONIGHT

Jewish Religious Rites Last 7 and 8 Days.

Celebration of the Feast of the Passover begins at sundown tonight with an elaborate dinner known as the "Seder." It will be celebrated for seven days by Reform groups and for eight days by Orthodox. Only unleavened bread is to be eaten.

The festival dates back to early times in Palestine, when it marked the arrival of spring and the harvest of the barley crop.

Later the feast became identified with the deliverance of the Children of Israel from Egyptian bondage under the leadership of Moses. Leaders declared the festival to be of special significance this year in view of a continued struggle against oppression.

More than 70,000 foreign and counterfeit coins were placed in telephone boxes and automatic stamp machines in England last year.

STARS OF PICTURES CONDOLE GRIFFITH

Telegrams of sympathy were received by David Wark Griffith, motion picture producer, from many of his former stars when Mr. Griffith returned to his home near Crestwood for the funeral of his sister, Miss Virginia Ruth Griffith, who died in California on March 22.

Mr. Griffith had wires from Mary Pickford, Lillian Gish, Dorothy Gish and many other actors and actresses who worked under his direction in the earlier part of the twenty-five years he spent in the industry.

With other members of his family from California, the director attended the burial of his sister in Mt. Tabor Cemetery, Crestwood, near the Griffith homestead.

Members of the family who accompanied the body from the coast were Mr. Griffith; his brother, Albert Griffith; a niece, Miss Ruth Griffith, and a sister-in-law, Mrs. C. B. Calhoun.

AUTOIST HELD AS "DRUNK."

Elias Tunget, 43, of 3612 Mississippi Avenue, was fined $10 and fifteen days in jail when arraigned in Police Court today. Police testified Tunget was drunk when a motor van he was driving, collided head-on with a street car on Jefferson Street, near Hancock Street, early this morning. All escaped injury.

EXALL STORES — FREE CITY DELIVERY

Taylor's
HOME FOLKS DRUG STORES
4th and Chestnut WAbash 4165
3d and Jefferson WAbash 1625
4th and Market JAckson 8661
4th and Oak JAckson 4512

All sundry merchandise and ★ prices in last week's Anniversary Ad are in effect this Friday and Saturday

2 Days Friday Saturday Taylor's
Anniversary Celebration

Guaranteed Alarm Clocks
Octobelle, Square, Hollywood
84c

69c

AKER
55c

69c

Do not fail to take advantage of the superlative values offered in every department of the Taylor Stores, for they present savings that may never come again. Remember—you can phone the Taylor Drug Stores for anything you need. There are hundreds of bargains that space prevents us featuring here, and it will pay you to visit the Taylor Drug Stores tonight and tomorrow. Remember—if you can't come, we fill phone orders.

Easter candies, Easter perfumes, Easter smokes, fine liquors and wines, spring housecleaning needs, and thousands of other things at decidedly cut prices. It pays to buy at Taylor's.

Today and tomorrow are the last two days of the 55th anniversary sale. Prices go up, back to normal, Sunday.

FILMS DEVELOPED Any size roll 10c
Printing at Low Prices.

75c TOBACCO POUCH Zipper type 49c

Water Bottles or Syringes 39c
A Real 79c Quality

S Milk of Magnesia 50c Size 34c
Nujol $1.00 Size 63c
00 79c Bayer Aspirin Tablets 100's 57c

RECEIVED AT
PARK CENTRAL HOTEL
STANDARD TIME
INDICATED ON THIS MESSAGE

Postal Telegraph

THE INTERNATIONAL SYSTEM

Commercial Cables | All America Cables | Mackay Radio

TELEGRAMS CABLEGRAMS RADIOGRAMS

This is a full rate Telegram, Cablegram or Radiogram unless otherwise indicated by signal in the check or in the address.

DL	DAY LETTER
NL	NIGHT LETTER
NM	NIGHT MESSAGE
LCO	DEFERRED CABLE
NLT	NIGHT CABLE LETTER
WLT	WEEK END CABLE LETTER
	RADIOGRAM

Form 16

NA13 49 DL COLLECT=TD LONGBEACH CALIF 533P

D W GRIFFITH,

PARK CENTRAL HOTEL=

NYC=

DEAR UNCLE DAVID AM NEEDING MONEY PAY HOSPITAL SIX HUNDRED TWENTY AVERAGE WEEKLY EXPENSE ONE HUNDRED SEVENTY CAN REDUCE ABOUT FORTY DOLLARS WITH PRACTICAL NURSING INSTEAD OF TRAIN IF PREFERRED ADDRESS NINETEEN OUGHT FIVE APPLETON STREET LONGBEACH PHONE SIX EIGHT SIX THREE FOUR SIX AUNTIE ABOUT SAME LOVE=

LITTLE RUTH.

920P.

Telephone Your Telegrams to **Postal Telegraph**

1207-A

CLASS OF SERVICE DESIRED			
DOMESTIC		CABLE	
TELEGRAM		FULL RATE	
DAY LETTER		DEFERRED	
NIGHT MESSAGE	✓	NIGHT LETTER	
NIGHT LETTER		SHIP RADIOGRAM	

Patrons should check class of service desired; otherwise message will be transmitted as a full-rate communication.

WESTERN UNION

R. B. WHITE, PRESIDENT
NEWCOMB CARLTON, CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD
J. C. WILLEVER, FIRST VICE-PRESIDENT

CHECK
ACCT'G INFMN.
TIME FILED

Send the following message, subject to the terms on back hereof, which are hereby agreed to

March 19 34

To Miss Ruth Griffith

Street and No. Jones Clinic Hospital

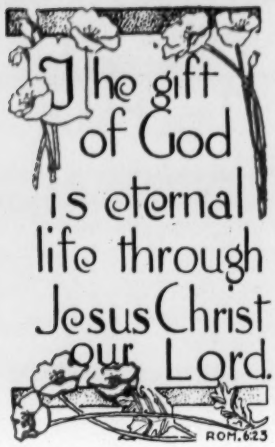
Place Long Beach California

Dont understand why you havent answered my letter stop Guess I will have to forgive you stop You know everybody always said we looked more alike than any other two in the family stop Of course the fact of my looking like you may have held me back a lot but I dont hold it against you stop But perhaps also that fact made us understand each other better than any of the others in the family stop How about it old girl stop. Hope to see you soon as I expect to come out there in the spring about

Sender's address for reference: 141 East 44 NYC

WESTERN UNION GIFT ORDERS ARE APPROPRIATE GIFTS FOR ALL OCCASIONS.

Sender's telephone number: Mu. 2-8595



To Mr. David Wade Griffith –
Expressing our sympathy and
our appreciation of your kindness
that we are your guests today.
We appreciated "Miss Ruth" and
loved her as a sister in the Lord.

Christine Goldsborough,
Charlotte M. Kerlin
Mrs. Will Prewitt.
Mrs Maud Kerlin Wolfe.
Mrs Margaret Kerlin Saudiger

Mrs Lila Brown.

Daughters of The Confederacy
Santa Ana .
Calif .

With Best love
to "Auntie"
from
Your three Faithfuls
Amy, Grace & Harriet

Flowerland

Two Stores
SYCAMORE AT WASHINGTON
510 BROADWAY
SANTA ANA, CALIF.
Member F. T. D.

TO Griffiths service

spray of carnations

CARD ENCLOSED

To Miss Ruth Griffith
Harrell + Brown

CARD ENCLOSED

Deepest Sympathy
Mrs Donald's Sunday
School Class.
Spurgeon Memorial Church.

With Love and Sympathy
Mr and Mrs.
Earl Butler.
Marguerite + Earl

Phone 2298-W
WOLLASTON
Nursery & Flower Shop
Flowers for Every Occasion
2025 No. Main Santa Ana

Name Griffith

Address

With Love and Sympathy
Mr and Mrs.
Bruce Duncan
Marie + Bruce

HAROLD FLATTO
COUNSELLOR AT LAW
261 BROADWAY
NEW YORK

TELEPHONE BARCLAY 4565

April 4, 1934.

Mr. David W. Griffith,,
Park Central Hotel,
7th Avenue and 55th Street,
New York City.

Dear Sir:

In 1921 while you were producing the picture "Orphans of the Storm", one of your employees, Alice Marin, was injured in the making of one of the scenes. You will doubtless recall, Miss Marin, at the time of the accident, was leading a crowd of men and women in a scene in which the storming of the Bastille was being portrayed, and at the time, fell down the parapet or rampart.

The case was brought up in the Workmen's Compensation Department, but was disallowed because of the fact that she did not produce testimony showing how this accident happened and other evidence showing the character of the work performed by her before and after the accident.

This case is about to be reopened before the Labor Department, and it is essential that witnesses be procured to testify as to the happening of the accident and also as to the type of work done by Alice Marin and her inability to perform satisfactory work after the accident. Miss Marin advises me that you were present at the time of the accident and would make an invaluable witness on her behalf. A substantial amount is involved, and without your help, Miss Marin may find it impossible to produce necessary evidence.

I will therefore appreciate your communicating with me at your earliest convenience upon receipt of this letter, so that I may talk to you a few minutes to see if I cannot enlist your aid in having Miss Marin recover from the insurance company compensation that is justly due her.

Yours very truly,

Harold Flatto

HF:FB

TELEPHONE CENTRAL 9251

Federal Life Insurance Company

ISAAC MILLER HAMILTON
PRESIDENT
168 NORTH MICHIGAN AVE.
CHICAGO.

L. D. CAVANAUGH
Executive Vice-President and Actuary
C. SHENK
Assistant Secretary

A. R. THOMPSON
Secretary and Associate Actuary
E. JENSEN
Assistant Secretary

April 6th, 1934

Mr. David Wark Griffith
Suite 502, 729 Seventh Avenue
New York, New York

Dear Mr. Griffith:

In checking our records we find that Policy INC 20038 lapsed on October 13th, 1932. However, you have not forwarded to this office Premium Reduction Coupons #1, #2 and #3 for payment. You are entitled to the amount represented by these coupons and if you will clip same and forward them to this office we shall be glad to send you our check in the amount of $77.88 in payment of these three coupons plus interest at 4% compounded annually.

We trust you will promptly take care of this matter, and thanking you for past favors, we are

Yours very truly,

A. R. Thompson
Secretary

MW/IB

THE COMPANY'S BUILDING

little something---also send your Filson card signed etc.etc. right away- they are to print a list of the membership in a week or so- and I want your name in the list.We are soon to celebrate our fiftieth birthday and this list of members is being gotten ready for that- another list may n ot be printed soon.

Mr.Griffith,if there is anything I can attend to here for you,especially concerning that monument,the graves at Mt.Tabor,or anything of that kind,please do let me know and it will give me a great deal of pleasure to do so.Perhaps you would like to send me a copy of the inscri tions you wish placed on the monument,and have we see that it is done as you wish it to be? if so let me know and I will be so glad to attend to it.

Do let me have that inventory and the Filson Club card at your earliest possible convenience.Thank you-and I will write again after my visit to LaGrange.

Cordially,

Elizabeth A. Ray

D. W. GRIFFITH COLLECTION
MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY

MRS. EUGENE H. RAY
WEISSINGER GAULBERT
LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

April 8-1934.

Dear Mr. Griffith:

I have made a trip to Frankfort, Ky. to the Adjutant General's Office and find the article in both Kerr's History of Kentucky and Orphant Brigade, concerning your father are true. Inclosed are copies of both. I also met the Assistant in the Confederate Pension office who was there under Capt. Stone and who heard him say these very same things. Capt. Stone served with Col. Griffith and this person is willing to swear she heard Capt. Stone say these things. So I hope you feel more comfortable about it all.

I also found in the office (or Library) at Frankfort things that made me more convinced than ever that Capt. Daniel W. Griffith, descended from Bishop David Griffith-because of certain settlements of lands-that too going back to Virginia. The Bishop was Gen. Washington's Rector in Alexandria, Va.

I have been to Shelbyville, since you were here but can find nothing more of the Carter family there than we already had-- am going to LaGrange this week in another attempt-have heard of some old people who may give me a lead--then there may be some old record in the Courthouse that I have not seen-will make every effort to get all at this end of the road before I go east.

May I ask you to return me that copy of the inventory of Capt. Daniel W. Griffith's estate? there may be some names, places or something that would suggest a

423 Sahoma Ave.,
Norman, Okla.,
April 9, 1934.

Dear Mr Griffith:

Sit back and relax — there is no touch forthcoming. We haven't made a million yet but it looks like we might get along pretty well after we get established anyway I'm getting sunburned and Monte doesn't have to use as much rouge since she's been exposed to the Oklahoma sun.

The place we spoke about in Poteau wasn't so hot after a personal inspection but fortunately we found just the thing in this town, Norman, where Monte's half-sister lives. It is a university town — quite up-to-date - with a lot of rich janes who spend money

trying to out-do each other.
So I think Monte will do
all right here and there are
opportunities whereby I hope
to profit also. (No reference to said
pranks.

The place in Potlatch
that we first spotted of
wanted us — besides the $750 — ~~—~~
to assume quite a large
indebtedness. This I know
you wouldn't want us to do.
Certainly I didn't. This looks
like a much better bet anyway.

We both want to apologize
for not inquiring after Aunt Ruth
before this but ~~—~~ because of
having to pass up the Potlatch
deal and come down here
we've been very busy attending
to all the little odds and
ends attendant upon getting
started. However we both
hope that Aunt Ruth is
well on the road to recovery

if not entirely well.

Will keep you posted as to how we are progressing. We have high hopes for the future.

Monte sends her very best wishes and hopes to be able to make you a loan of at least a million by Christmas - get this straight - she means to loan you a million.

Hope you are able to play a little golf now. You sure could play plenty here. It seems to be the middle of summer.

more later

Willard

See following page.

P.S. In the letters piled up in your drawer there were three or four pertaining to the Griffith Corporation that should be turned over to Mr Oglesby if you haven't already done so, particularly one from the State of Maryland inquiring about the status of the corporation.

also I noticed that there was a safe deposit box in somebody or others name that Mr Banzhaf had been handling. no doubt all these matters have been attended to but I thought I would remind you of them in case you've been too busy, dodging people trying to make a touch, to attend to them

Willard

ESTABLISHED 1853

REPRESENTED IN
PRINCIPAL CITIES
AND ABROAD

CABLE ADDRESS, RATHSON, N.Y.

TELEPHONE, JOHN 4-4940

ROBERT C. RATHBONE
COUNSEL

R.C.RATHBONE & SON
INCORPORATED
INSURANCE BROKERS
80 MAIDEN LANE
NEW YORK

DIRECTORS
FREDERICK S. LITTLE
CLARENCE H. BROWN
CHARLES C. HUNT
EDWARD S. BROCKIE
JAMES M. FORD
CLARENCE J. GOODMAN
HARRY J. BRADY

April 10, 1934

Mr. David W. Griffith
Park Central Hotel
New York City

Dear Mr. Griffith:

On April 21, the automobile insurance on your Mercedes Benz Limousine, serial #35617, as well as compensation insurance for your chauffeur, will be due for renewal.

We are now preparing renewal policies in accordance with our usual practice and will forward them to you as soon as possible. The insurance, in the meantime, will be automatically taken care of so that you will be fully covered for another year from the 21st instant.

In the event that there are any changes that you wish made before expiration, we should appreciate very much hearing from you and we will take care of such changes as you direct.

Very truly yours

R. C. RATHBONE & SON INC.

J. G. Dinnhaupt

JGD:MS

1934
Carmo.

D. W. GRIFFITH COLLECTION
MUSEUM OF MODERN ART / FILM LIBRARY

to send ete reply -
Hoping you are feeling
better and rested from your
trip to Kentucky, I am

Cordially
Elizabeth A. Ray

D. W. GRIFFITH COLLECTION
MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY

MRS. EUGENE H. RAY
WEISSINGER GAULBERT
LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

April 12-1934-

Dear Mr. Tuggle:

The inclosed just came and I am so glad to forward it at once to you - Nothing could be more official as it is direct from the War Department in Washington

You now are perfectly satisfied about the rank of your father? I wrote the Dept. soon after talking with you and am so glad

WAR DEPARTMENT

THE ADJUTANT GENERAL'S OFFICE

WASHINGTON

IN REPLY REFER TO ORD

April 10, 1934.

The records show that Jacob W. Griffith, Captain, Company E, 1(Helm's) Regiment Kentucky Cavalry, Confederate States Army, enlisted October 5, 1861, at Horse Cave, Kentucky.

By consolidation of regiments in March, 1863, this regiment became a part of the 1 (Butler's) Regiment Kentucky Cavalry, Confederate States Army, and he was commissioned Lieutenant Colonel of the regiment, March 1, also shown as March 22, 1863.

The Field and Staff muster roll for June 30 to December 31, 1864, last on file, shows him present, and he signs the roll as Commanding the Regiment.

He surrendered at Washington, Georgia, May 11, 1865, and was released at Nashville, Tennessee, May 29, 1865, on Oath of Allegiance to the United States.

His description at that time is shown as follows: Complexion dark, hair dark, eyes blue, height 5 ft. 10 in., and residence as Oldham County, Kentucky.

James F. McKinley.
Major General,
The Adjutant General.
By R.D.C.

SHIRT MAKER HABERDASHER

W. A. McLaughlin, Inc.

697 Fifth Avenue

C. O. D. AS REQUESTED. New York, April 12, 1934.

Mr. D. W. Griffiths,
Park Central Hotel,
New York City.

KINDLY DETACH THIS STUB AND MAIL WITH CHECK

TOTAL $47.00

M-7

AS A CANCELLED CHECK IS SUFFICIENT RECEIPT. NO RECEIPT WILL BE SENT UNLESS REQUESTED.

W. A. Mc Laughlin, Inc.
Fine Shirt Maker

TERMS: NET CASH

697 FIFTH AVENUE
NEW YORK 4/12/34

1934					
Apr.	12	4 Pique dress shirts	11.50	46	00
		2 Dinner coat pleated shirts	12.50	25	00
		6 Sinto collars	.50	3	00
		12 Pique Butterfly ties	1.50	18	00
		1 suit pajamas		12	50
		1 suit pajamas		19	50
		6 Swiss ribbed silk undershirts	5.00	30	00
				154	00
Apr.	12	By Check		107	00
		All claims to be made within 30 Days after delivery of Goods.		47	00

THE PENN MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

ORGANIZED 1847

PHILADELPHIA

April 12, 1934

Mr. David W. Griffith
Park Central Hotel
55th St. & 7th Ave.
New York, N. Y.

Dear Sir:

Under date of January 2, 1934 we forwarded you our check for $1222.20 in payment of annuity due under policy 846137, your life.

According to our records this check has never been presented at our bank for payment, and we ask your attention in order that immediate deposit may be effected.

Yours truly,

S E Walker

Internal Audit Division,
S. E. Walker

OC/mr

April 17, 1934.

Mr. J. A. Levison,
New York City.

Dear Mr. Levison:

I am enclosing a tentative budget of the production - "Broken Blossoms". As explained this is the best possible production according to prices charged for the best studios in America. My salary in this budget includes also the story and dialogue rights for the story. The heavy expenditure for an adapter is to insure best possible production. This salary for myself is 1/3 less than I have ever worked for. Any statements made in this letter or appearing in the budget can be verified by our Auditing Department.

The original "Broken Blossoms" was budgeted for $175,000. We made it at an actual cost of a little over $88,000. This financing was done by Mr. Zukor. As the United Artists was up against it for films to show at that time, I conceded to their insistent requests and we paid Mr. Zukor $250,000. cash for his interest in the story. Based on its original cost and despite the fact that we sold it in Great Britain at a ridiculously low price (as I was informed by one of the firm that bought it they took in around a quarter of a million dollars profit - a statement of course which I cannot verify but I know they were immensely pleased) nevertheless the picture made a net profit of a little over $700,000. or over $7.00 for every dollar put into it which I think you will agree with me was not a bad investment. Of course had it been handled by the parent company and Mr. Zukor's profits been a part of this parent company's, it would have made a much greater profit.

The story of "Way Down East" I am sure you are acquainted with. Its profits ran close to $3,000,000. While the picture was quite expensive to make, being some six months in the taking as we embraced all the seasons of the year, it paid for itself in 5½ weeks. Prices ranged from $5.00 top

in New York City, to $2.00 throughout the country on road shows, and the production earned altogether close to $3,000,000. net profit. It would have earned at least a million more, according to United Artists own statement had it not been taken out of the $2.00 prices so early in its run and put into the picture houses. As you know, it was road-showed all over the country at these high prices and made money in every town it played in.

As for "The Birth of a Nation" and the profits on that production, it also was very badly managed as the entire New England was sold outright and all the states west of the Mississippi and so many separate states that only nine were left the parent company. On the road show these nine states turned in a net profit of a little over $3,000,000. over the cost of the picture. The paper "Variety" estimates its profits between $13,000,000. and $14,000,000.

In this budget, as you will see, we allow $25,000. for the leading actress, $15,000. for the boy and $10,000. for the villainous father. As an example, this price for the girl is a little over $6,000. a week and would account of course for some very well known star. The salary for the father is far above the requirements as good character actors are easily obtained around $400. or $500. a week, which is all that was needed, and would make $2,000. instead of the $10,000. allowed. Also in case we found it well good actors could be used but not of star quality; and let the picture do as it did before, make stars -- as "Broken Blossoms" made Barthelmess and Lillian Gish - (her first success in pictures despite the fact she had been in them for four or five years). In this case the boy's and girl's salaries should not possibly run over $300. to $400. a week. So instead of $40,000. for these two star parts, you would have around $3500.

The $5000. a week studio rental is placed at the very highest as I can't imagine such a charge being made in England.

However, I am sending you a budget that I absolutely guarantee to keep well within, instead of sending the usual tentative budget which generally runs well over its estimation.

You may also bear in mind that in my career in which I have produced over 300 moving pictures, I have had only three that did not make substantial profits. However, I shall not further toot my own horn as if you haven't heard the truth about it, then there's no use in all of this conversation anyhow.

D. W. GRIFFITH COLLECTION
MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY

Sincerely yours,

~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~

TENTATIVE PRODUCTION ESTIMATE

DATE April 17th, 1934

NAME OF PRODUCTION "BROKEN BLOSSOMS" EST. CAMERA DAYS 18

No.	ACCOUNT	ESTIMATE OF COST	ACTUAL COST	REMARKS
1	STORY			
2	SCENARIO	7500.00		
3	DIRECTOR	50000.00		
4	PRODUCTION STAFF	4030.00		
5	CAMERA DEPT.	3170.00		
6	" RENTAL	650.00		
7	TALENT: PRINCIPALS	60000.00		
8	BITS AND EXTRAS	10000.00		
9	SETS: CONSTR. AND DRESSING	14950.00		
10	STRIKING	2000.00		
11	LIGHTING			
12	ACTION AND HAND PROPS	2000.00		
13	OPERATION	9258.00		
14	STILLS	850.00		
15	TITLES	200.00		
16	SPECIAL EFFECTS, DISSOLVES, ETC.	500.00		
17	EDITING	1770.00		
18	NEGATIVE FILM	5750.00		
19	POSITIVE FILM	250.00		
20	LABORATORY	6900.00		
21	RE-RECORDING	2425.00		
22	PROJECTION	500.00		
23	WARDROBE	4000.00		
24	INSURANCE	2000.00		
25	SOUND ROYALTY	4000.00		
26	STUDIO RENT	22000.00		
27	TESTS	750.00		
28	MAKE-UP ARTISTS	2000.00		
29	STOCK SHOTS	250.00		
30	LOCATIONS	750.00		
31	TRANSPORTATION	1000.00		
32	ORCHESTRA	2000.00		
33	MUSICAL DIRECTOR, MUSIC RIGHTS, ETC.	2500.00		
34	DANCE DIRECTOR	--		
35	CHORUS	--		
36	INCIDENTALS	5000.00		
37	INTEREST FOR FINANCING	--		
38	REAR SCREEN, PROJECTION PROCESS	2300.00		
39	General expense	3860.00		
	TOTAL:	$335,113.00		

A/C #1	STORY:		
A/C #2	SCENARIO:		
	Cost of adaptation & dialogue	7,500.00	7,500.00
A/C #3	DIRECTOR:		
	Compensation	50,000.00	50,000.00
A/C #4	PRODUCTION STAFF:		
	Prod. Mgr. 10 wks. @ 200.00	2,000.00	
	1st Asst. Dir. 6 wks. @ 150.00	900.00	
	2nd Asst. Dir. 5 wks. @ 90.00	450.00	
	Script clerk - 7 wks. @ 40.00	280.00	
	Extra assistants & Misc. allowance	400.00	4,030.00
A/C #5	CAMERA DEPARTMENT:		
	1st cameraman - 4 wks. @ 250.00	1,000.00	
	2nd " 4 wks. @ 150.00	600.00	
	1st Assistant Cam. 4 wks. @ 60.00	240.00	
	2nd " " 4 wks. @ 60.00	240.00	
	Loading " 4 wks. @ 60.00	240.00	
	Overtime allowance	850.00	3,170.00
A/C #6	CAMERA RENTALS:		
	Rental of 1 extra cam. 4 wks. @ 100.00	400.00	
	" " camera crane and equipment	250.00	650.00
A/C #7	TALENT: Principals		
	Estimated - Female star	25,000.00	
	Male star	15,000.00	
	Father	10,000.00	
	Other principals	10,000.00	60,000.00
A/C #8	TALENT: Bits & Extras		
	Estimated allowance	10,000.00	10,000.00
A/C #9	SETS: Construction & Dressing		
	China Sequence	2,500.00	
	Girls' Home	1,200.00	
	Boys' Shop	750.00	
	Boys' Home	1,000.00	
	Fight arena	3,000.00	
	Exterior sets	3,500.00	
	Extra allowance	3,000.00	14,950.00
A/C #10	SETS: Striking		
	Allowance for complete striking	2,000.00	2,000.00
A/C #11	LIGHTING:		
	Included in operation	----	-----
A/C #12	ACTION AND HAND PROPS:		
	Estimated allowance	2,000.00	2,000.00

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A/C #13	**OPERATION:**			
	Electrical Dept.			
	Rigging	750.00		
	Gaffer - 4 wks. @ 78.00	312.00		
	Generator man - 20 days @ 12.00	240.00		
	Operation - average 12 men 20 days @ 10.00	2,400.00		
	Total Electrical Labor		3,702.00	
	Grip Department			
	3 men - 20 days @ 11.00	660.00		
	Total Grip Labor		660.00	
	Property Department			
	Chief side prop - 30 days @ 12.00	360.00		
	2 side props - 20 days @ 10.00	400.00		
	Outside man - 24 days @ 14.00	336.00		
	Special prop construction	350.00		
	Extra men for location and set dressing	350.00		
	Total Prop Labor		1,796.00	
	Sound Department			
	1 Monitor Man - 4 wks. @ 100.00	400.00		
	3 stage men - 4 wks. @ 75.00	900.00		
	Sensitometer reading allowance	200.00		
	Total Sound Department		1,500.00	
	Overtime Allowance			
	Estimated - 25%		1,600.00	
	Total Set Operation Cost			9,258.00
A/C #14	**STILLS:**			
	Still Cameraman - 4 wks. @ 100.00		400.00	
	Plates - developing and 2 prints - 300 @ .50		150.00	
	Special Publicity Stills		200.00	
	Overtime Allowance - 25%		100.00	850.00
A/C #15	**TITLES:**			
	Main Title		100.00	
	Misc. Art on film work		100.00	200.00
A/C #16	**SPECIAL EFFECTS, DISSOLVES, Etc.**			
	Allowance for dissolves, fades and wipe-offs and special laboratory effects		500.00	500.00

D. W. GRIFFITH COLLECTION
MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY

A/C #17	**EDITING:**		
	Film Editor - 10 wks. @ 125.00	1250.00	
	Assistant - 8 wks. @ 40.00	320.00	
	Negative cutting	200.00	1,770.00
A/C #18	**NEGATIVE FILM:**		
	125,000 ft. picture neg. @ .04	5000.00	
	75,000 ft. sound neg. @ .01	750.00	5,750.00
A/C #19	**POSITIVE FILM:**		
	First combined print	250.00	250.00
A/C #20	**LABORATORY:**		
	100,000 ft. picture neg. developed @ .025	2500.00	
	60,000 ft. picture neg. printed @ .03	1800.00	
	60,000 ft. sound neg. developed @ .02	1200.00	
	40,000 ft. sound neg. printed @ .025	1000.00	
	Allowance for lavendar prints, etc.	400.00	6,900.00
A/C #21	**RE-RECORDING:**		
	Rental of re-recording facilities - 3 days @ 500.00	1500.00	
	Film for re-recording - 25,000 ft. @ .01	250.00	
	Developing and printing re-recorded track - 15,000 ft. @ .045	675.00	2,425.00
A/C #22	**PROJECTION SERVICE:**		
	100 hours @ 5.00	500.00	500.00
A/C #23	**WARDROBE:**		
	Estimated allowance	4000.00	4,000.00
A/C #24	**INSURANCE:**		
	Estimated for full coverage (Workmen's compensation - Public Liability - Negative)	2000.00	2,000.00
A/C #25	**SOUND ROYALTY:**		
	8 reels @ 500.00	4000.00	4,000.00
A/C #26	**STUDIO RENT:**		
	4 wks. @ 5000.00	20000.00	
	Sound truck - 4 days @ 500.00	2000.00	22,000.00
A/C #27	**TESTS:**		
	Estimated allowance	750.00	750.00
A/C #28	**MAKE-UP ARTISTS:**		
	Charge man - 5 wks. @ 150.00	750.00	
	2nd man - 4 wks. @ 100.00	400.00	
	Overtime and extras	600.00	
	Materials and supplies	250.00	2,000.00

A/C #29	STOCK SHOTS:		
	Estimated allowance	250.00	250.00
A/C #30	LOCATIONS:		
	Location fees - transportation to and from - expense of meals, etc.	750.00	750.00
A/C #31	TRANSPORTATION:		
	Miscellaneous car and truck hire - outside prop man - props - set materials and dressing, etc - including allowance for talent importation	1000.00	1,000.00
A/C #32	ORCHESTRA:		
	Orchestra for scoring	2000.00	2,000.00
A/C #33	MUSICAL DIRECTOR, MUSIC RIGHTS, ETC.		
	Original numbers, clearances and orchestrations	2500.00	2,500.00
A/C #36	INCIDENTALS:		
	Allowance for incidental items not classified elsewhere	5000.00	5,000.00
A/C #37	INTEREST FOR FINANCING:		
	No allowance		
A/C #38	REAR SCREEN PROJECTION PROCESS:		
	Allowance for key shot - use of screen and composite shot of arena for prize fight sequence -	1500.00	
	Allowance for background of China sequence -	800.00	2,300.00
A/C #39	GENERAL EXPENSE:		
	Publicity man during production and prior to release - 12 wks. @ 125.00	1500.00	
	Secretary - 12 wks. @ 30.00	360.00	
	Estimated cost of keeping accounts, cashier, etc.	2000.00	3,860.00

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY

D. W. GRIFFITH, Inc.

4/18/34

3243) DOMESTIC NEGATIVE "The Love Flower"
3545) Portugese spanish titles
3581) THE LOVE FLOWER

4840)
4947) 2nd negative THE LOVE FLOWER NG

883 -- 3 rls. - 3rd negative LOVE FLOWER NG

Domestic negative ONE EXCITING NIGHT

metal can - Spanish-English & Portugese Titles "ONE EXCITING NIGHT"

49A)
0540) 2nd negative ONE EXCITING NIGHT NG

0379)
1280) 11 cans - 3rd negative ONE NG
1298) EXCITING NIGHT

0519)
0526) 2nd negative ORPHANS OF THE STORM

905)
244) Fox negative "ORPHANS OF THE STORM Keep

306 -- German version "ORPHANS OF THE STORM" Keep

2 metal cans -Print "ORPHANS OF THE STORM"

10 cans -Domestic neg. "WHITE ROSE

1 metal can - spanish-English titles "WHITE ROSE

2 metal cans - Positive print "WHITE ROSE

2032)
2076) 3rd negative - 10 tins - N G
2094) WHITE ROSE

1537) 2nd negative AMERICA
0314)

1 metal can - Portugese-English title cards "AMERICA" - Danish English title cards "AMERICA"

0387) 1 print - 11 reels - English sample
0196) print "AMERICA"

9 cans domestic negative "DREAM STREET"

metal can - Spanish-English negative titles "DREAM STREET" N.G.

1300)
1680) 2nd negative "DREAM STREET" N.G
1968)

2520)
1533) Domestic negative
1594) ISN'T LIFE WONDERFUL

0466)
0496) 2nd negative ISN'T LIFE WONDERFUL N.G.

2552) 3rd negative ISN'T LIFE N.G.
4439) WONDERFUL

metal can - Spanish-English neg. titles ISN'T LIFE WONDERFUL N.G.

metal can- Spanish-English neg. titles ISN'T LIFE WONDERFUL

1 box positive print IDOL DANCER

0150 -- 2nd neg. BROKEN BLOSSOMS

0549 pos.print BROKEN BLOSSOMS

592) 1 print. HEARTS OF THE WORLD
449) old version before neg. cut

2053) 2 pkges. sample print HEARTS OF
2087) THE WORLD

2806 -- negative titles HEARTS OF THE WORLD

C.R. #38- Prt. HIS DARKER SELF N.G.

660 -- cut-outs HIS DARKER SELF N.G.

3487 -- 1 print. HOME SWEET HOME

3075) 1 prt. WAY DOWN EAST
0430) Both Bad- no Chase.

962) 1 print WAY DOWN EAST
0405)

1 print WAY DOWN EAST- new synchronized version

2760) print MOTHER AND THE LAW Scratches
2767)

4039) Print MOTHER AND THE LAW TWO
4326) N.G.

151) print MOTHER AND THE LAW
248) Judith of Bethulia

2652 -- print JUDITH OF BETHULIA one N.G.

3097 -- print JUDITH OF BETHULIA

0402 -- 1 sample prt. AVENGING CONSCIENC

4142) 1 prt. FALL OF BABYLON
4133) one N.G.

3708) prt. FALL OF BABYLON
5018)

784 -- 2 reels BUTTIN IN BILL

2 tins BUTTIN IN BILL

JACK DONOHUE TEST N.G.

1464)
4459) Prt. INTOLERANCE
4946)

3287)
2492) Prt. INTOLERANCE
4602)

3957)
1060) Prt. INTOLERANCE
3439)

4491)
4114) Prt. Intolerance
4211)

THREE N.G

4/18/34

D. W. GRIFFITH, INC.

4577 -- 1 reel BURGLAR'S DILEMMA
1 reel LADY OF THE MANSE

2 metal cans print INTOLERANCE — Need 9 to 13 cl 552 H

817 -- 1 reel MOTHER'S SIN
1 reel Untitles picture

1 reel BROWN OF THE NORTH

Storage from Nov 1932
to April 1934

18 months @ $3.65 per mo. $11.70

D. W. GRIFFITH COLLECTION
MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY

ORPHANS

Lloyd

Conv

11 Tins

NEG

0519 — 2 NEG

0526

905 — Fox Neg-

244

306

German

2 Cans

Print

EAST

962 — Print

0405

2 Cans — Sync Tinsel

	Coon -	Lloyd	
HEARTS OF WORLD			
		592	Old Version Print
		499	
		2053	Print
		2087	
	9-Tins -		NEG
INTOLERANCE			
		4491	PRINT
		4414	"
		4211	"
		2 Cans	"
		3287	"
		2492	"
		4602	
JUDITH		2652	PRINT
	5- 4715		NEG
		151-248 ?	
ONE EXCITING NIGHT			
		49 A	NEG
		0540	"
	Get Storm Department out them junk!		

		Conv.
Love Flower	3	
A Coon		
America Reg	2	1
" Print	2	
Blossoms —	1	1
Print	1	
Dream St.	2	
Baby Coon	2	
Home	1	
Hearts	2	2
Old dancer	1	
Ind	6	2
Life Motherless	3	
Judith	1	
Moth Law	2	
Ole Ex Light	2	
Orphans	7	
East	2	
White Rose	2 - 4	
	44	6
	50	

D. W. GRIFFITH COLLECTION
MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY

	Coll	Lloyds	
America		1537	2ND N
"		0314	
"		0387	PRINT
"		0196	
"	11 Reels	053=4884	
Love ▽ Sacrifice	11 "	as Nan	

BLOSSOMS

6-014

		NEG
	0150	2 "
	0549	PRINT

BABYLON

4142	PRINT
4133	"
3708	"
5018	"

HOME SWEET HOME

3487	PRINT
	NEG

5R-4899

Automobile Policy

No.A 1012

STOCK COMPANY

THE BRITISH AMERICA ASSURANCE COMPANY

INCORPORATED BY ACT OF PARLIAMENT 1833

TORONTO, CANADA

In Consideration of the Premium Hereinafter Mentioned, Does Insure

A The Assured named herein, for the term herein specified, to an amount not exceeding the actual cash value of the property at the time any loss or damage occurs, nor, in any event, the limits of liability, if any, herein specified, against direct loss or damage from the perils specifically insured against herein to the automobile herein described and the equipment usually attached thereto, only while within the limits of the United States (exclusive of Alaska, the Hawaiian, Philippine and Virgin Islands and Porto Rico) and Canada, including while on coastwise steamer between ports within said limits.

B

NAME OF ASSURED DAVID W. GRIFFITH

ADDRESS OF ASSURED NO. PARK CENTRAL HOTEL, STREET NEW YORK CITY. CITY COUNTY STATE

Subject to all the provisions, exclusions, conditions and warranties contained in this policy, loss, if any, payable, as interest may appear, to Assured and

Address

TERM OF POLICY: From APRIL 21ST 19 34 noon To APRIL 21ST 19 35 noon, Standard Time at place policy is issued.

C This insurance is against only such and so many of the Perils named in the Schedule below as are indicated by a specific premium in writing set opposite thereto. The limit of this Company's liability against each of such Perils shall be as stated in the General Conditions of this policy, not exceeding, however, the limits stated in said Schedule.

PERILS	LIMIT OF LIABILITY	RATES	PREMIUMS
1. FIRE, LIGHTNING AND TRANSPORTATION, as defined in Paragraph F, page 2.	$ 2500.	.468	$ 11.70
2. THEFT, ROBBERY AND PILFERAGE, as defined in Paragraph G, page 2. BROAD Form (Insert "Broad," "$25.00 Ded." or "$50.00 Deductible")	$ 2500.	.298 +6.38	$ 13.83
3. TORNADO, CYCLONE, WINDSTORM, HAIL, EARTHQUAKE, EXPLOSION AND WATER DAMAGE, as defined in Paragraph H, page 2.	$	NOT	$ COVERED
4. COLLISION OR UPSET, as defined in Paragraph J, page 2.	Actual Cash Value In excess of $ 50.00 (Deductible)		$ 137.70
5. PROPERTY DAMAGE, as defined in Paragraph K, page 2.	$5,000.	NOT	$ COVERED
6. BREAKAGE OF GLASS, as defined in Paragraph L, page 2.	Value of Glass	NOT	$ COVERED

TOTAL PREMIUM $ 163.23

D **WARRANTED BY THE ASSURED**

1. Assured's occupation or business is RETIRED (IF MARRIED WOMAN, GIVE HUSBAND'S OCCUPATION OR BUSINESS)
2. Employer's name and address
3. The description of the automobile and the facts respecting its purchase are as follows:

Year Model	Trade Name	Type of Body (Give Truck Tonnage)	Serial Number and Motor Number	No. of Cyls. and Model	Factory List Price	Actual Cost To Assured Including Equipment	Purchased by Assured Month Year New or 2nd Hand
1927-28	MERCEDES BENZ	6 PASS. ALL WEATHER LIMOUSINE	S 35617 M 60348	Cyls. Mdl.		ABOUT $2500	APRIL 1933 2ND HAND

The automobile described is and will be used for the following purposes only: PLEASURE AND BUSINESS

The automobile described is usually kept in PUBLIC OR PRIVATE (STATE WHETHER PRIVATE OR PUBLIC) garage, located NO. NEW YORK CITY STREET CITY COUNTY STATE

The automobile described is fully paid for by the Assured and there is no Lien, Mortgage or other Encumbrance thereon, except as ows: NO EXCEPTIONS (GIVE PARTICULARS)

urchased on a deferred payment plan, the amount unpaid is $_____, represented by_____Notes _____each. Due date of Final Note is_____19_____.

This policy is made and accepted subject to the provisions, exclusions, conditions and warranties set forth herein or endorsed hereon, upon acceptance of this policy the Assured agrees that its terms embody all agreements then existing between himself and this Com- or any of its agents relating to the insurance described herein, and no officer, agent or other representative of this Company shall power to waive any of the terms of this policy unless such waiver be written upon or attached hereto; nor shall any privilege or per- ion affecting the insurance under this policy exist or be claimed by the Assured unless so written or attached. This policy shall be in event of violation by the Assured of any agreement, condition or warranty contained herein or in any rider now or hereafter at- ed hereto.

Provisions Required by Law to be Stated in this Policy.—This policy is in a stock corporation.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, this Company has executed and attested these presents; but this policy shall not be valid unless coun- gned by a duly authorized agent of this Company.

Secretary

President

Countersigned at NEW YORK CITY

this 1ST day of MARCH 19 34

For CRUM & FORSTER, Manager Agent.

This Policy is subject to the ADDITIONAL CONDITIONS printed on reverse hereof.

Attached to and forming Part of Policy No. A1012 British America Insurance Company

Assured: David W.Griffith New York July 3rd,1934.

$50 Ded. Collision coverage is hereby added.
Premium for one year:$137.70
Additional premium:$110.16 LC.

All other terms and conditions of this policy remain the same

Broker R.C.Rathbone & Son,Inc. for Co.

FM.1.0.7.N

Attached to and forming Part of Policy No. A1012 British America Insurance Company
L

Assured: David W.Griffith New York April 21st, 1934.

Collision coverage cancelled.

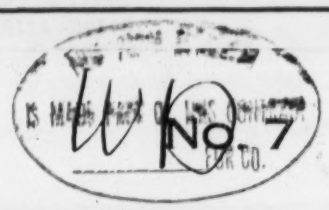
Return premium:$137.70

All other terms and conditions of this policy remain the same

Broker R.C.Rathbone & Son, Inc.80 Maiden Lane for Co.

1.1.0.7.N

SPACE FOR ENDORSEMENTS



Automobile Department

ENDORSEMENT

In consideration of the premium at which this policy is written, it is understood and agreed that in the event of a total loss only, from any of the perils insured against, the value of the property at the time of such total loss shall be the amount of insurance at the commencement date of this policy less depreciation at the rate of 10 % per YEAR

This insurance is subject to all the provisions, exclusions, conditions, and warranties of the policy to which this endorsement is attached and of which it forms a part, not in conflict with provisions hereof, and shall become void upon cancellation thereof.

Attached to and forming part of Policy No. A 1012 of the **British America Assurance Company, Toronto, Canada.**

Countersigned at NEW YORK CITY

this 1ST day of MARCH 19 34 Agent.

For CRUM & FORSTER, Managers

FM.14.4.72.N

express or implied authority of the Assured, voluntarily parts with title and/or possession, whether or not induced so to do by any fraudulent scheme, trick, device or false pretense; and excepting in any case, other than the theft of the entire automobile described herein, the theft, robbery or pilferage of any property insured hereunder unless the amount of the loss or damage thereto by one theft, robbery or pilferage exceeds—on automobiles listing F.O.B. Factory at $999 and under, $25.00; and on automobiles listing F.O.B. Factory at $1,000 and over, $50.00; in which event, on automobiles listing F.O.B. Factory at $999 and under, the sum of $25.00 shall be deducted from the amount of determined loss; on automobiles listing F.O.B. Factory at $1,000 and over, the sum of $50.00 shall be deducted from the amount of determined loss.

This policy does not insure against the wrongful conversion, embezzlement or secretion by a mortgagor, vendee, lessee or other person in lawful possession of the insured property under a mortgage, conditional sale, lease or other contract or agreement, whether written or verbal.

H Tornado, Cyclone, Windstorm, Hail, Earthquake, Explosion and Water Damage:

Tornado, Cyclone, Windstorm, Hail, Earthquake, Explosion, Accidental and External Discharge or Leakage of Water, excluding damage caused by Rain, Sleet, Snow, Flood, Rupture of Tires and Explosion within the combustion chamber of an internal combustion engine.

J Collision or Upset:

Accidental Collision or Upset where the damage to the automobile and/or equipment herein described from such collision or upset is in excess of the deduction specified in Paragraph C; each accident shall be deemed a separate claim and the amount of determined loss or damage shall be subject to such deduction; but this insurance shall not cover loss or damage to any tire unless caused in an accidental collision or upset which also causes other loss or damage to the insured automobile.

K Property Damage:

Property Damage insures the Assured's legal liability to other persons for the injury to or destruction of the property of such persons (including resultant loss of use of such property), and in addition thereto the legal expenses incurred by the Assured with the consent of this Company in connection with such injury or destruction, resulting solely and directly from the ownership, maintenance or use of the automobile herein described, including loading and unloading, provided such injury or destruction occurs during the term of this policy, but excluding property of the Assured, or in charge of the Assured or any of his employees, or carried in or upon the automobile described herein.

The insurance provided under the Property Damage coverage of this policy is so extended as to be available, in the same manner and under the same conditions as it is available to the named Assured, to any person or persons while riding in or lawfully operating the automobile described herein, and to any person, firm or corporation legally responsible for the operation thereof, provided such use or operation is with the permission of the named Assured, or, if the named Assured is an individual, with the permission of an adult member of the named Assured's household other than a chauffeur or a domestic servant, and provided further, that the indemnity extended to persons other than the named Assured shall not apply if the automobile described herein is used as a Public Automobile or is owned or operated by an Automobile Manufacturer, Dealer, Garage, Repair Shop, or Service Station, unless the laws of the State in which this policy is issued provide to the contrary in which event the requirements of such law are substituted.

The insurance provided under the Property Damage coverage of this policy is extended to conform with the provisions of the Motor Vehicle Financial Responsibility Law of the State or Province in which the insured automobile is registered at the time of the accident and/or in which the insured automobile is operated at the time of the accident, to the extent of coverage and limits of liability required by such law but in no event in excess of the limit of liability stated in this policy.

The Assured or any other person covered by this policy agrees to reimburse this Company for any payment made by this Company on account of claims involving a breach of the terms or conditions of this policy, which payments this Company would not have been obligated to make under the provisions of this policy except for the agreement contained in the foregoing paragraph.

The insolvency or bankruptcy of the Assured shall not release this Company from payment of claim under the Property Damage coverage of this policy and in case execution against the Assured is returned unsatisfied in an action brought by the injured, or his or her personal representative, because of such insolvency or bankruptcy, an action may be maintained by the injured, or his or her personal representative, against this Company under the terms of this policy for the amount of the judgment in the said action not exceeding the limit of insurance for Property Damage stated in Paragraph C.

L Breakage of Glass:

Accidental Breakage of any Glass permanently attached to or forming a part of the structure of the Automobile described herein, except all glass in outside lighting apparatus and outside mirrors. The insurance against Accidental Breakage of Glass is subject to the following special provisions:

If the loss or damage to the glass is covered by other insurance, this Company shall not be liable for any part of such loss or damage, except that if such other insurance provides that a specific amount shall be deducted from each loss, this Company shall be liable to an amount not exceeding the amount deductible in such other insurance.

M

GENERAL CONDITIONS

AUTOMOBILE DEFINED—TWO OR MORE AUTOMOBILES — Wherever in this policy the word "Automobile" is used, it shall be held to mean any type of motor vehicle or trailer as described herein; and when two or more automobiles are insured hereunder, the conditions of this policy apply separately to each.

Unless otherwise provided by agreement in writing added hereto, this Company shall not be liable for loss or damage

PROPERTY EXCLUDED — (a) To robes, wearing apparel, personal effects, or extra bodies (except that this exclusion does not apply to Property Damage coverage); or

WAR, RIOT, ETC. — (b) Caused directly or indirectly by invasion, insurrection, riot, civil war or commotion, military, naval or usurped power, or by order of any civil authority; or

LIMITATION OF USE — (c) While the automobile described herein is used as a public or livery conveyance for carrying passengers for compensation; or while rented under contract or leased; or operated in any race or speed contest; or while used in any illicit or prohibited trade or transportation; or,

AGE LIMIT OF DRIVER — (d) In connection with the Perils of Collision or Upset, Property Damage and Breakage of Glass only, while the automobile described herein is being operated by any person under the age limit fixed by law, or, in any event, under the age of fourteen years.

LIMITATION OF LIABILITY AND METHOD OF DETERMINING SAME — This Company's liability for loss or damage to the automobile described herein shall not exceed the actual cash value thereof at the time any loss or damage occurs, and the loss or damage shall be ascertained or estimated accordingly, with proper deduction for depreciation however caused, and without compensation

DEFINITION OF PERILS

F Fire, Lightning and Transportation:

(a) Fire, arising from any cause whatsoever; and Lightning;

(b) The Stranding, Sinking, Burning, Collision or Derailment of any conveyance in or upon which the automobile is being transported on land or water, including general average and salvage charges for which the Assured is legally liable.

G Theft, Robbery and Pilferage (BROAD FORM):

Theft, Robbery and Pilferage, excepting by any person or persons in the Assured's household or in the Assured's service or employment, whether the theft, robbery or pilferage occurs during the hours of such service or employment or not, and excepting by any person, or agent thereof, or by the agent of any firm or corporation to which person, firm or corporation the Assured, or any one acting under express or implied authority of the Assured, voluntarily parts with title and/or possession, whether or not induced so to do by any fraudulent scheme, trick, device or false pretense; and excepting in any case, other than the theft of the entire automobile described herein, the theft, robbery or pilferage of tools or repair equipment.

This policy does not insure against the wrongful conversion, embezzlement or secretion by a mortgagor, vendee, lessee or other person in lawful possession of the insured property under a mortgage, conditional sale, lease or other contract or agreement, whether written or verbal.

Theft, Robbery and Pilferage (DEDUCTIBLE PILFERAGE CLAUSE):

Theft, Robbery and Pilferage, excepting by any person or persons in the Assured's household or in the Assured's service or employment, whether the theft, robbery or pilferage occurs during the hours of such service or employment or not, and excepting by any person, or agent thereof, or by the Agent of any firm or corporation to which person, firm or corporation the Assured, or any one acting under express or implied authority of the Assured, voluntarily parts with title and/or possession, whether or not induced so to do by any fraudulent scheme, trick, device or false pretense; and excepting in any case, other than the theft of the entire automobile described herein, the theft, robbery or pilferage of any property insured hereunder unless the amount of the loss or damage thereto by one theft, robbery or pilferage exceeds—on automobiles listing F.O.B. Factory at $999 and under, $25.00; and on automobiles listing F.O.B. Factory at $1,000 and over, $50.00; in which event, on automobiles listing F.O.B. Factory at $999 and under, the sum of $25.00 shall be deducted from the amount of determined loss; on automobiles listing F.O.B. Factory at $1,000 and over, the sum of $50.00 shall be deducted from the amount of determined loss.

This policy does not insure against the wrongful conversion, embezzlement or secretion by a mortgagor, vendee, lessee or other person in lawful possession of the insured property under a mortgage, conditional sale, lease or other contract or agreement, whether written or verbal.

H Tornado, Cyclone, Windstorm, Hail, Earthquake, Explosion and Water Damage:

Tornado, Cyclone, Windstorm, Hail, Earthquake, Explosion, Accidental and External Discharge or Leakage of Water, excluding damage caused by Rain, Sleet, Snow, Flood, Rupture of Tires and Explosion within the combustion chamber of an internal combustion engine.

J Collision or Upset:

Accidental Collision or Upset where the damage to the automobile and/or equipment herein described from such collision or upset is in excess of the deduction specified in Paragraph C; each accident shall be deemed a separate claim and the amount of determined loss or damage shall be subject to such deduction; but this insurance shall not cover loss or damage to any tire unless caused in an accidental collision or upset which also causes other loss or damage to the insured automobile.

K Property Damage:

Property Damage insures the Assured's legal liability to other persons for the injury to or destruction of the property of such persons (including resultant loss of use of such property), and in addition thereto the legal expenses incurred by the Assured with the consent of this Company in connection with such injury or destruction, resulting solely and directly from the ownership, maintenance or use of the automobile herein described, including loading and unloading, provided such injury or destruction occurs during the term of this policy, but excluding property of the Assured, or in charge of the Assured or any of his employees, or carried in or upon the automobile described herein.

The insurance provided under the Property Damage coverage of this policy is so extended as to be available, in the same manner and under the same conditions as it is available to the named Assured, to any person or persons while riding in or lawfully operating the automobile described herein, and to any person, firm or corporation legally responsible for the operation thereof, provided such use or operation is with the permission of the named Assured, or, if the named Assured is an individual, with the permission of an adult member of the named Assured's household other than a chauffeur or a domestic servant, and provided further, that the indemnity extended to persons other than the named Assured shall not apply if the automobile described herein is used as a Public Automobile or is owned or operated by an Automobile Manufacturer, Dealer, Garage, Repair Shop, or Service Station, unless the laws of the State in which this policy is issued provide to the contrary in which event the requirements of such law are substituted.

The insurance provided under the Property Damage coverage of this policy is extended to conform with the provisions of the Motor Vehicle Financial Responsibility Law of the State or Province in which the insured automobile is registered at the time of the accident and/or in which the insured automobile is operated at the time of the accident, to the extent of coverage and limits of liability required by such law but in no event in excess of the limit of liability stated in this policy.

The Assured or any other person covered by this policy agrees to reimburse this Company for any payment made by this Company on account of claims involving a breach of the terms or conditions of this policy, which payments this Company would not have been obligated to make under the provisions of this policy except for the agreement contained in the foregoing paragraph.

The insolvency or bankruptcy of the Assured shall not release this Company from payment of claim under the Property Damage coverage of this policy and in case execution against the Assured is returned unsatisfied in an action brought by the injured, or his or her personal representative, because of such insolvency or bankruptcy, an action may be maintained by the injured, or his or her personal representative, against this Company under the terms of this policy for the amount of the judgment in the said action not exceeding the limit of insurance for Property Damage stated in Paragraph C.

L Breakage of Glass:

Accidental Breakage of any Glass permanently attached to or forming a part of the structure of the Automobile described herein, except all glass in outside lighting apparatus and outside mirrors. The insurance against Accidental Breakage of Glass is subject to the following special provisions:

If the loss or damage to the glass is covered by other insurance, this Company shall not be liable for any part of such loss or damage, except that if such other insurance provides that a specific amount shall be deducted from each loss, this Company shall be liable to an amount not exceeding the amount deductible in such other insurance.

M

GENERAL CONDITIONS

AUTOMOBILE DEFINED—TWO OR MORE AUTOMOBILES — Wherever in this policy the word "Automobile" is used, it shall be held to mean any type of motor vehicle or trailer as described herein; and when two or more automobiles are insured hereunder, the conditions of this policy apply separately to each.

Unless otherwise provided by agreement in writing added hereto, this Company shall not be liable for loss or damage

PROPERTY EXCLUDED — (a) To robes, wearing apparel, personal effects, or extra bodies (except that this exclusion does not apply to Property Damage coverage); or

WAR, RIOT, ETC. — (b) Caused directly or indirectly by invasion, insurrection, riot, civil war or commotion, military, naval or usurped power, or by order of any civil authority; or

LIMITATION OF USE — (c) While the automobile described herein is used as a public or livery conveyance for carrying passengers for compensation; or while rented under contract or leased; or operated in any race or speed contest; or while used in any illicit or prohibited trade or transportation; or,

AGE LIMIT OF DRIVER — (d) In connection with the Perils of Collision or Upset, Property Damage and Breakage of Glass only, while the automobile described herein is being operated by any person under the age limit fixed by law, or, in any event, under the age of fourteen years.

LIMITATION OF LIABILITY AND METHOD OF DETERMINING SAME — This Company's liability for loss or damage to the automobile described herein shall not exceed the actual cash value thereof at the time any loss or damage occurs, and the loss or damage shall be ascertained or estimated accordingly, with proper deduction for depreciation however caused, and without compensation

for loss of use, and shall in no event exceed the limit of liability, if any, stated in Paragraph C, nor what it would then cost to repair or replace the automobile or parts thereof with other of like kind and quality; such ascertainment or estimate shall be made by the Assured and this Company, or if they differ, then by appraisal as hereinafter provided.

In the event of loss or damage to the automobile described herein, whether such loss or damage is covered by this policy or not, the liability of this Company shall be reduced by the amount of such loss or damage until repairs have been completed, but shall then attach as originally written without additional premium.

This Company's liability, if any, under the Property Damage Coverage (Paragraph K) shall not exceed the sums which the Assured shall become obligated to pay by reason of the liability imposed upon him by law for damages because of injury to or destruction of the property of others and in no event shall this Company be liable with respect to such claims (including claims for loss of use) arising from one accident for more than the limit of liability stated in Paragraph C plus legal expenses, if any, incurred by the Assured with the consent of this Company.

OTHER INSURANCE — No recovery shall be had under this policy if at the time a loss occurs there be any other insurance, whether such other insurance be valid and/or collectible or not, covering such loss, which would attach if this insurance had not been effected.

CANCELLATION — This policy shall be cancelled at any time at the request of the Assured, in which case this Company shall, upon demand and surrender of this policy, refund the excess of paid premium above the customary short rate premium for the expired term. This policy may be cancelled at any time by this Company by giving to the Assured five (5) days' written notice of cancellation with or without tender of the excess of paid premium above the pro-rata premium for the expired term, which excess, if not tendered, shall be refunded on demand, but in no event shall this Company be liable beyond the expiration of the said five (5) days. Notice of cancellation shall state that said excess premium, if not tendered, will be refunded on demand. Notice of cancellation mailed to the address of the Assured stated in this policy shall be a sufficient notice. Where a special provision for cancellation and notice of such cancellation is required by statutory enactment in the State where this policy is issued, the conditions of this Cancellation Clause are amended to conform thereto.

LOSS FOR WHICH CARRIER AND/OR BAILEE FOR HIRE IS LIABLE — This Company shall not be liable for loss or damage to the automobile described herein while in the possession of a carrier and/or bailee for hire under a contract, stipulation or assignment whereby the benefit of this insurance is sought to be made available to such carrier and/or bailee. Where loss or damage occurs for which a carrier and/or bailee may be liable and which would otherwise be covered hereunder, this Company will advance to the Assured by way of loan the money equivalent of such loss or damage, which loan shall in no circumstances affect the question of this Company's liability hereunder and shall be repaid to the extent of the net amount collected by or for account of the Assured from the carrier and/or bailee after deducting cost and expense of collection.

MISREPRESENTATION AND FRAUD — This entire policy shall be void if the Assured has concealed or misrepresented any material fact or circumstance concerning this insurance or the subject thereof; or in case of any fraud, attempted fraud, or false swearing by the Assured touching any matter relating to this insurance or the subject thereof, whether before or after a loss.

LIEN OR ENCUMBRANCE — Unless otherwise provided by agreement in writing added hereto, and except as to any lien, mortgage, or other encumbrance specifically set forth and described in Paragraph D of this policy, this Company shall not be liable for loss or damage to any property insured hereunder while subject to any lien, mortgage, or other encumbrance.

TITLE AND OWNERSHIP — Except as to any lien, mortgage, or other encumbrance specifically set forth and described in Paragraph D of this policy, this entire policy shall be void, unless otherwise provided by agreement in writing added hereto, if the interest of the Assured in the subject of this insurance be or become other than unconditional and sole lawful ownership, or if the subject of this insurance has ever been stolen or unlawfully taken prior to the issuance of this policy and not returned to the lawful owner prior to the issuance of this policy, or in case of transfer or termination of the interest of the Assured other than by death of the Assured, or in case of any change in the nature of the insurable interest of the Assured in the property described herein either by sale or otherwise, or if this policy or any part thereof shall be assigned before loss.

PROTECTION OF SALVAGE — In the event of any loss or damage, whether insured against hereunder or not, the Assured shall protect the property from other or further loss or damage, and any such other or further loss or damage due directly or indirectly to the Assured's failure to protect shall not be recoverable under this policy. Any such act of the Assured or this Company or its agents in recovering, saving and preserving the property described herein, shall be considered as done for the benefit of all concerned and without prejudice to the rights of either party, and where the loss or damage suffered constitutes a claim under this policy, then all reasonable expenses thus incurred shall also constitute a claim under this policy, provided, however, that this Company shall not be responsible for the payment of a reward offered for the recovery of the insured property unless authorized by this Company.

NOTICE OF LOSS — In the event of loss or damage covered hereby the Assured shall give immediate notice thereof in writing to this Company, provided, however, that where such a limitation for the giving of notice of loss is prohibited by the laws of the State wherein this policy is issued, then in that event such notice shall be given by the Assured within the shortest period permitted and in the manner required under the laws of such State.

In the event of Theft, Robbery or Pilferage the Assured shall also give immediate notice thereof to the Police.

ASSISTANCE AND CO-OPERATION OF THE ASSURED — In the event of loss or damage and whenever requested by this Company the Assured shall assist in the recovery of property insured hereunder either by means of replevin proceedings or otherwise, in effecting settlement, securing evidence, obtaining the attendance of witnesses and prosecuting suits to such an extent and in such a manner as is deemed desirable by this Company, and this Company shall reimburse the Assured for any expense incurred at its request.

If action be brought against the Assured to enforce a claim for damage covered under the Property Damage coverage of this policy the Assured shall immediately notify this Company and promptly forward to it every summons or other paper or process served on or received by him in connection therewith, but the Assured, without the written consent of this Company previously given, shall not voluntarily assume any liability, or interfere in any negotiation for settlement or in any legal proceeding, or incur any expense, or settle any claim, except at his own cost.

PROOF OF LOSS — Within sixty (60) days after loss or damage for which claim is made, unless such time is extended in writing by this Company, the Assured shall render a statement to this Company signed and sworn to by the Assured, stating the place, time and cause of such loss or damage, the interest of the Assured and of all others in the property, the sound value thereof and the amount of loss or damage thereto, all encumbrances thereon, and all other insurance, whether valid and/or collectible or not, covering such property; and all claims for such loss or damage shall be forfeited by failure to furnish such sworn statements within the time provided; and the Assured as often as required, shall exhibit to any person designated by this Company all that remains of the property insured and submit to examinations under oath by any person named by this Company, and subscribe the same; and as often as required, shall produce for examination all books of account, bills, invoices, and other vouchers, or certified copies thereof if originals be lost, at such reasonable place as may be designated by this Company or its representative, and shall permit extracts and copies thereof to be made.

APPRAISAL — In case the Assured and this Company shall fail to agree as to the amount of loss or damage, each shall, on the written demand of either, select a competent and disinterested appraiser. The appraisers shall first select a competent and disinterested umpire; and failing for fifteen (15) days to agree upon such umpire, then, on request of the Assured or this Company, such umpire shall be selected by a judge of a court of record in the County and State in which the appraisal is pending. The appraisers shall then appraise the loss and damage stating separately sound value and loss or damage; and failing to agree, shall submit their differences only, to the umpire. An award in writing of any two, when filed with this Company, shall determine the amount of sound value and loss or damage. Each appraiser shall be paid by the party selecting him and the expenses of appraisal and umpire shall be paid by the parties equally.

Where a special provision for appraisal is required by statutory enactment in the State where this policy is issued, the conditions of this Appraisal Clause are amended to conform thereto.

ABANDONMENT—RETURN OF STOLEN PROPERTY — It shall be optional with this Company to take all or any part of the property at the agreed or appraised value, but there can be no abandonment thereof to this Company; and where theft is insured against this Company shall have the right to return a stolen automobile or its equipment with compensation for physical damage, at any time before actual payment hereunder.

PAYMENT OF LOSS — This Company shall not be held to have waived any provision or condition of this policy or any forfeiture thereof by any requirement, act, or proceeding on its part relating to the appraisal, or to any examination herein provided for; and the loss shall in no event become payable until sixty (60) days after the notice, ascertainment, estimate and verified proof of loss herein required have been received by this Company, and if appraisal is demanded, then, not until sixty days after an award has been made by the appraisers.

SUBROGATION — This Company may require from the Assured an assignment of all right of recovery against any party for loss or damage to the extent that payment therefor is made by this Company.

SUIT AGAINST COMPANY — No suit or action on this policy or for the recovery of any claim hereunder shall be sustainable in any court of law or equity unless the Assured shall have fully complied with all the foregoing requirements, nor unless commenced within twelve (12) months next after the happening of the loss; provided that where such limitation of time is prohibited by the laws of the State wherein this policy is issued, then and in that event no suit or action under this policy shall be sustainable unless commenced within the shortest limitation permitted under the laws of such State.

Any and all provisions of this policy which are in conflict with the statutes of the State wherein this policy is issued are understood, declared and acknowledged by this Company to be amended to conform to such statutes.

38427

UNITED STATES TRUSTEES
CHEMICAL BANK & TRUST CO.
NEW YORK

CRUM & FORSTER
UNITED STATES MANAGERS

D. W. GR... COLLECTION
MUSEUM OF ... FILM LI...
APR ... 1934
1862

HOME OFFICE OF U. S. MANAGERS
110 WILLIAM ST. NEW YORK, N. Y.

BRANCH OFFICES

R. 1849 Insurance Exchange Bldg., CHICAGO, ILL.
Green and W. Stephenson Streets, FREEPORT, ILL.
771 Spring St., ATLANTA, GA.
266 Bush St., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
130 E. Chapel Hill St., DURHAM, N. C.
7 Wood St., PITTSBURGH, PA.

Automobile Policy L

R-S

Expires APRIL 21ST 1935

Automobile MERCEDES BENZ LIM.

Amount, - - - $ 2500.

Premium, - - - $ 163.23

Assured DAVID W. GRIFFITH

No.A 1012

THE BRITISH AMERICA ASSURANCE COMPANY

TORONTO, CANADA
CRUM & FORSTER
UNITED STATES MANAGERS

110 WILLIAM STREET NEW YORK, N. Y.

ESTABLISHED 1853
R. C. RATHBONE & SON
INCORPORATED
INSURANCE BROKERS
80 MAIDEN LANE
NEW YORK
TELEPHONE JOHN 4-4940

PLEASE READ YOUR POLICY

24.—.0-1

	DATE	
Received		
Examined	APR 3 1934	
Passed		
Entered	APR 1	
Billed	APR 17 '34	
Reviewed		
Sent		

Receipt for Return Premium

To be Signed by the Assured

Agency 19

IN CONSIDERATION OF Dollars

return premium, receipt of which is hereby acknowledged, this Policy is hereby cancelled and surrendered to the Company.

Assured.

No. of Policy

No. of Renewal

Amount Insured

	YEAR	MO.	DAY
Date of Cancel.,			
" Policy,			
Time in force,			

Premium Paid, - - - - $

" earned at rate, $

" returned, - - - $

If pro rata, state reason why:

ZURICH

General Accident and Liability Insurance Company, Limited

STOCK COMPANY

OF ZURICH, SWITZERLAND

STOCK COMPANY

UNITED STATES HEAD OFFICE: INSURANCE EXCHANGE, CHICAGO.

(HEREIN CALLED THE COMPANY)

Does Hereby Agree with this Employer, named and described as such in the Declarations forming a part hereof, as respects personal injuries sustained by employees, including death at any time resulting therefrom, as follows:

One (a) To Pay Promptly to any person entitled thereto under the Workmen's Compensation Law and in the manner therein provided, the entire amount of any sum due, and all instalments thereof as they become due.

(1) *To such person because of the obligation for compensation for any such injury imposed upon or accepted by this Employer under such of certain statutes, as may be applicable thereto, cited and described in an endorsement attached to this Policy, each of which statutes is herein referred to as the Workmen's Compensation Law, and*

(2) *For the benefit of such person the proper cost of whatever medical, surgical, nurse or hospital services, medical or surgical apparatus or appliances and medicines, or, in the event of fatal injury, whatever funeral expenses are required by the provisions of such Workmen's Compensation Law.*

It is agreed that all of the provisions of each Workmen's Compensation Law covered hereby shall be and remain a part of this contract as fully and completely as if written herein, so far as they apply to compensation or other benefits for any personal injury or death covered by this Policy, while this Policy shall remain in force. Nothing herein contained shall operate to so extend this Policy as to include within its terms any Workmen's Compensation Law, scheme or plan not cited in an endorsement hereto attached.

One (b) To Indemnify this Employer against loss by reason of the liability imposed upon him by law for damages on account of such injuries to such of said employees as are legally employed wherever such injuries may be sustained within the territorial limits of the United States of America or the Dominion of Canada. In the event of the bankruptcy or insolvency of this Employer the Company shall not be relieved from the payment of such indemnity hereunder as would have been payable but for such bankruptcy or insolvency. If, because of such bankruptcy or insolvency, an execution against this Employer is returned unsatisfied in an action brought by the injured, or by another person claiming by, through, or under the injured, then an action may be maintained by the injured, or by such other person claiming by, through or under the injured, against the Company under the terms of this Policy for the amount of the judgment in said action not exceeding the amount of this Policy.

Two To Serve this Employer (a) by the inspection of work places covered by the Policy when and as deemed desirable by the Company and thereupon to suggest to this Employer such changes or improvements as may operate to reduce the number or severity of injuries during work, and, (b) upon notice of such injuries, by investigation thereof and by settlement of any resulting claims in accordance with law.

Three To Defend, in the name and on behalf of this Employer, any suits or other proceedings which may at any time be instituted against him on account of such injuries, including suits or other proceedings alleging such injuries and demanding damages or compensation therefor, although such suits, other proceedings, allegations or demands are wholly groundless, false or fraudulent.

Four To Pay all costs taxed against this Employer in any legal proceeding defended by the Company, all interest accruing after entry of judgment and all expenses incurred by the Company for investigation, negotiation, or defense.

Five This agreement shall apply to such injuries sustained by any person or persons employed by this Employer whose entire remuneration shall be included in the total actual remuneration for which provision is hereinafter made, upon which remuneration the premium for this Policy is to be computed and adjusted, and also to such injuries so sustained by the President, any Vice-President, Secretary or Treasurer of this Employer, if a corporation. The remuneration of any such designated officer shall not be subjected to a premium charge unless he is actually performing such duties as are ordinarily undertaken by a superintendent, foreman or workman.

Six This agreement shall apply to such injuries so sustained by reason of the business operations described in said Declarations which, for the purpose of this insurance, shall include all operations necessary, incident or appurtenant thereto, or connected therewith, whether such operations are conducted at the work places defined and described in said Declarations or elsewhere in connection with, or in relation to, such work places.

Seven This agreement shall apply only to such injuries so sustained by reason of accidents occurring during the Policy Period limited and defined as such in Item 2 of said Declarations.

This Agreement is subject to the following Conditions:

A. The premium is based upon the entire remuneration earned, during the Policy Period, by all employees of this Employer engaged in the business operations described in said Declarations together with all operations necessary, incident or appurtenant thereto, or connected therewith whether conducted at such work places or elsewhere in connection therewith or in relation thereto; excepting however the remuneration of the President, any Vice-President, Secretary or Treasurer of this Employer, if a corporation, but including the remuneration of any one or more of such designated officers who are actually performing such duties as are ordinarily undertaken by a superintendent, foreman or workman. If any operations as above defined are undertaken by this Employer but are not described or rated in said Declarations, this Employer agrees to pay the premium thereon, at the time of the final adjustment of the premium in accordance with Condition C hereof, at the rates, and in compliance with the rules, of the Manual of Rates in use by the Company upon the date of issue of this Policy. At the end of the Policy Period the actual amount of the remuneration earned by employees during such Period shall be exhibited to the Company, as provided in Condition C hereof, and the earned premium adjusted in accordance therewith at the rates and under the conditions herein specified. If the earned premium, thus computed, is greater than the advance premium paid, this Employer shall immediately pay the additional amount to the Company, if less, the Company shall return to this Employer the unearned portion, but in any event the Company shall retain the Minimum Premium stated in said Declarations. All premiums provided by this Policy, or by any endorsement hereon, shall be fully earned whether any such Workmen's Compensation Law, or any part of such, is now or shall hereafter be declared invalid or unconstitutional.

B. This Policy may be canceled at any time by either of the parties upon written notice to the other party stating when, not less than ten days thereafter, cancelation shall be effective. The effective date of such cancelation shall then be the end of the Policy Period. The law of any state, in which this Policy applies, which requires that notice of cancelation shall be given to any Board, Commission or other state agency is hereby made a part of this Policy and cancelation in such state shall not be effective except in compliance with such law. The remuneration of employees for the Policy Period stated in said Declarations shall be computed upon the basis of the actual remuneration to the date of cancelation determined as herein provided. If such cancelation is at the Company's request, the earned premium shall be adjusted *pro rata* as provided in **Condition A.** If such cancelation is at this Employer's request, the earned premium shall be computed and adjusted at short rates, in accordance with the table printed hereon, but such short rate premium shall not be less than the Minimum Premium stated in said Declarations. If this Employer, when requesting cancelation, is actually retiring from the business herein described, then the earned premium shall be computed and adjusted *pro rata.* Notice of cancelation shall be served upon this Employer as the law requires, but, if no different requirement, notice mailed to the address of this Employer herein given shall be a sufficient notice, and the check of the Company, similarly mailed, a sufficient tender of any unearned premium.

C. The Company shall be permitted, at all reasonable times during the Policy Period, to inspect the plants, works, machinery and appliances covered by this Policy, and to examine this Employer's books at any time during the Policy Period, and any extension thereof, and within one year after its final expiration, so far as they relate to the remuneration earned by any employees of this Employer while this Policy was in force.

D. The obligations of **Paragraph One (a)** foregoing are hereby declared to be the direct obligations and promises of the Company to any injured employee covered hereby, or, in the event of his death, to his dependents; and to each such employee or such dependent the Company is hereby made directly and primarily liable under said obligations and promises. This contract is made for the benefit of such employees or such dependents and is enforceable against the Company, by any such employee or such dependent in his name or on his behalf, at any time and in any manner permitted by law, whether claims or proceedings are brought against the Company alone or jointly with this Employer. If the law of any state in which the Policy is applicable provides for the enforcement of the rights of such employees or such dependents by any Commission, Board or other state agency for the benefit of such employees or such dependents, then the provisions of such law are made a part hereof, as respects any matter subject thereto, as fully as if written herein. The obligations and promises of the Company as set forth in this paragraph shall not be affected by the failure of this Employer to do or refrain from doing any act required by the Policy; nor by any default of this Employer after the accident in the payment of premiums or in the giving of any notice required by the Policy or otherwise; nor by the death, insolvency, bankruptcy, legal incapacity or inability of this Employer, nor by any proceeding against him as a result of which the conduct of this Employer's business may be and continue to be in charge of an executor, administrator, receiver, trustee, assignee, or other person.

E. As between the employee and the Company, notice to or knowledge of this Employer of an injury or death covered hereby shall be notice or knowledge, as the case may be, of the Company; the jurisdiction of this Employer, for the purposes of any Workmen's Compensation Law covered hereby, shall be jurisdiction of the Company and the Company shall in all things be bound by and subject to the findings, judgments, awards, decrees, orders or decisions rendered against this Employer in the form and manner provided by such laws and within the terms, limitations and provisions of this Policy not inconsistent with such laws.

F. This Employer, upon the occurrence of an accident, shall give immediate written notice thereof to the Company with the fullest information obtainable. He shall give like notice with full particulars of any claim made on account of such accident. If, thereafter, any suit or other proceeding is instituted against this Employer, he shall immediately forward to the Company every summons, notice or other process served upon him. Nothing elsewhere contained in this Policy shall relieve this Employer of his obligations to the Company with respect to notice as herein imposed upon him.

G. No action shall lie against the Company to recover upon any claim or for any loss under **Paragraph One (b)** foregoing unless brought after the amount of such claim or loss shall have been fixed and rendered certain either by final judgment against this Employer after trial of the issue or by agreement between the parties with the written consent of the Company, nor in any event unless brought within two years thereafter.

H. If the method of serving notice of cancelation, or the limit of time for notice of accident or for any legal proceeding herein contained is at variance with any specific statutory provision in relation thereto, in force in the state in which any of the business operations herein described are conducted, such specific statutory provisions shall supersede any such conditions in this contract inconsistent therewith.

I. No assignment of interest under this Policy shall bind the Company unless the consent of the Company shall be endorsed hereon.

J. If this Employer carries any other insurance covering a claim covered by this Policy, he shall not recover from the Company a larger proportion of any such claim than the sum hereby insured bears to the whole amount of valid and collectible insurance.

K. The Company shall be subrogated, in case of any payment under this Policy, to the extent of such payment, to all rights of recovery therefor vested by law either in this Employer, or in any employee or his dependents claiming hereunder, against persons, corporations, associations or estates.

L. No condition or provision of this Policy shall be waived or altered except by endorsement attached hereto signed by the Manager and Attorney or an Assistant Manager for the United States; nor shall knowledge possessed by any agent, or by any other person, be held to effect a waiver or change in any part of this contract. Changes in the written portion of the Declarations forming part hereof (except Items 2, 3 and 4) may be made by the agent countersigning this Policy, such changes to bind the Company when initialed by such agent. The personal pronoun herein used to refer to this Employer or to an injured employee or dependents, shall apply regardless of number or gender.

M. The statements in Items 1 to 6 inclusive, in the Declarations hereinafter contained, are true; those stated as estimates only are believed to be true. This Policy is issued upon such statements and in consideration of the provisions of the Policy respecting its premium and the payment of the premium in such Declarations expressed.

In Witness Whereof, the Zurich General Accident and Liability Insurance Company, Limited, has caused this policy to be signed by its Manager and Attorney for the United States but the same shall not be binding upon the Company until countersigned by a duly authorized agent of the Company.

Countersigned at NEW YORK CITY,

this 24 day of APR 1933, 19

MINNER AND BARNETT INC.

Agent.

BY

AUTHORIZED FOR THE PURPOSE

Manager and Attorney.

Form 551-B

Declaration

Item 1 Name of this Employer DAVID W. GRIFFITH

P. O. Address PARK CENTRAL HOTEL - 7TH AVENUE & 55TH STREET, NEW YORK CITY

For the purpose of serving notice, as in the Policy provided, this Employer agrees that this address may be considered as both the residence and business address of this Employer or any representative upon whom notice may be served.

Individual, co-partnership, corporation or estate? AN INDIVIDUAL

Item 2 The period during which the Policy shall remain in force, unless canceled as in the Policy provided, (herein called the Policy Period) shall be from APRIL 21ST 1933, to APRIL 21ST 1934, at twelve and one minute o'clock A. M., standard time, as to each of said dates at the place where any operation covered hereby is conducted, as respects that operation, or at the place where any injury covered hereby is sustained, as respects that injury.

Item 3 Location of all factories, shops, yards, buildings, premises or other workplaces of this Employer, by Town or City, with Street and Number STATE OF NEW YORK

All business operations, including the operative management and superintendence thereof, conducted at or from the locations and premises defined above as declared in each instance by a disclosure of estimated remuneration of employees under such of the following **Divisions** as are undertaken by this **Employer.** 1 All industrial operations upon the premises. 2 All office forces. 3 All repairs or alterations to premises. 4 Specially rated operations on the premises. 5 Operations not on the premises.

CLASSIFICATION OF OPERATIONS NOTE:—If more than one classification indicate each other by (b), (c), (d), etc.	Estimated Total Annual Remuneration	Rate per $100. of Remuneration	Estimated Premium
1(a)	ESTIMATED NUMBER OF EMPLOYEES	RATE PER CAPITA	
CHAUFFEUR.....CODE #0911	ONE	16.25	16.25

FORM ATTACHED IS A PART OF THIS CONTRACT

MAR 22 1933 MINNER BY

IT IS UNDERSTOOD AND AGREED THAT IT IS THE INTENT OF THIS POLICY

ENDORSEMENT RELATING TO OCCUPATIONAL DISEASES
(Non-Inclusion Under Paragraph One (b) of the Agreements)

The Policy to which this endorsement is attached is issued on the understanding and agreement that the said Policy does not afford insurance under Paragraph One (b) of the Agreements with respect to Occupational Diseases and that Paragraphs Two, Three and Four of the Agreements are not to be construed as bringing Occupational Diseases within said Paragraph One (b) of the Agreements.

Attached to and hereby made a part of Policy No. 2117227 **of the Zurich General Accident and Liability Insurance Company, Limited, issued to** David W. Griffith

Countersigned:

MINNER and BARNETT, INC.

Agent

BY AUTHORIZED FOR THE PURPOSE

Manager and Attorney.

Form 1595-A. 4M. 3-33 153600

MINNER and BARNETT, INC.

Agent

BY AUTHORIZED FOR THE PURPOSE

Manager and Attorney.

Form 116C. 40M. 11-32

Form 1585 M. 2-32 152447

Form 1251-J 6M. 12-32 153335

COPY MAY BE ILLEGIBLE

BY.....

IT IS UNDERSTOOD AND AGREED THAT IT IS THE INTENT OF THIS POLICY TO APPLY ONLY TO PRIVATE OR DOMESTIC CHAUFFEURS OF THIS EMPLOYER WHOSE PRINCIPAL DUTIES CONSIST OF THE OPERATION, MAINTENANCE OR REPAIRS OF ANY PRIVATE PLEASURE AUTOMOBILE. THIS POLICY DOES NOT APPLY TO ANY OTHER EMPLOYEE UNLESS SUCH OTHER EMPLOYEE IS ACTING PRINCIPALLY IN THE CAPACITY OF A PRIVATE OR DOMESTIC CHAUFFEUR AND WHILE SO ACTING IS ENGAGED IN THE OPERATION, MAINTENANCE AND/OR REPAIR OF A PRIVATE PLEASURE AUTOMOBILE.

This endorsement to be effective as of 12:01 A.M. of the 21ST day of APRIL 19 33
12:01 A. M. OR NOON

This endorsement is issued subject to all the agreements, conditions and declarations contained in the policy to which it is attached, (except as modified by this endorsement) and shall not be binding upon the Company until countersigned by a duly authorized agent of the Company.

Attached to and hereby made a part of Policy No. 2117227 of the Zurich General Accident and Liability Insurance Company, Limited, issued to DAVID W. GRIFFITH

Countersigned:

MINNER and BARNETT, INC.

.....Agent

Form 116C-40M-11-32

AUTHORIZED FOR THE PURPOSE

Manager and Attorney.

DOMESTIC SERVANTS
ALL STATES WORKMEN'S COMPENSATION AND EMPLOYERS LIABILITY ENDORSEMENT

The Company accepts notice that the Employer named in Item 1 of the Declarations of the Policy to which this endorsement is attached may hire Domestic Servants in States other than those enumerated in the said Policy and in consideration of an additional premium to be determined as hereinafter provided the said Policy is hereby extended so that as respects personal injuries suffered by such Domestic Servants during the period of this endorsement including death at any time resulting therefrom the obligations of Paragraph One (a) of the agreements of the said Policy shall include such Workmen's Compensation laws as may be in effect at the time of the accident in any State of the United States.

In the event such personal injuries or death are not compensable under any Workmen's Compensation Law the Company will indemnify the Employer as provided by Paragraph One (b) of the Agreements of the said Policy but it is expressly understood that under said Paragraph One (b) of the Agreements whether the Policy be written in the name of one Employer or of more than one Employer the liability of the Company shall be limited to the sum of Twenty-five Thousand Dollars ($25,000) on account of personal injuries to or the death of any one Domestic Servant and subject to the same limit for each Domestic Servant, the liability of the Company shall be limited to the sum of Fifty Thousand Dollars ($50,000) on account of personal injuries to or the death of more than one Domestic Servant as the result of one accident or disaster.

The premium for this endorsement is to be determined upon the expiration of the Policy Period when the Employer shall furnish the Company with a list of all Domestic Servants employed during the term this endorsement shall have been in force showing the dates when service commenced and service ceased and shall pay premium in respect of such Domestic Servants based upon the rules and rates of the rate making authority of the State or States in which such Domestic Servants were employed.

This endorsement is issued subject to such agreements, conditions, provisos and declarations as are contained in the policy to which it is attached (except as modified by this endorsement), and shall not be binding upon the Company until countersigned by a duly authorized agent of the Company.

Attached to and hereby made a part of Policy No. 2117227 **of the Zurich General Accident and Liability Insurance Company, Limited, issued to** David W. Griffith

Countersigned:

MINNER and BARNETT, INC.

_____ **Agent**

AUTHORIZED FOR THE PURPOSE

David W. Griffith

_____

Manager and Attorney.

Form 1585 BYM. 2-32

152447

ENDORSEMENT TO BE ATTACHED TO STANDARD WORKMEN'S COMPENSATION AND EMPLOYERS LIABILITY POLICY WHEN APPLICABLE IN THE STATE OF NEW YORK

Par. 1. The obligations of Paragraph One (a) of the Policy to which this endorsement is attached include such Workmen's Compensation Laws as are herein cited and described:

Chapter 816 of the Laws of 1913, as re-enacted by Chapter 41 of the Laws of 1914, constituting Chapter 67 of the consolidated laws, all of the State of New York, and all laws amendatory thereof or supplementary thereto which may be or become effective while this Policy is in force.

Par. 2. The obligations of the Company under Paragraph One (b) of the Policy are limited to the liability imposed by law upon this Employer for negligence but specifically exclude any liability assumed by this Employer under any contract entered into with any other person, association or organization.

Par. 3. Agreement Six of the Policy shall be amended to read as follows: This agreement shall apply to such injuries so sustained by reason of the business operations described in said Declarations which, for the purpose of this insurance, shall include all operations necessary, incident or appurtenant thereto, or connected therewith, whether such operations are conducted at or from the work places defined and described in said Declarations or elsewhere in connection with, or in relation to, such work places.

Par. 4. The first sentence of Condition A of the Policy is hereby wholly eliminated and the following provisions substituted therefor: The premium for this Policy is based in part upon the entire remuneration earned during the Policy period by all employees of this Employer engaged in the business operations described in said Declarations together with all operations necessary, incident or appurtenant thereto or which may be connected therewith whether conducted at or from such work places or elsewhere in connection therewith or in relation thereto. The remaining part of the premium for this Policy is determined by the application of the approved loss and expense constant applicable to all policies issued in which the remuneration, when the expressed premium rates are applied, results in an annual premium which is less than $400. The final determination of the actual earned constant under this Policy shall be dependent upon audit. If the estimated advanced premium is more than $400 but the annual earned premium as determined by the audit is less than $400 then the constant shall be added. No annual earned premium which includes a constant in whole or in part shall exceed the sum of $400. If the estimated advance premium is less than $400 the constant will be duly expressed in Item 3 of the Declarations.

Par. 5. The sixth sentence of Condition B of the Policy shall be amended to read as follows: If such cancellation is at this Employer's request, the earned premium shall be computed and adjusted at short rates in accordance with the table printed hereon, but such short rate premium shall not be less than the short rate portion of the minimum premium stated in said Declarations.

Par. 6. Condition C of the Policy shall be amended to read as follows: The Company shall be permitted, at all reasonable times during the Policy period, to inspect the plants, works, machinery and appliances covered by this Policy. The Company shall also be permitted during the Policy period and any extension thereof and within one year after the final termination of the Policy to examine the Employer's books, vouchers, contracts, documents and records of any and every kind which show or tend to show the remuneration earned while this Policy was in force by employees of the Employer or by other persons covered by this Policy or which show or tend to show the premium payable as herein provided.

Par. 7. The Provisions of Condition F of the Policy shall be so far amended as to include the following additional agreements: Notice given by or on behalf of this Employer to any authorized agent of the Company within the State of New York, with particulars sufficient to identify this Employer, shall be deemed to be notice to the Company. Failure to give such notice within the time specified in the Policy shall not invalidate any claim made by this Employer if it shall be shown not to have been reasonably possible to give such notice within the prescribed time and that notice was given as soon as was reasonably possible.

(FOR FURTHER PROVISIONS SEE REVERSE SIDE OF THIS SHEET)

Form 1251-J 6M. 12-32 153335

Par. 8. If this Employer is a contractor the subject of whose contract is, involves or includes a hazardous employment and he shall sub-contract all or any part of such contract to one or more subcontractors; or if this Employer is an owner of timber other than on farm lands and shall contract with another to carry on or perform work or service in connection therewith which work or service is, involves or includes hazardous employment, it is agreed that the remuneration of all employees of any such subcontractor as first mentioned, as well as the remuneration of all employees of the contractor for timber operations, and the employees of any subcontractor to whom such contractor may sublet all or any portion of such work, shall all be included in the return of remuneration upon which premium is computed, and such remuneration so reported shall be considered the remuneration of employees of this Employer and shall in all respects be governed by the same terms, conditions, requirements and obligations of the Policy as the remuneration of the direct employees of this Employer. The requirements of this paragraph shall not apply as respects any such contractor or such subcontractor if he has secured compensation for his employees as provided and required by such Workmen's Compensation Law, which security shall be maintained during the period covered by the execution of the work undertaken, and proof of which security shall be submitted by this Employer to the Company in the form of a certificate signed by the insurance carrier which has undertaken the contractor's or subcontractor's risk; or if the contractor or subcontractor is a self-insurer, by means of a copy of the written consent of the Industrial Commissioner under which any such contractor or subcontractor has qualified as a self-insurer.

Par. 9. If this Employer is a corporation, the provisions of this Policy including the Declarations forming a part thereof, relating to the liability of the Company as respects personal injuries, including death, sustained by the President, any Vice-President, Secretary or Treasurer of this Employer, and to the remuneration of such officers of the corporation, are not applicable in the State of New York. Every executive officer of the Employer, if a corporation, irrespective of his duties, shall be included in all the undertakings of this Policy unless he elects not to be brought within the Workmen's Compensation Law and has filed such election with the Company on the form prescribed by the Industrial Commissioner. The entire remuneration of each executive officer of the corporation who has not filed the prescribed form of election with the Company shall be disclosed and made subject to a premium charge at the rate applicable to the hazard to which each such officer is exposed, which rate shall be applied to the actual remuneration of each such officer, but not in excess of $100 per week per officer. This Policy shall afford no coverage whatsoever with respect to any executive officer who has elected in the manner set forth above not to be brought within the coverage of said Compensation Law.

Par. 10. It is agreed that the part of Section 38 of such Workmen's Compensation Law reading, "shall be treated as the happening of an accident within the meaning of this chapter," etc., shall be administered and construed by substituting the word "injury" as defined in Section 2 of such Law for the word "accident" if such substitution is more beneficial to the claimant.

Par. 11. This Policy is issued by the Company and accepted by this Employer subject to the rate manual and rating plans established by the Compensation Insurance Rating Board and approved by the Superintendent of Insurance, with the agreement that the classifications and rates of premium are subject to either correction or modification, or both, in accordance with such rate manual and such rating plans, such correction or modification, if any, to be expressed by endorsement naming the effective date thereof.

Zurich General Accident and Liability Insurance Company, Limited

MINNER and BARNETT, INC.

BY .....

AUTHORIZED FOR THE PURPOSE

Manager and Attorney.

Declaration

Item 1 Name of this Employer DAVID W. GRIFFITH

P. O. Address PARK CENTRAL HOTEL - 7TH AVENUE & 55TH STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

For the purpose of serving notice, as in the Policy provided, this Employer agrees that this address may be considered as both the residence and business address of this Employer or any representative upon whom notice may be served.

Individual, co-partnership, corporation or estate? AN INDIVIDUAL.

Item 2 The period during which the Policy shall remain in force, unless canceled as in the Policy provided, (herein called the Policy Period) shall be from APRIL 21ST 1933, to APRIL 21ST 1934, at twelve and one minute o'clock A. M., standard time, as to each of said dates at the place where any operation covered hereby is conducted, as respects that operation, or at the place where any injury covered hereby is sustained, as respects that injury.

Item 3 Location of all factories, shops, yards, buildings, premises or other workplaces of this Employer, by Town or City, with Street and Number STATE OF NEW YORK

All business operations, including the operative management and superintendence thereof, conducted at or from the locations and premises defined above as declared in each instance by a disclosure of estimated remuneration of employees under such of the following **Divisions** as are undertaken by this **Employer.** 1 All industrial operations upon the premises. 2 All office forces. 3 All repairs or alterations to premises. 4 Specially rated operations on the premises. 5 Operations not on the premises.

CLASSIFICATION OF OPERATIONS NOTE:—If more than one classification indicate each other by (b), (c), (d), etc.		Estimated Total Annual Remuneration	Rate per $100. of Remuneration	Estimated Premium
1(a)		ESTIMATED NUMBER OF EMPLOYEES	RATE PER CAPITA	
CHAUFFEUR.....CODE #091.		ONE	16.25	16.25
		CLASSIFICATIONS 2A TO 5D INCLUSIVE ARE NOT APPLICABLE.		
2(a) Clerical Office Employees	8810			
(b) Draughtsman (engaged exclusively in the profession)—office duties only.	8811			
3(a) Additions to, alterations and repairs of Employer's existing buildings or plants (not construction of new buildings nor maintenance of equipment covered as manufacturing operations) excluding the erection or demolition of structural steel or of any fabricated iron or steel products or structure, and the construction of sewers, tunnels, shafts or subways, excluding also all operations conducted or supervised by contractors operating either as principals or on a percentage basis (unless specifically classified and rated in **Division 1**).	5602			
4				
5(a) Erection, installation, repair or demonstration of Employer's product, as follows:				
(Manual Classification)				
(b) Outside Salesmen, collectors and messengers (wherever engaged) who do not deliver merchandise	8742			
(c) Drivers and Drivers' Helpers (if not included in 1) wherever engaged	7205			
(d) Chauffeurs and Chauffeurs' Helpers (if not included in 1) wherever engaged	7380			

Minimum Premium for this Policy shall be $10.00 **Estimated Advance Premium** 16.25

4 The foregoing enumeration and description of employees include all persons employed in the service of this Employer in connection with the business operations above described to whom remuneration of any nature in consideration of service is paid, allowed or due together with an estimate for the Policy Period of all such remuneration. This enumeration and description with the estimated remuneration shall also include the President, any Vice-President, Secretary or Treasurer of this Employer if a corporation if actually performing such duties as are ordinarily undertaken by a superintendent, foreman or workman, but any such designated officer not so engaged shall not be included in such enumeration, description or estimated remuneration. The foregoing estimates of remuneration are offered for the purpose of computing the advance premium. The Company shall be permitted to examine the books of this Employer at any time during the Policy Period and any extension thereof and within one year after its final termination so far as they relate to the remuneration earned by any employee of this Employer while the Policy was in force.

5 This Employer is conducting no other business operations at this or any other location not herein disclosed —*except as herein stated:* NO EXCEPTIONS.

6 No similar insurance has been canceled by any insurance carrier during the past year—*except as herein stated:* NO EXCEPTIONS.

FORM ATTACHED IS A PART OF THIS CONTRACT

APR 2 5 1933
APR 2 5 1933

MINNER AND BARNETT, INC.
MANAGERS METROPOLITAN DEPARTMENT
INSURANCE CENTRE BUILDING
80 JOHN STREET NEW YORK CITY
TELEPHONE BEEKMAN 8280

STANDARD WORKMEN'S COMPENSATION AND EMPLOYERS' LIABILITY POLICY

D. W. GRIFFITH COLLECTION
MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY

"ZURICH"
GENERAL ACCIDENT AND LIABILITY INSURANCE COMPANY LTD.

OF ZURICH, SWITZERLAND

FOUNDED 1872

IT IS IMPORTANT THAT ACCIDENTS, HOWEVER SLIGHT SHOULD BE REPORTED IMMEDIATELY

Policy No. U. F. 2117227

ISSUED TO N

David W. Griffith

Premium, $16.25 Expiration 4/21/34

PLEASE READ THIS POLICY
GIVE IMMEDIATE NOTICE OF EVERY ACCIDENT

ESTABLISHED 1853
R. C. RATHBONE & SON
INCORPORATED
INSURANCE BROKERS
80 MAIDEN LANE
NEW YORK
TELEPHONE JOHN 4-4940

Short Rate Cancellation Tables.

FOR TERM OF ONE YEAR

Period in Force	Per Cent. of Annual Prem.	Period in Force	Per Cent. of Annual Prem.
1 day	2	50 days	28
2 days	4	55 "	29
3 "	5	60 "	30
4 "	6	65 "	33
5 "	7	70 "	36
6 "	8	75 "	37
7 "	9	80 "	38
8 "	9	85 "	39
9 "	10	90 " or 3 months	40
10 "	10	105 "	45
11 "	11	120 " or 4 months	50
12 "	12	135 "	55
13 "	13	150 " or 5 months	60
14 "	13	165 "	65
15 "	14	180 " or 6 months	70
16 "	14	195 "	73
17 "	15	210 " or 7 months	75
18 "	16	225 "	78
19 "	16	240 " or 8 months	80
20 "	17	255 "	83
25 "	19	270 " or 9 months	85
30 "	20	285 "	88
35 "	23	300 " or 10 months	90
40 "	26	315 "	93
45 "	27	330 " or 11 months	95
		360 " or 12 months	100

AUTOMOBILE POLICY
(LIABILITY AND PROPERTY DAMAGE FORM)

Zurich General Accident and Liability Insurance Company, Limited

STOCK COMPANY

of Zurich, Switzerland

STOCK COMPANY

UNITED STATES HEAD OFFICE—INSURANCE EXCHANGE, CHICAGO

DECLARATIONS

1. Name of Assured DAVID W. GRIFFITH

2. Address of Assured PARK CENTRAL HOTEL - 7TH AVENUE & 55TH STREET, NEW YORK CITY, NEW YORK.
(Street and Number, City or Town, County and State.)

3. The Named Assured is AN INDIVIDUAL
(Individual, Partnership, Corporation, Trustee or Estate.)

4. The Named Assured's business or profession is RETIRED

5. The automobiles covered by this policy and the premium charges for same are as follows:

	Trade Name	No. of Cylinders	Year of Model	Model Series	Style of Body or Load Capacity	CHASSIS Serial Number	Motor Number	Premium on Account of Agreement I	Premium on Account of Agreement II
(1)	MERCEDES-BENZ		1927-28		6 PASS. ALL WEATHER LIMOUSINE	35617	60348	134.64	27.00
(2)									
(3)									
(4)									
								$ 134.64	$ 27.00

Total Premium ONE HUNDRED SIXTY ONE AND 64/100 Dollars ($ 161.64)

6. The automobiles are and will be used for the following purposes only PRIVATE AND PLEASURE INCLUDING BUSINESS CALLS AND OCCASIONAL COMMERCIAL DELIVERY.

7. The policy period shall be TWELVE calendar months, beginning on the 21ST day of APR. 19 33, and ending on the 21ST day of APRIL 19 34, as to both dates 12.00 NOON standard time at the place where this policy has been countersigned.
12.01 a.m. or noon

8. The Company's liability under Agreement I because of bodily injuries to or the death of one person is and shall be limited to the sum of FIFTY THOUSAND Dollars ($ 50,000) and, subject to the same limit for each person, the Company's liability under Agreement I because of bodily injuries to or the death of more than one person, as the result of one accident or disaster, is and shall be limited to the sum of ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND Dollars ($ 100,000).

9. The Company's liability under Agreement II shall include damages recovered or recoverable either by reason of the cost of the repair or replacement of the property damaged or destroyed or by reason of claims for the loss of use of such property but in no event shall such liability exceed the sum of FIVE THOUSAND Dollars ($ 5,000) for any one accident or disaster resulting in such damage to or destruction of such property, whether the property of one person or of more than one person.

10. The automobiles are principally maintained and garaged in the city or town of NEW YORK CITY, NEW YORK.

11. The automobiles are principally used in the city or town of NEW YORK CITY, NEW YORK and in the vicinity of said city or town.

12. No automobile insured hereby is or will be rented to others or used to carry passengers for a consideration unless such purposes are stated in Declaration 6 and are usual to the business or profession of the Named Assured as defined in Declaration 4.

13. No trailer or vehicle serving as a trailer (unless described and charged for in Declaration 5 above) is used by the Assured.

14. No company has cancelled any automobile policy of the Assured, or refused to issue automobile insurance to the Assured, during the past year.

Endorsements attached to this policy are as follows:

Countersigned at New York City this 24th day of April 19 33

on behalf of: **Zurich General Accident and Liability Insurance Company, Limited.**

MANNING and BARNETT, INC.

BY .....
Authorized Agent or Underwriter

Form 1002-L

Zurich General Accident and Liability Insurance Company, Limited

STOCK COMPANY

of Zurich, Switzerland

STOCK COMPANY

UNITED STATES HEAD OFFICE—INSURANCE EXCHANGE, CHICAGO

In Consideration of the premium herein provided for, and of the statements contained in the Declarations, those of which made by the Named Assured being represented to be true, and subject to the General Conditions forming a part hereof, the ZURICH GENERAL ACCIDENT AND LIABILITY INSURANCE COMPANY, LIMITED (herein called the Company) DOES HEREBY AGREE with the Assured named in Declaration 1:

AGREEMENT I—LEGAL LIABILITY FOR BODILY INJURIES OR DEATH

To Insure the Assured against loss from the liability imposed by law upon the Assured for damages (including damages allowed for loss of services) because of bodily injuries, or death at any time resulting therefrom including instantaneous death, accidentally suffered or alleged to have been suffered by any person or persons (except those persons referred to in the proviso entitled "Exclusions"), as a result of the ownership, maintenance or use of any of the automobiles enumerated and described in Declaration 5; including in the case of commercial automobiles, the loading, transportation and unloading of goods usual to the business of the Named Assured as defined in Declaration 4.

AGREEMENT II—LEGAL LIABILITY FOR DAMAGE TO PROPERTY OF OTHERS

To Insure the Assured against loss from the liability imposed by law upon the Assured for damages (including damages allowed for loss of use of property damaged or destroyed) because of damage to or destruction of property of any description (except property of the Assured or property of others used by or in charge of the Assured or any of the Assured's employes or carried in or upon the automobiles covered hereby) as a result of the ownership, maintenance or use of any of the automobiles enumerated and described in Declaration 5; including in the case of commercial automobiles, the loading, transportation and unloading of goods usual to the business of the Named Assured as defined in Declaration 4.

AGREEMENT III—SERVICE

To Give prompt and efficient service (a) in investigating cases of bodily injuries or death, or of damage to property of others, coming within Agreements I and II above; (b) in conducting negotiations for the settlement of, or in contesting, any claims made because of such cases of bodily injuries or death, or of damage to property of others; and (c) in defending any suit brought against the Assured to recover damages because of such cases of bodily injuries or death, or of damage to property of others, unless or until the Company may elect to effect settlement of such suit.

AGREEMENT IV—EXPENSES

To Pay, in addition to damages, all expenses incurred by the Company for investigation, negotiation or defense; all costs taxed against the Assured in any legal proceeding defended by the Company; all premium charges on bonds to release attachments and on appeal bonds required in all such legal proceedings; and all interest accruing on any judgment for which the Company is liable in whole or in part under Agreements I or II, up to the date the Company shall have paid, tendered or deposited in Court, its share of such judgment.

AGREEMENT V—SURGICAL RELIEF

To Reimburse the Assured for the cost of such immediate surgical relief as shall be imperative at the time of the accident.

LIMITS OF LIABILITY

Always Provided that the Company's liability under this policy, whether it be issued in the name of one Assured or of more than one Assured, shall be limited in the following manner:

(1) Because of bodily injuries or death under Agreement I, to the amounts and in the manner expressed in Declaration 8.

(2) Because of damage to or destruction of property of others under Agreement II, to the amount and in the manner expressed in Declaration 9.

In addition to the above limits, the Company will pay all sums for which the Company may be liable under Agreements III, IV and V.

EXCLUSIONS

Provided Also (1) that this policy shall not cover in respect of any automobile (a) while used for any other purposes than those specified in Declaration 6; (b) while driven or manipulated by any person under the age fixed by law, or under fourteen years of age in any event; (c) while driven or manipulated in any race or speed test; (d) while used elsewhere than within the limits of the United States of America or the Dominion of Canada; or (e) while used other than during the policy period defined herein; (2) that the Company shall not be liable on account of bodily injuries or death (a) suffered by any employes of the Assured while engaged in the duties of their employment by the Assured (other than domestic servants); (b) suffered by any employes of the Assured while operating or caring for an automobile covered by this policy; or (c) suffered by any person on account of whose injuries the Assured may be held liable under any Workmen's Compensation Law, Plan or Agreement; and (3) that the Company shall not be liable under that Agreement or those Agreements (I or II) for which a specific premium is not charged under Declaration 5.

OMNIBUS COVERAGE

Provided Also that solely in respect of any automobile described in Declaration 5 not used for renting, livery, carrying passengers for hire, demonstrating or testing, this policy shall insure in the same manner and under the same conditions as the Named Assured is insured, (unless otherwise stipulated elsewhere herein) any other person or persons while riding in or operating any such automobile, and any person, firm or corporation legally responsible for the use or operation thereof, if such use or operation is with the permission of the Named Assured or—if the Named Assured is an individual—with the permission of an adult member of the Named Assured's household other than a chauffeur or a domestic servant, but this omnibus coverage shall not be available to any Automobile Repair Shop, Garage, Sales Agency and/or Service Station nor to any agent or employe thereof, and the insurance shall always inure first to the Named Assured and then (as to the remainder, if any) to any other person, firm or corporation entitled thereto.

DEFINITION OF "ASSURED" AND "NAMED ASSURED"

Provided Also (1) that the unqualified term "Assured" wherever used in this policy shall include in each instance the Named Assured and any other person, firm or corporation entitled to insurance under the provisions and conditions of this policy, but the qualified term "Named Assured" shall apply only to the Assured named in Declaration 1, and (2) that the word "automobile" wherever used in this policy shall be held to mean any type of Motor Vehicle or Trailer described in Declaration 5 and when two or more automobiles are insured under this policy the terms of this policy shall apply separately to each.

GENERAL CONDITIONS

Premium Computation

A. The premium for this policy is based upon a specific charge for each automobile dependent upon its description and the purposes for which it is to be used.

Cancellation

B. This policy may be cancelled by the Named Assured by written notice to the Company stating when thereafter such cancellation shall be effective, in which case the Company upon demand shall refund the excess of premium paid by the Named Assured above the customary short rate premium for the expired term. This policy may be cancelled by the Company by written notice to the Named Assured at the address given in this policy stating when not less than five days from the date of such notice such cancellation shall be effective and upon demand the Company shall refund the excess of premium paid by the Named Assured above the pro rata premium for the expired term. Cancellation shall be without prejudice to any claim arising out of an accident which may have occurred prior to the effective date of cancellation.

Inspection

C. The Company shall be permitted at all reasonable times during the policy period to inspect any of the automobiles covered by this policy.

Other Insurance

D. If the Named Assured carries a policy of another insurer against a loss covered by this policy, the Named Assured shall not be entitled to recover from the Company a larger proportion of the entire loss than the amount hereby insured bears to the total amount of valid and collectible insurance. If any other Assured has valid and collectible insurance against a loss covered by this policy, such other Assured shall not be entitled to insurance or protection under this policy.

Notices to Company

E. The Assured upon the occurrence of an accident, shall, as soon as practicable, give written notice thereof, with the fullest information obtainable at the time, to the United States Head Office of the Company or to the nearest Claim Department of the Company or to the Agency of the Company having countersigned this policy. The Assured shall give like notice with full particulars of any claim made on account of such accident. If any suit is brought against the Assured to enforce such claim, the Assured shall promptly forward to the United States Head Office of the Company or to the nearest Claim Department of the Company or to the Agency of the Company having countersigned this policy every summons or other process that may be served upon the Assured.

Co-operation of Assured

F. The Assured shall not voluntarily assume any liability, nor incur any expense, other than for immediate surgical relief, nor settle any claim, except at the Assured's own cost. The Assured shall not interfere in any negotiation for settlement, nor in any legal proceeding, but whenever requested by the Company and at the Company's expense, the Assured shall aid in securing information and evidence and the attendance of witnesses, and shall co-operate with the Company (except in a pecuniary way) in all matters which the Company deems necessary in the defense of any suit or in the prosecution of any appeal.

Action Against Company

G. No action for the insurance against loss provided for in Agreements I and II of this policy shall lie against the Company until the loss is made certain either by judgment against the Assured after final termination of the litigation or by agreement between the parties with the written consent of the Company, nor in any event unless brought within two years after the date of such judgment or agreement. No action to recover under any other Agreement shall lie against the Company, unless brought within twelve months after the cause of action accrues.

Rights of Judgment Creditor

GG. The insolvency or bankruptcy of the Assured shall not release the Company from the payment of damages for injuries sustained or loss occasioned during the term of this policy. In case any person or the legal representatives of any person shall obtain a final judgment against the Assured because of any such injuries or loss as are covered by this policy the judgment creditor may proceed against the Company subject to the conditions of this policy to recover the amount of such judgment, either at law or in equity, but not exceeding the limit of this policy applicable thereto.

Subrogation

H. The Company shall be subrogated to all rights which the Assured may have against any person, partnership, corporation or estate as respects any payment made under this policy, and the Assured shall execute all papers required to secure to the Company such rights.

Conflicting Statutory Provisions

I. If any condition in this policy conflicts with any specific statutory provision in the State in which it is claimed that the Assured is liable for any such injuries or loss as are covered by this policy, such specific statutory provision shall be substituted for such condition.

Financial Responsibility Laws

II. This policy as respects any insurance provided under Agreements I and II shall be construed to conform with the provisions of any Motor Vehicle Financial Responsibility Law of any State or Province insofar as any such law is applicable to the operation of any automobile described in Declaration 5 but only to the extent of the coverage and limits of liability required by such law and in no event in excess of the limits of liability stated in this policy. If in the event of violation by the Assured of any of the provisions or conditions of this policy the Company shall nevertheless be obligated by the requirements of any such Law to make payments on account of an accident, claim or suit for which payments the Company would not have been liable but for the requirements of such Law, then the Assured shall reimburse the Company for the amount of such payments.

Assignment of Interest

J. In the event an automobile covered by this policy is sold, transferred or assigned, this policy shall not cover such purchaser, transferee or assignee except by the written consent of the Company endorsed on this policy. In the event of the death, insolvency or bankruptcy of the Named Assured within the policy period, the policy during the unexpired portion of such period shall cover the legal representative of the Named Assured, provided that notice in writing is given to the Company within thirty days after the date of such death, insolvency or bankruptcy.

Changes

K. No change in the agreements, general conditions, or declarations of this policy, either printed or written, shall be valid unless made by endorsement signed by the Manager and Attorney or an Assistant Manager for the United States, nor shall notice to or knowledge possessed by any agent or any other person be held to waive, alter or extend any of such agreements, general conditions, or declarations.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, the Company has caused this Policy to be signed by its Manager and Attorney for the United States, but the same shall not be binding upon the Company unless countersigned under the Declarations by a duly authorized agent or underwriter of the Company.

Manager and Attorney.

Short Rate Cancellation Table

FOR TERM OF ONE YEAR

Period in Force	Per Cent. of Annual Prem.
1 day	2
2 days	4
3 "	5
4 "	6
5 "	7
6 "	8
7 "	9
8 "	9
9 "	10
10 "	10
11 "	11
12 "	12
13 "	13
14 "	13
15 "	14
16 "	14
17 "	15
18 "	16
19 "	16
20 "	17
25 "	19
30 "	20
35 "	23
40 "	26
45 "	27
50 "	28
55 "	29
60 "	30
65 "	33
70 "	36
75 "	37
80 "	38
85 "	39
90 " or 3 months	40
105 "	45
120 " or 4 months	50
135 "	55
150 " or 5 months	60
165 "	65
180 " or 6 months	70
195 "	73
210 " or 7 months	75
225 "	78
240 " or 8 months	80
255 "	83
270 " or 9 months	85
285 "	88
300 " or 10 months	90
315 "	93
330 " or 11 months	95
360 " or 12 months	100

.....19.....

FOR VALUE RECEIVED, the interest of the Assured in this policy is hereby assigned to

.....

of.....

(Post Office Address of Assignee)

subject to the consent of the **ZURICH GENERAL ACCIDENT AND LIABILITY INSURANCE COMPANY, LIMITED,**

.....

(Signature of Assured)

CHICAGO, ILL.,.....19.....

The **ZURICH GENERAL ACCIDENT AND LIABILITY INSURANCE COMPANY, LIMITED,** hereby consents to the assignment of interest as made above.

.....

AUTOMOBILE POLICY

(Liability and Property Damage Form)

FOUNDED 1872 IN ZURICH, SWITZERLAND

ZURICH GENERAL ACCIDENT AND LIABILITY INSURANCE COMPANY LTD

UNITED STATES HEAD OFFICE - - CHICAGO

ARTHUR W. COLLINS
U. S. Manager and Attorney

HARRY H. FULLER - ARTHUR H. BROWN - NEVILLE PILLING
Assistant U. S. Managers

Policy A. P. [illegible]

ISSUED TO N

David W. Griffith

Premium $161.64 **Expiration** 4/21/34

PLEASE READ THIS POLICY. PLEASE GIVE IMMEDIATE NOTICE OF EVERY ACCIDENT.

ESTABLISHED 1853
R. C. RATHBONE & SON
INCORPORATED
INSURANCE BROKERS
80 MAIDEN LANE
NEW YORK
TELEPHONE JOHN 4-4940

MINNER AND BARNETT, INC.

MANAGERS METROPOLITAN DEPARTMENT
INSURANCE CENTRE BUILDING
80 JOHN STREET, NEW YORK CITY

TELEPHONE BEEKMAN 8280

D. W. GRIFFITH COLLECTION
MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY

April 23, 1934.

Mrs. Eugene H. Ray,
Weissinger Gaulbert,
Louisville, Kentucky.

Dear Mrs. Ray:

I was glad to receive your proofs of my father's record during the war but as I told you in Louisville the thing I was most anxious to obtain proof of was the record of his being breveted a Brigadier General. I know that this was true because I have heard it not only from my Mother but from men who fought under my father, whom I met when I was a boy while sojourning through Kentucky. As I understand, it happened at the close of the war when, of course, there were insufficient men to give him and the title was conferred upon him merely as an honor for his heroism, as the First Kentucky escorted Jefferson Davis South after the fall of Richmond and the surrender of Lee. Unless I am mistaken, I believe Lee surrendered on April 5, 1865; and as you have discovered, my father did not surrender until May 10th following. I would like to find out if this was the time that Jefferson Davis surrendered. If my father accompanied him, as he evidently did, it may have been during this time that the honor was conferred upon him.

I was anxious to find out about this merely because, owing to the fact that the silly appointments of all sorts of civilians in recent years to the title of Colonel, has made this title a laughing matter. So I would like you to see whether you can find out anything concerning this. There might be something in Jefferson Davis' book on "The Rise and Fall of the Confederacy". There is also another book which I have out West written by Colonel Pope Johnson of Louisville. I do not think he was ever a Colonel but served as a private and then a non-commissioned officer under my father. I would like to get this information as soon as possible as I know, whether it can be proven or not, that this title was conferred upon my father.

Yours most sincerely,

April 24, 1934.

Messrs. Peter & Burghard,
309 West Jefferson,
Louisville, Ky.

Attention: Mr. Moore

Gentlemen:

Enclosed please find check for $700.00 in part payment of the monument to be erected at Mt. Tabor. I understand the balance is to be paid when the work is finished to our satisfaction.

I have been delayed in getting certain information about my father's record. As soon as I receive this I will forward his inscription to you and, as stated in your letter, you can make the sample copy you speak of and send it to me for approval.

Very truly yours,

Enclosure

718 W. 6th. St.,
Santa Ana, Calif.
Apr. 24-34.

Dear uncle David:

Mother and I are back in Calif., and its good to be home, only of course it doesn't seem like home, without Auntie, and it will take me some time to get adjusted to life without her.

Its wonderful tho to be here among her things and to enjoy the comforts of life she left for us, our little house is as cozy and comfortable as any suite of rooms in the best Hotel in N.Y. and Geraldine and I are very happy that you are making it possible for us to keep the "Home fires burning".

We will have to have the kitchen foundation reinforced

immediately, and that will be an extra expense; it seems there are always extras, so if you can keep the check to where it was until our present installments are met, I'll handle it carefully, and in a short time we will be on our feet sufficiently that we can meet emergencies with out making a special call on you, and that will make me very happy. I want to be a comfort to you not just another responsibility. You are all that I have left of Auntie, and I am all that you have of her. So we have to stick together.

I have been handling all of Auntie's affairs for several years, so you can continue to trust me as you did so beautifully during

her illness.

I have enough cash to carry us the rest of this month, but will need a check as early in May as you can get it to me.

I did not give my bracelet to Mary Anna, because it is so much nicer than the little pin that was left to Mary Bruce, I was afraid of causing more ill feeling, so promised Marguerite I'd try to find a bracelet similiar to Auntie's, and will mail it to her when I find it. I will mail their "Dollars" to them when your next check arrives, then I'll have money in the bank, and can send checks, think that will be better.

We hope you do get to Calif. We are at your service always, if there is anything I can do for you at any time uncle David, please let me know.

oodles of love Ruth

SECURITY-FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF LOS ANGELES

Security Office
Fifth and Spring Streets
Los Angeles

April 26, 1934.

Mr. David W. Griffith
% Leslie J. Tompkins,
116 John Street
New York, N.Y.

Dear Sir:

In checking the papers in connection with your renewal loan, we find that we have never received fire insurance covering your ranch house and two other bungalows located about two miles southeast of San Fernando.

We would appreciate your filing any insurance you may have on these buildings with us. If you have none may we ask that you have some written and filed, after having had our special loss payable clause attached as evidence of our mortgagee's interest.

Very truly yours,

C. W. BROWN

Assistant Secretary

Please address reply
Attention: T.A. McCormack
TAM:DR
Loan No. 52768

D. W. GRIFFITH COLLECTION
MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM

MARQUIS JAMES
Pleasantville, New York.

April 27, 1934.

Dear Mr.Frank,

I have had a very interesting and profitable, for me at least, conversation with D.W.Griffith regarding his making a picture of my book, "The Raven". He has a tremendous grasp of the characters and situations in this book. I am so convinced that he would make a great film spectacle of it that I am deferring action on other offers until I learn what Mr.Griffith wishes to do. I shall be very glad to cooperate with him in any way, which is the first offer of that kind I have ever made to anyone with relation to a motion picture, though I have had a good many opportunities. But I think he could make another "Birth of a Nation" of "The Raven".

Sincerely,

(signed) Marquis James.

Copy

ESTABLISHED 1880

PETER & BURGHARD STONE COMPANY

INCORPORATED

DESIGNERS AND MANUFACTURERS

ARTISTIC MEMORIALS

MAUSOLEUMS
MONUMENTS
MARKERS

DISPLAY AND SALESROOMS
309 WEST JEFFERSON ST.
PLANT 13TH TO 14TH MAPLE ST.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

April,27,1934

Mr D.W.Griffith,
Park Central Hotel,
New York N.Y.

Dear Sir;.

This is to acknowlege receipt of your letter with check for $700.00 enclosed as part payment on the memorial.

We are elclosing sketch of the memorial showing where the various records will be placed. We trust that you will let us have these records as soon as possible as we are progressing fast with the cutting of the memorial.

Thanking you kindly for past favors we are

Very truly yours

The Peter & Burghard Stone Co

Per R F Moore

Robert F. Moore mrg

Orest
Rec't Reg
Mail June 16-34

April 30, 1934.

Dear Little Ruth:

Enclosed you will find check for $150.

I suppose you and Sister Ella had a great time travelling around. I was very glad to see Sister Ella again. She is certainly some sweet gal and has a great sense of humor. No wonder you wanted her for a companion.

I was most reluctant, as you know, to leave Louisville as I wanted to stay over another day at least; but I suppose it was Albert's wife - I'll be d-- if I know of anything else it could have been unless it was somebody else's wife - that took him away so quickly. I did not know until after we had gotten on the train - when Albert told me - that Frank Fear was very anxious to give me a big spread Saturday night and have all his family present. To my surprise he knew all about my pictures and had seen some of them several times. I told Albert to go up and see him, as you will remember, about the possibilities of getting some eastern agencies for his product. But of course I did not dream that he was interested in my sort of work as from what I understood concerning him, he is the sordid, practical business guy, only interested in making the best beer in America. I think it would be a great chance for Albert to get into some business he understands, and as I had even worked out the advertising plan for him, I am sure had I gone to the dinner (not bragging) I would have sold the Fears the big idea and put Albert in the way to make some real money.

Of course what I wanted to stay over for was to see the town on Sunday, particularly the old church; but after I found out about Mr. Fear, I had still another

regret that we did not stay over.

I hope you are feeling well and if so, write me a good long letter about your prospects, plans &c.

With my best love to you, Sister Ella, Jerry and all the rest of them, I am,

As every -

Enclosure.

D. W. GRIFFITH COLLECTION
MUSEUM OF MODERN

April 30th, 1934.

Mr. Woodson Oglesby,
LaGrange,
Ky.

Dear Woodson:

Enclosed find check for $30.00.

I understand from Little Ruth that your health improved so you got out on your feet as per normal the very minute your debts were paid off and you received the little extra money. She did not say anything about the debts being paid off but she did say your health improved enormously the day I was there. After all, the greenback cure isn't a bad one, is it?

If you will follow my advice and don't eat so many biscuits, and try more vegetables, you will find this will help some too. This part about the biscuits I just put in because I know you are not going to pay a damn bit of attention to it.

With best love for everybody, I am,

As usual -

Enclosure.

April 30th, 1934.

Mr. William Griffith,
LaGrange,
Oldham Co.,
Kentucky.

Dear Will:

Enclosed find check for fifty bucks. Buy yourself a town house, a couple of aeroplanes, and an automobile or two with this -- and cut up generally.

I was very glad to find both you and Sister Mary looking so well when I was there. Keep this good work up. That is just as important as milking the damn cows. Personally, remembering the expression on the cows' faces, I don't think they care much about being milked anyhow. However, this is a private matter which I will rest entirely between you and the cows.

If you go to the Derby this year, be sure to look through the crack, as you did the last time, from the outside of the race track, as that will not only keep you from getting in Dutch with Sister Mary but will save you dough. I would advise not betting over $10,000. at a time on any particular horse.

With love to you all, I am,

As ever -

D. W. GRIFFITH COLLECTION
MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY

MEMBERS
MERCHANTS ASSOCIATION OF N.Y.
RETAIL DEALERS PROTECTIVE ASSN.

JAMES H. SCOTT, PRESIDENT
WALTER TIGHE, VICE PRESIDENT

AAA AUTO SERVICE, INC.

153-155 WEST 54TH STREET
NEW YORK CITY
TEL. CIRCLE 6280-6281 ~~4370-8070~~

April 30th 1934.

IN ACCOUNT WITH Mr.D.W.Griffith.
Park Central Hotel.
New York city

Limousine Service.

April 11th	From 800-430	8½Hrs @ 2,00 ph	17.00	
		15 Miles @10c	1.50	$ 18.50

Paid by
Check
May 9-34

Date	Gals. Gas.	Gals. Spec. Gas.	Qts. Oil	Trans. Storage	Wash & Polish
1					
2					
3					
4					
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31					
TOTAL					

PHONES CIRCLE {1881 1882 1883

ALL BILLS DUE AND PAYABLE ON OR BEFORE THE 10TH OF EACH MONTH

SCOTT & TIGHE GARAGE, INC.

STORAGE AND ACCESSORIES

153-155 WEST 54TH STREET

PRIVATE LIVERY SERVICE

PACKARD LIMOUSINES
WITH UNIFORMED CHAUFFEURS

NEW YORK, N. Y., April 30 1924

SOLD TO Mr D W. Griffith

ADDRESS Park Central Hotel

MADE BY AUTOMOTIVE SYSTEMS AND FORMS CO., INC., 27 THAMES ST., NEW YORK, N. Y. PHONES RECTOR 8410 & 1790

DATE	PARTICULARS	CHARGES	CREDITS	BALANCE
	Mercedes		March	15.00
	STORAGE for the month of April	15.00		
	Gals. Gasoline @			
	Gals. Special Gasoline @			
	Qts. Oil @			
	Paid by Check May 9. 24	15.00		15.00
				30.00

Not responsible for loss or damage by fire, theft or breakage.
We will not be liable for loss of any articles left in car or not checked at office.
Cars are driven by our employees solely at customer's risk.

CABLE ADDRESS "PARKCENT"

CIRCLE 7-8000

The Ultimate in Modern Living

Hotel and Apartments

H.A.LANZNER
GENERAL MANAGER

THE PARK CENTRAL
SEVENTH AVENUE-55TH TO 56TH STREETS
NEW YORK CITY

April 30, 1934.

Mr. D. W. Griffith,
Park Central Hotel,
New York City.

To Helene Horgan,
Public Stenographer -

1 Manuscript in triplicate -

"INTO THE WEST"

.....$33.75

Received payment,

Helene Horgan

Thanks.

CABLE ADDRESS "PARKCENT"

CIRCLE 7-8000

The Ultimate in Modern Living

Hotel and Apartments

H. A. LANZNER
GENERAL MANAGER

THE PARK CENTRAL

SEVENTH AVENUE - 55TH TO 56TH STREETS

NEW YORK CITY

April 30th, 1934.

Mr. D. W. Griffith,
Park Central Hotel,
New York City.

To Helene Horgan,
Public Stenographer.

Letter J. A. Levison.....		$ 2.25
4/23/34 (Letters & Family Tree)		
Dictation 1½ hrs.	3.75	
Transcription	1.75	5.50
4/26/34 (Foreword)		
Dictation ½ hr.	1.25	
Transcription	1.00	2.25
4/24/34		
Letter (MrGreathouse for D.W.G.)		.25
4/27/34 (Story)		
Dictation 2 hrs.	5.00	
Transcription	3.60	8.60
4/30/34		
Dictation & Transcription		2.45
		$21.30
Stamps		.48
		$21.78

Received payment,

Helene Horgan

May 7, 1934.

MR D. W. Griffith,

729 Seventh Avenue, New York City.

TO CIVITAN CLUB OF NEW YORK. DR.

Paid by Check 6/8-34

FOR DUES: — MEMBERS OF RECORD

OLD BALANCE		$
FIRST HALF OF 193 4		$ 12.50
LAST HALF OF 193		$
TOTAL		$

DRAW CHECKS TO CIVITAN CLUB OF NEW YORK

MAIL TO ROSS M. BACON - TREASURER - 3704 CHRYSLER BLDG. NEW YORK CITY

D. W. GRIFFITH COLLECTION
MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY

Members of Record are not required to participate in office and committee work or to attend at luncheons. They are expected, however, if practicable, to attend the Annual Meeting and the Mid-Year Meeting.

It shall also be the duty of all members individually and in co-operation with the membership of the Club, to maintain the ideals of Civitan International as builders of good citizenship, and the undertakings and the dignity and influence of the New York Club. All members are entitled to all the privileges of the Club, participation in the official and committee activities and voting, and each member shall receive the Civitan magazine.

PARAMOUNT PICTURES DISTRIBUTING CORPORATION
DISTRIBUTOR OF
Paramount Pictures
TIMES SQUARE NEW YORK
CHICKERING 4-7040 + CABLE ADDRESS FAMFILM

May 7, 1934

Mr. A. Griffith Grey
141 East 44 Street
New York, New York

Dear Al,

I do not believe that there is a spot on our program, which is almost definitely set for 1934-5, for TEXAS STORY at the present time. Mr. Emanuel Cohen, to whom you submitted this story while he was in New York, turned it over to me.

I must also inform you that, for the time being at least, we couldn't take on the proposition of doing a talking picture version of BROKEN BLOSSOMS.

With best regards, I am

Very truly yours,

Russell Holman

Att; TEXAS STORY

3520

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK

OF SANTA ANA

CAPITAL & SURPLUS $1,000,000.00

SANTA ANA, CALIFORNIA May 7, 1934

Ruth Griffith,
718 W. 6th St.,
Santa Ana, Calif.

Dear Madam:-

We have received a letter from Mr. Foss Farrar stating that the extension of your note will be up June 21, 1934 and that you desire a renewal. Mr. Farrar explained that it was the intention to make distribution of the estate within the next year and they would not be able to make a renewal for a period longer than one year. We note that the present loan will outlaw April 21, 1935, and we also know that an executor of the Estate of Cecilia Farrar, deceased, has not been appointed in this State, and for this reason a renewal could not be made. The only suggestion is that the loan be allowed to run to within a couple of months of the outlaw date; towit; April 21, 1935, and in the meantime you arrange to get the loan elsewhere and pay off the Farrar estate. Mr. Farrar did not state, but it might be possible that he would accept the government bonds in case you were able to get a government loan.

Will you kindly advise either Mr. Farrar or this bank as to what you will be able to do in this matter.

Yours very truly,

A. D. Collver

ADC-c For Collection Dept.

MRS. EUGENE H. RAY
WEISSINGER - GAULBERT
LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

May 9-1934.

Dear Mr. Griffith:

Since your last came I have made every effort to verify the statements you heard in your youth concerning tho rank of Brig.Gen. in the Confederate Army of your father--to date I have not been able to do so.

I went again to Crestwood and talked to Mr. Virgil Long, the gentleman you thought had served with your father. He trained under him, but did not march away in his Company-in fact Mr. Long tells me he did not get away at all. He did not remember to have heard of the rank of Brig.Gen. being given your father-but added he in every possible way should have had it, if he did not really get it.

Then I heard of another old soldier living Oldham county-Mr. Billy Fox, he too remembered with the warmest affection Col.Griffith-did not belong to his Co. though and did not know of the matter we are most concerned about right now.

I went back to Frankfort and the Adjutant General's office where I searched and searched for any thing that would assist in establishing the matter-but still nothing. Then I wrote the Confederate Museum at Richmond, Va. and the inclosed letter came back-it explaines itself. In this letter you will see I am advised to write the War Dept. That I did in the beginning and sent you the reply. In that as you remember, only the rank of Lt.Col. was given and they have no other record there of your father being breveted.

2

MRS. EUGENE H. RAY
WEISSINGER - GAULBERT
LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

May 9-1934.

Now I am told in the Adjut.Gen. Office that if this honor came after the war was over (after Lee surrendered) there would be no record of it in the archieves of the Confederate Army-as only things happening during the war are to be had there-- I do not know about this, for it seems to me all records should be kept. I have gone all through every published account I can find both in the Filson Club and at the Public Libary-Col. Johnson, Orphant B 'The Rise and Fall of the Confederacy" and all other things of the kind there --but do not get mention of this. I am very sorry to send you this letter without the information you desire--for I do like to get at the bottom of all such things--but to date I have not in this case. I shall continue to search- and if I can locate any old soldiers will talk with them.

If I may suggest that since your mother told you this- since men who have served under your father in the war told you the same thing, and in your own heart there is no doubt of the truth of the thing-you use the title for your father-we will continue to prove the statements, and when I am in Washington (which I hope to be next month) perhaps there, in some way I may be able to get what we need to establish it all?

If I get any thing (and I am still trying) I will at once write you.

Most sincerely,

P.S. I sent you a Derby copy of Courier-Journal-did you receive it in good time?

Elizabeth A. Ray

Not a book just a heart talks.

May,II,1934.
718 W. sixth, St.,
Santa Ana, Calif.,

Dear uncle David:

Thanks so much for your interesting letter, and for the enclosure. It made me both happy and sad; that's why I had to put off writing you, I'm just a little too low spirited to write the kind of a letter I'd like to write. I should be bouyant and grateful, I am grateful you know that, but I'd like to be well and strong, and able to help you instead of having to be a drain on you. If I were the only one you were helping then I'd sit down and enjoy it, but there are too many others, and my fingers itch to get in and do something for you; but my old back hurts so much that I know the only way I can help you is to take care of my self and not create any unnecessary bills.

So my present plans are not very definite, guess I'll just stay here and keep the "home fires" burning", like Auntie said for me to, do things easily, and build up myself so that if the occasion arises for me to do something more specific, I'll be able to do it. I'm not good for much outside of companion work; so if you ever are ill, and need looking after, I'll guarantee you will receive the best of care if you'll send for me; and I'd love to be able to be of service to you. You are all I have left of Auntie, and I'm so lonely without her, I can scarcely keep up. It is much harder for me here at home, than it was while I was with you. We've changed our table, so we do not have the vacant place, and we've done every thing we can to keep up, but of course we will just have to wait for time to heal. I get by pretty well during the day, because I keep busy, but the evenings and Sundays are pretty hard. Every place we go, it seems Auntie was with us the last time we were there, yet we know she is better off; and at first it was fairly easy, because we were so glad to have her out of her suffering, but now that we are home, we think of her more as she was a year or two ago, and it is not so easy; but it is easier than it would be if you were not so wonderful. Uncle David I am keeping this place up for you, and for your friends, it seems extravagant to have it just for myself and Jerry, and yet we'd be miserable any other place, so since you are good enough to let us keep on as we are, I hope that some day you will be able to receive some benefit from it.

Its a darn shame you were carried off to N.Y. when you wanted to remain in Ky. I wanted to have Easter Sunday with you too, donge-gone uncle Albert, why did'nt he tell you about that engagement with Mr. Fehr.Maybe we can put that through next year. We are'nt taking any vacation this year, just little trips back and forth to the beach this summer, we're going to save as much as possible, then next summer if we have enough cash to finance a trip to Ky., Jerry, Harriet, and I will drive through, if you can meet us there. Then I'll call up Mr. Fehr and tell him Mr. Griffith wishes to accept his invitation to dinner, etc., and we'll go to the Broadway Church, and every other place that strikes your fancy; Willard has left you, and Auntie is'nt with me, so we orphans might as well "get together".

There is one thing I want to thank you for especially, and you'll let me wo'nt you? Mother and I noticed that you did not touch any liquor while you were in Ky. , we felt that you did it our of respect to Auntie, and I think you should know we appreciated it greatly, and I'm sure if Auntie knew about it, she was very happy indeed. I used to love you for the "BIG" things you did, now I love you for your "Bigness" but I love you more for the little things you do. The better I know you the more I love you; but godness me, I'd better sign off, or Miss Evelyn will be getting jealous.

Auntie asked Harriet, (Miss Gates, the nurse) to live with us and to look after me, she had been living with us for some time any way, so she still is. She pays her part of the food bill, so it does not increase our expenses any, and it is really a great help to me. Geraldine is at school from eight in the morning till four in the after noon, and of course she is on the go pretty much of the time; naturally she does'nt realize how much I miss Auntie; because I'm trying to make her happy, not sad.

Now I'm really going to say "Good-night, and God bless you."

Oodles of love,
"Little" Ruth.

PS. Mother and Clyde are getting ready to leave town. Going out to look for work some where, so they are breaking up house-keeping, there seems to be nothing here for them.
Willard and Monte are in Norman Oklahoma, she is in business there.
We are all well, and as happy as we can be under the circumstances.

Mother wrote you a letter of thanks for her trip East, but I forgot to put the street address on envelope, hope you received the letter O.K.

Love
Ruth

315 White St.
Norman, Oklahoma
May 16, 1934

Dear Mr. Griffith:

I feel awfully bad that we were out roaming the country when you got the news about Aunt Ruth. although it was expected it was still a shock I know, and we should have been around.

I was very much upset on hearing from mother that you were displeased at the fact that we left without any final farewells. I hate to say good-bys and I thought you did too. And in this case I felt funny about leaving anyway. Certainly it was not a case of getting the dough and beating it without gratitude or thank-yous. Believe me as I have often said before, the only reason for asking you for

the money at all was for the purpose of putting ourselves in a position where we wouldn't have to dime you to death. ✱ You will never know how grateful I am for what you have done for me, but it is natural I should want to become independant, especially since this money question is the only thing that has ever come between us. And that, of course, only since it has become so scarce with everyone.

I wrote you several letters but I imagine under the circumstances you failed to get them. I mention this because various little birds have told me that you are under the impression that I never write unless I want

something. It isn't that I mean to be thoughtless. Besides from being a bum correspondent, lately I'm always needing something.

We're on the road now to get somewhere but I'm afraid I'm going to have to touch you again - as the fond parent says to his child, this hurts me more than it does you - and it does hurt me a lot to do this. Unfortunately since the deal in Texas that we figured on fizzled out, we had to take this proposition in Norman. It is a much better proposition but we lost time and money finding it - More important we had to make a larger down payment.

Monte doesn't know I am writing this but she is worried to death and I know

she won't be able to meet the bills the first of the month. Don't be alarmed - there's nothing wrong with the business. It's picking up - building, I mean and it is going to be a money maker. But competition is stiff and it takes time to build up a trade, but the fact that everyone that comes in is satisfied and comes back shows that the business is going to be all right.

I'm working hard but I haven't as yet been able to help with the household expenses, so what Monte takes in has been going for household expenses and what little advertising we have been able to do. It hasn't been near enough.

Don't feel that we took all the money you gave us and blew it in and now we're

asking for more. We have a shop here with about a thousand dollars worth of equipment in it - that's what it would cost if we bought it new - Moreover we have sixty five dollars up as deposit for gas, lights, and water. and we only owe about two hundred dollars on it (the shop). It will soon be on a paying basis.

However right now we haven't any cash and soon the rent will be due on both the shop and our house also a payment on the note for the shop as well as the light and gas bills and our current bill for supplies so I'm asking for a loan of one hundred dollars with the sincere hope that this will see us through and that we can soon write you a cheery letter telling you how much money we are making.

As ever
Willard

315 W Lite St.,
Norman, Oklahoma

A. A. S. R. BODIES OF NEW YORK CITY
E. JOSEPH BELKNAP, 33°, SECRETARY
SUITE 1006, MASONIC TEMPLE
71 WEST 23RD STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y.
PHONE, GRAMERCY 5-3018

DO NOT LAY THIS ASIDE— MAY 21 1934

IF YOU NEGLECT IT, IT MAY MEAN YOUR SUSPENSION IN THE SCOTTISH RITE BODIES, AND WE DO NOT WISH THAT TO OCCUR.

STATEMENT OF ACCOUNT

Brother David W. Griffith

Address ~~729 7th Ave~~ Park Central Hotel NYC

You are in arrears in dues in the A.A.S.R. Bodies of New York City for the following years: 1933 - 5.00
1934 - 5.00
10.00

Thank you
Fred'k Jos Belknap

No doubt this matter has escaped your attention, and feeling that you are of the opinion that membership in our Bodies is a privilege, I take this opportunity of reminding you of your indebtedness, and trust you will send me check at once for the full amount. Upon receipt of your check, card for 1934 will be mailed you immediately.

If you cannot pay all, part will be accepted on account.

PLEASE MAKE CHECKS PAYABLE TO THE "A.A.S.R. BODIES OF NEW YORK CITY," AND PLEASE RETURN THIS STATEMENT WITH YOUR REMITTANCE.

Yours fraternally,

E. Jos. Belknap 33°
Secretary

1935 card will be mailed in November. EJB

PARAMOUNT PICTURES DISTRIBUTING CORPORATION
DISTRIBUTOR OF
Paramount Pictures
TIMES SQUARE NEW YORK
CHICKERING 4-7040 + CABLE ADDRESS FAMFILM

May 23, 1934.

Mr. A. Griffith Grey
300 Madison Avenue
New York, N. Y.

Dear Al:

After discussion with our boys relative to the production of the short of D. W. Griffith, we find that we cannot find just the proper type of material for the presentation of Mr. Griffith, and rather than present him in slip-shod fashion we would rather wait until some definite idea comes up that will justify the making of such a short.

With every best wish, I am

Very truly yours,

Lou.

L. S. Diamond:PG.

P. S.

Attached four scripts which you left with me.

Encl.

D

Julius Rosenwald Fund

Southern Office
Cotton States Building
Nashville, Tennessee

S. L. Smith
Director for Southern Office

Fred McCuistion
Associate Director

May 30, 1934

Dear Mr. Griffith: In the spring of 1932 Mr. Will Hays sent you a copy of a letter which I wrote regarding the proposed moving picture portraying Negro life in America. I also wrote you on June 2 and had a reply from your business manager. The depression slowed down the efforts of the committee.

A sub-committee of the National Education Association on problems of Negro life and education, of which I am Chairman, has been working some time on the promotion of a great moving picture with its main objective that of providing entertainment through the medium of cultural accomplishments of the Negro race showing the contribution which this race has made toward modern progress. It is our belief that a moving picture of this type bringing in every phase of Negro life from a Mississippi plantation to Harlem, would have a box office appeal in all sections of the country.

The other three members of the NEA committee are Mr. Charles Johnson, Eminent Sociologist of Fisk University, W. T. B. Williams, Dean of Tuskegee Institute, Alabama, and Mr. Arthur Wright, President of the Jeanes and Slater Funds, Washington, D. C. This committee would gladly do anything in its power to help out in getting the proper characters and setting for such picture and, through the NEA and other large organizations both white and colored interested in the achievements of the Negro we would help to stimulate a wide interest throughout the nation. I believe such a picture at this time would have a large box office appeal in the South as well as other sections of the country.

Sincerely,

S. L. Smith
Chairman, Sub-Committee NEA

Mr. D. W. Griffith
Room 608
1619 Broadway
New York City

THE COMPANY WILL APPRECIATE SUGGESTIONS FROM ITS PATRONS CONCERNING ITS SERVICE

1201-S

CLASS OF SERVICE

This is a full-rate Telegram or Cablegram unless its deferred character is indicated by a suitable sign above or preceding the address.

WESTERN UNION

R. B. WHITE
PRESIDENT

NEWCOMB CARLTON
CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD

J. C. WILLEVER
FIRST VICE-PRESIDENT

SIGNS
DL = Day Letter
NM = Night Message
NL = Night Letter
LC = Deferred Cable
NLT = Cable Night Letter
Ship Radiogram

The filing time as shown in the date line on full-rate telegrams and day letters, and the time of receipt at destination as shown on all messages, is STANDARD TIME.

Received at

NU83 27 DL COLLECT XC=NORMAN OKLA JUN 7 948A

MINUTES IN TRANSIT	
FULL-RATE	DAY LETTER
	52

D W GRIFFITH=

SUITE 2265 PARK CENTRAL HOTEL=

ENJOYED THE PHONE CALL SORRY WILLARD WAS TOO ILL TO TALK HE KEEPS ASKING FOR YOU PERHAPS YOU HAD BETTER COME IMMEDIATELY WIRE YOUR PLANS LOVE=

MONTE=

1140A=

WESTERN UNION GIFT ORDERS SOLVE THE PERPLEXING QUESTION OF WHAT TO GIVE

718 W. sixth St.,
Santa Ana, Calif.
June 4, 1934.

Dear uncle David:

I am enclosing a letter to you regarding the mortgage on our home. The two thousand dollars is really due this June, but it can run till April of next year; and of course I do not want to take any chances, but unless you advise me differently, I will just let it ride till next Spring, then will try to get a Government loan, unless I have found some one during the year that will take over the mortgage for me.

I have been told at the Government loan office that my chances for securing a loan will be better then than now, as their policy is not to let out money unless the person is in immediate danger of loasing their home. By that time I hope to have reduced the amount of the mortgage, and a loan will be easier to secure. This month I have to pay about seventy four dollars interest, so you may be sure this child was glad to receive a check from her sweet uncle. All the songs about "Sweet Papa", "Daddy Dear" etc., are the bunk, they ought to get busy and write one about my uncle David, then they would have something worth talking about. Thanks for the check, and thanks for sending it so promptly.

We are getting along nicely, the car is a great comfort, but I miss Auntie more each day, instead of less; don't know how I could stand it if it were not for Harriet.

Lots of love from us.

Ruth

RECEIVED AT

RK CENTRAL HOTEL, N. Y.

STANDARD TIME INDICATED ON THIS MESSAGE

Postal Telegraph

THE INTERNATIONAL SYSTEM

Commercial Cables | TELEGRAMS CABLEGRAMS RADIOGRAMS | All America Cables

Mackay Radio

This is a full rate Telegram, Cablegram or Radiogram unless otherwise indicated by signal in the check or in the address.

DL	DAY LETTER
NL	NIGHT LETTER
NM	NIGHT MESSAGE
LCO	DEFERRED CABLE
NLT	NIGHT CABLE LETTER
WLT	WEEK END CABLE LETTER
	RADIOGRAM

Form 16

NA17 36 DL XU=TD LOSANGELES CALIF 455P JUN 5 1934

D W GRIFFITH=

PARK CENTRAL HOTEL=

DO YOU OWN PICTURE RIGHTS OF BROKEN BLOSSOM IF SO HAVE INDEPENDENT PRODUCER WHO WANTS TO BUY IT HOW MUCH ARE YOU ASKING INCLUDING MY TEN PERCENT COMMISSION WIRE ANSWER TWO NAUGHT THREE FOUR NORTH ARGLE=

LOU CANTOR.

830P.

Telephone Your Telegrams to **Postal Telegraph**

LOS ANGELES EVENING
HERALD Express
AN INDEPENDENT AND NEWSPAPER

Reg. U. S. Pat. Office. Copyright, 1934, by Evening Herald Publishing Company

The Evening Herald and Express Grows Just Like Los Angeles

OME" TUESDAY, JUNE 5, 1934 *Weather—SHOWERS*

VISE NEW COLLEGE

WHEN GRIFFITH BLAZED FILM PATHS

David Wark Griffith, noted pioneer film director who invented the closeup and the cut-back, is pictured, in left foreground, on the set at his Sunset boulevard studio in 1915. In center is Frank Woods, production manager, and at right is Mae Marsh, actress. In 1914 Griffith made screen history by producing "The Birth of a Nation," and two years later he made "Intolerance." He developed more stars than any other one man. They include Mary Pickford, Dorothy and Lillian Gish, Blanche Sweet and Alice Joyce. —Pictures from Don Dickinson.

FORM 201

THE ULTIMATE IN MODERN LIVING

STATEMENT

THE PARK CENTRAL

FIFTY-FIFTH STREET AT 7TH AVE.

NEW YORK CITY

N.Y. 6/6.

M D. W Griffith
Apt 2265

IF RECEIPT IS DESIRED PLEASE RETURN BILL INTACT WITH YOUR REMITTANCE.
OTHERWISE RETURN ONLY TOP STUB AND YOUR CANCELLED CHECK WILL BE YOUR RECEIPT.

$ 200.00

THE PARK CENTRAL _____ PAID _____ FOLIO _____

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PARK CENTRAL HOTEL

JUN - 6 34

CASHIER

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ALL BILLS PAYABLE WHEN RENDERED

RECEIVED AT

20 BROAD ST
TEL. HANOVER 2-6020
ALWAYS OPEN

STANDARD TIME
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Postal Telegraph

THE INTERNATIONAL SYSTEM

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DL	DAY LETTER
NL	NIGHT LETTER
NM	NIGHT MESSAGE
LCO	DEFERRED CABLE
NLT	NIGHT CABLE LETTER
WLT	WEEK END CABLE LETTER
	RADIOGRAM

Form 16

1934 JUN 7 AM 1 53

SA294 11 NM XU=TD LOSANGELES CALIF 6

D W GRIFFITH=

PARK CENTRAL HOTEL NYC=

PLEASE WIRE IMMEDIATELY IF A PRINT OR SCRIPT IS AVAILABLE HERE=

LEW CANTOR.

JUN 7 2 45 PM

Telephone Your Telegrams to **Postal Telegraph**

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STANDARD TIME INDICATED ON THIS MESSAGE

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Form 16

SA14 48 NL=TD LOSANGELES CALIF 8

D W GRIFFITH=

PARK CENTRAL HOTEL NYC=

1934 JUN 9 AM 4 59

RUSH PRINT TO PHIL GOLDSTONE UNIVERSALCITY HE WILL PAY EXPRESS CHARGES AT THIS END STOP HE HAS ACTOR UNDER CONTRACT FOR CHINESE PART AND NOT HAVING SEEN THE PICTURE WANTS TO GET SOME IDEA STOP FEEL CERTAIN THAT WHEN HE SEES IT HE WILL BE READY TO BUY=

LEW CANTOR.

Telephone Your Telegrams to Postal Telegraph

LESLIE J. TOMPKINS
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW
116 JOHN ST., NEW YORK CITY

TELEPHONE BEEKMAN 3-6497

June 12th, 1934.

Mr. D.W. Griffith,
Hotel Park Central,
55th St. & 7th Avenue,
New York City.

RE: Property standing in the name of Banzhaf which belongs to you.

Dear Mr. Griffith:

Mr. Klune tells me that the only property that stands in Banzhaf's name which belongs to you is covered by a deed duly executed by Banzhaf which you have in your safe deposit box. The next time you visit the box you should take this deed out and have it recorded.

The only question that need worry you is whether you want the deed in your name or want to put somebody else's name in. If, when you get the deed out, you will let me know whose name you want in and will just send the deed to me we will fix it up and have it recorded.

I received a notice from the Security-First National Bank of Los Angeles this morning stating that on May 11th, 1934 interest was due on your loan in the sum of $362.08. They have charged you with interest on $29750. from February 11th to March 11th and on $23750. from March 11th to May 11th. I suggest that you send a check to the Security-First National Bank of Los Angeles, 502 South Spring Street, Los Angeles, California for the sum of $362.08, or, if you prefer, send the check down here and we will forward it for you. I enclose the notice sent me in event you prefer to send the check direct.

Yours very truly,

Leslie J. Tompkins

MRS. EUGENE H. RAY
WEISSINGER - GAULBERT
LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

June 13-1934.

Dear Mr. Griffith:

I have not heard from you- but if it is convenient to you, I should like to start on that research trip East on June 30th. as that is the first date for summer rates on Rail-rodd. In case it does not suit you for me to go then-please advise at once as there is some other work that takes me in the other direction and I should like to go on it, if not East on yours at that time.

I have been searching here and in the different near by counties-have gained some additional information-nothing to count for a great deal. I wrote Mr. T.W.Oglesby, at Casa Gronde, Az. and his reply says your grand-father Thomas Oglesby is buried on the old Sweeney place- and Nancy Carter on a family lot, near Floysdburg-I am going to the old Thomas Oglesby farm perhaps next Sunday---

Please let me hear at once concerning the Virginia and Maryland trip, and oblige,

Most sincerely,

Elizabeth C. Ray-

CABLE ADDRESS "PARKCENT" CIRCLE 7-8000

The Ultimate in Modern Living

H.A. LANZNER
GENERAL MANAGER

THE PARK CENTRAL

SEVENTH AVENUE - 55TH TO 56TH STREETS
NEW YORK CITY

June 14 - 34

Check 16

Treasurer Dept Int Rev
Service

$536.82

in full

1st Payment 18a 21
2 " 536.82

$717.03

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STANDARD TIME
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TELEGRAMS CABLEGRAMS RADIOGRAMS

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DL	DAY LETTER
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	RADIOGRAM

SA89 7 NM XU=TD LOSANGELES CALIF 17

1934 JUN 13 AM 2 24

D W GRIFFITH=

PARK CENTRAL HOTEL NYC=

PLEASE ADVISE IF YOU HAVE SHIPPED PRINT=

LEW CANTOR.

Lily

Telephone Your Telegrams to Postal Telegraph

6/18/34 NY American

NEW YORK Day by Day

—By O. O. McIntyre—

Diary: Up to say good-bye to Ray Long, Jr., against going to a boys' camp for summer. So breakfasting in Fullerton Weaver's new open air cafe at the Park Lane. Then at fuddy-duddying until Frank and Agnes Shutts, from Miami, came to sit awhile.

BING CROSBY
" . . . greatest strides."

This day I articled another annuity. And by post a gay golf story from Rex Beach in Florida and a longer letter from Edison Marshall telling of a thrilling tiger hunt in Indo-China. And I skipped about skirling "Where's that tiger?" until Steve Pinckney dropped by with tayles of the gang in Houston.

To a Broadway cabaret for powsowdy and watched the lunatic actions of Jimmy Savo, foremost pantomimist of his day. And on way home fell in with David Wark Griffith, as youngish and handsome as in the days he was the deserved doyen of the silent screen. To bed reading again Kipling's "City of Dreadful Night."

* * *

Word drifts back to literary centers that Raoul Whitfield is on the last pages of his novel written on a New Mexico ranch. Whitfield, once of the Hollywood studios, married the former Emily Vanderbilt, who sundered all the social lemon-meringue for an adobe house in a remotely forlorn and elegiac whisper of the desert. They are miles from a railroad, without telephone and for domestic pets have two shaggy sheep dogs that suggest twin Heywood Brouns.

* * *

The revived circus classic, "The Man on the Flying Trapeze," which the movies have worn to a frazzle recently, was long the poker table chanson of cartoonist Clare Briggs. He hummed it in dulcet tenor while Harry Staton provided the bass obbligato and H. T. Webster a thin file-rasp alto from first pot to final roodle. That they were not slain in cold blood is a tribute to the tolerance of the noblest gang of poker fiends that ever hailed dawn with hiccups.

* * *

Personal nomination for the screen actor making greatest

The revived circus classic, "The Man on the Flying Trapeze," which the movies have worn to a frazzle recently, was long the poker table chanson of cartoonist Clare Briggs. He hummed it in dulcet tenor while Harry Staton provided the bass obbligato and H. T. Webster a thin file-rasp alto from first pot to final roodle. That they were not slain in cold blood is a tribute to the tolerance of the noblest gang of poker fiends that ever hailed dawn with hiccups.

* * *

Personal nomination for the screen actor making greatest strides in his profession the past year—Bing Crosby.

* * *

Among summer joys is the close hair cut. Especially for that back of the head feel, like running the hand over a plush chair in the parlor car. Years ago leading Brummels went completely shave-pate during hot months. My barber tells me that save for a pontifical podesta of Little Italy he has had only one customer ask for this ministration. He thinks it is because it suggests prison. Paul Armstrong used to stop headaches by close clips. And George M. Cohan went for one at intervals.

* * *

Guy Lombardo's face has been least publicized of all band leaders, although he is rather handsome in a dark Spanish caballero way. Scarcely anyone recognizes him on the street and somehow he has no pronounced characteristic that makes him distinctive after being seen on rostrum. Yet, I am told that next to Vallee he receives the most mash-notes and is the favorite in select finishing schools.

* * *

For many seasons Larry Anhalt has been cradling drama during the Summer months in a Connecticut townlet. He introduced Katharine Hepburn to stock when she was quite unknown and is the father of what is now called the Red Barn Circuit. Anhalt, once a prominent figure in the Broadway parade and successful, likes to experiment with raw material of the theatre and revive the exquisite works of sometime neglected masters. He is among the very few producers not swayed by the box office. And a gentleman and scholar.

* * *

Bagatelles: Henry Hull swears he will never wear another dress suit on the stage . . . Mabelle Corey Gilman, who beat vainly at the Parisian social gates for many years, is now hi-de-ho in London's Mayfair . . . Doris Duke has received the highest offer yet for radio social talks . . . Booth Tarkington's favorite hotel is the St. George at Algiers . . . Tom A. Yawkey, Boston sportsman, blushes meeting strangers . . . Stephen Crane, who wrote the most thrilling of all battle descriptions, has never been a soldier . . . Will Rogers never writes letters. If important, he telegraphs.

* * *

I'm going to quit trying to be folksey. The other day during a drizzle I was caught between traffic signals with a group of cops in middle of the street. They were adjusting their rain coats and caps when I edged among them brightly to tell how I once wanted to be a cop. I had just cleared my throat when one turned, gave me a cold eye and with a thumb jerk barked: "Come on, you—take a walk!" I tried to stroll off indifferently whistling off key but I must have looked sillier than usual.

"Odds and Ends"

By O. O. M'INTYRE

NEW YORK, June 17.—Diary: Up to say goodbye to Ray Long jr. against going to a boys' camp for summer. So breakfasting in Fullerton Weaver's new open-air cafe at the Park Lane. Then at fuddy-duddying until Frank and Agnes Shutts, from Miami, came to sit awhile.

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(Copyright, 1934, for The Daily Oklahoman)

June 18, 1934.

Mr. S. I. Smith,
Chairman, Sub-Committee NEA.,
Cotton States Bldg.,
Nashville, Tenn.

Dear Sir:

Your letter of May 30th, addressed to Mr. D. W. Griffith, states that you will furnish all the help possible to produce a picture of the Southern negro. The only way in which Mr. Griffith would be interested in such a picture would be to have it completely financed by someone other than himself. However he feels that there is a great story in Southern negro life and if your group can completely finance such a production he would be interested.

With thanks for your letter,

Very truly yours,

Personal representative to Mr. D. W. Griffith

What in the World is wrong with John Barrymore? It seems to us his picture "20" Century was terribly over acted, so sorry to see him in anything so poor.

718 W. Sixth St.,
Santa Ana, Calif.,
June 18, 1934.

Dear uncle David:

When we were at the Seelback I copied Auntie's will for you, as you said You'd like a copy, but find the copy here with the original, so am mailing it to you. Should you at any time want an explanation or the details as to what caused her to write a will, I can give them to you with signatures of those who know that my statements are true, otherwise I believe silence on the subject is the best and kindest policy for all concerned. I have received a letter recently which prompts me to make this statement to you.

We have been told that: "Silence is golden", but sometimes it does get us in Dutch; so if you ever want any information on this subject, please write me, and I can give you an "EAR full". Auntie had faith in me, and I believe you have, also think and hope that uncle Albert and Alma have. I know I have never taken advantage of that Faith, and for that very reason I am now silent. I believe Auntie would want me to be, and I'd rather assume blame than to have her criticized.

It is hard to lose one's best friend under the best conditions it is hard to get along with out one's companion; but it would be harder still if I did not have you, so instead of grieving, I'm just being glad that I have uncle David.

By the way, we thought it so strange that Auntie left her bar pin to Lynn's little girl, and I'm telling you if she can see what is going on she is happier over that than most any thing. Lynn was so affected that the tears filled his eyes and he could not speak, his wife asked me to keep the pin until Barbara Ruth was old enough to take care of it.

Lots of love,
Ruth

June 18, 1934.

Dear Willard:

Enclosed please find check for $100. (one hundred bucks) to get your figures -- I suppose this part should be to Monty -- chairs, etc. that you spoke of.

But listen now -- You know how far you have gone beyond what you claimed you needed and kindly use economy with a big "E", because suppose these checks were to stop coming! What the hell would you do then?

As for visiting Oklahoma and Texas - it is hot enough here, God knows. I don't want to fry myself down in Oklahoma. I did have some idea of going to Texas on the same business concerning the southwest picture that we have been dallying with so long. If I had to make this trip I would stop by and see you but I don't see any chance of making it at all until Fall.

Everything is about the same here but as it happens, this is a day when I am sending out checks for taxes on property (that isn't worth a damn) and interest on property (that isn't worth a damn), I don't feel in a very cheerful mood. I am in good health and have everything I need except coin.

With love to you both and wishing you the best of luck, I am,

As ever --

To Mr. Willard Griffith,

315 White Street,
Norma, Oklahoma.

Enclosure.

June 18, 1934.

Dear little Ruth:

There really seems to be nothing for you to worry about as far as the mortgage is concerned; just merely let it ride until April and then, it is my understanding, when the mortgage holder actually starts to foreclose, the Government will step in and take over the mortgage, take care of the interest, if any is due, and you will have something like 20 years to repay the Government. At least that is what happened in a case I know of here in the East and I am sure the same thing applies out there. The point is that the Government will do nothing until your mortgage is actually to be foreclosed; then they step in and save the property.

There is nothing unusual to write about at this present time as things are going on about in the same way. Everyone is trying to get me to go to work, excepting myself. If I do get impulsive and start to work on anything I will let you know.

With love and best wishes to all of you,

As ever --

D. W. GRIFFITH COLLECTION
MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY

June 18, 1934.

Mrs. Eugene H. Ray,
Weissinger-Gaulbert Apts.,
Louisville, Ky.

Dear Mrs. Ray:

As I said to you when I was in Louisville, I thought you should make that trip East on your work. I suppose, of course, you have looked up the Nancy Carter burial lot. If I remember correctly, the trip into Virginia and the East was to cost $300. and I believe I paid you $100. on account of this when I was in Louisville.

Please answer by Air Mail if this is your understanding, and if so, this would make $200. due you which I will send you immediately upon your confirmation to me of this understanding.

Yours sincerely,

DWG:H

D. W. GRIFFITH COLLECTION
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R W

ROGER WHITE

ROCKEFELLER CENTER • RKO BUILDING • N. Y. CITY

RADIO PRODUCTIONS • CIRCLE 7-4943-7-4940

June 20, 1934

Mr. D. W. Griffith
Park Central Hotel
New York City

Dear Mr. Griffith:

I was glad to learn that you are in New York as I am very anxious to discuss a radio program with you, which is to originate in Hollywood.

Perhaps when you hear some interesting details in connection with this program, you will be interested in co-operating with us. At least we hope so.

Do you remember our last meeting when we saw the Tunney-Carpentier fight at the Yankee Stadium with Phil Payne, who not so long afterwards died on his flight to Rome?

Will you be so kind as to let me know when I may call on you.

Sincerely yours,

Gösta Mörner

Count Gosta Morner/MF

13 Wires
Sale Dept

THE PLAYERS
16 GRAMERCY PARK
NEW YORK CITY

June 21, 1934

Mr. David W. Griffith,
% C. M. Conway,
Room 303, Longacre Bldg.,
N-24 New York City.

Dear Player:—

A while ago I wrote some Players about money and, trying to be graphic, told them I was "facing the horns of a dilemma". The idea was that of facing the hateful job of asking for money or facing the Directors if I did not.

Well, anyhow, here is one reply I got back:

> "Dear Dave:—
> Don't worry about the dilemma, tear it in two and make a couple of unicorns out of it.
> Yours etc.,
> Don Marquis"

I guess after this it is up to me to let wild animal pictures alone. A predicament, however, is hard to face no matter what you call it, so here I am again, without even the unicorns to help me, asking for your spare cash.

Sincerely yours,

D. A. Mc KINLAY
Treasurer.

Dues $82.50

House Charges .....

315 White Street,
Norman, Oklahoma,
June 22, 1934

Dear Mr. Griffith.

Am enclosing a clipping from the Oklahoma City paper wherein O. O. McIntyre speaks of your youth and beauty. How do you do it? Being in the beauty business I'd like to know. Is it rye or Scotch?

I certainly enjoyed your telephone call but it made me very lonesome, and just a mite thirsty and a little envious. I haven't had a drop to drink since I've left New York. They don't even sell real beer here and I can't afford bootleg corn. Of course there's really no use of my writing this letter because you have undoubtedly passed beyond by now. I've had it on the best of medical authority for the past ten years

that the next time you take a drink it's just going to be too bad. Judging by what Mr M'Intyre has to say - you must just be too damn stubborn to bear the doctors out. It's really very unsporting of you. It not even patriotic. This is the day of co-operation. Rugged individualism is a thing of the past. At least that's what I see in the papers.

I'm doing some serious writing and am quite confident that I'm getting somewhere. However it will be a year or too before you will be embarrassed by being pointed out as Willard Griffith's uncle.

Monte's business picked up a little but it won't amount to much

till school starts in the Fall. It ③
shows every indication of ~~it~~ doing very
nicely then if we can hold off till
~~that time~~ will be making a little by
then too. Since I've been bucking down
and ~~doing~~ putting out some real
effort I've come to the conclusion that
I'm not so bad. In fact I think
I've inherited a little of your ability
Not near enough however.

I'm afraid you'll have to help
us out this summer. — go ahead and
take the dirty. If the doctors have
been wrong all this time, they're
probably still wrong. —

(Victim stalks angrily to sideboard and gulps a double scotch)

We really need $75 this month
to make the rents and payment on ~~the~~ next month

has managed to make enough to pay the (4)
other expenses though she still
feeds me beans. What I want and
won't get is Crab a la Riable.

There is no kidding about the
business looking good this Fall. This
is a college town and in the Summer
there is only Summer School to which
a lot of old maid school teachers
come. They are more interested in Einstein
than looking pretty. This fall there will
be about 3000 young gals coming
to town who will be more interested
in attracting the boy's attention than
in studying.

You spoke of coming down here
for a vacation and I sure would like
to see you though I haven't much
hope. You would be quite a fotheria
down here. People here think very

highly of you. And there are oodles of (5)
pretty girls here who are reported
to be plenty hot: The only drawback
is that the weather is so damn hot
Personally I cant get interested during
this hot weather in such youthful
pursuits

Leaving you with these pleasant
thoughts I remain as ever

Willard.

P.S. Monti thinks I'm holding
back enough in the bank to meet
the above mentioned bills and I
havent the heart to disillusion her
she doesn't know I'm writing this.
As a matter of fact there is a balance
in the bank of $12. (two bucks). You promised
Monti some money for fixing the
shop up, but [illegible] would

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D. W. GRIFFITH COLLECTION
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help, ~~the rent~~ it can wait a while, whereas the rents and payment on the note have to be made. So please dont let me down and I'll stall Monti off on the improvements.

WG

MRS. EUGENE H. RAY
WEISSINGER - GAULBERT
LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

June 22-1934-

Dear Mr. Griffith-

Yours came last evening-thanks- You are perfectly correct about our arrangement for that trip East--- it was $300.00- $ 100.-- Of which you gave me while you were here--leaving a balance of $200.00-and I will leave the last of next week.

I have not found the grave of Nancy Carter- if she were buried at the old place-there is no tomb-stone for her-nor have I been able to find one at any of the other places I have gone-- I even searched in old Long Run Church yard the other day--- Now I am about satisfied she was laid to rest in the Oglesby-Carter Family grave yard-where Joseph Carter and his family are-- and when I come back I am going to get Mr. William Oglesby to go there with me and we will probe under the ground for a tomb-stone- you see it may have fallen and is covered over with earth- that is often the case-----

I had a talk with Mrs. Showers?(Lois Carter the other day-- she has some material sent her a few years ago by an uncle in W. Va. that may help a little---then there are other things that may suggest something-----

Thanking you again for yours of last evening and with every hope for our success in this search for your broken links, I am

Cordially,

Elizabeth A. Ray-

D. W. GRIFFITH COLLECTION
MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY

June 26th, 1934.

Mrs. Eugene H. Ray,
Weissinger-Gaulbert
Louisville, Ky.

Dear Mrs. Ray:

Enclosed please find check for $200. which completes my financial obligation to you, including your trip to Virginia, West Virginia and Maryland. If, after you have gathered all the data you can and have unearthed any clues that might require further research, inform me and we will see what we can do about it.

I hope, besides gathering for me some information which I much desire, that you have a hell of a good time. If you don't understand the meaning of the word "hell", I recommend the Brittanica Encyclopedia or some other eruide composition.

Incidentally I expect to go to England within the next two or three weeks so if you have any fresh information, get it to me as quickly as possible here as I might follow it up on the other side. Address your letters here; they will be promptly forwarded when I leave; and keep me informed of your whereabouts so I can give you my London address. And just to make you envious, it's sure to be sweet overlooking the Thames at the Savoy, it being the one place I love too much ever to miss.

With many thanks and very kindest regards, I am,

As ever,

Enclosure

June 27th, 1934.

Peter & Burghard Stone Co. Inc.
309 West Jefferson Street,
Louisville, Kentucky.

Gentlemen:

In furtherance of my letter to you of June 26th, my parents had five sons and three daughters; and space should be arranged accordingly for inscriptions on the backs of the die.

Three of the sons are still living and my records as to dates of the birth and death of the two deceased are incomplete. For the present, however, I can give you the dates for two of my sisters (all three are deceased) for your records which can be completed later. They are as follows:

Mattie S. Griffith, born March 2, 1855
died July 21, 1889

Virginia Ruth Griffith,
born March 27, 1860
died March 22, 1934

Will you be kind enough to send a man to Mt. Tabor Cemetery, to see if the small tablets there give the dates of the birth and death of my other sister, Wheeler Griffith. If they do appear there, you can incorporate them under the heading of "Daughters" on the back of the die.

I know there is no stone for my parents' first child, Thomas, at Mt. Tabor Cemetery and the bible record is so worn and faded with age that I am not quite sure I can read correctly the date of his death. The date of his birth, however, is plainly decipherable.

There is a cemetery for Crestwood located in a village, the name of which I think is Floydsburg -- the cemetery that the Duncan family put into such fine shape. In the middle of this old burial ground there

D. W. GRIFFITH COLLECTION
MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY

is an obelisk in memory to some of my family -- a shaft some nine or ten feet in height, and so worn that few, if any, of the inscriptions are decipherable; but right at its side is a small tablet to the memory of Thomas Griffith, which may establish the correct date of his birth.

Will you therefore send the same man who goes to Mt. Tabor, on to Floydsburg, and try to get this information for me?

Also I would suggest that you get in touch with my brother, William W. Griffith, at LaGrange, Ky. (You can reach him by telephone) and from him get the exact date of my Mother's death. I know it was in the year 1916 but do not recollect the exact date. All the other data I am sending you to be inscribed on the front of the monument is absolutely correct and nothing must be changed, especially regarding my father's war record. I emphasize this as the folks up there, and their records, are somewhat hazy. And I have ascertained through research by experts the correct dates of the births and deaths of both my father and mother, and the war record sent you of my father is a part of histories and information in the files of the U. S. Government War Department. So the only thing to complete the inscriptions on the front of the monument is the exact date of my Mother's death.

Thanking you in advance for your courtesy in assisting me in this matter, I am,

Very truly yours,

MURRAY HILL 2-5235
5244

SUITE 1002
300 MADISON AVENUE
NEW YORK

June 27th, 1934.

Mr. D. W. Griffith
Hotel Park Central
New York, N.Y.

Dear Mr. Griffith:-

Enclosed, please find check for thirteen dollars.

Very truly yours,

K. Gaetchins

Sec. to Mr. Oglesby

g

CABLE ADDRESS "PARKCENT"

CIRCLE 7-8000

The Ultimate in Modern Living

Hotel and Apartments

H. A. LANZNER
GENERAL MANAGER

THE PARK CENTRAL
SEVENTH AVENUE - 55TH TO 56TH STREETS
NEW YORK CITY

June 26th, 1934.

Peter & Burghard Stone Co., Inc.
309 West Jefferson Street,
Louisville, Kentucky.

Gentlemen:

I have been long delayed in writing you on account of getting certain information concerning my father's war record. The length of this record will necessitate a different arrangement than that which you sent to me but I wish all of it incorporated as I take more pride in it than in anything that I have done or, as far as I am concerned, in anything anyone else has done; so kindly make a revision according to the matter I am sending, incorporating the material in writing as it will show up on the monument.

On the accompanying plan which I am returning you will find marked the letters "A", "B", "C" and "X". The entire space - "B" - in the center will be required for my father's war record. The name GRIFFITH will have to be set higher up followed by this data:

1. *Colonel Jacob Wark Griffith, breveted Brigadier General at close of the Civil War.

Twice elected to the House of Representatives. Served with Humphrey Marshall's First Kentucky Cavalry in the Mexican War. Commanded the first Wagon Train at this period to cross the plains - The Lone Jack Unit. Before arrival in California suffered many attacks. Rescued party of pioneers at Donner's Lake.

Civil War: Organized a Company of Cavalry for the Confederate Service, for the First Kentucky Cavalry. 1863, became Colonel of the First Regiment. Five times wounded, twice ~~seriously~~ - once after the capture of a 1500 mule train in the Sequatchie Valley October 2, 1862. After a large number of Confederates had been repulsed, General Wheeler asked Colonel Griffith to attack. Ten minutes later the Train had been captured. Also badly wounded

in Hewey's Bridge, Alabama, May 9th, 1862. Suffering from previous wounds, at battle of Charleston, Tennessee, December 28th, 1863, was unable to ride or walk. At a critical point in the battle the First Kentucky was ordered to charge. Colonel Griffith, not being able to lead his command on horseback, commandeered a horse and buggy. Was helped in and led his Regiment to a victorious charge, Cavalry probably never before having been led that way in all history.

Data from Rudd's History of Kentucky
History of Orphan Brigade

Colonel Griffith's Unit was honored as escort to Jefferson Davis on his way South after Lee's surrender April 9, 1865. Davis was captured May 10th, 1865, at Irwinville, Georgia, and here also Colonel Griffith was forced to surrender (U. S. Government Record) - and later came to his death largely as a result of the wounds he had suffered.

(*NOTE: I would like to have the first two lines of the above, those marked with the star, appear in lettering of somewhat larger size than the data following, so they will stand out from the description)

---

2. In the inscription space for my mother, marked "A" please state the following:

Mary P. Oglesby, wife of Colonel Jacob W. Griffith, and daughter of Thomas B. Oglesby and Nancy E. Carter. Born December 19, 1829. Died November_____, 1916.

Her life a Mother's Service in times of peace as in times of conflict, when she cared for her family and home during her husband's absence in the Wars.

(NOTE: The words "Mother's Service" in the above should also be outstanding)

---

3. In the inscription space marked "C" for my father, the following:

Colonel Jacob W. Griffith, son of Captain Daniel and Martha W. Griffith. Born October 13, 1819. Died March 31st, 1885.

---

4. I am sending you under separate cover replica of our family crest, which I should like carved in the spaces marked "X", replacing the insignia with torches shown on the plan as submitted. In each instance reproduce the crest just as it appears on the photograph which I have forwarded you under separate cover.

I have tried to be exact in describing the changes I would like made, and as stated, would like to have a set-up of the plan showing the lettering etc. as it will appear when the monument is completed. I realize that carving the family crest may involve an additional expense and will ask you to let me know what the amount will be in such case.

Thanking you in advance for an early reply, I am,

Very truly yours,

D.W. Griffith

Of course the other side with the names of them children as a very simple roter

Please get complete plans of Memorial with all lettering just as it will apper as soon as possible-

D. W. GRIFFITH COLLECTION
MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY

June 27th, 1934.

Mr. William Griffith,
LaGrange,
Kentucky.

Dear Brother Will:

In arranging for the memorial to our family at Mt. Tabor, I am surprised to find that there is no record in our family bible of either the birth or death of sister Wheeler. I suppose this record appears on the tablets in Mt. Tabor but if they do not, try and see if you can discover them elsewhere. I would also like to have the exact date of Mother's death. I have the date of her birth so do not trouble about that -- just the date of her death.

These two items are all that I need to complete the inscriptions for the front part of the monument. I have everything else correct in every respect and I have obtained my information from Court records, various histories and United States Government files; consequently there is no guessing about them or mis-reading, such as I find in the family bible.

I have written the monument firm - Peter & Burghard Stone Co. of Louisville - to send a man to look at the tablets at Mt. Tabor for records of Sister Wheeler's birth and death; and have told them, if they do not locate them there, to get in touch with you, for these dates as well as the date of Mother's death; and also for the date of the birth of our parents' first child, Thomas. This latter date is illegible in the bible and the date, which I assume is that of his death, is so mutilated, I am not at all sure that I can make it out correctly.

Please look these dates up at once as it has taken a long time and much trouble to get all this data from the genealogical societies and I want to complete it as soon as possible.

Outside of all this, I am very well and healthy and as handsome as ever - however that is I am making no comments. I hope you and your young wife are in good health and are getting plenty to eat; and that that dear little lady is getting her usual quart of whiskey each day.

I am, as you see, as silly as ever -

Love to you all ----- But answer.

June 27th, 1934.

Mr. Lou Cantor,
2034 North Argyle,
Los Angeles, California.

Dear Sir:

I could not answer your last wire as Mr. Griffith is out of the city. There is no print available on "Broken Blossoms" for several days.

Please understand that any sale of this story would have to be on a lease basis, covering a given number of years at the expiration of which the rights involved will revert to Mr. Griffith.

Please advise if you are still interested.

Very truly yours.

JUNE 28, 1934.

ıres In

horse comedy.

Griffith Still Clicks

'Birth of Nation,' First Big Movie, Suggests Series of Others.

By DAN THOMPSON.

D. W. Griffith, whose name is writ large in the history of the movies, was so far ahead of his time in "The Birth of a Nation" that a reshowing of that film at The Studio puts to shame some of the attempts of modern directors to achieve spectacle.

Edited to an hour and forty minutes and synchronized to a musical score, "The Birth of a Nation" gives young film fans who have never seen this great epic a chance to see what stirred so much commotion in theatrical circles in the old days. The technique of Henry B. Walthall, Lillian Gish and other actors, aside from a few jerky movements, is surprisingly unaged and the mob and battle scenes effectively staged.

A record of the War Between the States and of the second rebellion, exemplified in the Ku Klux Klan, "The Birth of a Nation" stirred Wednesday's Studio audiences to bursts of applause at several points.

The showing of such pictures as "The Birth of a Nation" seems to this reviewer to be the ideal thing for such a cozy, well-built little house as The Studio. Why couldn't such outstanding films of the past as "Quo Vadis," "Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse," "Ben Hur," "Cabiria," "Ten Commandments," "Mare Nostrum," "Thief of Bagdad," "Peter Pan," "The Sheik," "The Coward," Blanche Sweet's "Judith of Bethulia," "The Sea Wolf," the first version of "The Spoilers," Doug Fairbanks' "Mark of Zoro" and "Robin Hood"; "Variety," "Orphans of the Storm," another of Griffith's great pictures; "Tol'able David," "Merry-Go-Round," "Stella Dallas," "What Price Glory," "Sea Beast," "Hunchback of Notre Dame," "Passion," "Safety Last," "The Big Parade," "The Unholy Three" and such later pictures as "City Lights," "Way of All Flesh," "Seventh Heaven," "The Patriot," "Broadway Melody," the first big musical; "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney," "The Champ" and "Scarface" be shown?

I suggest that fans who would like to see any of these pictures write to the management of The Studio urging it to book them. I know I'd like to see them again.

MAYOR IS "CHAMPION"

Help Kidneys

MRS. EUGENE H. RAY
WEISSINGER - GAULBERT
LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

June 28-1934.

Dear Mr. Griffith:

Thanks for the check which came this morning- and thanks too for your breezy letter which gave me a laugh-- and that counts for something these days. Of courseI will have a good time-I always do when diving in those old records--and I understand perfectly the meaning of the word"hell"- don't have to go to Virginia, West Virginiapr Maryland-nor doI have to consult the Brittanica Encyclopedia-not even Mr.Webster for that- I am living in Louisville right now,and if that does nt explain it-you just run down and youll soon see.It's as warm as the place you mention.

I leave hereSunday afternoon on theC.&.O.will stop first in Culpeper,than Prince William county,Va. where so many Carter s were- and still are-- then on to Washington and Congressional Library before proceeding to Jefferson county W. Va. and Maryland--I will be at the Grace DodgeHotel in Washington(unless it is full up-and I understand that is the condition there right now-)

There are twotheories on the Carter lineI am working on-- one is that Nancy was the daughter of Joseph, But not the Joseph whose will is on file in LaGrange- that her father either died without leaving a will-or he removed from Oldham county-- and I have not found out where. The other idea is that her father died in Va. and that she was a sister of the Joseph who died in Oldham county--- in either case those records in Fr.Wm. county-- or in Culpeper should tell the story.

MRS. EUGENE H. RAY
WEISSINGER - GAULBERT
LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

My theory on your Griffith line is that Capt. Daniel W. descended from Rev. David GriffithWashington's Chaplain through one of his sons--- Rev. David owned landin Ky. in Jefferson county(upper part) right straight through to what isnowTrimble county--- He livedin Alexandria and records should be there to tell us the story-- I hope through Rev. David Griffith to take you to Gov.Winslow I may be wrong in all this,but I have reasons to believe this is true. I will advise you assoon- and as often as I can verify anything at all--- and please let me have your London adress,and exact time you are leaving New York---

Mr.Griffith,I have great hopes for what I will find-and firmly believe it is all there-- Ican not say just how long I may have to search- sometimes they hide themselves in the most obscure and unexpected places-but you may depend upon one thing,I shall do my very best for you and supply you with the information as quickly as I possibly can.

Yes I am"envious" but just the same hope you will enjoy the Thames as much as you expect too,but that hope may not last long if the weather where I am continues as warm as it is right now.Any way have a good time live every day to the fullest -- and let me hear from you.I will write as often as there is definite information. Thanks again,and with every good wish,I am

Cordially

Elizabeth A. Ray

NOTE:—THIS FORM MUST BE ENCLOSED IN WINDOW ENVELOPE, FORM 1667-1 AND SENT BY REGISTERED MAIL.

ZURICH

GENERAL ACCIDENT AND LIABILITY INSURANCE COMPANY, LTD.
OF ZURICH, SWITZERLAND

METROPOLITAN DEPARTMENT
MINNER AND BARNETT, INC., MANAGERS
80 JOHN STREET, NEW YORK CITY

David W. Griffith,
Park Central Hotel,
7th Avenue and 55th Street,
New York City.

July 2nd, 1934.

Re: Automobile Policy #6328179

Dear Sir :-

Under the terms of the above described policy we give you notice that we wish to cancel and do hereby cancel the said policy as of noon of the 9th day of July 1934.
12:01 A. M. OR 12:00 NOON

Whatever adjustment of premium is called for by the said policy will be made as soon as the necessary data has been furnished by you.

The reason for the cancellation is Non Payment of Premium of $161.64.

Yours truly, ZURICH
General Accident and Liability Insurance Company, Ltd.

Countersigned:
MINNER and BARNETT, INC.
BY ..... Agent.
AUTHORIZED FOR THE PURPOSE

Manager and Attorney.

Form 1667-4-A. 4500 4-34

154934

July 2nd, 1934.

Dear Woodson:

Enclosed please find monthly check -- thirty dollars.

I was glad to hear from your wife that you were feeling much better, and able to get around. If you will take my advice, which I have proffered so often without any results, and lay off the biscuits and too much fried food, you will find this remedy better than any other kind of medicine. What would be good for you would be starving yourself for a couple of months, get off that fat and regain your old sylph-like figure.

I am just writing this to keep the stenographer busy, because I know you won't pay a damn bit of attention.

Anyhow, my best love to you and the family,

As ever,

DWG/et
enc. check

THE COMPANY WILL APPRECIATE SUGGESTIONS FROM ITS PATRONS CONCERNING ITS SERVICE

1201-S

CLASS OF SERVICE

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R. B. WHITE
PRESIDENT

NEWCOMB CARLTON
CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD

J. C. WILLEVER
FIRST VICE-PRESIDENT

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DL = Day Letter
NM = Night Message
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Received at

MINUTES IN TRANSIT

FULL-RATE	DAY LETTER

.NV15 15=ATLANTA GA 23 833A

D W GRIFFITH=

PARK CENTRAL HOTEL=

REBECCA WILL BE MARRIED HERE WEDNESDAY COME TO THE WEDDING AND MAKE ME A VISIT=

JIM.(943A.

Answered

WESTERN UNION GIFT ORDERS SOLVE THE PERPLEXING QUESTION OF WHAT TO GIVE

July 2nd, 1934.

Dear Jim:

Received your telegram on my return to the city, of course much too late. I would like very much indeed to accept your invitation to visit Atlanta, but the Good Lord knows it's hot enough herewwithout going any further south. The only place where I'm quite sure we would find hotter weather than we are having is a place in the lower regions whose name your dear mother would never mention excepting in all seriousness.

I would like very much indeed to see you and find out if you are as nutty as ever. I think, outside of your stay with us in Louisville, I remember you most distinctly at haying time down on your mother's farm in Shelby County, when you lost your temper completely and, as I remember, could not find enough words to express your indignation against the world in general, and were hopping up and down making enough noise to drown a steam engine's whistle. Instead of this being haying time it might possibly have been plowing, because as I remember there was a mule or two mixed up in it.

Tell Rebecca that I suppose you are damn glad (all sentiment aside) to get rid of her. Also tell her she's embarking on a strange adventure. Remember the old proverb "Blesseth is he that expecteth nothing, for verily he shall damn well get it, and perhaps a little less besides". If you think it unwise to drop this pessimism on your daughter -- well -- use your own judgment.

I am as usual enjoying the best of health and rather like the hot weather. I am enclosing a check for twenty-five bucks for Rebecca to buy herself her own damn wedding present, or perhaps better still, stick it away in an old sock, because God knows in thise perilous times when we may need the 'root of all evil'. I personally have lost so much money in the last four or five years that I don't even take it seriously and would not be surprised if this check

is rubber and bounced back on me. Anyhow I will be the one that suffers because she will have the twenty-five bucks. But you can tell her that I have the very best wishes for her future.

Love to you and all the children,

As ever,

DWG/s t
enc.-check

July 2nd, 1934.

Dear Brother Will:

Enclosed you will find your usual monthly check.

I have not so far read of any drought in Kentucky. The papers are full of terrible dry conditions in the Middle-west. Hope it did not strike your farm.

By the way, you need not bother about the dates that I wrote about for the family monument, as I got all the needed data in a letter from sister Ella, from California.

With best love for you and the family, I am,

As ever,

DWG/et
Enc. check

July 2nd, 1934.

Dear Ruth:

Enclosed please find usual check for one hundred fifty bucks.

Thank sister Ella for sending on the data concerning our monument in Kentucky.

There is no particular news to write about. It has been extremely hot in New York for the last four or five days. I suppose you read about that in California. They always love to write about record-breaking heat whenever we get it. This has been a Bear Cat and should please you Californians very much. However, it does not bother yours truly -- in fact, I rather like it, and never felt better in my life.

A kiss for Jerry, yourself, sister Ella, and anybody you happen to run across that you would like to bestow this article upon.

As ever,

DWG/et
enc. check

July 2nd, 1934.

The Players
16 Gramercy Park
New York City

Gentlemen:

I have a bill here for dues for $82.50. As I paid a year ago all the bills that I had incurred at The Players, kindly inform me what this is about.

I have merely kept my membership in The Players through what you might call sentimental reasons, as I don't think I have been inside its doors for at least fifteen years. This is no reflection on The Players Club, because I keep out of all clubs as much as possible. The only exception to this rule is in London where the old fashioned Britisher still takes the institution called a club seriously.

Anyhow and notwithstanding I wish the old Players the best of luck.

Yours respectfully,

DWG/et

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY
D. W. GRIFFITH COLLECTION

July 3rd, 1934.

R. C. Rathbone & Sons
80 Maiden Lane
New York City

Gentlemen:

In reply to yours of June 5th, re compensation insurance Policy #UF-2227227, Mr. Griffith only had one chauffeur in his employ from April 21st, 1933 to December 26, 1933, chauffeur's name William Bodine.

Regarding policies British American Assurance Company Policy #A-1012, Zurich

Zurich General Accident & Liability Insurance Co. Policy #6328179,

$5000 Liability for damage to property of others. $50 to $100,000 - Liability for injuries to the public.

Zurich General Accident Liability Ins. Co. - Policy #UF2119876.

Mr. Griffith's car went into dead storage on December 26th and has been in same ever since. I hope that it will be possible for you to get Mr. Griffith a refund for the period in which the car was in dead storage. However, he wants the $2500 to remain in force for Fire, Theft and Tornado.

<u>This to apply for 1934 to 1935 as well.</u>

Attached: policy A.P. 6293712, David W. Griffith, Zurich Genl.Accident

No. A68856, David W. Griffith, The British America Assurance Co.

No. U.F.2117227, David W. Griffith, Zurich Genl. Accident & Liability Ins.Co.

The above policies expire 4/21/34.

The policies which you issued for 1935 please cancel:

Policy A.P. 6328179, David W.Griffith Zurich Gen.Acc.&Liab.Ins.Co.

Policy No.A-1012, David W.Griffith, British America Assurance Co.

Policy No.U.F.2119876, David W.Griffith, Zurich Gen.Acc.&Liab.Ins.Co.

As mentioned above you can issue a new policy covering Fire, Theft and Tornado for $2500.

The car is in the same public garage, A.A.A. Auto Company, 54th Street, Manhattan.

Trusting that you will be successful in getting a refund on the 1934 portion of the policies while the car was in dead storage, we beg to remain,

Yours very truly ,

Secretary to D.W.Griffith

D.W. GRIFFITH COLLEC... MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FI... LIBRARY

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R. B. WHITE
PRESIDENT

NEWCOMB CARLTON
CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD

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NF114 7=NEWYORK NY JUL 3 227P

MINUTES IN TRANSIT	
FULL-RATE	DAY LETTER

DAVID W GRIFFITH=
PARK CENTRAL HOTEL=

AUTOMOBILE INSURANCE BINDING NOON JULY THIRD WRITING=

R C RATHBONE & SON INC.241P.

THE QUICKEST, SUREST AND SAFEST WAY TO SEND MONEY IS BY TELEGRAPH OR CABLE

TELEPHONE ENDICOTT 2-5065

JOHN KLEIN

OVERHAULING AND REPAIRING OF ALL MAKES OF AUTOMOBILES

213-215 WEST 64TH ST., NEW YORK

PROMPT SERVICE :-: SATISFACTION GUARANTEED

No. 4713

Name Mr. D. W. Griffith Date July 5 1934

Address 11 Ci-7-8000 Phone Mileage 28882

MAKE AND MODEL	LIC. NO. AND STATE	MOTOR NO.	CAR NO.
Mercedes	1C-56-85		

Terms: Strictly Net Cash

INSTRUCTIONS	SALES AMOUNT
Tune up Valves Reface and Regrind same	
Clean out all Abrasive in Cylinders	
and Water jackets. Renew Cylinder Head	
Gaskets. Remove Carburetor Clean out	
Same and Replace. Renew Rubber Rings	
to Carburetor Flange	
Remove Manifold Overhaul same and Adjust	
Remove Magneto to Spark Plugs	
Renew Spark Plugs	
Remove Wheels Clean Grease of Brakes.	
Reassemble and Adjust Same	
Renew Broken Shakes in Right Rear Wheel	
Tune and Test Motor	
Change Motor Oil	

CONDITIONS OF REPAIR ORDER

This Labor and Material is ordered by me, for which I have authority to order, to be listed at your regular prices.
I agree to pay cash when work is completed, or on satisfactory terms to you; and until paid in full, it shall constitute a lien on this automobile.
If collection is made by suit or otherwise, I agree to pay interest until paid, also collection costs, including a reasonable Attorney's fee, and hereby waive all rights to claim exemption under the State Laws.
I further agree that you will not be held responsible for cars, or articles left in cars, in case of loss by fire, theft, accidents or other causes beyond your control. My car is driven by your employees at my own risk.

Total Labor Only	64	50
Material (See Other Side)	22	75
Total Amount	87	25

DATE PROMISED _____ SIGNED AND AUTHORIZED BY Paid to date

DATE COMPLETED _____ RECEIVED BY John Klein (Owner)

NOTE—PROPER CARE WILL BE TAKEN, BUT WE WILL NOT BE RESPONSIBLE FOR LOSS BY FIRE OR THEFT.

FORM G-251—MADE BY AUTOMOTIVE SYSTEMS, 27 THAMES ST., N. Y. CITY (ALL RIGHTS RESERVED)

QUAN.	PART NO.	MATERIAL	SALE AMOUNT		QUAN.	PART NO.	MATERIAL	SALE AMOUNT	
1		Gl. Head Gasket	12	00					
1		Packing Ring		75					
5		Spark Plugs	3	00					
1		Gt Magneto Mica	2	00					
3		Gal Oil	3	00					
5		Metal Spokes	2	00					
		TOTAL MATERIAL USED	22	75			TOTAL MATERIAL USED		

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY

FOX FILM CORPORATION

444 West 56th Street

New York City

Legal Department July 5, 1934.

Miss J.M.Kelly
Hays Organization
28 West 44th Street
New York City

My dear Miss Kelly:

Will you please notify the company members of the intention of Fox Film Corporation to make a picture based on a story of the American Revolution woven around Bendict Arnold, Peggy Shippen and Captain John Andre?

Very sincerely yours,

(SIGNED) EDWIN P. KILROE

K:N

ESTABLISHED 1853

REPRESENTED IN PRINCIPAL CITIES AND ABROAD

CABLE ADDRESS, RATHSON, N.Y.

TELEPHONE, JOHN 4-4940

ROBERT C. RATHBONE
COUNSEL

R.C. RATHBONE & SON
INCORPORATED
INSURANCE BROKERS
80 MAIDEN LANE
NEW YORK

DIRECTORS
FREDERICK S. LITTLE
CLARENCE H. BROWN
CHARLES C. HUNT
EDWARD S. BROCKIE
JAMES M. FORD
CLARENCE J. GOODMAN
HARRY J. BRADY

July 6, 1934

Mr. N. R. Greathouse
Secretary to Mr. D. W. Griffith
Park Central Hotel
Seventh Avenue & 55th Street
New York City

Dear Sir:

Re: Automobile Insurance

In the early afternoon of July 3 we wired you as follows:

"AUTOMOBILE INSURANCE BINDING NOON JULY THIRD WRITING"

At 4:20 p. m. of this same day we received your special delivery letter and six policies.

We are now returning policies:

BRITISH AMERICA ASSURANCE COMPANY - POLICY #A1012
ZURICH GENERAL ACCIDENT & LIABILITY INS. CO.- #AP6328179
" " " " " " #UF2119876

and you will note that the fire, theft, and tornado coverage remain in effect and the policy is written for one year from April 21, 1934. The insurance while the car is in operation, viz., collision damage to the car itself less $50. on each claim, $5,000. property damage, $50/100,000. public liability, and chauffeur compensation, has been changed to read from July 3, 1934, in accordance with our telephone conversations with you.

We have been fortunate in obtaining the changes on the present policies for Mr. Griffith.

Continued on Page #2

Mr. N. R. Greathouse
Secretary to Mr. D. W. Griffith

Because of the Insurance Department's ruling on the policies that expired April 21, 1934, viz.:

BRITISH AMERICA ASSURANCE COMPANY - POLICY #A68856
ZURICH GENERAL ACCIDENT & LIABILITY - #AP6293712
" " " " #UF2117227

the insurance companies are prohibited from canceling the coverage back to the date car was laid up.

We trust that you will find everything clear and satisfactory and appreciate your cooperation.

Very truly yours

R. C. RATHBONE & SON INC.

J. G. Dinnhaupt

JGD:MS
Enclosure

P. S. - In order to avoid confusion, please bear in mind to notify us should the car again be laid up.

THE DODGE HOTEL
WASHINGTON, D.C.

July 10-1934-

Dear Mr. Liggit:

Han bin digging ten days and hav only little definite information - not what I want though - but felt you should hear - For the first time I hav Col. Jacobs (positively) in Virginia not Maryland - as one has thought. From U.S. Census I get him assessed in 1860 with $24,000 worth of Real and $14,870 worth of personal property — $40,000 not bad for a man in those days - I am having a little trouble with Captain Daniel - he was in both Maryland and Virginia before coming to Kentucky - he moved about - but I am after him -

We have for the first time, too the date of Thomas Ashby's birth, Surry County N.C. in 1791- I have since dying in Ashland Ky. Kentucky in 1857 - so if we never find his tomb-stone, we now have his birth, marriage and death. He was the son of Hon. Micajah Ashby and his wife Frances- Micajah Ashby left Virginia in 1788 - went into Surry County N.C. where he represented his District in the Leg. for many years - and there he died - I have a copy of his will, naming all his children - several sons and two daughters Martha who married a Mr. Jackson and Elizabeth who married a Mr. Shipp - The Ashby line is working out Sicily — I spent four days in Culpeper and Prince William

Counties Virginia - and that sad
little Nancy C. Carter is still living
however I am working on her and
she can not long escape - I love
the parents with their wills, of the
Joseph Carter who signed her marriage
bond, and he was closely related
to you Nancy C. only twelve years
or so older. She was living in 1839.
I will remain here a few days
longer - and if you write me at this
Hotel and I am gone they will
forward the letter - but I am sure
to be here through next Sunday
then into Maryland and West
Virginia - I do hope my next
will have good news, which I
am working hard to get - The
case is rather hard in a way
but that makes it more interesting
The old records, especially the

Cousins, are not in deyed, and that takes a lot of time - Then what the Yankees did to our early records is pitiful to be told -
The weather has been terribly warm, but yesterday and to day are delightful, I hope you are enjoying the same
When do you sail?

Cordially
Ebenezer A. Ray -

D. W. GRIFFITH COLLECTION
MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY

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INCORPORATED

DESIGNERS AND MANUFACTURERS

ARTISTIC MEMORIALS

MAUSOLEUMS
MONUMENTS
MARKERS

DISPLAY AND SALESROOMS
309 WEST JEFFERSON ST.
PLANT 13TH TO 14TH MAPLE ST.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

July,11,1934

Hon David Wark Griffith,

New York N.Y.

Dear Sir;.

This is to advise you that we now have all records complete for your monument and that we are making the full sized details of all of the lettering, which we will send to you for your approval just as soon as we have them finished which will be about the middle of next week.

For your information your Brothers record as shown on the headstone in the Duncan Memorial Cemetery at Floydsburg is as follows. THOMAS J. GRIFFITH BORN JUNE 14,1852 Died APRIL 8, 1855.

Thanking you for past favors we are

Very truly yours

The Peter & Burghard Stone Co

Per Robert F. Moore

LESLIE J. TOMPKINS
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW
116 JOHN ST., NEW YORK CITY

TELEPHONE BEEKMAN 3-6497

July 13th, 1934.

Mr. D.W. Griffith,
Hotel Park Central,
55th Street & 7th Avenue,
New York City.

Dear Mr. Griffith:

I enclose you herewith copy of a letter I have just received from the Security-First National, which speaks for itself.

I shall be glad to take the matter up for you if you care to have me do so. I am planning to be away for most of August, and would suggest that the matter be attended to toward the end of the month.

Yours very truly,

Leslie J. Tompkins

Leslie Tompkins
July 31-34
for Letter

ESTABLISHED 1860

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MAUSOLEUMS
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MARKERS

DISPLAY AND SALESROOMS
309 WEST JEFFERSON ST.
PLANT 13TH TO 14TH MAPLE ST.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

July 14, 1934

Hon. David Wark Griffith

We have been working on the details, however, this work must be suspended until we have your advice in this matter. When you advise us your pleasure, we shall proceed as rapidly as possible and submit the full size details to you as soon as we have them completed.

Under separate cover, we are sending you your coat of arms, which reached us with the glass and frame broken. The post office authorities here advised us to return it to you, so you may make claim for damages at the point of shipment.

We thank you kindly for the favors shown us, and we trust we may have your reply immediately.

Yours very truly,

PETER & BURGHARD STONE CO.

By R. F. Moore

R. F. Moore

RFM:RMS

ESTABLISHED 1880

PETER & BURGHARD STONE COMPANY

INCORPORATED

DESIGNERS AND MANUFACTURERS

ARTISTIC MEMORIALS

MAUSOLEUMS
MONUMENTS
MARKERS

DISPLAY AND SALESROOMS
309 WEST JEFFERSON ST.
PLANT 13TH TO 14TH MAPLE ST.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

July 14, 1934

Hon. David Wark Griffith
Park Central Hotel
New York, N. Y.

Dear Sir:

This is to advise that in the process of laying out the details of the inscriptions as sent us for your memorial, we find the space alotted on the monument for these inscriptions is not large enough to take the 1700 letters.

Therefore, it will be necessary, in order to properly proportion this memorial adequately for the inscriptions as you desire them, to increase the size of the monument, as follows:

> The original size of the die or top piece, on which the inscriptions are to be cut, was 7'-8" long and 3'-6" high; this must be increased to 9'-2" long and 4'-4" high.
>
> The original size of the base or bottom piece was 9'-2" long and this must now be increased to 11'-2" long.

To increase the size of the monument, as mentioned above, will entail an additional cost of FOUR HUNDRED AND TWENTY-FIVE ($425.00) DOLLARS, which we trust will be satisfactory to you, inasmuch as we know your desire to have the full inscriptions cut on the memorial as you sent them to us, also that you wish this memorial to be properly proportioned and correctly lettered.

However, should you desire not to make this additional expenditure of FOUR HUNDRED ANDTWENTY-FIVE ($425.00) DOLLARS, of course, then it will be necessary to condense the inscriptions to at least one third.

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Orginal Patent Papers
Dept of R Oglesby July 16-34

1,476.885- DWG

1,767.668- "

1,572.315- Edward Scholl trans to DWG Inc

1,554.210- DWG

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Send the following message, subject to the terms on back hereof, which are hereby agreed to

Form 2

JULY 17 1934

WILLIAM A. BRADY
LAKEWOOD (VIA SKOWHEGAN)
MAINE
TELEPHONE 434

PLEASE WRITE ME CONFIRMING OUR AGREEMENT TO ACCEPT A PRO RATA PRICE OF FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLARS FOR DIALOGUE AND MOVIE RIGHTS TO WAY DOWN EAST STOP BUYERS ASKING FOR YOUR CONFIRMATION IN WRITING BY TOMORROW IF POSSIBLE STOP OF COURSE AS I TELEPHONED YOU THE AGENTS WILL EXPECT TEN PERCENT COMMISSION FOR MAKING SALE STOP AS EVER

D. W. GRIFFITH

CHG. 2265

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28 WEST 44TH STREET
NEW YORK CITY

WILL H. HAYS
PRESIDENT
CARL E. MILLIKEN
SECRETARY

OFFICE OF THE PRESIDENT

July 17, 1934.

Mr. D. W. Griffith,
The Park Central,
Seventh Avenue, 55th to 56th Streets,
New York, N. Y.

Dear Mr. Griffith:

This will acknowledge receipt of your letter of the 13th and confirm conversation with Mr. Gray with reference to certain title registrations.

Please be advised that we are registering for you the titles, "Into the West" and "Texas" under date of July 13, 1934. We do not have these exact titles registered though there are some that present a degree of similarity which we are listing below.

While we are concerned in this Registration Department only with titles and do not register subject matter, yet in view of the fact that you have advised us the nature of your story, namely, that it is concerned with Samuel Huston, we believe you will be interested in the registration we made under date of June 12, 1934 of the title "The Alamo and Sam Huston" for Universal Pictures Corporation who indicated they were contemplating a feature picture. We also have the registration of the title "Remember the Alamo" for a short subject. This registration was made by Warner Bros. July 13, 1934.

The titles under registration and referred to above as bearing some similarity are as follows:

Out of the West	Fox	1/8/30	
Way Out West	Metro	1/ 1/34	(5/10/30)
Where the West Begins	Universal	6/17/32	
Storm in the West	Fox	1/ 1/34	(3/16/33)
Code of the West	Paramount	5/ 1/33	
Honor of the West	Universal	1/19/34	
Spirit of the West	Warner	6/ 7/34	
~~The~~ A Texas Steer	Metro	1/ 1/34	(1/22/32)
Texas Babe	Metro	1/ 1/34	(10/24/32)

Sincerely yours,

J. M. Kelly
Secretary to Mr. Hays.

krb
cc to
Mr. Muhl
Miss Scott
Mr. Howson
Mr. Kilroe
Mr. Orr
Mr. Harris
Mr. McKay

EXPERIMENTAL • CINEMA

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EDITORS: LEWIS JACOBS B. G. BRAVER-MANN SEYMOUR STERN
U. S. S. R.: N. SOLEW PARIS: G. L. GEORGE ENGLAND: RALPH BOND

Phone: ALgonquin 4-4756

Dear Mr.Griffith,

A month ago your secretary, Mr.Greathouse, telephoned me to say that you would be unable to keep a tentative appointment . Subsequently I became involved in writing the scenario and continuity for Sherwood Anderson's Poor White .And now, I am where you, through Mr.Greathouse, left me.

The talk I should like to have with you will be different than the one we had a few years ago in Hollywood. The material which I shall seek to elicit from you will be an extension or amplification of the contents in my articles about you which appeared in Beaton's Spectator and in The Theatre Guild Magazine.

As I told you over the phone, I wish to do an exhaustive article entitled "From Griffith to Eisenstein". Such an article will necessarily deal fully with film-structural elements and film principles, and how you came to use them or evolve them, etc.etc. It will also be helpful to get certain frames, illustrative of such elements and principles, from your better films and even from your very early films such as the three reelers, in which you were groping toward film form.

For the kind of interview I seek with you this time, Mr. Griffith, I must ask that you be at your ease and unhurried. May I suggest that you arrange it for some evening, if this is convenient to you. If you like, I will submit a few preliminary questions to give you a rough idea of what I'm after. However, please write or phone me when I should call.

I may add that I think it's about time there was a full-week revival of your films-----including some of your early three reelers----at some New York theatre.

Sincerely,

B. G. Braver-Mann

B.G.Braver-Mann

I am leaving this note with the clerk at the Park-Central, where I happen to have a date with Slavko Vorkapich, Paramount's "trick effects" man. He returns to Hollywood Thursday. It is rather odd that this admirer of your work doesn't even know you.

July 17 1934

Algonquin 4-4756

July 17, 1934.

Peter & Burghard Stone Company,
309 West Jefferson St.,
Louisville, Ky.

Gentlemen:

In answer to your letter of July 14th, it is all right to go ahead with the work upon our monument, making the change in dimensions that you outline, i.e.-

Increasing the original size of the die or top piece on which inscriptions are to be cut to 9'2" long and 4'4" high.

Increasing the original size of the base or bottom piece to 11'2" long.

I note this will entail an additional cost of $425.00, and if you will submit detailed blue print drawing for my approval, I will forward you the amount necessary for payment.

Thanking you for your courtesy, I am,

Very truly yours,

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY

D. W. GRIFFITH COLLECTION
MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY

[illegible] Street
Norman, Oklahoma
July 18, 1934

Dear Mr. Griffith:

I was very happy to get your last letter and enclosure. I wish you would write more often. I get damn lonesome away from you. Don't get me wrong. I don't expect you to write. I know letter writing is a bore to you. Under the circumstances your letter was extremely mild, especially since you were paying taxes, too. You should order me shot at sunrise.

Apparently we both wrote at the same time and our letters crossed in the mail. I thought it interesting we both enclosed the same clipping.

Have you written any more poetry? If you have I wish you would send me a copy. I have

(over)

always ma[illegible] way you
spit verse out in perfect rhythm
without, apparently, any effort whatsoever.
I never thought Monte was very impressed
with your poetic offerings, but three
times in the last month she has mentioned
your metrical offsprings with extravagant
praise.

Are you playing golf this summer,
and if so, how is the game?

It is hot as hell here and the
heat has just about got me down. However
I have learned that one has work regardless
of how he feels, and I have been working
damn hard trying to make something
out of myself. I feel encouraged about
my writing and really expect to do
something even if I haven't made any
money at it yet. I have had some
encouragement. I am really learning
to put life into my characters, even

July 23, 1934

Dear Mr Griffith

This is one of those letters that hurt. I suppose I should lead up to it gradually, but I haven't the heart or the gall. Of course I told you we would have to have help this summer but I had hope that business would be such that we could skip this month but, as a matter of fact it's worse. It's so damn hot that nobody gives a damn about their hair. It's been 103° in the shop now for over a month. Monte weights 93 pounds and I weigh 115. As for economizing we don't have a thing that we don't absolutely need and still it nothing but bills, bill and more bills. It costs a lot more to live down here than we figured on

-over-

Of course when school starts in the fall business will undoubtedly pick up. But as usual that's in the future. When you made the remark that nobody in the family had any brains but you, you were absolutely right.

I haven't had the heart to let Mate know just how bad our finances are. Of course she knows that there's no business to speak of but she doesn't know my bank accounts is down to #4. I've tried to get work but they wont even look at a stranger. I feel encouraged about my writing but until I'm able to capitalize on it that wont help

So as usual I have to come begging to you for a check. I damn tired of it and I know you are too

D. W. GRIFFITH COLLECTION
MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY

if I haven't got much life in my own body right at the moment. It is 102° here right now and has been that way for the past 30 days - not a drop of rain.

Hope you are managing to keep cool there. Now I've got myself all hot and bothered thinking about the heat. So I will close this and continue at an early date

as ever
Willard

Phone:
Norman 2046

FORT WORTH STAR-TELEGRAM
MORNING EVENING SUNDAY
COMPLETE ASSOCIATED PRESS SERVICE
FORT WORTH TEXAS

July 23,1934.

OFFICE OF
THE EDITOR

Mr. D. W. Griffith,
THE PARK CENTRAL,
New York, N.Y.

Dear Mr. Griffith:

Mr. Carter is out of the State, and your letter of July 17 has been referred to me.

Unfortunately, I can not give you any accurate information concerning the Houston lady. The Herman estate was a large one and was left to the community for charitable and benevolent purposes. I should think the connection of her father with it would indicate her name would carry considerable weight.

As to the proposition of raising funds in the manner suggested, my judgment would not be very good. The Centennial will launch a campaign to raise $5,000,000, to be supplemented by $5,000,000 from the State and $5,000,000 from the national treasury. Personally, I have a serious doubt that $5,000,000 can be raised from any city in Texas for even so worthwhile a purpose. Money raising for any cause, no matter how meritorious and urgent, has become more difficult than I ever have seen it.

Needless to say your letter will be referred to Mr. Carter immediately upon his return.

Yours very truly,

J M North Jr.

J M NORTH, JR.

EN DICOTT 2-5065

JOHN KLEIN

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC
AUTOMOTIVE MAINTENANCE AND SERVICE
213-215 WEST 64TH STREET

NEW YORK, July 23rd 1934

Mr. D. W. Griffith
Park Central Hotel
56th St. & 7th Ave
New York, N. Y.

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		$48 40

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July 31, 1934.

Dear Woodson:

Am enclosing the usual check.

I hope your health has kept on improving and that by this time your garden stuff is helping you a little. Nothing new in particular, so I am letting the check do the talking for me. I would incidentally like somebody to do some talking to me along these lines because it is the very best kind of conversation.

As ever,

Yours -

Mr. Woodson R. Oglesby,
Oldham County, Ky.
LaGrange.

D. W. GRIFFITH COLLECTION
MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY

July 31, 1934.

Dear Brother Will:

Enclosed you will find the usual check.

I haven't read much about Kentucky suffering from the terrible drouth that is going on in the West but I suppose if anything terrible is going on, Kentucky, particularly your section, will get its share.

I have been working for some time over our monument but as yet haven't received the final drawing. It is turning out to be quite an expensive proposition but I thought while I was doing it, I might just as well do it right.

Hope at last you are getting plenty of fried chicken and now and then some vegetables to eat. If it was convenient wouldn't mind trying some of them myself but in this hot weather, it is not very pleasant travelling.

With best wishes to you all,

As ever---

To Mr. William Griffith,
LaGrange, Oldham Co., Ky.

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July 31st 1934.

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					$ 47.63	$ 45.00
6	4.30	----	3 Days @ 25.00 p.d		$ 75.00	
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						$ 156.20

June account " 18.00

$ 174.20

LESLIE J. TOMPKINS
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW
116 JOHN ST., NEW YORK CITY

TELEPHONE BEEKMAN 3-6497

July 31, 1934.

Mr. D.W. Griffith,
Hotel Park Central,
55th St. & Seventh Avenue,
New York City.

Dear Mr. Griffith:

I enclose you herewith letter addressed to the Security-First National, which explains itself.

You will note that I enclose two checks which is what they ask for, that is they charge $25. for extension service, and I did not think it wise to include that in the $2,000. check. Please sign both checks.

Yours very truly,

Leslie J. Tompkins

OK Dick Daugherty

July 31, 1934.

Dear Little Ruth:

I am sending you the usual check.

While I was dictating this letter, I went out of the room for a few minutes for a Long Distance telephone call. I had been expecting Woodson (I mean the Woodson in New York) this afternoon. They told me Mr. Oglesby was waiting in the next room. I of course supposed it was Woodson; instead I was knocked off my feet by seeing Jim. And indeed he looks very well; despite the fact that I haven't seen him for so many years, he looks so much like his old self that there wouldn't be a particle of doubt about who it was. I think I am going to find out the secret of this supposedly incurable illness he has soaked the insurance company with for this twelve years. It must be very good for the health.

There is nothing new in particular except that this is the day on which I am sending out checks - West, South and in other directions. Just had a letter of the usual kind from Willard. They say they have had a temperature as high as 117 official and a long siege of terrible weather. Their expectations of making money this Summer were unfulfilled which didn't surprise me much. Willard remarks that it has been so hot for six weeks that nobody gave a damn about their hair and not much about anything else. He ends up with a rather good wisecrack but don't tell him I said so - saying "We just have to have a hundred plasters (meaning $100.).".. repeats this several times and the last time says - "Try to get this money together for me and then shoot me if you want to", with a postscript - "I hope you are getting on better than I am", which I thought rather a good crack because he isn't getting on at all.

I did expect to go to England to do

"Old Curiosity Shop" with an English company but another producing corporation got ahead of us -- which I regret very much because I had worked on the script in conjunction with some other people who made one and should have made a very fine picture. However, we have all had so much water run under the bridges that we won't cry about spilled milk. The mixing of this metaphor is intentional so don't think I have lost my brains about it.

With very best love to Jerry and everybody who happens to be in the neighborhood, I am,

As ever --

Miss Ruth Griffith,
Santa Ana, California.

D. W. GRIFFITH COLLECTION
MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY

CONSOLIDATED FILM INDUSTRIES, INC.
EXECUTIVE OFFICES
1776 BROADWAY - NEW YORK
TELEPHONE COLUMBUS 5-1776

July 31st, 1934

Mr. N. R. Greathouse
c/o Mr. D. W. Griffith
Park Central Hotel
56th Street and Seventh Avenue
New York City.

Dear Mr. Greathouse:

With further reference to our letter of July 23rd, we have found after communicating with our West Coast office, that they do not have in their possession any negatives which are registered in the name of, or are the property of D. W. Griffith, Inc., the Epoch Producing Company, the Wark Producing Company, or the F-4 Corporation.

Therefore, other than the list of negatives furnished you and those mentioned in our letter of July 23rd, our records do not indicate that we are holding in our vaults, either at Ft. Lee or the coast, additional subjects.

We sincerely trust that the information that has already been furnished you will enable you to check up and correct your list accordingly.

Yours very truly,
CONSOLIDATED FILM INDUSTRIES, Inc.

H O Biele
Ass't Sales Manager

HOBiele:MW

Agreements with this Corporation are accepted with the understanding that all film delivered to it is covered by the owner against loss.
This Corporation takes every necessary precaution for the safe keeping of the film, but assumes no responsibility for its loss.

July 31, 1934.

Dear Willard:

Dear, very dear Willard... damn, damn dear Willard....

Am sending you the check as requested. As you will see it is made out to both you and Monte -- not that I don't trust your honesty but I have a right I think to question any man's judgment, including myself. And also of course I know it doesn't matter a damn to you how it is sent so you get it.

You speak of the hot weather in Oklahoma; also of the drouth, which is confirmed by the daily papers, so I believe you. We have had it very hellish here also.

As you well know, I hope you will have good luck with your writing; but also I would advise that this should not prevent you from making consistently desperate efforts to secure a position of some kind because the writing business, as I am well aware, is a very precarious business even for the best of them. And it is seldom very profitable to even the best of them. You should certainly have continued in your newspaper work, as the columnists on the papers today are the ones who are making the big money, far beyond the regular authors; and those like Heywood Broun, Bruno Lessing, O. O. McIntyre, Westbrook Pegler and many others do not deal with dirt. And I still believe, if you have any chance of doing that kind of work in Oklahoma you should try it, even though you receive no money at all. Prove that you can write an interesting column and you will easily find a paying position as the newspapers are going more and more to this style of journalism and it offers untold opportunities which are growing greater constantly through syndication, radio, moving pictures etc., and they are also exercising a great influence and exerting great power.

As ever -

THE FILSON CLUB HISTORY QUARTERLY

Vol. 8 LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY, JULY, 1934 No. 3

Golden Anniversary Number

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Published Quarterly by

The Filson Club, Louisville, Kentucky

Entered as second-class matter November 6, 1926, at the post office at Louisville, Ky. under the Act of March 3, 1879

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GOODSON, MRS. E. F ..... Middletown
GORDON, MAURICE KIRBY ..... Madisonville
GORIN, LEWIS J ..... 1024 West Main Street, Louisville
GOTTSCHALK, EDWARD ..... 220 South First Street, Louisville
GRAHAM, MRS. JAMES H ..... Old Shepherdsville Road, Louisville
GRAMIG, HERBERT C ..... 1600 Bonnycastle Avenue, Louisville
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HALL, DR. DELOU P ..... 2023 Tyler Lane, Louisville
HALLECK, REUBEN POST ..... 1154 Third Street, Louisville
HALSEY, EDMUND T ..... 1224 Garvin Place, Louisville
HAMILTON, HOLMAN ..... 337 West Wayne Street, Fort Wayne, Indiana
HARRIS, CHARLES G ..... Kentucky Home Life Building, Louisville
HARRIS, CREDO ..... 1393 Third Street, Louisville
HARRIS, DR. ELAM ..... 1003 Heyburn Building, Louisville
HAST, MISS EMMA W ..... Weissinger-Gaulbert Apartments, Louisville
HASTIE, MISS EDNA M ..... 1242 Chestnut Street, Bowling Green
HAYS, MRS. WILL S ..... 840 South Sixth Street, Louisville
HEALY, MISS KATHARINE G ..... 924 East Chestnut Street, Jeffersonville, Indiana
HEBEL, LOUIS J ..... 1421 Rosewood Avenue, Louisville
HELM, T. KENNEDY ..... Kentucky Home Life Building, Louisville
HELM, MRS. T. KENNEDY ..... 1457 Fourth Street, Louisville
HENDERSON, ARCHIBALD ..... 721 E. Franklin Street, Chapel Hill, North Carolina
HENNING, BASIL D ..... Yale University, New Haven, Connecticut
HENNING, MISS JULIA DUKE ..... Fidelity and Columbia Trust Co., Louisville
HENNING, MRS. SAMUEL C ..... Fidelity and Columbia Trust Co., Louisville
HENRY, MISS RUBY A ..... 1128 First Street, Louisville
*l*HERT, MRS. ALVIN T ..... Columbia Building, Louisville
HEUSER, MRS. J. HENRY ..... Brown Hotel, Louisville
HEYBURN, JOHN G ..... Kentucky Home Life Building, Louisville
*l*HEYBURN, MRS. WILLIAM ..... 403 West Ormsby Avenue, Louisville
HICKMAN, MRS. BAYLOR O ..... Glenview
*e*HICKMAN, R. BAYLOR ..... Glenview

August 3, 1934.

Mr. Bobby North,
Hollywood, California.

Dear Roberta:

How in hell are you anyhow? I have often raved about what a charming damned fool you were -- meaning when I knew you. I have said all this to other people and it has just occurred to me it might not be amiss to say it to you. I hear that you have done very well in the business. I hope to God this is true but frankly I have always doubted it. I always thought that you were too good a guy to get along in Hollywood; but I do hope I am wrong.

I am enclosing with this a letter - one of introduction to a society friend of mine and if you can see anything in him, do what you can for him.

For your own information - not that it is of the least importance - I have been having the time of my life since I have been out of the movie business. I flatter myself that you really would like to hear this for you may have pictured a poor old guy anxiously waiting for a chance to direct a motion picture. I may be a poor old guy but I am not anxiously waiting a chance to make a motion picture. I know you can readily understand this when you know I have worked all my long life from morning til night. Only a little over two years ago did I give myself time to even play a game of golf or go to a picnic, or see the horse races, or go out gambling, or automobiling up and down andaround the hills and valleys of this dear Eastern country, or enjoyed that ecstatic beatitude of dropping on the bed at night and not giving a damn whether I got up the next day or four or five days later. No supervisor, no movie conferences, no heavy discussions on correct dramalogue or literature, with a lot of guys who only recently awoke to thefact that there was a bird named Charles Dickens and he wrote novels.

Of course I did have lots of fun in the old days in Los Angeles but also I had lots of grief -- much more grief than fun.

As I am writing this, I am trying to recall pleasant memories - you belong to the most pleasant of these memories. I can picture just as distinctly now as though it was the day I remember, - you walking down the steps of what was termed The Administration Building, double-eyed, slightly stooped, casual, unconcerned, generally with a paper in your hand and I can hear your quisical voice in discussing some dramatic situation in a contemplated production. Also I remember that you had more common sense and more knowledge of what constitutes drama, yesterday, today and tomorrow, (for there is always a slight change in this sort of thing) than a roomful of what was at that time called "the up to date picture-makers. Incidentally, let the said room be Cecil B. DeMille's idea of a modern ball room.

All kidding aside, first, last and always - you are a pretty damn good guy.

As ever --

ENDICOTT 2-5065

JOHN KLEIN

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC
AUTOMOTIVE MAINTENANCE AND SERVICE
213-215 WEST 64TH STREET

NEW YORK, August 3rd 1934

Mr. D. W. Griffith
Park Central Hotel
56th St. & 7th Ave
New York, N. Y.

PROMPT SERVICE

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED

Work done on Mercedes Car.

Change motor oil.			
Adjust four wheel brakes.			
Check car in general.			
3 GaL. Motor oil.	3	00	
Labor:	6	75	
	$9	75	
			$ 9 75

OUR POLICIES DO NOT COVER CUSTOMERS CARS WHILE IN OUR POSSESSION.

MRS. EUGENE H. RAY
WEISSINGER - GAULBERT
LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

Aug. 4-1934.

Dear Mr. Griffith

About two weeks ago I mailed you from Martinsburg, W. Va. a copy of the transaction between Captain Daniel W. Griffith and his brother in-law, Jacob Mark- I have not heard from you and do not know if you are still in New York or not. Please send me your address as I have some valuable Griffith data and wish to mail it directly to your present address.

So much of this genealogical work must be done by elimination--that I feel sure is about complete at least on your Griffith and Oglesby families- the Carter line is still in a rather unsettled state-but I want to send you something on the Griffith family and will do so when I know exactly where you are .

I do hope you are well and enjoying your trip-our weather here to day is lovely.

With all good wishes, I am

Cordially,
Elizabeth A. Ray

ESTABLISHED 1880

PETER & BURGHARD STONE COMPANY

INCORPORATED

DESIGNERS AND MANUFACTURERS

ARTISTIC MEMORIALS

MAUSOLEUMS
MONUMENTS
MARKERS

DISPLAY AND SALESROOMS
309 WEST JEFFERSON ST.
PLANT 13TH TO 14TH MAPLE ST.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

August-4th-1934

Hon. David Wark Griffith,
c/o The Park Central,
New York, N.Y.

Dear Sir:-

Complying with our correspondence of July the 11th, we are forwarding you under seperate cover a full size drawing of the FRONT of the memorial, with the complete inscriptions in detail.

In checking over the lettering, we noticed that the word (had) was omitted in one line of the inscription, you will note we have designated this on the drawing. In order to make this correction to correspond with the balance of the inscription, it would have been necessary that an entire new detail be prepared, rather than avoid a farther delay in forwarding the drawing to you, we have taken the liberty to merely designate this error, which will be corrected when actually lettering the memorial.

You will also note in comparing your copy of the inscriptions sent us with the detail, we have changed the word in to at, where the inscription reads (Also badly wounded in Hewey's Bridge, Alabama, May 9th, 1862.) We trust this correction is entirely satisfactory.

You will also notice that in the center panel in which your Father's War Record is designated, there is considerable more space at the bottom than there is at the top. In actually lettering the memorial, this space will be narrowed and there will be more space between the lines of inscription and also from the top of the die to the family name.

ESTABLISHED 1880

PETER & BURGHARD STONE COMPANY

INCORPORATED

DESIGNERS AND MANUFACTURERS

ARTISTIC MEMORIALS

MAUSOLEUMS
MONUMENTS
MARKERS

DISPLAY AND SALESROOMS
309 WEST JEFFERSON ST.
PLANT 13TH TO 14TH MAPLE ST.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

August-4th-1934

The BACK of the memorial will have the coat of arms engraved on the two ends panels (the same as the front), with the family name in the center panel, with your Sister's and Brother's inscriptions engraved as designated in your correspondence of June 27th, in the same kind and style of letters, as designated on the detail.

After thoroughly checking over the detail, making any changes there-on, you deem necessary, we would appreciate you forwarding it to us and immediately upon receipt of same with your approval, we will proceed with the work.

Trusting this delay in preparing the drawing has not caused you any inconvenience and awaiting your future commands, we are,

Respectfully yours,
Peter & Burghard Stone Company,

C. C. Ritchie
Designer

CCR/CC

Jacob Wark Griffith, born in_____Virginia____ _____

Twice elected to the House of Representatives. Served with Humphrey Marshall's First Kentucky Cavalry in the Mexican War. Commanded the first Wagon Train at this period ever to cross the plains - The Lone Jack Unit. Before arrival in California suffered many attacks. Rescued party of pioneers at Donner's Lake.

Civil War: Organized a Company of Cavalry for the Confederate Service, for the First Kentucky Cavalry. 1863, became Colonel of the First Regiment. Five times wounded, twice seriously - once after the capture of a 1500 mule time in the Sequatchie Valley October 2, 1862. After a large number of Confederates had been repulsed, General Wheeler asked Colonel Griffith what he could do. In less than ten minutes the Train had been captured. Also badly wounded in Hewey's Bridge, Alabama, May 9th, 1862. Suffering from previous wounds, at battle of Charleston, Tennessee, December 28th, 1863, was unable to ride or walk. At a critical point in the battle the First Kentucky was ordered to charge. Colonel Griffith, not being able to lead his command on horseback, commandeered a horse and buggy. Was helped in and led his Regiment to a victorious charge, Cavalry probably never before having been led that way in all history.

Dates from Rudd's History of Kentucky
Rudd's History of Orphan Brigade
The U. S. Government records.

Colonel Griffith's Unit was honored as escort to Jefferson Davis on his way South after Lee's surrender April 5, 1865. He did not surrender until May 11, 1865.

The following copy of Colonel Griffith's War Record is absolutely final, and I assure you I shall not change it.

****

G R I F F I T H

Colonel Jacob Wark Griffith, Brevetted Brigadier General at the close of the Civil War.

Twice elected to the House of Representatives. Served with Humphrey Marshall's First Kentucky Cavalry in the Mexican War. Commanded the first Wagon Train at this period to cross the Plains - The Lone Jack Unit. Before arrival in California suffered many attacks. Rescued party of Pioneers at Donner's Lake.

Civil War: Organized a company of cavalry for the Confederate Service, for the First Kentucky Cavalry. Became Colonel of the First Regiment 1863. Five times wounded - twice desperately; once at Hewey's Bridge, Alabama, May 9, 1862; once after the capture of a 1500 Mule Train in the Sequatchie Valley, October 2,1862. After a large number of Confederates had been repulsed, General Wheeler asked Colonel Griffith to attack. Ten minutes later the train had been captured. Suffering from previous wounds, at the Battle of Charleston, Tennessee, December 28, 1863, was unable to ride or walk. At a critical point in the battle the First Kentucky was ordered to change. Colonel Griffith, not being able to lead his command on horseback, commandeered a horse and buggy. Was helped in and led his regiment to a

victorious charge, cavalry probably never before having been led in this way in all history.

Data from: Rudd's History of Kentucky
History of the Orphan Brigade

Colonel Griffith's unit was honored as escort to Jefferson Davis on his way south after Lee's surrender, April 9, 1865. Davis was captured May 10, 1865, at Irwinville, Georgia, and here also Colonel Griffith was forced to surrender - United States Government Record. Later he came to his death largely as a result of the wounds he had suffered.

G R I F F I T H

Colonel Jacob Wark Griffith, Breveted Brigadier General at the close of the Civil War.
Twice elected to the House of Representatives. Served with Humphrey Marshall's First Kentucky Cavalry in the Mexican War. Commanded the first wagon train at this period to cross the Plains - The Lone Jack Unit. Before arrival in California suffered many attacks. Rescued party of Pioneers at Donner's Lakes.
Civil War; Organized a company of cavalry for the Confederate Service, for the First Kentucky Cavalry, 1863. Became Colonel of the First Regiment. Five times wounded, twice seriously - once after the capture of a 1500 mule train in the Sequatchie Valley, October 2, 1862. After a large number of Confederates had been repuled, General Wheeler asked Colonel Griffith to attack. Ten minutes later, the train had been captured. Also badly wounded at Hewey's Bridge, Alabama, May 9, 1862. Suffering from previous wounds, at the Battle of Charleston, Tennessee, December 28, 1863, was unable to ride or walk. At a critical point in the battle the First Kentucky was ordered to charge. Colonel Griffith, not being able to lead his command on horseback commandeered a horse and buggy. Was helped in and led his regiment to a victorious charge, cavalry probably never before having been led that way in all history.
Data from Rudd's History of Kentucky.
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G R I F F I TH

Colonel Jacob Wark Griffith, Breveted Brigadier General at the close of the Civil War.

Twice elected to the House of Representatives. Served with Humphrey Marshall's First Kentucky Cavalry in the Mexican War. Commanded the first wagon train at this period to cross the Plains - The Lone Jack Unit. Before arrival in California suffered many attacks. Rescued party of Pioneers at Donner's Lake.

Civil War; Organized a company of cavalry for the Confederate Service, for the First Kentucky Cavalry, ~~1861~~; Became Colonel of the First Regiment, 1863. Five times wounded - twice desparately; once at Hewey's Bridge, Alabama, May 9, 1862; once after the capture of a 1500 mule train in the Sequatchie Valley, October 2, 1862. After a large number of Confederates had been repulsed, General Wheeler asked Colonel Griffith to attack. Ten minutes later the train had been captured. Suffering from previous wounds, at the Battle of Charleston, Tennessee, December 28, 1863, was unable to ride or walk. At a critical point in the battle the First Kentucky was ordered to charge. Colonel Griffith, not being able to lead his command on horseback, commandeered a horse and buggy. Was helped in and led his regiment to a victorious charge, cavalry probably never before having been led ~~that~~ in this way in all history.

Data from Rudd's History of Kentucky

History of the Orphan Brigade

Colonel Griffith's unit was honored as escort to Jefferson Davis on his way south after Lee's surrender, April 9, 1865. Davis was captured May 10, 1865, at Irwinville, Georgia,

and here also Colonel Griffith was forced to surrender - United States Government Record and later came to his death as a result of the wounds he had suffered.

August 16,1934

Peter & Burghard Stone Company
Louisville, Ky.

Gentlemen:

The general outline of our monument seems to be excellent. I am sending you, however, a corrected copy of my father's war record.

The version you have beginning with the words,

"Five times wounded - twice desperately; once after the capture of a 1500 Mule Train in the Sequatchie Valley, October 2, 1862. After a large number of Confederates had been repulsed, General Wheeler asked Colonel Griffith to attack. Ten minutes later the train had been captured. Also badly wounded at Hewey's Bridge, Alabama, May 9, 1862",

I have corrected to read,

"Five times wounded - twice desperately; once at Hewey's Bridge, Alabama, May 9, 1862; once after the capture of a 1500 Mule Train in the Sequatchie Valley, October 2, 1862. After a large number of Confederates had been repulsed, General Wheeler asked Colonel Griffith to attack. Ten minutes later the train had beencaaptured".

I am merely writing this so that there can be no possibility of a mistake as I enclose this war record just as it is to be used.

I would also like a sketch of the back part of the monument, upon which there was to be on one side "Sons" (giving their names), and the other side "daughters", so that we can have this absolutely correct.

Thanking you for your courtesy and patience, I remain,

Yours sincerely,

August 16,1934

Mrs. Eugene H. Ray
Weissinger-Gaulbert
Louisville, Ky.

Dear Mrs. Ray:

Kindly send me any new data you may have to the Park Central Hotel. Any other information or questions at any time I will receive if sent to this address.

Hoping you have not been blistered by the damned heat (this word you will not find in use in your polite society but by consulting the Encyclopedia Brittanica you may perhaps discover its meaning).

Thanking you very much indeed for your painstaking work on this business, I am,

As ever,

P.S. I do really hope to be down soon and attend some of your club meetings.

CABLE ADDRESS "PARKCENT"

CIRCLE 7-8000

The Ultimate in Modern Living

Hotel and Apartments

H. A. LANZNER
GENERAL MANAGER

THE PARK CENTRAL
SEVENTH AVENUE - 55TH TO 56TH STREETS
NEW YORK CITY

August 16, 1934.

Consolidated Film Industries, Inc.
1776 Broadway
New York City

Attention: Mr. Biel

Gentlemen:

Will you please deliver to the Lloyd Film Storage the following negatives and positive prints as per your invoice of July 13, 1934, subject/ America:

Orphans of Storm
Broken Blossoms
Fall of Babylon
Greatest Question
Hearts of the World
Home Sweet Home
Idol Dancer
Intolerance
Judith
Love and Sacrifice
Mother and the Law

and the 18 cases of cut-outs from The Struggle. Also the negative on Orphans of the Storm.

I will give you the disposition of Way Down East negative and sound track within the next two or three days.

After talking with the Lloyd's Film people they suggest that if you make the delivery to their plant in Long Island City that it will be a sidewalk delivery while if you make it in New York it means taking it upstairs at 729. It would be quite an accommodation to both Lloyd's and Mr. Griffith if you would do this.

You will please be kind enough to label each bundle so that they can be checked without opening. Thanking you in advance, I beg to remain,

Very truly yours,

August 20th, 1934.

Miss Hattie Frank Dand
19 Heekle Street
Wellesley Hills, Mass.

Dear Miss Dand:-

Mr. D. W. Griffith has just handed me a letter from Mr. John Bowditch of Boston, written under date of the 13th instant and which was duly forwarded and received by Mr. Griffith on the 18th instant and to which letter Mr. Griffith has requested me to reply.

There is no truth whatever in the story to which reference is made in your uncle's letter.

Mr. Griffith was never, at any time, interested in any property on Long Island. He did purchase about 30 acres in Mamaroneck that was almost an island. He conveyed this property to D. W. Griffith, Inc. and a studio was thereon erected which was used by D. W. Griffith, Inc. for several years. When the production of moving pictures was shifted to Hollywood, Mr. Griffith followed along with the others and the Mamaroneck property was sold to developers. The studio and also the old residence that stood on the property were torn down and entirely removed many years ago. No money or anything else of value was found. In fact, nothing had ever been deposited there.

I am told that a number of years ago Mr. Griffith left some money with a hotel in Los Angeles for safe keeping. It was only a modest sum and was left with the hotel to be used for personal expenses. It appears, the fact that he had left the money there was forgotten by Mr. Griffith until his return to the hotel two or three years thereafter. I think the story was published at the time and probably the sum was terribly exaggerated because as you can understand it would make a good story that a moving picture producer could leave money at a hotel and forget all about it. Of course, the more they swelled the amount the bigger the story. This old story was revived quite recently and printed in the "Mirror" by Walter Winchell as a recent happening and he in turn exaggerated the amount to several times the amount of the original story which was in turn several times the amount actually left with the hotel, which was after all a modest sum.

I regret to have to inform you that while Mr. Griffith produced

a number of pictures that were quite successful, he produced others that recorded substantial losses. Moreover, the business management of the company was not efficient. Mr. Griffith lost his entire investment and was not even paid a substantial share of his salary. He has not been connected with the Corporation for more than two years and its affairs are now in liquidation. Whatever, if anything, is left after payment of the debts will be distributed to the stockholders but the prospects are by no means bright that anything will remain.

Very truly yours,

W. R. Oglesby

WRO:KG

D. W. GRIFFITH COLLECTION
MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY

Telephone
Plaza 3-9500-9501

The Automobile Club of America

INCORPORATED

HOTEL LEXINGTON

LEXINGTON AVENUE AT 48th STREET

New York City

ELMER THOMPSON

Secretary

August 20,1934.

Mr. David Wark Griffith,
Park Central Hotel,
Seventh Avenue & 54th Street,
New York City.

Dues of Associate Membership $ 10.00

To April 20, 1935.

1/1-35
Paid by Check

WILLIAM A. BRADY
D. W. GRIFFITH, INC.
DAVID WARK GRIFFITH
AL GREY

to

RURAL PICTURES CORPORATION

ASSIGNMENT

"WAY DOWN EAST"

Dated: July , 1934

Law Office of
JULIAN T. ABELES
22 East 40th Street
New York, N.Y.

N

I. KNOW ALL MEN BY THESE PRESENTS, that in consideration of the sum of One ($1.00) Dollar and other good and valuable consideration, receipt whereof is hereby acknowledged, the undersigned, WILLIAM A. BRADY, D. W. GRIFFITH, INC., a Maryland corporation, DAVID WARK GRIFFITH and AL GREY, and each of them, hereby sell, grant, convey and assign to RURAL PICTURES CORPORATION, a New York corporation, its successors and assigns forever, all the right, title and interest of the undersigned and each of them, throughout the world, in and to the silent, sound, dialogue and talking motion picture rights (which rights are more fully described in Paragraph II herein) that they and each of them may have in and to:

(1) A dramatic play in four acts entitled "WAY DOWN EAST" written by Lottie Blair Parker, title registered for copyright by William A. Brady, August 30, 1897, Entry No. 48,644 in the office of the Register of Copyrights, Washington, D.C.

(2) A dramatic play in four acts entitled "WAY DOWN EAST" written by Lottie Blair Parker (in collaboration with Joseph R. Grismer) and registered for copyright by and in the name of the author, July 27, 1899, Entry No. 48,493 in the office of the Register of Copyrights, Washington, D.C. Copyright in this play was renewed by and in the name of Lottie Blair Parker, as author, April 8, 1927, Entry No.R:37,693 in the office of the Register of Copyrights, Washington, D.C.

(3) A novelized version written by Joseph R. Grismer of the said play "WAY DOWN EAST" printed in nine (9) installments and registered for copyright by and in the name of Joseph R. Grismer in the office of the Register of Copyrights, Washington, D.C. as follows:

1st installment	March 2, 1900	No. 5696
2nd installment	March 5, 1900	No. 5954
3rd installment	March 6, 1900	No. 6116
4th installment	March 7, 1900	No. 6187
5th installment	March 8, 1900	No. 6303
6th installment	March 9, 1900	No. 6421
7th installment	March 10, 1900	No. 6538
8th installment	March 12, 1900	No. 6640
9th installment	March 13, 1900	No. 6764

(4) A novelized version written by Joseph R. Grismer of the said play WAY DOWN EAST published by Ogilvie Publishing Company and copyrighted by and in the name of Joseph R. Grismer, May 2, 1900, Entry No. A:11,048 in the office of the Register of Copyrights, Washington, D.C.; copyright in this novelized version was renewed by Olive E. Grismer, widow of the author,

Joseph R. Grismer, January 5, 1928, Entry No. R:42,385 in the office of the Register of Copyrights, Washington, D.C.

(5) A motion picture screen story or scenario entitled "WAY DOWN EAST" used as the basis of the silent motion picture produced and released by William A. Brady, in 1914 and referred to in sub-division (a) of Paragraph III herein.

(6) A motion picture screen story or scenario written by Anthony Paul Kelly entitled "WAY DOWN EAST" used as the basis of the motion picture in thirteen reels released for distribution and copyrighted by and in the name of D.W. Griffith, Inc. September 3, 1920, Entry No. L:15,906 in the office of the Register of Copyrights, Washington, D.C. and referred to in sub-division (b) of Paragraph III herein.

The said play "WAY DOWN EAST" and the versions thereof referred to in sub-divisions (1) and (2), the novelized versions of the said play "WAY DOWN EAST" referred to in sub-divisions (3) and (4), themotion picture screen story or scenario entitled "WAY DOWN EAST" referred to in sub-division (5) and the motion picture screen story or scenario entitled "WAY DOWN EAST" written by Anthony Paul Kelly referred to in sub-division (6) of this paragraph are hereinafter referred to as "literary works".

II. The undersigned and each of them by this instrument intend to and do hereby sell, grant, convey and assign to the said Rural Pictures Corporation, its successors and assigns forever, all the right, title and interest of the undersigned and each of them, throughout the world, in and to the following:

(a) The sole and exclusive motion picture rights and motion picture copyright throughout the world in and to the said literary works.

(b) The sole and exclusive rights, throughout the world, to mechanically produce, reproduce and license the reproduction of spoken words taken from and/or based upon the text or theme of said literary works on records, films or other devices designed and used for the purpose of producing and reproducing sound in synchronism with, accompaniment of or supplementary to motion pictures, using for that purpose all or a part of the text, theme and/or dialogue contained in said literary works.

(c) The sole and exclusive right to make, produce, adapt, sell, lease, rent, exhibit, perform, and generally deal in and with and copyright motion picture versions of said literary works with or without sound accompaniment and with or without the interpolation of musical numbers therein, and for such purposes to adapt one or more versions of said literary works, to add to and subtract from the said literary works, change the sequence thereof, change the title of said literary works, use said title or any of its components in connection with works wholly or partially independent of said literary works, change the characters in the said literary works, change the descriptions of the said characters and use all thereof in new versions, adaptations and sequels in any and all languages, and to register and obtain copyright therein, throughout the world.

(d) To include in any version of said literary works, musical movietone accompaniment and to further include in any such version interpolations of musical compositions and/or lyrics to be performed and/or sung by the performers in any such version.

(e) The sole and exclusive right to make movietone musical comedy, movietone operetta, movietone operatic and/or dramatic musico movietone versions of said literary works.

(f) The sole and exclusive right to broadcast by means of the method generally known and described as television, or any process analogous thereto, any of the versions of said literary works.

(g) The right to broadcast by means of radio processes, portions of said literary works, or portions of the motion picture version or versions thereof, in conjunction with or exploitation of or as an advertising medium or tie-up with the exhibition and/or distribution of any motion picture based on said literary works.

III. The undersigned and each of them hereby grant, convey and assign to the said Rural Pictures Corporation, its successors and assigns forever, all the right, title and interest of the undersigned and each of them, throughout the world, in and to:

(a) The negative, copyright and existing prints (if any) of a motion picture photoplay based upon the said dramatic play "WAY DOWN EAST" which picture was produced under the title "WAY DOWN EAST" by William A. Bradyand released for distribution in 1914.

(b) The negative, copyright and existing prints

(if any) of a motion picture photoplay in thirteen (13) reels based upon the said play "WAY DOWN EAST" and released for distribution and copyrighted by and in the name of D. W. Griffith, Inc., September 3, 1920, Entry No. L: 15,906 in the office of the Register of Copyrights, Washington, D.C.

(c) The negative, copyright and existing prints (if any) of a synchronized version of the motion picture photoplay in thirteen (13) reels based upon the said play "WAY DOWN EAST" which synchronized version was produced under the title "WAY DOWN EAST" and released for distribution by Al Grey in March 1931; said synchronized version was based upon the silent version, copyrighted by D.W. Griffith, Inc., September 3, 1920.

(d) The negative and existing prints (if any) of approximately film feet of shots, views and pictures of ice and snow scenes relating to the motion picture photoplay "WAY DOWN EAST", which shots, views and pictures were not used in the said motion picture but are now available for use.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, the undersigned have executed these presents this day of July, 1934.

William A. Brady

D. W. GRIFFITH, INC.

By Alexander W. Form
President

D.W. Griffith L.S.

Al Grey L.S.

STATE OF NEW YORK)
COUNTY OF NEW YORK)SS.

On this 2nd day of ~~July~~ Aug., 1934, before me personally appeared WILLIAM A. BRADY, to me known and known to me to be the individual described in and who executed the foregoing instrument, and he duly acknowledged to me that he executed the same.

James E. Hackett, Jr.

NOTARY PUBLIC
N.Y. Co. Clk's No. 399, Reg. No. 5-H-465
Commission Expires March 30, 1935

STATE OF NEW YORK)
COUNTY OF NEW YORK)SS.

On this 22nd day of ~~July~~ Aug, 1934, before me personally appeared Alexander W. Fox, who, being by me duly sworn, did depose and say that he is President of D. W. GRIFFITH, INC., the corporation described in and which executed the foregoing instrument, that he knows the seal of said corporation; that the seal thereto affixed is such corporate seal; that it was so affixed by order of the Board of Directors of said corporation, and that he signed his name thereto by like order.

Leonard L. Gallagher.

STATE OF NEW YORK)
COUNTY OF NEW YORK)SS.

On this 24th day of July, 1934, before me personally appeared DAVID WARK GRIFFITH, to me known and known to me to be the individual described in and who executed the foregoing instrument, and he duly acknowledged to me that he executed the same.

Helene Kaplan

NOTARY PUBLIC, New York Co.
Clerk's No. 185, Register's No. 6H401
Commission Expires March 30, 1936

STATE OF NEW YORK)
COUNTY OF NEW YORK)SS.

On this day of July, 1934, before me personally appeared AL GREY, to me known and known to me to be the individual described in and who executed the foregoing instrument, and he duly acknowledged to me that he executed the same.

WILLIAM A. BRADY
D. W. GRIFFITH, INC.

and

RURAL PICTURES CORPORATION

AGREEMENT

"WAY DOWN EAST"

Dated July , 1934

Law Office of
JULIAN T. ABELES
22 East 40th Street
New York, N.Y.

THIS AGREEMENT, made this day of July, 1934, by and between WILLIAM A. BRADY and D. W. GRIFFITH, both of New York City, parties of the first part, D.W. GRIFFITH, INC., a corporation organized and existing under and by virtue of the laws of the State of Maryland, party of the second part; the parties of the first and second parts are hereinafter referred to as "SELLERS" and RURAL PICTURES CORPORATION, a corporation organized and existing under and by virtue of the laws of the State of New York, party of the third part, hereinafter referred to as "PURCHASER",

W I T N E S S E T H:

FIRST: WHEREAS, the Sellers represent and warrant that they are the exclusive proprietors throughout the world of the rights hereinafter granted in and to:

(1) A dramatic play in four acts entitled "WAY DOWN EAST" written by Lottie Blair Parker, title registered for copyright by William A. Brady, August 30, 1897, Entry No. 48,644 in the office of the Register of Copyrights, Washington, D.C.

(2) A dramatic play in four acts entitled "WAY DOWN EAST" written by Lottie Blair Parker (in collaboration with Joseph R. Grismer) and registered for copyright by and in the name of the author, July 27, 1899, Entry No. 48,493 in the office of the Register of Copyrights, Washington, D.C. Copyright in this play was renewed by and in the name of Lottie Blair Parker, as author, April 8, 1927, Entry No. R:37,693 in the office of the Register of Copyrights, Washington, D. C.

(3) A novelized version written by Joseph R. Grismer of the said play "WAY DOWN EAST" printed in nine (9) installments and registered for copyright by and in the name of Joseph R. Grismer in the office of the Register of Copyrights, Washington, D.C. as follows:

1st installment	March 2, 1900	No. 5696
2nd installment	March 5, 1900	No. 5954
3rd installment	March 6, 1900	No. 6116
4th installment	March 7, 1900	No. 6187
5th installment	March 8, 1900	No. 6303
6th installment	March 9, 1900	No. 6421
7th installment	March 10, 1900	No. 6538
8th installment	March 12, 1900	No. 6640
9th installment	March 13, 1900	No. 6764

(4) A novelized version written by Joseph R. Grismer of the said play "WAY DOWN EAST", published by Ogilvie Publishing Company and copyrighted by and in the name of Joseph R. Grismer, May 2, 1900, Entry No. A:11,048 in the office of the Register of Copyrights, Washington, D.C.; copyright in this novelized version was renewed by Olive E. Grismer, widow of the author, Joseph R. Grismer, January 5, 1928, Entry No. R:42,385 in the office of the Register of Copyrights, Washington, D.C.

(5) A motion picture screen story or scenario entitled "WAY DOWN EAST" used as the basis of the silent motion picture produced and released by William A. Brady, one of the Sellers herein, in 1914 and referred to in sub-division (a) of Paragraph "Second" herein.

(6) A motion picture screen story or scenario written by Anthony Paul Kelly entitled "WAY DOWN EAST" used as the basis of the motion picture in thirteen reels released for distribution and copyrighted by and in the name of D.W. Griffith, Inc., one of the Sellers herein, September 3, 1920, Entry No. L:15,906 in the office of the Register of Copyrights, Washington, D.C. and referred to in sub-division (b) of Paragraph "Second"herein.

The said play "WAY DOWN EAST" and the versions thereof referred in sub-divisions (1) and (2), the novelized versions of the said play "WAY DOWN EAST" referred to in sub-divisions (3) and (4), the motion picture screen story or scenario entitled "WAY DOWN EAST" referred to in sub-division (5) and the motion picture screen story or scenario entitled "WAY DOWN EAST" written by Anthony Paul Kelly referred to in sub-division (6) of this paragraph are hereinafter referred to as "literary works".

SECOND: WHEREAS, the Sellers represent and warrant:

(a) That they are the sole owners of the negative, copyright and existing prints (if any) of the motion picture photoplay based upon the said play "WAY DOWN EAST" which picture was produced under the title "WAY DOWN EAST" by William A. Brady (one of the Sellers herein) and released for distribution in 1914.

(b) That they are the sole owners of the negative, copyright and existing prints (if any) of the motion picture

photoplay in thirteen (13) reels based upon the said play "WAY DOWN EAST" and released for distribution and copyrighted by and in the name of D. W. Griffith, Inc., (one of the Sellers herein), September 3, 1920, Entry No. L:15,906 in the office of the Register of Copyrights, Washington, D.C.

(c) That they are the sole owners of the negative, copyright and existing prints (if any) of a synchronized version of the motion picture photoplay in thirteen (13) reels based upon the said play "WAY DOWN EAST", which synchronized version was produced under the title WAY DOWN EAST and released for distribution by Al Grey in March, 1931; said synchronized version was based upon the silent version, copyrighted by D. W. Griffith, Inc., September 3, 1920, and referred to in sub-division (b) of Paragraph "Second" herein.

(d) That they are the sole owners of the negative and existing prints (if any) of approximately film feet of shots, views and pictures of ice and snow scenes relating to the motion picture photoplay "WAY DOWN EAST", which shots, views and pictures were not used in the said motion picture but are now available for use.

THIRD: WHEREAS, the Sellers further represent and warrant that they have not assigned, licensed or in any manner encumbered or impaired the rights hereinafter granted nor committed any act by which the same could or will be diminished or impaired and that there is no outstanding claim, encumbrance or litigation of any kind or nature pending against or involving the title, ownership and/or copyright of the said literary works and the said negatives and prints thereof of the motion pictures herein described and the rights hereinafter granted and that there are now no outstanding contracts or licenses of distribution or exhibition of the said motion pictures mentioned herein which will restrict, limit or in any way interfere with the rights herein granted.

FOURTH: WHEREAS, the Purchaser, relying upon the

said representations and warranties, desires to acquire the rights hereinafter granted in and to the said literary works and in and to the said negatives, copyrights and prints of the said motion pictures.

NOW, THEREFORE, in consideration of the foregoing representations and warranties, and of the respective covenants and agreements of the parties hereto, it is hereby agreed as follows:

FIFTH: The Sellers hereby grant, convey and assign to the Purchaser all the right, title and interest of the Sellers in and to the negatives, prints thereof and copyright therein of the following motion pictures and the screen stories or scenarios upon which the said motion pictures are based:

(a) The negative, copyright and existing prints (if any) of a motion picture photoplay based upon the said dramatic play "WAY DOWN EAST" which picture was produced under the title "WAY DOWN EAST" by William A. Brady (one of the Sellers herein) and released for distribution in 1914.

(b) The negative, copyright and existing prints (if any) of a motion picture photoplay in thirteen (13) reels based upon the said play "WAY DOWN EAST" and released for distribution and copyrighted by and in the name of D. W. Griffith, Inc. (one of the Sellers herein), September 3, 1920, Entry No. L:15,906 in the office of the Register of Copyrights, Washington, D.C.

(c) The negative, copyright and existing prints (if any) of a synchronized version of the motion picture photoplay in thirteen (13) reels based upon the said play "WAY DOWN EAST", which synchronized version was produced under the title "WAY DOWN EAST" and released for distribution by Al Grey in March, 1931; said synchronized version was based upon the silent version, copyrighted by D.W. Griffith, Inc. September 3, 1920 and referred to in subdivision (b) of Paragraph "Second" herein.

(d) The negative and existing prints (if any) of approximately film feet of shots, views and pictures of ice and snow scenes relating to themotion picture photoplay "WAY DOWN EAST", which shots, views and pictures were not used in the said motion picture but are now available for use.

SIXTH: The Sellers do hereby grant, convey and assign to the Purchaser, its successors and assigns forever;

(a) The sole and exclusive motion picture rights and motion picture copyright throughout the world in and to said literary works.

(b) The sole and exclusive right, throughout the world, to mechanically produce, reproduce and license the reproduction of spoken words taken from and/or based upon thetext or theme of said literary works, on records, films or other devices designed and/or used for the purpose of producing and reproducing sound in synchronism with, accompaniment of or supplementary to motion pictures, using for that purpose all or a part of the text, theme and/or dialogue contained in said literary works.

(c) The sole and exclusive right to make, produce, adapt, sell, lease, rent, exhibit, perform and generally deal in and with and copyright motion picture versions of said literary works, with or without sound accompaniment and with or without the interpolation of musical numbers therein, and for such purposes to adapt one or more versions of said literary works, to add to and subtract from the literary works, change the sequence thereof, change the title of said literary works, use said title, or any of its components in connection with works or motion pictures wholly or partially independent of said literary works, change the characters in said literary works, change the descriptions of the said characters, and use all thereof in new versions, adaptations and sequels in any and all languages and to register and obtain copyright therein, througout the world.

(d) To include musical accompaniments in any version of said literary works, herein authorized, and to further include in any such version interpolations of musical compositions and/or lyrics to be performed and/or sung by the performers in any such version.

(e) The sole and exclusive right to make movietone musical comedy, movietone operetta, movietone operatic and/or dramatic musico movietone versions of said literary

works.

(f) The sole and exclusive right to broadcast by means of the method generally known and described as television, any of the versions of said literary works, the rights to which the Purchaser has herein acquired.

(g) The right to broadcast by means of radio processes, portions of said literary works, or portions of the motion picture version or versions thereof, in conjunction with or exploitation of or as an advertising medium or tie-up with the exhibition and/or distribution of any motion picture based on said literary works.

SEVENTH: In full consideration of the rights herein assigned and granted to the Purchaser by the Sellers, the Purchaser shall pay to the Sellers the sum of Fifty Thousand ($50,000.) Dollars, receipt of which is hereby acknowledged.

EIGHTH: It is the purpose of this agreement and the intention of the Sellers to transfer to the Purchaser only the rights hereinabove conveyed and granted, and the Sellers do hereby specifically reserve unto themselves all other rights in and to said literary works. The Purchaser, shall, however, be under no obligation to exercise or put to use any of the rights acquired hereunder.

NINTH: The Sellers do hereby grant unto the Purchaser the free and unrestricted right, but at the Purchaser's own cost and expense, to institute in the names and on behalf of the Sellers any and all suits and proceedings in law or in equity to enjoin and restrain any infringements of the rights herein granted, and do hereby assign and set over unto the Purchaser any and all cause

and causes of action arising or resulting by reason of or based upon such infringement or infringements and do hereby assign and set over unto the Purchaser any and all recoveries obtained in any such action. The Sellers agree that they will not compromise, settle or in any manner interfere with such litigation, if brought, and the Purchaser does hereby agree to indemnify and save harmless the said Sellers from any costs or damages that may arise by reason of any such suits or proceedings.

TENTH: The Sellers hereby grant to the Purchaser the right to publish, copyright or cause to be published and copyrighted in press books, press notices, trade journals, heralds and/or fan magazines, synopses, resumes or abridged versions of said literary works not exceeding five thousand (5,000) words (and in foreign countries such synopses, resumes or abridged versions may be contained in small separate booklets consisting of not more than five thousand words) adapted from any version of any motion picture, with or without sound accompaniment, produced, performed, released or exhibited pursuant hereto.

ELEVENTH: The Purchaser agrees to announce on the screen and in its paid advertising of the motion picture photoplays and/or movietone photoplays to be made pursuant hereto, that the same are based upon or adapted from said literary works written by said author (or words to that effect), except, however, that where the name of such photoplay shall be published with the names of others in group

or list advertising, the author's name need not be announced in connection therewith.

TWELFTH: The Sellers agree to execute and procure any other and further necessary instruments to convey, assign and copyright the rights herein granted in any country throughout the world, and if it shall be necessary by the laws of any country that copyright registration must be acquired in the names of the Sellers, the Purchaser shall be permitted to apply for said copyright registration in the names of the Sellers, and in such event, the Sellers shall assign and transfer the same unto the Purchaser. The Sellers further agree, upon request, to duly execute, acknowledge, procure and deliver to the Purchaser such short form assignments as may be requested by the Purchaser for the purpose of recording in the United States or elsewhere. If the Sellers shall, upon the Purchaser's request, fail to so execute and deliver such additional assignments, the Purchaser is hereby authorized to execute the same in the names of the Sellers and as the Sellers' attorney-in-fact.

THIRTEENTH: The Sellers shall, in the event that said literary works are hereafter published in the United States and/or in any foreign country throughout the world, take and complete any and all steps and proceedings required by law of the country within which such publication occurs, to secure copyright thereon and to prevent the said literary works from falling into the public domain by reason of such

publication. The Sellers will further take such steps and proceedings as may be necessary to renew any and all copyrights now or herafter secured upon such literary works, and after such renewal, will assign to the Purchaser the rights herein granted to the Purchaser for such renewed term. In the event that the Sellers shall fail so to do, the Purchaser is hereby given the right and authority to perform such acts and take such proceedings in the names and on behalf of the Sellers and as the Sellers' attorney-in-fact.

FOURTEENTH: The Sellers will not use, nor permit the use of any of the rights reserved to them hereunder in any form or manner or for any purpose which would unfairly compete with the full and unrestricted use of the rights that are herein granted by the Sellers to the Purchaser.

FIFTEENTH: This agreement shall bind and inure to the benefit of the parties hereto, their heirs, executors, administrators, successors and assigns forever.

SIXTEENTH: The Sellers agree to furnish to the Purchaser forthwith upon the execution of this agreement, five printed or typewritten copies of said literary works in the same form in which said material was presented to the public, or if no such presentation has been made, then in the form presented to the Purchaser.

SEVENTEENTH: The Purchaser shall have the right to assign this contract to any other person, firm or corporation.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, the parties hereto have executed these presents the day and year first above written.

William A. Brady
D. W. Griffith L.S.

D. W. GRIFFITH, INC.

By Alexander W. Jay
President

RURAL PICTURES CORPORATION

By Julius Seles
President

STATE OF NEW YORK)
COUNTY OF NEW YORK)SS:

On this 2nd day of ~~July~~ Aug., 1934, before me personally appeared WILLIAM A. BRADY, to me known and known to me to be the individual described in and who executed the foregoing instrument, and he duly acknowledged to me that he executed the same.

James E. Hackett, Jr.
NOTARY PUBLIC
N.Y.Co.Clk's No. 399, Reg. No. 5-H-465
Commission Expires March 30, 1935

STATE OF NEW YORK)
COUNTY OF NEWYORK)SS:

On this 22nd day of ~~July~~ Aug, 1934, before me personally appeared Alexander W. Fox, who, being by me duly sworn, did depose and say that he is President of D. W. GRIFFITH, INC., the corporation described in and which executed the foregoing instrument, that he knows the seal of said corporation; that the seal thereto affixed is such corporate seal; that it was so affixed by order of the Board of Directors of said corporation, and that he signed his name thereto by like order.

Edward L. Feldman

STATE OF NEW YORK)
COUNTY OF NEW YORK)SS:

On this 24 day of August, 1934, before me personally appeared [illegible], who, being by me duly sworn, did depose and say that he is President of RURAL PICTURES CORPORATION, the corporation described in and which executed the foregoing instrument, that he knows the seal of said corporation; that the seal thereto affixed is such corporate seal; that it was so affixed by order of the Board of Directors of said corporation, and that he signed his name thereto by like order.

Marion Siegel
MARION SIEGEL, Notary Public
Kings Co. Clk. No. 1090, Reg. No. 3448
N. Y. Co. Clk. No. 1025, Reg. No. 5-S-596
Commission expires March 30, 1935

STATE OF NEW YORK)
COUNTY OF NEW YORK)SS:

On this 21st day of ~~July,~~ August 1934, before me personally appeared D. W. GRIFFITH, to me known and known to me to be the individual described in and who executed the foregoing instrument, and he duly acknowledged to me that he executed the same.

Edith Terr

NOTARY PUBLIC, NEW YORK COUNTY
N. Y. CO. CLERK'S NO. 28, REG. NO. 6 T135
COMMISSION EXPIRES MARCH 30, 1936

August , 1934.

Rural Pictures Corporation,

New York City.

Gentlemen:-

You are hereby instructed and directed to make payment of the sum of Fifty Thousand ($50,000.) Dollars, provided to be paid under an agreement bearing even date herewith, between William A. Brady, D. W. Griffith, D. W. Griffith, Inc., and your corporation, in respect of the work and composition entitled "WAY DOWN EAST", as follows:

William A. Brady	$9,850.00
(Said sum represents $10,000. Less 250.)	
D. W. Griffith	23,750.00
(Said sum represents $24,000. Less 250.)	
Lottie Blair Parker.	6,000.00
(or her attorneys, Frank, Weil & Strouse, Esqs.)	
Estate of Joseph R. Grismer.	4,900.00
A. Griffith Grey	5,000.00

In respect to the sum of $500.00 ($250.00 of which is to be deducted by you from the moneys payable to William A. Brady, and the balance of $250.00 to be deducted by you from the moneys payable to D. W. Griffith), said sum (representing 100 pounds) is to be paid by you to your attorney, Julian T. Abeles, to be used by him for the purpose of effecting a settlement with J. C. Williamson, Ltd., of Sydney, Australia. Any portion of said money, not required for said settlement, is to be returned by your said attorney; one-half thereof to William A. Brady, and one-half thereof to D. W. Griffith.

It is likewise understood that your attorney is to furnish to both William A. Brady and D. W. Griffith copies of the release procured by him in effecting such settlement.

Very truly yours,

D. W. Griffith

CONSENTED AND AGREED TO:

Julian T. Abeles

MRS. EUGENE H. RAY
WEISSINGER - GAULBERT
LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

Aug. 22-1934.

Dear Mr. Griffith:

Yours just arrived-I am leaving at one-fifty on a little more of your work- will not have time to copy what I want you to have before going-- but will do so immediately upon my return. Wasafraid to send any thing more until I heard just where you were.

Indeed you don't need refer me to the Encyclopedia for definitions of any word concerning this awful heat we have suffered since early in May- You have it about like I do--and my dear, that is SOLD.

It is fine to know you will be down some time soon-- there are so many things I really want to discuss with you- lots of things you will enjoy hearing about this work---- Please do not come before I return from this little jaunt-Our first meeting of the Filson Club will be Oct. 1st then Nov.5th. Be sure to let me know before you come.

I will write you fully as soon as I get back.

Cordially,

Elizabeth A. Ray

Adjutant General's Report,
Confederate Kentucky Volunteers-
War of 1861-65--Vol.1-page 504.

Roll of Company "E." first Regiment Cavalry-

Jacob W. Griffith-Captain(1st.organization)wounded at Hewey's Bridge and Sequatchie Valley-promoted to Lieut-Colonel.

Roster Field & Staff, First Regiment Cavalary, Kentucky Volunteers, Confederate States Army-page 486-

J.W. Griffith-Lieutenant Colonel(date of commission)March 1st.1863-

(all this from the Adjutant General's Office at Frankfort, Ky.)

RECEIVED FROM N. R. GREATHOUSE, with reference to "WAY DOWN EAST", the following:

1 Script "WAY DOWN EAST", 4 acts
Stage version from Wm. A. Brady's Office.
This version the only one ever presented on stage.

Printed scores original
2 Volumes Piano parts
1 1st Violin

Peters contract - Music

1 Copy Anthony Paul Kelly script

3 Copies Play, By Lottie B. Parker

3 Screen Continuity "WAY DOWN EAST"

1 Copy Continuity

4 Copies Working Script Titles

2 Copies Titles

1 Copy Titles and Color for Sequences

1 Copy Titles and notation for art work

1 Copy Titles (corrections)

8 Assorted Clips of Papers

1 Working Script incomplete

1 Souvenir Booklet Heralds and excerpts from important people

1 Positive Print "WAY DOWN EAST" silent version

Aug 23/34

RECEIVED from RURAL PICTURES CORPORATION

Cashier's check in the amount of Twenty-three Thousand Seven Hundred Fifty ($23,750.) Dollars, representing the share of the undersigned in the consideration of $50,000. paid by said corporation in respect of the work and composition entitled "WAY DOWN EAST", under agreement bearing date this day between said corporation, William A. Brady, D. W. Griffith and D. W. Griffith, Inc.

Dated: New York, August 24th, 1934.

D. W. Griffith
By W. R. Clark
D. W. GRIFFITH

ESTABLISHED 1880

PETER & BURGHARD STONE COMPANY

INCORPORATED

DESIGNERS AND MANUFACTURERS

ARTISTIC MEMORIALS

MAUSOLEUMS
MONUMENTS
MARKERS

DISPLAY AND SALESROOMS
309 WEST JEFFERSON ST.
PLANT 13TH TO 14TH MAPLE ST.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

August-24th-1934

Hon. D.W.Griffith,
c/o The Park Central,
New York, N.Y.

Dear Sir:-

We have your valued correspondence of the 16th, together with the full size detail.

We will be governed accordingly when lettering the FRONT of the memorial and make the revision in the lettering designated in your correspondence.

Complying with your request, we will forward to you within the next few days a scale drawing of both sides of the memorial, showing how the lettering etc., will be arranged on the back.

Awaiting your future commands, we are,

Very respectfully,
Peter & Burghard Stone Co.,

Designer

CCR/CC

August27,1934

Mr. D. W. Griffith
Park Central Hotel
New York City
Dear Mr. Griffith:

Enclosed please find statemnt for your golf lesson received Nov,7,1933 in the amount of $4.00

I would certainly like to have the pleasure of giving you additional lessons this season.

Why not give me a ring and run out so that I may watch you hit a few balls.

Yours truly,
Geo. J. Bingley

Queens Plaza Driving Range
Van Alst & Wilbur Aves.
Long Island City
Ironside6-9869

Paid by Ck Oct 8-34

THE PARK CENTRAL
SEVENTH AVENUE 55TH TO 56TH STREETS
NEW YORK CITY

Important

D W G

Transfer Book Aug 26-34

U-A Struggle

Personal

Private

Form 83 1M Sets 2-34

CONSOLIDATED FILM INDUSTRIES, INC.

CONSOLIDATED PARK
FORT LEE, N. J.

NOTICE OF ARRIVAL
ORIGINAL

No. 2596 D

Date August 30 1934.

D.W. Griffith,
1619 Broadway
New York, N.Y.

The following NEGATIVE WITH / WITHOUT sample print has this day been received at our Consolidated Park Plant at Fort Lee, N.J.

SUBJECT "THE STRUGGLE"

FOREIGN / DOMESTIC

No. of Reels Picture 9 No. of Reels Track Neg. 9 No. of Rolls

From H.E.R. LAB. Via

For ACCOUNT AND RISK of D.W. Griffith Charges

Owner D.W. Griffith

All contracts with this corporation are accepted with the understanding that all film delivered to it is covered by the owner against loss. This corporation takes every necessary precaution for the safe keeping of the film, but assumes no responsibility for its loss.

CONSOLIDATED FILM INDUSTRIES, Inc.

By A Lankaitis

NEG. DEPT.

ESTABLISHED 1880

PETER & BURGHARD STONE COMPANY

INCORPORATED

DESIGNERS AND MANUFACTURERS

ARTISTIC MEMORIALS

MAUSOLEUMS
MONUMENTS
MARKERS

DISPLAY AND SALESROOMS
309 WEST JEFFERSON ST.
PLANT 13TH TO 14TH MAPLE ST.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

August-30th-1934.

Hon.D.W.Griffith,
c/o The Park Central,
New York City, N.Y.

Dear Sir:-

Complying with our correspondence of the 24th, we are forwarding you under seperate cover a blue print scale drawing of the front and back of the memorial, in duplicate. We would appreciate you checking over these drawings and return one copy to us, designating there-on any changes or corrections you desire.

Your Father's War Record, has been revised, as designated in your correspondence of the 16th, how-ever, we note you mention ("I enclose this war record just as it is to be used."), we failed to find an enclosure in your letter of the above date, there-fore, if you desire any other corrections made in the lettering, we will be pleased to be informed.

You will note, on the drawing of the FRONT of the memorial, we have the Coat of Arms, facing toward the right and on the BACK we have it facing toward the left; from the copy we have of the original you sent us, we note it faces the left, we would appreciate you advising us in what position you desire this engraved on both sides of the memorial.

It is our sincere desire to have the memorial correct in every detail and if you desire any other corrections made, we await your future commands.

Thanking you for your valued cooperation, we are,

Respectfully yours,
Peter & Burghard Stone Company,

CCR/CC

Designer

BLUEPRINTS NOT FILMED -

THEY ARE ARE AVAILABLE IN THE COLLECTION

PHONES CIRCLE {1881 1882 1883

ALL BILLS DUE AND PAYABLE ON OR BEFORE THE 10TH OF EACH MONTH.

SCOTT & TIGHE GARAGE, INC.

STORAGE AND ACCESSORIES

153-155 WEST 54TH STREET

PRIVATE LIVERY SERVICE

PACKARD LIMOUSINES
WITH UNIFORMED CHAUFFEURS

NEW YORK, N. Y., August 31 1924

SOLD TO Mr D W. Griffith

ADDRESS Park Central Hotel

MADE BY AUTOMOTIVE SYSTEMS AND FORMS CO., INC., 27 THAMES ST., NEW YORK, N. Y. PHONES RECTOR 8410 & 1790

Date	Gals. Gas.	Gals. Spec. Gas.	Qts. Oil	Trans. Storage	Wash & Polish
1	21			200	
2	15				
3					
4					
5					
6	18				
7					
8					
9					
10	11			200	
11					
12					
13					
14					
15				200	
16					
17	12				
18	10				
19				700	
20	20			800	
21					
22					
23					
24					
25	10				
26	117				
27					
28					
29					
30					
31					
TOTAL	117			8.00	

Mercedes

DATE	PARTICULARS	CHARGES	CREDITS	BALANCE
	STORAGE for the month of August	2500		
	117 Gals. Gasoline @ 21¢	2457		
	Gals. Special Gasoline @			
	Qts. Oil @			
Aug 1	1 Gallon Wood Medium Clear leather upholstery - smooth & wax body & fenders (as agreed)	2000		
	4 Washes	800		
	Paid Oct 8-24	7957		

Not responsible for loss or damage by fire, theft or breakage.
We will not be liable for loss of any articles left in car or not checked at office.
Cars are driven by our employees solely at customer's risk.

JOHN F. HILL
OPTOMETRIST
EYESIGHT SERVICE EXCLUSIVELY
EIGHTH AVENUE & 47TH STREET
NEW YORK CITY
ONE BLOCK WEST OF TIMES SQUARE

EXAMINATIONS
UNTIL 8 P.M.

TELEPHONES
LONGACRE 5-5050
LONGACRE 5-5051
LONGACRE 5-3129

Sept. 1, 1934

Mr. D. W.Griffith,
Park Central Hotel,
N.Y.C.

6/29/34 Left lens as R in own mounting	$4.00
7/10/34 Right lens as R in own mounting	4.00
7/18/34 Soft-lite sportglas	10.00
8/3/34 Left lens as R in own mounting	4.00
	$22.00

Paid by Check Oct 8-34

EPIC-PICTURES-INCORPORATED
HOTEL BRADFORD
BOSTON, MASS.

September 6, 1934.

My dear Mr. Griffith:

You will remember we talked some time ago about a New England Picture. I have been working on this, but have not bothered you as I did not want to do so until I had everything in shape.

My plans are progressing well and I expect to be in a position to see you within a very short time. I have heard however, that you are leaving this Fall for England -- to be gone some time -- and would consider it a favor if you will let me know about this.

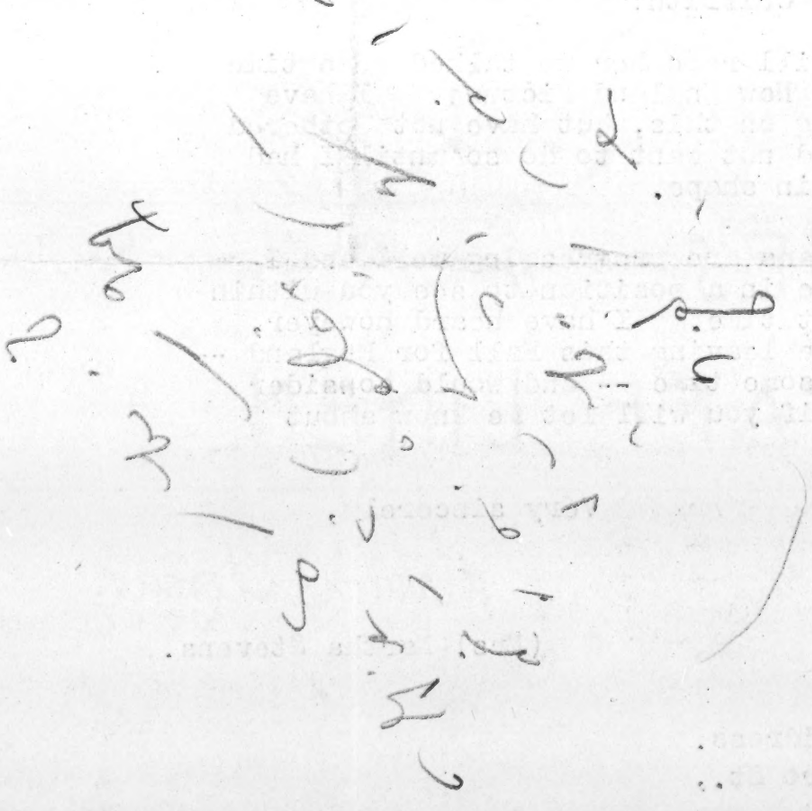
Very sincerely,

Martha Stevens

MS:G

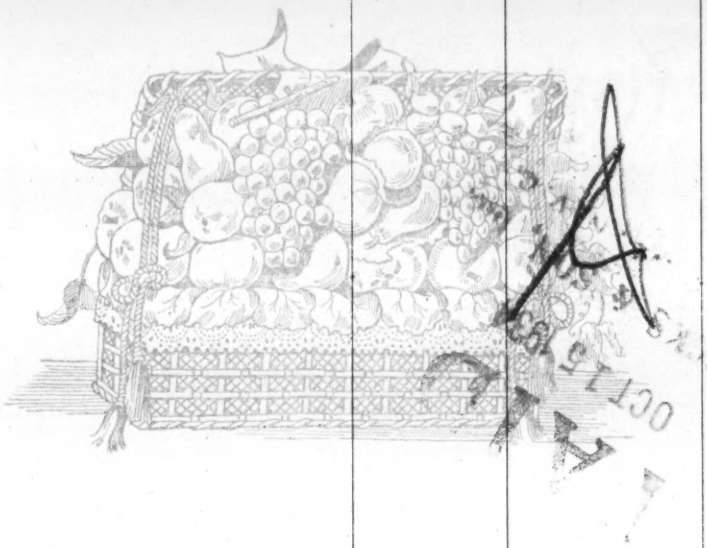
(Mrs) Martha Stevens.

Note home address.
104 Gainsboro St.,
Boston, Mass.



D. W. GRIFFITH COLLECTION
MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY

DATE	ITEM	PRICE	DAILY TOTALS	CREDITS	BALANCE
1934 SEPT 8	ACCOUNT RENDERED 1 BOX FRUIT	2 50	2 50		2 50★



H. HICKS & SON, INC.
660 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

RETAIN THIS SECTION FOR FUTURE REFERENCE. YOUR CANCELLED CHECK IS YOUR RECEIPT

THANK YOU.

ENDICOTT 2-5065

JOHN KLEIN

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC
AUTOMOTIVE MAINTENANCE AND SERVICE

213-215 WEST 64TH STREET
NEW YORK.

September 15th 1934

Mr. D. W. Griffith
Park Central Hotel
55th Street & 7th Ave
New York, N. Y.

PROMPT SERVICE

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED

Work done on Mercedes Car.

Remove crankcase, radiator and necessary parts to remove supercharger. Overhaul supercharger, reassemble and re-install same. Re-assemble all parts removed. Change motor oil. Adjust four wheel brakes. Remove left front spring to remove shock absorber bracket. Weld bracket, renew spring center pin, re-assemble and re-install.			
1 Supercharger clutch.	42	70	
1 " " hub.	10	00	
2 " " carrier bearings.	21	60	
2 " " spindle bearings.	9	50	
3 Gals. Motor oil.	3	00	
Towing charge and expenses from Lenox, Mass. to New York.	65	00	
Labor:34 Hours. @$1.50 per hour.	51	00	
	$202	80	$202 80

OUR POLICIES DO NOT COVER CUSTOMERS CARS WHILE IN OUR POSSESSION.

718 West 6th St
Santa Ana, California
September 25, 1934

Dear Mr Griffith.

Well, we finally got this far, a little tired but otherwise okay. We are going to stay with Ruth a short time to rest up and then head northwards.

We arrived just in time to hit a cold spell but we have been reliably informed that this is very unusual. Everybody seems to be eating out here and apparently conditions are a little better than in some other parts of the country we passed through. We'll take a run out to the ranch in a day or so and then let you know how it looks.

Since the folks heard I was sick they have been feeding me so much I can hardly move. However, I feel that I'll come out

(over)

all right in time.

Under the circumstances I think it much more advisable for you to send me a check here at Ruth's for next month's full stipulation ($100) and then to make arrangements for the bi-monthly ~~sixteen~~ payments. In fact I ~~know~~ don't know how else it could be managed. Because we'll have to go into a ~~strange~~ country, find a house to rent, and then no doubt buy a blanket or two. That is getting settled will call for expenses not usually met with but which we can handle okay ~~for~~ with the full sum. After that the bi-monthly plan will be much better and as soon as we get settled I'll send you the name of the local bank.

I'll take it for granted that you are strutting around like a twenty year old kid by now

which reminds me. We went over to see Lynn and he has a four year old son named after you. After one glance at the kid I must say he was very appropriately named. He has the largest pair of - well anyway he the best ~~hanged~~ lung kid I ever saw and when he grows up will no doubt be able to carry on one of the Griffith traditions anyway.

Ruth is about as usual - Geraldine is quite a young lady and very pretty. Monte is too tired to ~~right~~ write now but will do so in a few days. She is quite fond of you.

Love

Willard

718 West 6th St.,
Santa Ana, California

LESLIE J. TOMPKINS
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW
116 JOHN ST., NEW YORK CITY

TELEPHONE BEEKMAN 3-6497

September 26, 1934.

Mr. D.W. Griffith,
Hotel Park Central,
55th St. & 7th Avenue,
New York City.

Dear Mr. Griffith:

I am enclosing you a copy of a letter I have just sent Wood.

If it were not for this admission made by Mr. Banzhaf, I wouldn't have any worry about this Fox case. I wish there were some way of getting some testimony "that clearances had never been made in form and manner as to satisfy the company".

Under date of September 16th, Fox wrote a letter to Mr. Grey enclosing a bill for clearances adding, "I should like to advise the publishers that D.W. Griffith, Inc. will settle these rights within thirty days".

I am sending this letter because I want you to be informed as to the progress of this case.

Yours very truly,

Leslie J. Tompkins

September 26th, 1934.

Hon. Woodson R. Oglesby,
300 Madisn Avenue,
New York City.

Dear Wood:

In the matter of Fox v. Griffith Company, the case has been set for next week, the second of October.

I want to call your attention to the fact that we are likely to have a judgment against us for at least $472.50, the reason therefor being as follows:

After the summons and complaint and answer had been served, the defendant, through Banzhaf & Richter, demanded a bill of particulars from the plaintiff, which was supplied, and which, in effect, sets up that the agreement was oral, a statement of all the expenses and when the demands were made.

Thereafter Rabin, representing Fox, demanded a bill of particulars from the defendant, which reqested details with respect to the notice referred to in the amended answer, which notice, it was alleged, was to the effect that the Griffith Company would in no wise be responsible for any expenditures. Thereupon and under date of February 5th, Banzhaf, as secretary, verified a bill of particulars which contains the following paragraph:

> "Referring to the copyright situation, in said conversation, it was stated that the defendant would pay the plaintiffs for the clearances of the certain musical compositions referred to in the conversation, a sum not exceeding $472.50 provided such clearances actually cleared up any questions as to possible rights of the copyright owners thereof, in connection with the defendant's past or possible future use of the musical compositions."

Banzhaf says that this was the conversation he had with Fox over the 'phone on September 17, 1929. Of course, Banzhaf was a director and secretary of the company. At this particular time there was an executive committee.

Mr. Klune will testify that no action with respect to any obligation on the part of the company could take place without a vote of that committee.

At this particular time the committee consisted of D.W., Klune and Banzhaf. D.W. and Klune were in California. Klune says he never heard of the situation. Banzhaf, therefore, verified this as

secretary and probably has made an admission that we cannot get around.

It is a nasty situation, and I am going to have my troubles in meeting it. What effect it will have upon the whole case is, of course, interesting. I think both Grey and Klune are well prepared to meet any situation that may arise with a possible exception of this. One of the ways we could meet this would be that the "clearances" have never been actually cleared up.

I want you to know this at the outset.

Sincerely yours,

(signed) LESLIE J. TOMPKINS.

D. W. GRIFFITH COLLECTION
MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY

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PHONES CIRCLE {1881 1882 1883

ALL BILLS DUE AND PAYABLE ON OR BEFORE THE 10TH OF EACH MONTH.

SCOTT & TIGHE GARAGE, INC.

STORAGE AND ACCESSORIES

153-155 WEST 54TH STREET

PRIVATE LIVERY SERVICE

PACKARD LIMOUSINES
WITH UNIFORMED CHAUFFEURS

NEW YORK, N. Y., Sept 30. 1924

SOLD TO Mr Dew Griffith

ADDRESS Park Central Hotel

MADE BY AUTOMOTIVE SYSTEMS AND FORMS CO., INC., 27 THAMES ST., NEW YORK, N. Y. PHONES RECTOR 8410 & 1790

DATE	PARTICULARS	CHARGES	CREDITS	BALANCE
	Mercedes (3 mo @ 25.00)		August a/c	7957
	STORAGE for the month of September	834		
	Gals. Gasoline @			
	15 Gals. Special Gasoline @ 23¢	345		
	Qts. Oil @			
Sept 9	Gallon Wtr acc Med	200		
		1379		1379
	Paid by a/c Oct 8, 24			9336

Not responsible for loss or damage by fire, theft or breakage.
We will not be liable for loss of any articles left in car or not checked at office.
Cars are driven by our employees solely at customer's risk.

Hon. Woodson R. Oglesby,
300 Madison Avenue,
New York City.

RE: FOX v. D. W. GRIFFITH Inc.

Dear Wood:

I settled the above entitled case this morning on a basis of $500.

You will recall that I had already informed you that Mr. Banzhaf had admitted a liability of $472.50.

I regard the settlement as one based upon nuisance value. Had a judgment been secured against the Company upon the merits, the probabilities are that Fox and his attorneys would have followed things through in such form and manner as to make everybody uncomfortable. I, therefore, look upon the settlement with a good deal of satisfaction.

I enclose bill.

Sincerely yours,

(signed) LESLIE J. TOMPKINS.

October 4th, 1934.

D. W. GRIFFITH Inc.,

To

LESLIE J. TOMPKINS, Dr.

To professional services rendered in the case of
SAM FOX and ano. v. D. W. GRIFFITH Inc.

This matter was turned over to me on December 13, 1933, since which time I have devoted a part of 24 days to the matter including preparation for trial, examination of law and fact, attendance in Court, awaiting trial, etc., all of which resulted in a settlement of the case on October 4, 1934, for the sum of $500.

The complaint demanded judgment for the sum of $7,312.96 with interest thereon for a period of 4 years. While the matter was in the hands of Mr. Banzhaf, as attorney, he submitted a Bill of Particulars wherein he admitted that the Company was liable for $472.50, $600.00

Disbursements, ... 10.90
$610.90

Costs paid upon original dismissal in the action, 111.75
Balance due $499.15

RECEIVED PAYMENT,

TELEPHONE, BRYANT 2100

TWO NINETEEN
WEST FORTY FOURTH STREET

NEW YORK

October 5, 1934.

Mr. D.W.Griffith
Park Central Hotel,
New York City.

TO DOCTOR FRANK H. RUSSELL, DR.

FOR PROFESSIONAL SERVICES

Paid Oct 6
By Oct 8-34

RECEIVED PAYMENT

$ 80.00

ESTABLISHED 1880

PETER & BURGHARD STONE COMPANY

INCORPORATED

DESIGNERS AND MANUFACTURERS

ARTISTIC MEMORIALS

MAUSOLEUMS
MONUMENTS
MARKERS

DISPLAY AND SALESROOMS
309 WEST JEFFERSON ST.
PLANT 13TH TO 14TH MAPLE ST.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

October-5th-1934

Hon. D. W. Griffith,
c/o The Park Central,
New York, N.Y.

Dear Sir:-

We are pleased to inform you we have the memorial all finished and ready for the lettering, immediately upon receipt of one (1) copy of the drawing mailed you on August the 30th, we will proceed with the work and have it completed at an early date.

We would appreciate you refering to our correspondence of the above mentioned date in reference to the revised lettering and also to the position of the Coat of Arms.

As stated in our previous correspondence it is our desire to have the memorial correct in every detail, there-fore, request that you check over the inscriptions designated on the drawings forwarded you, designating any changes or corrections you desire, when returning the copy to us.

Trusting this necessary information will be forwarded to us at your early convenience, we are,

Very respectfully,
Peter & Burghard Stone Company,

C. C. Rehm
Designer

CCR/CC

October 5, 1934.

Mrs. Martha Stevens,
104 Gainsboro St.,
Boston, Mass.

Dear Mrs. Stevens:

Mr. Griffith wishes me to acknowledge receipt of your letter which was forwarded to him in the country and then again to New York, causing this belated reply.

He does not know as yet whether he will go to England or not but his plans are so indefinite it would be better not to build your entire structure on securing his services since there are other contingencies which might make it impossible for him to accept.

With all good wishes for the success of your plans, I am,

Very truly yours,

_____Secretary.
For D. W. Griffith

D. W. GRIFFITH COLLECTION
MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY

October 8, 1934.

Mr. Ross M. Bacon, Treas.
Civitan Club of New York,
3704 Chrysler Bldg.
New York City.

Dear Sir:

Enclosed find check for $12.50 covering Civitan Club of New York dues for Mr. D. W. Griffith, Park Central Hotel, New York City.

Very truly yours,

Secretary.

RG:H

Enclosure.

D. W. GRIFFITH COLLECTION
MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY

THE COMPANY WILL APPRECIATE SUGGESTIONS FROM ITS PATRONS CONCERNING ITS SERVICE

1201-S

CLASS OF SERVICE

This is a full-rate Telegram or Cablegram unless its deferred character is indicated by a suitable sign above or preceding the address.

WESTERN UNION

(06)

R. B. WHITE
PRESIDENT

NEWCOMB CARLTON
CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD

J. C. WILLEVER
FIRST VICE-PRESIDENT

SIGNS

DL = Day Letter
NM = Night Message
NL = Night Letter
LC = Deferred Cable
NLT = Cable Night Letter
Ship Radiogram

The filing time as shown in the date line on full-rate telegrams and day letters, and the time of receipt at destination as shown on all messages, is STANDARD TIME.

Received at

1934 OCT 20 PM 9 08

MINUTES IN TRANSIT	
FULL-RATE	DAY LETTER

VEA140 19 NL=LOUISVILLE KY 20

DAVID WARK GRIFFITH=

PARK CENTRAL HOTEL NYK=

PLEASE APPROVE BLUE PRINT SENT YOU OF MONUMENT AND RETURN TO US AIR MAIL SO WE MAY FINISH WORK=

PETER AND BURGHARD STONE CO.

D. W. GRIFFITH COLLECTION
MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY

WESTERN UNION GIFT ORDERS ARE APPROPRIATE GIFTS FOR ALL OCCASIONS

FORM CCC SNY

Commercial Cables

THE INTERNATIONAL SYSTEM

FAST, ACCURATE CABLE SERVICE TO ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD "VIA COMMERCIAL" ADDRESS, 67 BROAD ST.

Postal Telegraph · Mackay Radio · All America Cables

TELEGRAMS VIA POSTAL TELEGRAPH TO ANYWHERE IN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA . . .

THE FOLLOWING TELEGRAM WAS RECEIVED "VIA COMMERCIAL" DE 104 OCT 28 34

0S2 LF16 PAR 18 19 28TH

NLT D W GRIFFITH

PARK CENTRAL HOTEL NY

GRATEFUL THANKS MY OLD FRIEND AND WITH AFFECTIONATE REGARDS
MAX BEAVERBROOK

TO SEND A MESSAGE OR CALL A MESSENGER, TELEPHONE WHITEHALL 4-3250 OR ANY POSTAL TELEGRAPH OFFICE. FOR REPETITION SERVICE AND ALL OTHER PURPOSES, TELEPHONE BOWLING GREEN 9-3800.

October 30, 1934.

Peter & Burghard Stone Company,
Louisville,
Ky.

Gentlemen:

Enclosed please find check to your order for $500.00, also blue print of the proposed monument.

I think the panel on the right side referring to Colonel Jacob Griffith should be the same size as that on the left regarding Mary P. Oglesby, and wish you would rearrange the subscription in such a way that the two panels will appear more balanced. The following is merely a suggestion as to how this might be done to fill up the larger space:

Colonel Jacob Griffith
son of
Captain Daniel and Martha W.

G R I F F I T H

October 13, 1819

March 31, 1885

I would like to have a pencil drawing of this panel only- which need not hold up the work. The balance seems very satisfactory and I would like to have you proceed with the monument. I regret the delay in returning the blue print to you, which was due to my absence from the city. Upon the completion of thw work, it is my understanding the balance due will be payable.

Very truly yours,

D. W. GRIFFITH COLLECTION
MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY

Date	Gals. Gas.	Gals. Spec. Gas.	Qts. Oil	Trans. Storage	Wash & Polish
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TOTAL					

PHONES CIRCLE {1881 1882 1883}

ALL BILLS DUE AND PAYABLE ON OR BEFORE THE 10TH OF EACH MONTH.

SCOTT & TIGHE GARAGE, INC.

STORAGE AND ACCESSORIES

153-155 WEST 54TH STREET

PRIVATE LIVERY SERVICE

PACKARD LIMOUSINES
WITH UNIFORMED CHAUFFEURS

NEW YORK, N. Y., Oct 31-1934 19

SOLD TO Mr. D W Griffith

ADDRESS Park Central Hotel

MADE BY AUTOMOTIVE SYSTEMS AND FORMS CO., INC., 27 THAMES ST., NEW YORK, N. Y. PHONES RECTOR 8410 & 1790

DATE	PARTICULARS	CHARGES	CREDITS	BALANCE
	Mercedes 16 days @ $25.00			
	STORAGE for the month of October	1334		
	Gals. Gasoline @			
	24 Gals. Special Gasoline @ 23¢	552		
	Qts. Oil @			
Oct 20	1 Bundle polishing cloths	100		
	1 C7 Champion Sparkplug	100		
21	Battery charged	100		
		2186		

Not responsible for loss or damage by fire, theft or breakage.
We will not be liable for loss of any articles left in car or not checked at office.
Cars are driven by our employees solely at customer's risk.

THE ULTIMATE IN MODERN LIVING

260.39

THE PARK CENTRAL

FIFTY-FIFTH STREET AT 7TH AVE.

NEW YORK CITY

10/31 19 34

M D. W. Griffith

APARTMENT 2265

IF RECEIPT IS DESIRED PLEASE RETURN BILL INTACT WITH YOUR REMITTANCE.
OTHERWISE RETURN ONLY TOP STUB AND YOUR CANCELLED CHECK WILL BE YOUR RECEIPT.

$ 400.

THE PARK CENTRAL PAID FOLIO

Paid Nov 1st

TO RENT FOR MONTH ENDING	
October 31	$ 200.
November 30	200.
	$ 400.

FORM 116 L P

ESTABLISHED 1880

PETER & BURGHARD STONE COMPANY

INCORPORATED

DESIGNERS AND MANUFACTURERS

ARTISTIC MEMORIALS

MAUSOLEUMS
MONUMENTS
MARKERS

DISPLAY AND SALESROOMS
309 WEST JEFFERSON ST.
PLANT 13TH TO 14TH MAPLE ST.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

November 1, 1934

Hon. D. W. Griffith
Park Central Hotel
New York, N. Y.

Dear Sir:

We have your valued correspondence of October 30, together with your check in amount of $500.00 which has been credited to your account in advance.

Complying with your request, we are enclosing a small sketch of the panel containing Col. Jacob Griffith's inscription, which is the same size as the one used for your Mother's inscription; however, in order that these correspond, it will be necessary that the lines be farther apart than designated on the copy of the blue print copy which you have.

We shall proceed immediately with this work, and unless we are advised to the contrary by the middle of next week of additional corrections, we shall engrave all lettering according to the blue print copy mailed you.

You are correct in assuming that the balance of the account is payable when the memorial is erected complete in the cemetery to your entire satisfaction.

Yours very truly,

PETER & BURGHARD STONE CO.

By C. C. Rehm

C. C. Rehm

CCR:RMS

JOHN F. HILL
OPTOMETRIST
EYESIGHT SERVICE EXCLUSIVELY
EIGHTH AVENUE & 47TH STREET
NEW YORK CITY
ONE BLOCK WEST OF TIMES SQUARE

EXAMINATIONS
UNTIL 8 P.M.

TELEPHONES
LONGACRE 5-5050
LONGACRE 5-5051
LONGACRE 5-3129

Nov. 1, 1934

Mr. D.W.Griffith,
Park Central Hotel,
New York, N.Y.

10/30/34 Right lens as R in own mounting	$4.50

Paid Cy
Ck 11/1-35

Nov. 2-34.

Dear uncle David:

Monte says you are undecided as to whether you will spend the winter in Florida or California, so I want to say we will be mighty happy to have you here if you think you'd like it.

Willard and Monte are much more contented in this little burg than I thought they would be.

You could probably find plenty of entertainment in Hollywood and I want you to know you have a home at 718 W. 6th. St. Santa Ana, Calif.;

And if my back will not permit me to run it to suit you, then we could hire some one to do the heavier work, and I'd see that they gave you just as good service as a first class Hotel.

We'd love to have you with us Christmas, but won't insist for fear you'd have a better time some where else, we live such quiet lives, its hard to imagine others enjoying such simplicity.

Sorry cousin Wood had to be laid up for a time, and now his sister Fannie is not expected to live.

If he is well enough to come out here, and if he decides

to do so; I want to tell you you'd make a bunch of your own people mighty happy if you would accompany him.

Thanks to you for your check and note and thanks to Mr. Greathouse for his note.

Love from all of us to you.

"Little Ruth
only I'm
getting fat
and I
hate it.

D. W. GRIFFITH COLLECTION
MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY

November 5, 1934.

Peter & Burghard Stone Company,
Louisville,
Kentucky.

Attention: Mr. C. C. Rehm

Gentlemen:

In response to your letter of November 2nd, instead of using the initial "W" in my father's inscription, I would like to use the full name of Colonel JACOB WARK GRIFFITH; and also would like to add the words "Virginia" and "Kentucky" after the dates of birth and death respectively. I believe this will help fill in the space and balance the two panels.

Over the sketch you submitted, which I return, I am affixing the corrected copy; and do not think it will be necessary for you to send me another sketch of this so you may proceed with the work on it at once.

Thanking you for your letter, I am,

Very truly yours,

D. W. Griffith.

DWG:H
Enclosure.

Colonel JACOB WARK GRIFFITH

son of

Captain DANIEL and MARTHA W.

GRIFFITH

October 13, 1819
Virginia

March 31, 1885
Kentucky

- - - - - -

D. W. GRIFFITH COLLECTION
MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY

November 7, 1934.

Mr. R. C. Bennett, President,
National Cinema Service,
4327 Duncan Avenue,
St. Louis, Mo.

Dear Sir:

Answering your inquiry of December 4th, there is a possibility that Mr. Griffith might be interested along the lines you suggest.

Would you be good enough to write me more at length as to what kind and type of production you have in mind, how much you are figuring on spending and what your idea of salary would be for Mr. Griffith. I would be interested in knowing also if it is your idea to produce some big historical subject that is in keeping with the pictures which Mr. Griffith has made in the past - such as "The Birth of a Nation" etc.

Thanking you for your letter, I am,

Very truly yours,

N. R. Greathouse.

NRG:H

November 9th, 1934,

Lloyds Film Storage Corporation,
729 7th Avenue,
New York City.

Gentlemen:- Re:- D. W. GRIFFITH, INC.

On August 17th, you received a letter from Mr. Alexander W. Fox, president of the D.W. Griffith, Inc.,authorizing you to turn over to me certain films stored in that account so that I could destroy them.

At that time, you refused to permit such action in view of the fact that the account had not been paid.

However, the same situation exists today but on October 19th, the Consolidated Lab turned over to you a large quantity of film for storage in the account of D.W. Griffith, Inc. which will more than offset in quantity the films I desire to destroy.

Under the authority given me by Mr. Fox, I order you to destroy the following film in the account of D.W.Griffith, Inc:-

container 4840) 2nd negative LOVE FLOWER
4947)

" 883 - 3 reels - 3d negative LOVE FLOWER

1 metal can - spanish , English & Portugese titles "ONE EXCITING NIGHT") See if domestic negative ONE EXCITING NIGHT IS ON HAND BEFORE JUNKING OTHERS - it is in 11 tins

container 49A) 2nd negative ONE EXCITING NIGHT
0540)

" 0379)
1280)) 11 cans 3rd negative ONE EXCITING
1298) NIGHT

1 can - Spanish, English titles "WHITE ROSE"

container 2032)
2076) 3rd negative 10 tins WHITE ROSE
2094)

1 metal can title cards AMERICA

1 metal can Spanish - English negative titles DREAM STREET

container 1300)
1580) 2nd negative DREAM STREET
1968)

Lloyds Film StorageCorporation:- November 9th, 1934.

containers 0466) 2nd negative ISN'T LIFE WONDERFUL
0496)

" 2552) 3rd negative ISN'T LIFE WONDERFUL
4439)

1 metal can - spanish - English negative titles ISN'T LIFE WONDERFUL

1 metal can - Danish & English negative titles ISN'T LIFE WONDERFUL

container 2806 - negative titles "HEARTS OF WORLD"

container C.R. 38 - 1 print HIS DARKER SELF

" 660 - cut outs " " "

" 962) 1 print WAY DOWN EAST - New Haven print
0405)

" 4039)
" 4326) 1 print MOTHER & THE LAW

" 151)
248) 1 print JUDITH OF BETHULIA

" 3097 - 1 print JUDITH OF BETHULIA

" 784 - 2 reels BUTTIN IN BILL

2 tins BUTTIN IN BILL

JACK DONOHUE TEST

containers 1464)
" 4459) Print INTOLERANCE
4946)

" 3957)
1060) Print INTOLERANCE
3439)

" 4491)
4414) Print INTOLERANCE
4211)

See if 2 prints of INTOLERANCE are left one in 3287 -2492-4602 and one in 2 metal cans

" 4577 - 1 reel BURGIARS DELEMNA
1 " LADY OF THE MANSE

OVER

Lloyds Film Storage Corporation:- November 9th, 1934.

-3-

container 817 - 1 reel MOTHERS SIN
1 " UNTITLED PICTURE
1 " BROWN OF NORTH

" 4142)- 1 print "FALL OF BABYLON" (See if 3708-5018
4133) (holds a print of
(FALL OF BABYLON

Very truly yours,

Telephone BRyant 9-5600-1-3

Cable "LOYFILSOR"

LLOYDS FILM STORAGE CORPORATION

Founded in 1914 by

JOSEPH R. MILES

PROJECTION THEATRES
SOUND AND SILENT
R. C. A. EQUIPMENT

729 SEVENTH AVENUE
NEW YORK, N. Y.

CUTTING ROOMS
Equipped for
SOUND—SILENT PICTURES

November 13th, 1934.

Mr. D. W. Griffith,
Park Central Hotel,
New York City.

My dear Mr. Griffith:-

I was mighty sorry to learn thru Mr. Ogelsby of your illness and am indeed happy to learn that you are feeling much better.

For almost a year, we have had up with Mr. Ogelsby the matter of the settlement of your account which up to the present writing amounts to a considerable sum, namely $1749.00.

Mr. Bob Greathouse has been in to see us from time to time and requested certain work to be done for your account and we have never failed to grant him any favors or help.

During the recent negotiations for the sale of "WAY DOWN EAST", we protected you. I do not wish to go into too much detail regarding this phase but suffice it to say that we have in storage, a synchronized version of "WAY DOWN EAST" in the account of A. Griffith Grey against which there are charges of $130.30 and we refused to divulge to agents representing the purchaser of "WAY DOWN EAST"that we had this print on hand.

It is customary to close out delinquent accounts but never has this thought occurred to us in connection with your account because of the many years of pleasant relationship we have had with you. Nevertheless, we felt that as soon as the "WAY DOWN EAST" deal was completed, there would be no hesitancy on Mr. Ogelsby's part to take care of our account.

The point has been reached where we are in absolute urgent need of funds. Mrs. Miles, whom you have known for a good number of years, has broken under the strain of trying to carry on and is forced now to be away from business, and I appeal to you to do your utmost to get this matter straightened out for us. We are really in urgent need of funds.

With very kind regards, I am

Sincerely,

SR:T

LLOYDS FILM STORAGE CORPORATION

Sam Richards

CABLE ADDRESS "PARKCENT"

CIRCLE 7-8000

The Ultimate in Modern Living

Hotel and Apartments

H.A.LANZNER
GENERAL MANAGER

THE PARK CENTRAL
SEVENTH AVENUE - 55TH TO 56TH STREETS
NEW YORK CITY

November 14, 1934.

Mr. D. W. Griffith,
Park Central Hotel,
New York City.

To Helene Horgan, Dr.
Public Stenographer,

Continuity on "Broken Blossoms" --

39 hours @ $1.00 per hour.....$39.00

Received payment,

Paid by check

HOME OFFICE
729 SEVENTH AVE.
NEW YORK
TELEPHONE BRYANT 9-7300

United Artists Corporation

JOSEPH M. SCHENCK
CHAIRMAN BOARD OF DIRECTORS
MARY PICKFORD
CHARLIE CHAPLIN
DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS
SAMUEL GOLDWYN

November 16th, 1934.

D.W.Griffith, Inc.
300 Madison Ave.
N.Y.C.

Gentlemen:-

We have on hand, still negatives of the following productions:-

LOVE FLOWER 25
ISN'T LIFE WONDERFUL 25
AMERICA
ONE EXCITING NIGHT 25
THE WHITE ROSE 25
DREAM STREET
STRUGGLE

We have no use for these still negatives any longer, and we have not used these negatives for making of positive still prints for sometime in the past. We need the space for storage of more recent negatives.

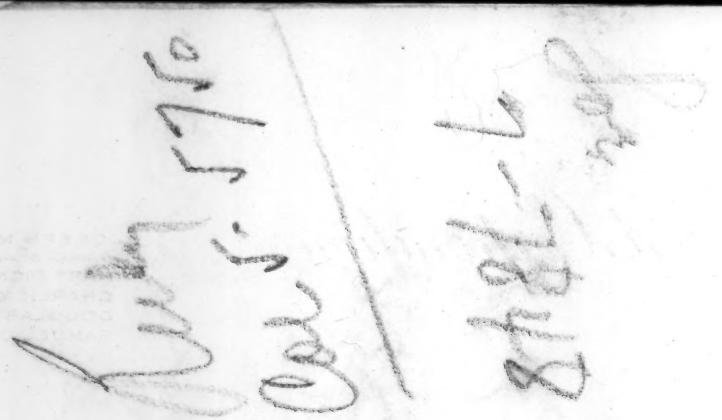
According to our contract with you, after these still negatives have served our purpose, and they are of no further use to us, they are to be returned to you.

Will you please advise us where these negatives are to be returned or if they are to be destroyed.

Very truly yours,
UNITED ARTISTS CORPORATION

JKB:VBL

J.K.Burger
Mgr. Film & Accessory Dept.



D. W. GRIFFITH COLLECTION
MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY

Curtis Brown, Ltd. LONDON PARIS BERLIN NEW YORK

18 EAST 48TH STREET, *New York Office*, TELEPHONE PLAZA 3-8362

RAYMOND CROSSETT
PLAYS AND FILMS

CABLES: 'BROWNCURT'

Nov. 20th, 1934

Robert Greathouse, Esq.,
Park Central Hotel,
New York City

Dear Mr. Greathouse:

I am enclosing a copy of a letter received from Richard K. Pollimer, of 6606 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Calif., our agent on the coast, concerning BROKEN BLOSSOMS.

Sincerely yours,

Helen C. Cullens
Secretary

RC/hc
Enc.

Curtis Brown, Ltd. LONDON PARIS BERLIN NEW YORK

18 EAST 48TH STREET, *New York Office*, TELEPHONE PLAZA 3-8362

RAYMOND CROSSETT
PLAYS AND FILMS

CABLES: 'BROWNCURT'

copy

Raymond Crossett, Esq.,
18 East 48th Street,
New York City

My dear Ray:

Here is, in detail what is going on with regard to BROKEN BLOSSOMS.

As I previously wrote you, Warners and RKO have both been interested, however, Warners have temporarily dropped out of competition and we are now dickering with RKO.

Within a week, I can let you know definitely one way or the other if RKO are going to buy the story, Mr. McDonnaugh, president of RKO is very much interested in this and George Nicholls who directed Anne Shirley in ANNE OF GREEN GABLES is also very anxious to direct this. At present writing, I should say we had a 50-50 chance of selling it for around $25,000.00. I am putting all the pressure I can on these gentlemen, and hope to have good news for you.

Bob Greathouse, is one of my oldest friends. Please be sure to tell him that I am handling the deal at this end, and I think he will do everything in his power to help. Also, tell him that I would like to hear from him.

Regards,

DICK

St. Cecile Lodge, 568

F. & A. M.

MEETS RENAISSANCE ROOM
FIRST, THIRD, FIFTH TUESDAY EACH MONTH AT 1:30 P. M.

LOCK BOX 60, MASONIC HALL

New York City Nov. 20 *1934*

David H. Griffith,

1619 Broadway, New York City

Paid 11/23-34

Dear Sir and Brother:

You are hereby SUMMONED to show cause, on or before December 18 *1934, why you should not be unaffiliated for non-payment of dues to the Lodge, in accordance with Art. VII., Sec. 4, of the By-Laws.*

Amount due to Dec. 31 *1934, $* 24.00

Fraternally, &c.

William B. Tindle

(SEAL)

Secretary

ESTABLISHED 1853

REPRESENTED IN
PRINCIPAL CITIES
AND ABROAD

CABLE ADDRESS, RATHSON, N.Y.

TELEPHONE, JOHN 4-4940

ROBERT C. RATHBONE
COUNSEL

R.C. RATHBONE & SON
INCORPORATED
INSURANCE BROKERS
80 MAIDEN LANE
NEW YORK

DIRECTORS
FREDERICK S. LITTLE
CLARENCE H. BROWN
CHARLES C. HUNT
EDWARD S. BROCKIE
JAMES M. FORD
CLARENCE J. GOODMAN
HARRY J. BRADY

November 23, 1934

Mr. N. R. Greathouse, Secretary
Mr. D. W. Griffith
Park Central Hotel
New York City

Dear Mr. Greathouse:

We learned from our telephone conversation of today that the Mercedes car was laid up on October 2, and we shall arrange suspension of collision, property damage, and public liability insurance on the best basis possible.

When the car is again taken out, kindly notify us in order that we may reinstate the suspended insurance.

We thank you for your cooperation.

Very truly yours

R. C. RATHBONE & SON INC.

J. G. Dinnhaupt

JGD:MS

Date	Gals. Gas.	Gals. Spec. Gas.	Qts. Oil	Trans. Storage	Wash & Polish
1					
2					
3					
4					
5					
6					
7					
8					
9					
10					
11					
12					
13					
14					
15					
16					
17					
18					
19					
20					
21					
22					
23					
24					
25					
26					
27					
28					
29					

PHONES CIRCLE {1881 1882 1883}

ALL BILLS DUE AND PAYABLE ON OR BEFORE THE 10TH OF EACH MONTH.

SCOTT & TIGHE GARAGE, INC.

STORAGE AND ACCESSORIES

153-155 WEST 54TH STREET

PRIVATE LIVERY SERVICE

PACKARD LIMOUSINES
WITH UNIFORMED CHAUFFEURS

NEW YORK, N. Y. November 30 1924

SOLD TO Mr. D W. Griffith

ADDRESS Park Central Hotel

MADE BY AUTOMOTIVE SYSTEMS AND FORMS CO., INC., 27 THAMES ST., NEW YORK, N. Y. PHONES RECTOR 8410 & 1790

DATE	PARTICULARS	CHARGES	CREDITS	BALANCE
	Mercedes 2/3 mo @ $25.00 p/m		OK	2186
	STORAGE for the month of November	1667		
	Gals. Gasoline @			
	Gals. Special Gasoline @			
	Qts. Oil @			
		1667		1667
				3853

Paid by Check 12/15/24

Date	Gals. Gas.	Gals. Spec. Gas.	Qts. Oil	Trans. Storage	Wash & Polish
1					
2					200
3	10				
4					
5					
6					
7					
8					
9					
10	10				200
11					
12	9				
13	10				
14	8				
15	17				700 600
16					
17					
18					
19	14				
20	11				
21	7				
22	9/6				
23					
24					
25					
26					
27					
28					
29					
30					
31					700
TOTAL	96				800

PHONES CIRCLE {1881 1882 1883}

ALL BILLS DUE AND PAYABLE ON OR BEFO
THE 10TH OF EACH MON

SCOTT & TIGHE GARAGE, INC.

STORAGE AND ACCESSORIES

153-155 WEST 54TH STREET

PRIVATE LIVERY SERVICE

PACKARD LIMOUSINES
WITH UNIFORMED CHAUFFEURS

NEW YORK, N. Y. July 31-1924 19

SOLD TO Mr Dew Griffith

ADDRESS Park Central Hotel

MADE BY AUTOMOTIVE SYSTEMS AND FORMS CO., INC., 27 THAMES ST., NEW YORK, N. Y. PHONES RECTOR 8410 & 1790

DATE	PARTICULARS	CHARGES	CREDITS	BALANCE
	Mercedes May June			3000
	STORAGE for the month of July —	2500		
	96 Gals. Gasoline @21¢	2016		
	Gals. Special Gasoline @			
	Qts. Oil @			
July 3	3 Gallons W Hall # 8	600		
	1 Can Moler Klean	175		
	Battery charged	100		
	1 3 C7 Spark plugs	275		
	7 Spunk Cover made to order	1800		
20	1 Gallon W Hall Medium	200		
	4 Washes	800		
		8366		8366
				11366

Not responsible for loss or damage by fire, theft or breakage.
We will not be liable for loss of any articles left in car or not checked at office.
Cars are driven by our employees solely at customer's risk.

PHONE NEWSTEAD 2332

NATIONAL CINEMA SERVICE, INC.

SILENT AND SOUND MOTION PICTURE PRODUCERS AND DISTRIBUTORS

RECORDING STUDIO AND LABORATORY
NATIONAL CINEMA BUILDING
4327 DUNCAN AVE.
ST. LOUIS, MO.

RECORD RECORDING FOR SALES PROMOTION AND RADIO BROADCASTING

December 4, 1934

Mr. N. L. Greathouse,
c/o Park Central Hotel,
New York, N. Y.

Dear Sir:

It is our understanding that you are acting as agent for Mr. D. W. Griffith. We would like to know whether Mr. Griffith would be interested in directing feature length pictures for sales educational work, and, if so, just what remuneration he would expect.

Our company also has in mind producing one or more feature pictures for theatrical release and would like to use Mr. Griffith's services for these productions if they can be obtained for a reasonable amount.

We look forward to your reply at an early date.

Sincerely yours,

NATIONAL CINEMA SERVICE, Inc.

R. C. Bennett,
President.

RCB:H

718 W. 6th. St.
Santa Ana, Calif.

Dec. 11-1934.

Dear uncle David:
We were so glad to hear your voice last week, but sorry that you are being annoyed by unscrupulous news reports. Wish there were some way we could put a stop to such false reports, or that we had the power to remove the hurt they cause you; but words seem so helpless when one is really upset.

I will say this much— no matter what the papers say, your relatives will stand by you, the papers are all wrong unless they praise you, and we will never, never believe any ugly news or reports they give of you. So thats that. Remember always we belong to you and you belong to us. I will stand by you and go through any thing to help you, just as I did

with Auntie because you were so wonderful to her, and because since she has gone, I've adopted you into my heart as I've never adopted another, and as no other has ever adopted you. I didn't write the song "you belong to me, I belong to you"—— but that's the way it is with us, just the same.

Geraldine and Louise have been doing some Christmas shopping, (they are playing Santa Claus for us) and I have been helping them make their selections. I've kept my eyes open thinking and hoping I could find something you would like, but it's awfully hard to find a gift for one who can get what he wants when he wants it.

Willard and Montie are getting along nicely, Willard seems better, and Montie has gotten along in this quiet town better than we thought she could, tho

I do believe it is harder for her than for Vird. I had hoped I could let them live here and cut their expenses; — but the house isn't large enough for two families of such different tastes. However, their rent is very reasonable and they are much more comfortable and happy than they could be here.

I could be more help to them and would love to, but my back limits me so much. Over the phone I always tell you I am fine because I don't want to depress or worry you, but truly no one knows how my back hurts; I don't know how I'd get along without Harriet, (she is Auntie's nurse, and Auntie asked her to live here and take care of me, she does and we are all very happy.

I imagine this writing is difficult for you to read, so will close with love to you.

Best regards to "Evelyn" and a Merry Christmas too.

Love

"Little" Ruth

Mother and Clyde are well. Willard & Montie enjoy them very much. They have quite a few meals together and Montie is nice about taking mother places in her car. Mother is trying to sell novelty knives and driving is easier for Montie than the rest of us; I take her on short trips, & Clyde or Montie do the longer drives.

D. W. GRIFFITH COLLECTION
MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY

Clyde Park District Commission

GENERAL OFFICES
1820 SOUTH 51st AVENUE
CICERO, ILL.
TELEPHONE CICERO 416
EDWARD J. PACL . . SECRETARY

COMMUNITY BUILDINGS
PARKS AND STADIUMS

CLYDE
61st Avenue
Between 27th St. and 28th St.
61st Court
Between 27th St. and 28th St.
WARREN
16th Street
Between 56th Ct. and 57th Ave.
PARKHOLME
51st Avenue
Between 18th St. and 19th St.
CICERO STADIUM
52nd Avenue
Between 19th St. and 21st St.

PLAYGROUNDS AND WADING POOLS

CLYDE
28th Street
Between 61st Ave. and 61st Ct.
NORTH CLYDE
60th Court
Between 21st St. and 22nd St.
WARREN
56th Court
Between 16th St. and 18th St.
57th Avenue
Between 16th St. and 18th St.
NORTH WARREN
58th Court
Between 13th St. and 14th St.
59th Avenue
Between 13th St. and 14th St.
PARKHOLME
51st Avenue
Between 18th St. and 19th St.
GRANT
50th Court
Between 12th St. and 13th St.
MORTON
50th Avenue
Between 24th St. and 25th St.

TENNIS COURTS

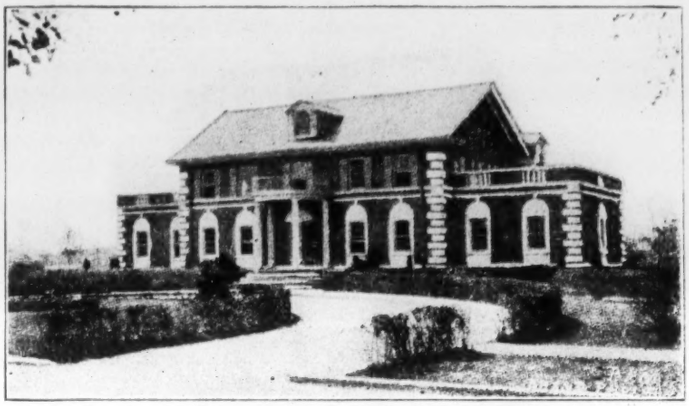
CLYDE
28th Street
Between 61st Ave. and 61st Ct.
NORTH CLYDE
60th Court
Between 21st and 22nd St.
NORTH WARREN
14th Street
Between 58th Ct. and 59th Ave.
PARKHOLME
19th Street
Between 51st Ave. and 51st Ct.

BATHING POOLS

WARREN
56th Avenue
Between 15th St. and 16th St.
PARKHOLME
51st Avenue
Between 18th St. and 19th St.

BALL FIELDS

WARREN FIELD
56th Court
Between 16th St. and 18th St.
57th Avenue
Between 16th St. and 18th St.
MORTON PARK FIELD
56th Avenue
From 25th St. to 26th St.



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FRANK J. NOVAK
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THOMAS M. ZASADIL . ATTORNEY
JOSEPH A. SOBIESKI . TREASURER
EDWARD J. PACL . . SECRETARY

December 15th, 1934.

Mr. D.W.Griffith,
Park Central Hotel,
7th Ave. & 55th St.,
New York City, New York.

Dear Mr. Griffith:

As motion picture chairman of the Clyde Woman's Club, I am naturally greatly interested in the showing of good program pictures. The name of the Blackstone Amusement Agency of Chicago was mentioned on the list I recieved from my Federation chairman, as being able to furnish suitable pictures for clubs, churches, etc. I got in touch with them in regard to obtaining the film "America" and they led me to believe this was possible. Then I recieved notice from them that they could not get this picture and they referred me to the United Artists Corporation in Chicago, with the same result. However, Mr. Kamp referred me to their New York Office, and I wrote to them in the hope that I could get some satisfaction. They tell me that there is not a print of "America" in the United States. Can this really be true?

I realize that this is a silent picture but I had in mind showing it in our High School auditorium and throwing it open to all the school children in Cicero, free of charge. The Blackstone Amusement Company said they would give me the film for $35.00 and split 50-50 on the profit, but our club felt this was too big an undertaking. I didn't know what to do next although I was not willing to give up the venture altogether and in speaking to our Board of Education they said they might be able to back me financially, to a reasonable extent if I could give them some definite idea of what the expense would be.

I saw this picture when it was released in our Chicago loop and people were paying $1.50 a seat to see it - then I saw it again in the neighborhood theatre at popular prices. To me it still remains the greatest picture and the most

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WARREN
56th Avenue
Between 15th St. and 16th St.
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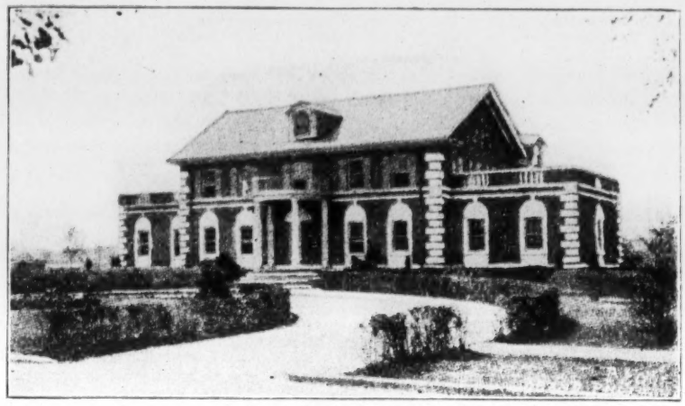

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outstanding one I have ever seen, and I believe that the children need something like this at the present time. No doubt you will wonder at my unusual interest in a picture shown so long ago, but I am married now and have children of my own who would without any doubt enjoy this picture and in talking over some of the scenes they expressed the wish that they could see it. I thought "Well, why not?" and that is how it started, but I never expected to encounter all this difficulty.

I am an American whose people come from Boston, but that does not mean that people of other nationalities would not be interested also. The people who saw it originally could not have been all Americans and box office receipts would show it went over big. Then too, it wouldn't hurt people to know just how big a price our ancestors payed to make "America" a refuge for so many outside of themselves.

Could you help me at all in securing this film? Is there a possibility of it being reproduced in a talking picture? Many other silent pictures have been reproduced in talkies and they were not to be compared with "America".

Would you let me know as soon as possible regarding this and thank you for your kindness.

Very truly yours,

Lucile Emerson Pacl,
MOTION PICTURE CHAIRMAN
PRESS AND PUBLICITY CHAIRMAN
CLYDE WOMAN'S CLUB.

Mrs. R. A. Pacl,
2730 S. 59th Ct.,
Cicero, Ill.

FRANK ZEITLIN

19 WEST 44th STREET
West of Fifth Avenue
NEW YORK, N. Y.
Tel. VAnderbilt 3-4940-1-2

December 18th, 1934.

Mr. Greathouse,
c/o D. W. Griffith,
Suite 2265, Park Central Hotel,
55th Street & 7th Avenue,
New York City.

Dear Mr. Greathouse,

As arranged, will you kindly give bearer a synopsis and any material relating to the scenario of Broken Blossoms.

With kindest regards, I am,

Sincerely yours,

Frank Zeitlin.

FZ/B

718 W. Sixth St.,
Santa Ana, Calif.
Dec. 20, 1934.

Dear uncle David;

I am sorry to bother you with so many letters, but they are self-explanitory. For some unknown reason Mr. Johnson speaks as if I had the right to tell him what to do; but he knows better.

It does seem that you ought to be able to get enough out of that house so that you would'nt be bothered with the taxes. When we were in Ky. Marguerite seemed ~~xxkxng~~ to think that the house would suit her, though at one time she did not want it. I had thought of suggesting that you let some of the relatives move in, when the folks move out, but Marguerite is about the only one that would be able to afford to keep the place up. As you see I have written her to write; as you will know more about how to answer Mr. Johnson after hearing from her. Of course it is better to have him in the house than to have it idle, especially during the winter months.

Marguerite may not want the place now; but she might be able to find some one that could at least pay the taxes. If Marguerite takes the place it would be comforting to know that aunt Mary anduncle Will would have a place in town to live in case either of them had a sick spell.

Now this is a nice way to start off the New Year, but I can't help it. Love Ruth

Ruth Griffith (Miss)
718 W. 6th. St.,
Santa Ana, Calif.

Fall Dress Shoppe

718 W. Sixth, St.,
Santa Ana, Calif.
Dec. 20, 1934.

Dear Marguerite:

When we were in Ky. I asked if you would like to move into uncle David's house, and as I remember it, you said you would if the rent were not too high.

Now, if you are still of the same opinion may I suggest that you let uncle David know now, so that he may be able to give the Johnson's plenty of time in which to find another place; as I imagine you would like to move in the early Spring, if you move.

You may write direct to uncle David, stating the terms you could afford, or if you prefer let me know and I will present the matter to him; however, it will save time and be just as well for you to write him.

Best wishes for the coming year, and Love,

Ruth

copy

718 W. Sixth, St.,
Santa Ana, Calif.
Dec. 20, 1934.

Dear Bro. Johnson:

I am in receipt of your letter, and am sending it on to uncle David, as I have'nt the slightest idea what his plans are for the home in LaGrange. I am sure however, that he has been glad to have been of service to you and Mrs. Johnson and that he appreciates the splendid care you have given the home.

I am sorry you have had bad luck, and trust uncle David will write to you soon; meanwhile, I would suggest that you continue as you are and be as comfortable as possible.

With best wishes for the coming year,
I am,
yours sincerely,

Ruth Griffith

12/25/34

702-M

SB884 43 NL XC=SANTAANA CALIF 24

D W GRIFFITH=

PARK CENTRAL HOTEL NYK=

DEAR UNCLE DAVID WE ARE ALL DELIGHTED WITH OUR GIFTS YOUR SELECTION WAS PERFECT SO GOOD OF YOU TO REMEMBER ALL OF US STOP WE SINCERELY HOPE YOU WILL HAVE A NICE CHRISTMAS GIVE OUR LOVE TO UNCLE ALBERT AND LOTS TO YOURSELF=

CLYDE ELLA MONTE WILLARD GERALDINE AND RUTH.

Bitzer -1934 gen.

1934.

D. W. spent his time in his room at the Park Central Hotel. generally arising late. when the waiter would bring in his breakfast. 11, am after which his regular callers would appear. Greathouse who was a valet to him and who also kept him informed at to what he would hear on the Street at U.a. 729 7th ave offices. or anything that he thought D. W. would be pleased to hear about how other pictures were doing. whether they were laying an egg (sort of gossip that did not appear in the papers. Greathouse had been a

Birth of a nation

Road show manager for D. W. and his set were picture Road show managers. Box office men etc. Sometimes D. W. would send Greathouse out for such information as he would like to know about picture activities (Mrs Greathouse was a very good friend of Carol Dempsters but at this time Carol was out of D. W's life. Albert

D. W's Brother

Gray, we used to call him Sir Albert as he had spent some time in England on D. W's picture showing. The Royalty showing of The Birth etc. and had acquired an englich mannerism and accent (which he has since forgotten) would wheedle the Babylonian period of the Birth out of D. W. and show it together with some nautch dancer

billing it as The most famous Oriental dancer of all time "Fatima", some such name in large letters and D. W. Griffiths Fall of Babylon in quite smaller letters, and used Intolerance stills, (Babylonian period) for lobby display I am citing this as an incident as to what Grays activities generally were. The Oriental Dancer incident may not have been in 34 but it was thereabouts Gray also tried to get D. W. to become active (mostly in something that would financially benefit Gray which was but natural. Gray told me on several occasions that D.W. had been stop maping around his hotel room and catch up with the parade or he would forget "how to make pictures". altogether Gray wanted to do well by his brother he really chided him in my presence in the hotel room once, and he did not feed him with the "Mis information" which his other coterie of callers did. In fact it was Gray who got him to make the annuity arrangement after the Hotel Astor girl episode some time before this. Then there was a nephew of D.W who was constantly getting into financial difficulties which D. W. in his usual manner if he liked anyone countenanced, although he did get quite sore when the nephew borrowed four hundred dollars to go to Hollywood to get a job. but got married instead. D. W. put them up at The Wellington across from the Park Central

for awhile. D. W. had a great number of persons, who had worked for him, who when he ceased to receive telephone calls would way lay him around the hotel and annoy him with requests for help. so much so that after a while he abandoned his afternoon's stroll about Central Park, and at times if he did come out of his room to get a soda or something in the drug store across the way from the hotel he did so in a great hurry (seemed to be). he broke his leg crossing the street one day. he did not have an overabundance of cash which I will come to presently.

(About his leg his present wife accidently broke it again when it was near well in the hospital as she was passing his bed side and his leg was sticking out) Evenings he would order a car and drive to the better dance road houses along the upper Hudson. with his present wife. she was also a bodyguard To ward off the aid seekers if he chanced to take a stroll along the avenues of an evening. Griffith was considerable of a commoner at heart and relished a sixth avenue stroll and also in his zenith would patronize a greasy spoon (ordinary restaurant if some melon or something in its window caught his eye. he just loved ~~on~~ suburban lunch wagons where he would have the attendant put an

extra couple of pounds of coffee into the urn (to make it less mouse colored coffee) (maybe ego) whenever cold weather came on he dreaded it. (having frozen one side of his face in Way Down East which would break out red with the first raw spell. he would go South. In 1933 I had occasion to make a picture on George Washington and in going through Virginia. I heard tales of D. W. having passed through ~~that part of~~ parts of the country I was working in Natural Bridge Blue Ridge Mts and also near Thomas Nelsons home across the Potomac? and the hotel people commented upon his lavish tips. (He had made some of American in one of the locales in 1924.) He also made periodical trips to Louisville Ky near his La Grange home. In fact when the mood seized him he would flit thither and yon. Savannah Ga. New Orleans La etc. He discovered a mineral water that he felt did him some good. It was called "Crazy Water", came from Texas and I remember he made a trip to the spring one time. (By the way he also bought a spring on the New Jersey side of the Hudson; this side of West Point) dont recall the name of the thing at this moment and he had great hopes of it turning

out to be a good investment in the manufacture of Ginger Ale. a competetor of the famous C and C Ginger at that time the Class of Ginger ales but the money for bottles etc was lost. Dr. W. wrote me a letter in 1934 from Louisville asking for some information, which it seemed he couldn't remember. I sent it to him and he answered with a check for 50 dollars saying I would like to make it larger but you know "I have so much to pay"

In another letter which I wrote to him to La Grange K.Y. he answered it by saying he had been travelling all over and consequently my letter had just come to his hand (This was some four months later) He never bothered any at all about mail as he felt it was mostly inconsequential The clerk at the Astor used to ask me at Times where's that boss of yours we have a big stack of mail and telegrams, but he never seems to want them. This when he was away on a jaunt he always kept his room at the hotel also at the P. E. in that when away He rarely wrote a letter. Told me once dont write and they wont have anything on you

Dear Mr. Griffith.

Wonder if you could give me just a little help until I can get to the proper charity line up. Could'nt possibly get a couple dollars for the landlord last saturday so I'm out. anything would help if you can. If not dont be angry. Could ask for your answer at desk. or I see Mr. at house in lobby to day — Please

Sincerely

Billy Bitzer

NO PUBLICATION WITHOUT PERMISSION
DEPT. OF FILM
MUSEUM OF MODERN ART

Somewhere in California

(1934 gen.)

D. W. GRIFFITH COLLECTION
MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY

My dear Mr. Griffith —

Now that I have found a breathing spree, I'll write that Peter Willard promised you I'd write.

You really should see us — love in a cottage? My word — that seems a piker compared to this cottage. We are three miles out from Palo Alto — have a lovely four-room house, set back from the road, with a big back-yard. But the real top-notcher is the mail-box, at least 200 yards from the house, with R. F. D. #1, smeared all over it. We are really rustic. Willard is a regular hay-foot. You should see him marching out to the road every morning to bring in the milk, which is left there in a large wooden box by some sleepy milkman during the night. But he

already looks better, has gained four and a half pounds. As for myself, I have a wretched cold, contracted at Santa Ana, and getting no better, fast. That is the reason we came on to Palo Alto sooner than we expected to. That climate down there is so damp that I was miserable all the time. Either sniffing by day or wheezing like an old pipe-organ by night. However the air is lovely here, and I expect to be feeling splendid in a few days.

Mr. Griffith, I hope you didn't think ill of me for not bidding you a better good bye. I considered. It was really harder to say good bye than I had thought it would be, so the best I could do was start blubbering and turn away, but I didn't mean to appear rude or anxious to get away. It really hurt me to leave, especially after we had such a pleasant little talk. It made me feel very happy to hear you say what you did. No doubt when you get

your bank statement you will see an extra check you gave me. At the time I didn't want to take it even tho it was so tempting, but you will recall that you called the cashier and asked them to cash it for me. It has some marks Off on it you will notice. I didn't get an opportunity to thank you for it later, but you know I appreciate it. As events turned out it came in very handy. I bought some things for Willard and myself, and we moved from Santa Ana to here on the balance. We had intended staying in Santa Ana until Willard's first check came, but due to my having asthma there I suggested coming on. It was quite expensive moving, and I'm quite stripped as far as money is concerned, but we are comfortably located, have the gas & lights turned on and 50 pounds of beans in the pantry, and think we will get by.

Won't you come out here for Christmas? We missed so love to have you, if only for a minute. It may not mean very much to you, but you occupy a bigger spot in our affections than anyone. And it isn't because of the bank-account. I really am serious about it. If you are in doubt, just recall our conversation the afternoon you left for Lenox.

I want to ask you one other thing then I'll close this volume. If you will remember, you talked to me of going on the stage. As you know, I've always been wild to do so, but have lacked both the confidence and the opportunity. I want you to tell me honestly whether or not I have the necessary ability, and if so, just how to go about developing it. I hope you can tell me what I want most to hear. Please write me some time, Mr. Griffith. It would please me so much.

Willard is washing dishes and on the whole, being very domestic. He sends his best, and said he would write later.

Affectionately

Minnie.

R. F. D. #1 Box 730

Palo Alto, Cal.

(1934 gen.)

821 North Garfield
Santa Ana California

D. W. GRIFFITH COLLECTION
MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM

Dear Mr Griffith.

I have been waiting for you to send the clipping you spoke about on the phone. Apparently it wasn't in the papers out here. I think you're wise in just ignoring it. Nobody pays any attention to those damn things anyway. They have too many troubles of their own. So the least said the better. However if the source of the article could be traced it wouldn't be a bad idea.

Mate and I were out out to the ranch the ~~other~~ day and imagine our surprise when we found a pretty good crop of avocados, about fifteen hundred of them, I should judge. They should

bring in a little change, enough to pay the postage on your mortgage installments anyway. They had just had a big pick of lemons, too, I understand. And what with the citrus crop freezing in Florida and what not you should keep your eye peeled on the <u>business</u> of the ranch. Incidentally the ranch doesn't look as well kept up as it did when you were out here. - But, dont quote me.

Talking to you made me quite lonesome. California is a hell of a place anyway. "The people here are so nice", but I believe you know. However I seem to be improving so I fancy I shouldn't kick.

Love

Willard

D. W. GRIFFITH COLLECTION
MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY

My dear Mr. Griffith –

Since Willard has told you what little news there is, there is hardly anything left for me to do but babble. I wanted to talk to you over the 'phone when you called, but 2:30 on a dark & stormy night is a little strong for getting out of a warm bed & wrecking true hearts. I've been hoping that you would see your way to spend Christmas with us. If you don't, it surely will be a dead one. We enjoyed last Christmas so much — I wish it were possible to see you now.

Willard seems to be improving right along, and I imagine he will be back happy and healthy when he can see Mr. M. again. If you can't come out Xmas call us up. We need cheering up. Lots of love Monte

over

P.S. by Willard.

Speaking of the avacadoes. There were two hanging in juxtaposition that I wanted to send you, but they weren't ripe enough yet. They were about five or six pounds a piece and struck me as being symbolic of something or other. I thought they would look nice hanging up in your bed room

Willard

D. W. GRIFFITH COLLECTION
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at top Center the name (Griffith

left
Mary B. Griffith
Birth + death

mothers
name + tribute

Fathers war
Record

Birth + death
Girl Worker Griffith

"Old Kentucky Home in Louisville"

Hotel Seelbach

Louisville

EPPLEY HOTELS CO.
ALSO OPERATING

MONTROSE	CEDAR RAPIDS, IA
KENYON	SIOUX CITY, IA
FONTENELLE	OMAHA, NEBR.
CARPENTER	SIOUX FALLS, S. D.
MARTIN	SIOUX CITY, IA
ROME	OMAHA, NEBR
FORT PITT	PITTSBURGH, PA
MAGNUS	CEDAR RAPIDS, IA
CHIEFTAIN	COUNCIL BLUFFS, IA
NORFOLK	NORFOLK, NEBR.
WILLIAM PENN	PITTSBURGH, PA
LOGAN APART.	OMAHA, NEBR.
TALLCORN	MARSHALLTOWN, IA
SEELBACH	LOUISVILLE, KY
MARRION	SIOUX CITY, IA.

HOTEL BULLETIN, CHICAGO (U.S.A.)

Griffith at top

Buried here children of
Genl Jacob Wark Griffith + his wife

---

left
daughters

Right
sons.

D. W. GRIFFITH COLLECTION
MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY

2265 GRIFFITH D W MO
VOUCHERS ATTACHED

THE PARK CENTRAL

The Ultimate in Modern Living

SEVENTH AVENUE 55TH TO 56TH STREETS

NEW YORK CITY

Memo		Date	Explanation	Amt. Charged	Amt. Credited	Balance Due
	1	JAN31-34	RNDR — —	* 591.57		* 591.57
	2	JAN31-3	RESTR — —	* 1.70		* 593.27
Peter Keer	3	JAN31-3	— PDOUT —	* 49.75		* 643.02
	4	JAN31-34	— NEWS THTKS	* 8.25		* 651.27
	5	JAN31-3	— PDOUT —	* 0.75		* 652.02
	6	JAN31-34	RESTR — —	* 2.60		* 654.62
	7	FEB-1-34	— PDOUT —	* 1.00		* 655.62
	8	FEB-1-34	LNDRY — —	* 3.50		* 659.12
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CASHIER
FEB - 1 '34

PAID

6-9-17

WE APPRECIATE YOUR PATRONAGE AND TRUST THAT THE SERVICE AND ACCOMMODATIONS FURNISHED DURING YOUR STAY WITH US, HAVE BEEN ENTIRELY SATISFACTORY. WE HOPE YOU WILL COME TO REGARD THE PARK CENTRAL AS YOUR NEW YORK HOME.
THE MANAGEMENT

Last balance is amount due
unless otherwise indicated
Bills are payable when presented
Retain this receipt

2265 GRIFFITH D W MO.
VOUCHERS ATTACHED

THE PARK CENTRAL
The Ultimate in Modern Living
SEVENTH AVENUE 55TH TO 56TH STREETS
NEW YORK CITY

Memo		Date	Explanation	Amt. Charged	Amt. Credited	Balance Due
	1	MAR-6-34	RNDR — —	* 734.12		
	2	MAR-6-34	DIST — —	* 0.20		* 734.32
	3	MAR-6-34	— PDOUT DRUGS	* 1.85		
	4	MAR-6-34	— TELCH —	* 1.89		
	5	MAR-6-34	RESTR — —	* 5.30		* 743.36
	6	MAR-6-34	PHONE — —	* 0.70		* 744.06
	7	MAR-7-34	— PDOUT DRUGS	* 1.35		* 745.41
	8	MAR-7-34	RESTR — —	* 1.65		
	9	MAR-7-34	RESTR — —	* 0.45		* 747.51
	10	MAR-7-34	DIST — —	* 1.75		* 749.26
	11	MAR-7-34	LNDRY — —	* 1.83		
	12	MAR-7-34	DIST — —	* 0.65		
	13	MAR-7-34	DIST — —	* 0.40		* 752.14
	14	MAR-7-34	PHONE — —	* 0.90		* 753.04
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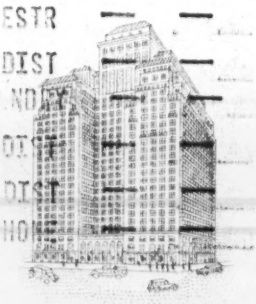

CASHIER
MAR - 7 '34

753.04

PAID

WE APPRECIATE YOUR PATRONAGE AND TRUST THAT THE SERVICE AND ACCOMMODATIONS FURNISHED DURING YOUR STAY WITH US, HAVE BEEN ENTIRELY SATISFACTORY. WE HOPE YOU WILL COME TO REGARD THE PARK CENTRAL AS YOUR NEW YORK HOME.
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THE PARK CENTRAL

The Ultimate in Modern Living

SEVENTH AVENUE 55TH TO 56TH STREETS

NEW YORK CITY

Memo		Date	Explanation	Amt. Charged	Amt. Credited	Balance Due
	1	APR-5-34	TRNDR — —	* 828.93		* 828.93
	2	APR-5-34	RESTR — —	* 1.90		* 830.83
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APR - 5 '34
CASHIER 1
PARK CENTRAL HOTEL
P.M. PAID

WE APPRECIATE YOUR PATRONAGE AND TRUST THAT THE SERVICE AND ACCOMMODATIONS FURNISHED DURING YOUR STAY WITH US, HAVE BEEN ENTIRELY SATISFACTORY. WE HOPE YOU WILL COME TO REGARD THE PARK CENTRAL AS YOUR NEW YORK HOME.
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VOUCHERS ATTACHED

THE PARK CENTRAL
The Ultimate in Modern Living
SEVENTH AVENUE 55TH TO 56TH STREETS
NEW YORK CITY

Memo		Date	Explanation	Amt. Charged	Amt. Credited	Balance Due
	1	MAY-3-34	TRNDR — —	☆ 423.78		42
	2	MAY-3-34	TRNDR — —	☆ 31.04		454.82
	3	MAY-3-34	— PDOUT —	☆ 0.75		☆ 455.57
Paid	4	MAY-3-34	— PDOUT —	★ 0.02		★ 455.59
	5	MAY-3-34	— PDOUT —	★ 0.50		
	6	MAY-3-34	— PDOUT —	★ 0.75		
	7	MAY-3-34	RESTR — —	★ 1.30		
	8	MAY-3-34	RESTR — —	★ 2.55		★ 460.69
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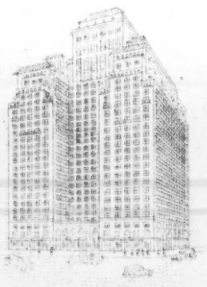

MAY - 3 '34
CASHIER 1
PARK CENTRAL HOTEL
P.M. PAID

WE APPRECIATE YOUR PATRONAGE AND TRUST THAT THE SERVICE AND ACCOMMODATIONS FURNISHED DURING YOUR STAY WITH US HAVE BEEN ENTIRELY SATISFACTORY. WE HOPE YOU WILL COME TO REGARD THE PARK CENTRAL AS YOUR NEW YORK HOME.
THE MANAGEMENT

Last balance is amount due
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Bills are payable when presented
Retain this receipt

THE PARK CENTRAL — PAID — FOLIO

TO RENT FOR MONTH ENDING 11/30 / 12/31

200.-

200.-

~~400.-~~

Paid $200.00 S Klein

FORM 116 L.P.

M

2265 GRIFFITH D W 9/12 MO

VOUCHERS

THE PARK CENTRAL

The Ultimate in Modern Living

SEVENTH AVENUE 55TH TO 56TH STREETS

NEW YORK CITY

Memo		Date	Explanation	Amt. Charged	Amt. Credited	Balance Due
	1	DEC-5-34	TRNDR — —	★ 521.14		★ 521.14
	2	DEC-5-34	— PDOUT —	★ 0.50		
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Paid 522.14
LG Klein

WE APPRECIATE YOUR PATRONAGE AND TRUST THAT THE SERVICE AND ACCOMMODATIONS FURNISHED DURING YOUR STAY WITH US HAVE BEEN ENTIRELY SATISFACTORY. WE HOPE YOU WILL COME TO REGARD THE PARK CENTRAL AS YOUR NEW YORK HOME.
THE MANAGEMENT

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2265 GRIFFITH D W 9/12 MO

VOUCHERS

FOL 279567

THE PARK CENTRAL

The Ultimate in Modern Living

SEVENTH AVENUE 55TH TO 56TH STREETS

NEW YORK CITY

Memo		Date	Explanation	Amt. Charged	Amt. Credited	Balance Due
	1	DEC26-34	TRNDR — —	★ 565.98		★ 565.98
	2	DEC26-34	— PDOUT —	★ 0.50		★ 566.48
	3	DEC26-34	LNDRY — —	★ 2.55		★ 569.03
	4	DEC26-34	— PDOUT —	★ 0.75		★ 569.78
	5	DEC26-34	LDIST — —	★ 0.30		
	6	DEC26-34	RESTR — —	★ 2.30		★ 572.38
	7	DEC26-34	LNDRY — —	★ 2.30		★ 574.68
	8	DEC26-34	LDIST — —	★ 0.40		
	9	DEC26-34	RESTR — —	★ 2.04		★ 577.12
	10	DEC26-34	RESTR — —	★ 0.80		★ 577.92
	11	DEC26-34	— PDOUT —	★ 0.75		★ 578.67
	12	DEC26-34	— PDOUT —	★ 1.00		★ 579.67
	13	DEC26-34	PHONE — —	★ 0.50		★ 580.17
	14	DEC26-34	RESTR — (+)	★ 0.02		★ 580.19
	15	DEC27-34	RESTR — —	★ 1.55		★ 581.74
	16	DEC27-34	— PDOUT —	★ 0.50		★ 582.24
	17	DEC27-34	— PORTR —	★ DEC 27 34		585.99
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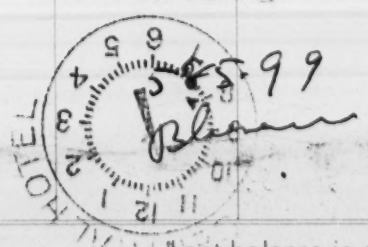
CASHIER 2



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THE MANAGEMENT

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1934 gen.

Gross $10.000.00

Gross	10.000.00
Theatre Share	3.500.00
Gross Co Share.	$6.500.00

Expense. Company.

Author	687.00
DWG.	437.00
Cast.	1655.00
Mgr.	150.00
Adv.	550.00
Other Ex	300.00
	$3779.00

Co Share.	6500.00
Exp.	3779.00
Net on 716.	$2721.00

D. W. GRIFFITH COLLECTION
MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY

2 Weeks try Out.

Dunlevy	√0.00
Dolbrin	√0.00
Beaumont	√0.00
Mother	40.00
Boy Son	40.00
Foster	40.00
11 @ 35	385.00
	650.00

2 Weeks @ 650.00 $1300.00

Bond with Equity	1300.00
Rental Elect	400.00
Costumes Books	500.00
Rental Uniforms	250.00
Props.	250.00
	2700.00
Ackerman	2200.00
Extras	350.00
	5250.00

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CABLE ADDRESS "PARKCENT"

CIRCLE 7-8000

The Ultimate in Modern Living

Hotel and Apartments

THE PARK CENTRAL
SEVENTH AVENUE-55TH TO 56TH STREETS
NEW YORK CITY

DeBora Inc.

50% of all rights to Pictures Stock and all mechanicals.

All money returned before any dividends declared.

18.000 Gross - 65% = 11.700.00
Inc all Royalties - Exp. = 6.475.00
Net, $5.225.00

15.000 Gross - 65% = 10.250.00
Inc all Royalties - Exp = 6.025.00
Net. $4.225.00

D. W. GRIFFITH COLLECTION
MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY

Adv.	800.00	
Cast	3000.00	This at 1000 for Leading Woman.
Ex Exp.	300.00	
	4100.00	

Advance Royalty	1000.00	(1)
Production	3250.00	
Costumes	1000.00	
Fred	500.00	
Bond Equity	5000.00	(2)
	$10.750.00	
{Loss 2 weeks out town}	4.250.00	
	$15.000.00	

(1) Deducted from Advance Royalties

(2) Bond for Salaries.

DONORS CARD

United Relief Association

HON. ISAAC SILBERMAN, CHAIRMAN

216 MADISON STREET
NEW YORK CITY

459 STONE AVENUE
BROOKLYN, N. Y.

This is to Certify that

Mr. David H. Griffith

Is a Contributor to the Summer Colony for Children Fund of this Ass'n.

AMOUNT
$50.00
DONATED

UNITED RELIEF ASSOCIATION

Isaac Silberman

Hon. ISAAC SILBERMAN, Chairman

JUDGE ISAAC H. SILBERMAN
CHAIRMAN
216 MADISON STREET
NEW YORK CITY

Mr. David H. Griffith,
Park Central Hotel,
55th St. & 7th Avenue,
New York, N. Y.

PERSONAL

Attn Atty Gen =
Pogging - State of NY
Judge Deliverance
Mag -

Crippled
Bureau Charities
Dept Rel

D. W. GRIFFITH COLLECTION
MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY

FREE SUMMER COLONY FOR POOR CHILDREN

FOUNDED AND SUPPORTED BY

UNITED RELIEF ASSOCIATION

216 MADISON STREET
NEW YORK CITY
DRYDOCK 4-9301

459 STONE AVENUE
BROOKLYN, N. Y.
DICKENS 2-5924

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DR. M. A. HECHT

HON. H. M. BURNSTINE
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WE MAINTAIN:

FREE FOOD AND EMERGENCY STATIONS

RELIEF STATION FOR CHILDREN AND MOTHERS

FREE MEDICAL AID

FREE CLOTHING

SOCIAL SERVICE RELIEF WORK

BASKETS OF FOOD SUPPLIED TO THE POOR IN THE HOME

HOT MEALS SERVED TO THE DESTITUTE AT OUR DINING HALL

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT IN A RECENT BROADCAST SAYS IN PART: THIS IS THE TIME WHEN YOU AND I KNOW THAT THOUGH WE HAVE PROCEEDED A PORTION OF THE WAY, THE LONGER, HARDER PART STILL LIES AHEAD; AND IT IS FOR US TO REDOUBLE OUR EFFORTS TO TAKE CARE OF THOSE WHO MUST STILL DEPEND UPON RELIEF, TO PREVENT THE DISINTEGRATION OF THE HOME LIFE AND TO STAND BY THE VICTIMS OF THE DEPRESSION UNTIL IT HAS DEFINITELY PASSED.

Pd Aug 7 7.55
No 7-7755

D. W. GRIFFITH COLLECTION
MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY

Mr. David H. Griffith,
55th St. & 7th Avenue,
New York, N. Y.

Dear Mr. Griffith:

Your generous response in contributing the sum of $50.00 is indeed gratifying and may we extend to you the thanks and appreciation of the entire Organization.

The call to our Summer Colony is eagerly awaited by hundreds of undernourished poor children and it is your contribution that makes it possible for us to put our promise to these unfortunates into performance.

Your check given to the bearer will greatly facilitate the work so necessary in this emergency.

Very gratefully yours,

UNITED RELIEF ASSOCIATION

Isaac Silberman

Hon. ISAAC SILBERMAN
Chairman

Mr Perry - 5.55 Aug 7 - Out off Pop'd Called at 5.45 To Confirm Pat Says will do Mr Perry - Rec'd

Please make checks payable to the United Relief Ass'n.

"RELIEF REGARDLESS OF RACE OR CREED"

Phone Man 35%
Crew Mgr 10%
Collectors Helper 15%
Phones 20%
Rent Ext
Nothing has been donated to
Charity - several kids have been sent to
Camp since the arrests
4-5

Judge Alderman Levin -
Protem
More
With 2-6420

formaly in Asst Atty Gen - Office
been out 3 years - and is now the
Lawyer for the men under
Arrest - Racket under name
of Charity - Don't send
any money -
May use your
Name as Donor.

D. W. GRIFFITH COLLECTION
MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY

FREE SUMMER COLONY FOR POOR CHILDREN

FOUNDED AND SUPPORTED BY

UNITED RELIEF ASSOCIATION

216 MADISON STREET
NEW YORK CITY
DRYDOCK 4-9301

459 STONE AVENUE
BROOKLYN, N. Y.
DICKENS 2-5924

HONORARY COMMITTEE

HON. ISAAC SILBERMAN
CHAIRMAN

HON. M. B. FRANKFORD
MR. J. LEFCOURT
MRS. L. H. LESTER
DR. M. A. HECHT

HON. H. M. BURNSTINE
MR. S. T. WILLIG
MRS. JEANETTE DANIELS
REV. H. J. WENBERG

WE MAINTAIN:

FREE FOOD AND EMERGENCY STATIONS

RELIEF STATION FOR CHILDREN AND MOTHERS

FREE MEDICAL AID

FREE CLOTHING

SOCIAL SERVICE RELIEF WORK

BASKETS OF FOOD SUPPLIED TO THE POOR IN THE HOME

HOT MEALS SERVED TO THE DESTITUTE AT OUR DINING HALL

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT IN A RECENT BROADCAST SAYS IN PART: THIS IS THE TIME WHEN YOU AND I KNOW THAT THOUGH WE HAVE PROCEEDED A PORTION OF THE WAY, THE LONGER, HARDER PART STILL LIES AHEAD; AND IT IS FOR US TO REDOUBLE OUR EFFORTS TO TAKE CARE OF THOSE WHO MUST STILL DEPEND UPON RELIEF, TO PREVENT THE DISINTEGRATION OF THE HOME LIFE AND TO STAND BY THE VICTIMS OF THE DEPRESSION UNTIL IT HAS DEFINITELY PASSED.

Mr. David H. Griffith
55th St. 7th Ave.
New York, N. Y.

Dear Mr. Griffith:

Recently you were kind indeed to make a pledge of $50.00 towards our fund for the care of poor children at our Free Summer Colony. With that pledge in mind we proceeded in our efforts towards these unfortunate children.

You will appreciate the fact that the fund for our Summer Camp for poor children was voluntary and the time in which to bring happiness and sunshine to these youngsters had to be crowded into a very short period of time, however, we allocated this fund both expected and on hand during that time with the result that a deficit has accrued.

We are now faced with this deficit and it is with great reluctance that we again appeal to you to send us your check to fulfill that pledge so that our mutual endeavor towards these children may be fulfilled.

Very truly yours,

UNITED RELIEF ASSOCIATION

Isaac H. Silberman

Hon. ISAAC H. SILBERMAN
Chairman

Please make checks payable to the United Relief Association.

"RELIEF REGARDLESS OF RACE OR CREED"

1935-1936

January 3, 1935.

The Manhattan Storage & Warehouse Co.,
52 Street & Seventh Avenue,
New York City.

Dear Sirs:

On December 28th, 1934 I arranged with your Company to have a representative to call at the Park Central Hotel to inspect goods to be stored. At that time I gave the name of Mr. B. Iohtar Jenkins, % Greathouse. I signed the name of B. Iohtar Jenkins on the card and order which your representative presented. The following is a copy of said signature

_____
(Signature)

There is no Mr. B. Iohtar Jenkins. This is the name under which Mr. D. W. Griffith sometimes writes. The said property which you received from the Park Central Hotel is the personal property of Mr. D. W. Griffith.

I now realize that I should not have stored the property in the name of Mr. Jenkins but in the name of Mr. D. W. Griffith, to whom the property belongs and, therefore, would thank you to store the property for the account of Mr. D. W. Griffith instead of for the account of Mr. B. Iohtar Jenkins, as originally instructed.

Very truly yours,

104 Gainsboro Street
Boston, Massachusetts

January 11, 1935

Mr. Greathouse
% D. W. Griffith
Park Central Hotel
New York, N. Y.

Dear Mr. Greathouse:

I expect to have something of interest to talk over with Mr. D. W. Griffith shortly in regard to the huge epic New England picture we discussed in New York some time ago.

Kindly let me know if Mr. Griffith would be available for an interview in New York shortly with my associates, who would like to talk over the matter with Mr. Griffith and yourself and be assured of your co-operation in regard to the New England picture in colors, now under consideration.

Very truly yours,

Martha Stevens

MS:G

(Mrs.) Martha Stevens

Emett Calahan

Apples

Joyce

D. W. GRIFFITH COLLECTION
MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY

MURRAY HILL 2-5235

SUITE 1002
300 MADISON AVENUE
NEW YORK

Jany 16 - 1935

Dear Mr Fox,

Kindly sign what orders Mr Eraklaine requests for use in obtaining access to and securing possession of D W Griffith Inc property in Warehouses. Also any other orders he thinks necessary or helpful in the making of talks of stories and films.

Very truly yours

W P Clark

To Alexander W Fox Esq
President D W Griffith Inc

January 16, 1935.

Mr. Ward Wing,
Park Central Hotel,
New York City.

Dear Mr. Wing:

I beg to inform you that Mr. Griffith will not grant an option on "Broken Blossoms" to anyone as negotiations are pending with regard to its sale.

The lowest price he has set is $25,000. net to him, which includes all motion picture and talking rights throughout the world, and also the use of the music in the score which was especially written for the picture.

If you can effect a sale on this basis, you can cable me in care of The Park Central Hotel, New York, N. Y.

Very truly yours,

January 10, 1922.

Mr. Reid Ivins,
Delta County Journal,
Delta, Colorado.

Dear Mr. Ivins:

I beg to inform you that the Colorado Fuel & Iron Co. will not be able to furnish the coal for the Montrose Creamery Co. as mentioned in your letter of January 7th.

Yours truly,

January 24, 1935.

Dear Mr. Griffith:

I thought I would hear from you by mail. The night you called me over the telephone I had not slept the previous night and I was awakened out of a sound sleep. I must have sounded awfully dopey. Was certainly glad to hear your voice and after you had hung up, as usual I thought of a million things I would liked to have said.

The dictaphone has been crated and the records all put in proper order. However I will have to have a check for $5.00 before this can be sent to you.

The books were shipped from the Manhattan Storage Warehouse direct, by freight. The dictaphone will be shipped by express direct from the Dictaphone Company.

I am leaving attached to your receipts in the warehouse an envelope containing a list of the books and various articles in each container.

I am moving the filing cabinet to Mr. Oglesby's office as he has left and gave me the key to use while he is away and I am looking after things for him.

If you ever want to know what books are in any particular box all you have to do is refer to the invoice as they are all numbered.

When I told Cary in the renting office that you were gone, he was greatly surprised and immediately wanted to know what had happened. Poor Emanuel I thought would flop in the elevator when he heard it. There was great concern expressed throughout the hotel as to what had happened to make you leave. I told them nothing had happened except that you wanted to take a trip and get away from the Winter weather here; and that you had said nothing about it as you disliked to say good-bye to people and never did.

I think it took some explaining on the

part of Mr. Gary to convince Mr. Lanzner that you had no grievance but merely wished a change of climate. They offered to store your furniture in the hotel in your apartment, without cost to you; or would put it in other rooms; but I told Mr. Gary you had given me instructions to store the furniture in the warehouse and I had no alternative.

When they found this was the case, they accepted the return of the electric fans and there is a credit here at the hotel in your name for $30.00. They did this voluntarily and I think it was more than fair for them to do so. It seems the fans are of a peculiar type of current and are good only in sections of New York from 42nd to 59th St.

There is no question but that everyone of the personnel here miss you very much and hope for your early return.

When Mr. Oglesby left I helped him get things ready and went to the train with him. He had had a couple of strenuous weeks with his children being home and seemed pretty tired. I hope the rest will do him a world of good; he certainly needs it.

You have my telephone number and street address and if there is anything you want, let me hear from you. Meanwhile whatever comes up I will take care of as usual. Since Mr. Oglesby left I have been forwarding the mail. If you feel rich some night and the spirit moves you, give me a call.

As ever --

P. S.

Dear Mr. Griffith:

Can you imagine the nerve of Bob, the dirty bum, telling me he doesn't know your address -- after dictating the foregoing. I want to say hello!

H. Horgan

January 24, 1935.

United Artists Corporation,
729 Seventh Ave.,
New York City.

Attention: Mr. J. K. Berger

Dear Mr. Berger:

Please deliver the negatives on the following productions to Lloyd's Film Storage:

LOVE FLOWER
ISN'T LIFE WONDERFUl
AMERICA
ONE EXCITING NIGHT
WHITE ROSE
DREAM STREET
THE STRUGGLE

Regretting the delay in getting this letter to you, I am

Very truly yours,

D. W. GRIFFITH INC.

By_____
President.

D. W. GRIFFITH COLLECTION
MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY

(maybe 1/24/35)

D. W. GRIFFITH COLLECTION
MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY

CASE #1

4 large books on the Civil War
(Birth of a Nation references)
1 Andersonville Prison
1 Jeb Harris

CASE #2

2 large Testimonial Books to DWG
1 Paradise Lost
1 Ragedy Man
1 Production Review 1931
1 Dawn of Eternity
1 Lady Godey's Book 1876
1 Peterson's Magazine 1861
2 John Paul Jones
1 Cine Review
Book and Costumes "Intolerance"
1 Paris
1 Buddism

CASE #3

1 Leather case containing silver flasks
1 Brass Shell
1 Helmet
Ashtray and Ciagarette Box
Leather Folder

CASE #4

Dumbbells

CASE #5

"Intolerance" Plush Box MMA.
Pictures and Album

CASE #6

8 volumes Redpath's World History
3 Living London
1 The Lonore
1 Great Men and Famous Women
1 Life of Paine
1 Life of Washington
1 Life of Harding
11 Famous Characters in History
2 Intolerance
1 King in Babylon
1 The Jew in Civilization
7 John I. Stoddard

CASE #7

22 Nations of the World
29 History of the World
4 Dumas
15 Washington Irving
6 Gibbons Rise and Fall of the Roman Empire

CASE #8

10 Modern Achievement
9 Rider Haggard
5 Macauley's England
19 Alden's Encyclopedia of Universal Literature
5 Dumas
4 Rollins Ancient History
5 Normal Electric Courses
6 Thackeray
8 History of France

CASE #9

23 Waverly Novels
11 Dickens
3 History of the 19th Century
2 Old Churches
8 Shakespeare
2 Deluge
37 Miscellaneous books

CASE # 10

Assorted Fiction

CASE #11 - CASE #12

Miscellaneous Books

CASE #13

Books on Texas history that you might want to use in event of the Texas picture

CASE #14

Miscellaneous books, pictures &c

CASE #15

Papers from Banzhaf's office

CASE #16 " " " "

CASE #17

" " " "
and music scores

CASE #18

Radio and old scripts

Note: Your family bible is in the black wardrobe trunk along with many other little personal effect.

This case contains the following:

D. W. Griffith Containers from Banzhalf's office.

#111 Envelope
J. C. Epping contracts and agreements.
Preliminary matters re D. W. Griffith Inc. with
Counselman & Co. contracts etc.

#105 Envelope
Balance Sheets D. W. Griffith Inc. from Jan. 1928.

#106 Envelope
D. W. Griffith Inc. Central Trust Co. of Illinois
Union Trust Co. of New York
re Transfer Agents

#117 Envelope
D. W. Griffith miscellaneous actions
Exide Battery Co. vs. D.W.Griffith Inc.
Register & Tribune vs. D. W. Griffith
Kohloff vs. "
Henning & Mitch vs. "
Wm. Christy Cabanne Trust
Neil Hamilton matter
Oxman vs. D. W. Griffith
Farrar vs. "
Doctors Service Corp. vs. "
City of New York vs. "
Griffith inc. vs. Golden Dist. Co.
First National Bank & Trust Co. of
Marmaroneck vs. Marmaroneck Hotel
Corporation

#107 Envelope
Griffith Inc. Tax matters and Reports.
Maryland.
Palmer matters
Counselman correspondence.

#132 Envelope
Griffith Inc. Minutes
Certifications and miscellaneous stockholder meetings.
Financial statement.

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Cinema Inc.
Edna Hagan
Hal Skelly
Emerson and Luce
D. W. Griffith and copyright.

A-1 Envelope
D. W. Griffith Inc. letters, stock statements etc.
1920-1927

#105 Envelope
A

Griffith Inc.
Fellner Scholl
Florida Stoll
Robert Austin
Minnie Webster
Shav

#219 Envelope
Griffith Inc. license and tax matter
Certiorari proceedings.

#236 Envelope
Joan Lowell Cradle of the Deep

A-2 Envelope
Griffith Inc.
Loans
P. A. Powers
Motion Picture Finance Corporation
First National Bank of Marmaroneck
Hamilton National Bank

A-3 Envelope
Griffith Inc.
Central Union Trust Co. loans
Assignments
Way Down East
Dream Street
White Rose
Orphans

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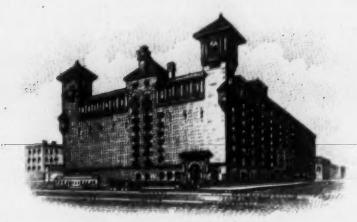
Griffith Inc.
Central Union Trust Co. loans
Assignments
Way Down East
Dream Street
White Rose
Orphans

FORM 660 2500-9-24

JOHN G. NEESER
PRESIDENT



52ND STREET BUILDING

CHAS. A. CHARDE, MANAGER

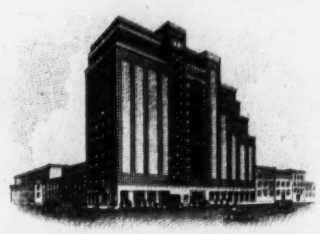
ABSOLUTELY FIRE-PROOF

THE MANHATTAN STORAGE & WAREHOUSE Co

52ND STREET AND SEVENTH AVENUE

NEW YORK

O'DONNELL ISELIN
SECRETARY & TREASURER



80TH STREET BUILDING

CABLE ADDRESS TABALEO

RECEIVED for the account named below the goods enumerated in the schedule herein, upon the following conditions, each of which is assented to and accepted by the depositor, in consideration of which this Company has fixed the rate of storage of such goods, viz:

1. The depositor assumes all risk, and no liability of any kind shall attach to this Company, for all damage to goods caused by moth, rust, fire or deterioration.

2. This Company shall not be liable for damage or loss arising out of any cause, for injury to fragile articles that are not packed and unpacked by its employees, nor in any event where the articles are not unpacked on delivery.

3. The depositor of the goods hereby declares that the value, in case of loss or damage, for each or any piece or package and the contents thereof, does not exceed fifty dollars, upon which declaration this Company has accepted this deposit and accorded a lower rate to the depositor, by reason of which this Company is not responsible for loss, injury or damage for any cause which would make this Company liable beyond the specific valuation, unless the depositor avails of the option hereby given of paying a higher rate, without limitation as to value, in case of loss or damage for any cause which would make this Company liable.

4. Three months storage will be charged for any fraction of the first three months.

5. All contracts are accepted subject to delays caused by labor troubles, riots, and the elements, and no responsibility therefor is assumed by this Company.

6. The depositor agrees that the warehouse rules of this Company on the back of this receipt shall form a part of this contract.

Any dispute or claim arising out of or for the breach of this agreement shall be settled by arbitration under the Arbitration Law of the State of New York and under the Rules of the American Arbitration Association, provided, however, that upon any such arbitration the arbitrator may not vary, modify or disregard any of the foregoing provisions.

No other agreement than herein contained or endorsed hereon shall be valid.

THE MANHATTAN STORAGE & WAREHOUSE CO.

NOT NEGOTIABLE

Geo W Gerlach
Vice President

Received February 8, 1935
For Account of Mr. D. W. Griffith

SCHEDULE

Transferred from 6 M To 6 K 6

#10 Paper Box

In lieu of all receipts heretofore issued for article enumerated on this receipt.

---o0o---

THE LOCATION OF THE GOODS ENUMERATED ON THE ATTACHED RECEIPT HAS BEEN CHANGED.

IF YOUR PROPERTY IS INSURED WE WOULD SUGGEST THAT YOU ADVISE YOUR INSURANCE BROKER OF THE CHANGE.

F 62-1M-8-32-E. P.

NOWN.

WAREHOUSE RECEIPT

ISSUED BY

DIRECTORS

O'DONNELL ISELIN OLIVER ISELIN

LUCIUS WILMERDING

ROBERT M. YOUNGS JOHN G. NEESER

STORAGE FOR
HOUSEHOLD GOODS.
COLD STORAGE FOR FURS.
SILVER VAULTS.
AUTOMOBILES STORED.
PACKING AND SHIPPING.

MANHATTAN STORAGE SAFE DEPOSIT CO.
SAFE DEPOSIT BOXES.

WAREHOUSE RULES

REFERRED TO IN AND FORMING PART OF WITHIN RECEIPT.

Depositors are required to leave their signature and permanent address, and to give notice of any change of address.

After the first three months, seven days or less will be charged as a quarter-month. Bills rendered quarterly, unless otherwise arranged, and are payable when rendered.

A labor charge will be made for handling of and access to goods in the warehouse.

Reasonable notice is required for access to or delivery of goods.

This receipt shall be produced, and all dues must be paid, before the delivery or transfer of goods, and no transfer will be recognized unless made in writing and entered on the books of this Company.

A reasonable allowance shall be made by the depositor for ordinary wear and tear in handling.

All claims must be made in writing within five days from the delivery of goods.

Where goods are received in worn or imperfect condition the same will be noted on this receipt, so far as possible, but the failure to make such notation shall not be deemed an acceptance of the goods as in good condition where the fact be otherwise.

ACCESS TO GOODS

FROM 9 A. M. TO NOON AND FROM 1 P. M. TO 4:30 P. M.
ON ALL WEEK DAYS EXCEPT SATURDAY.
SATURDAYS 9 A. M. TO NOON.

Telephone BRyant 9-5600-1-3

Cable "LOYFILSOR"

LLOYDS FILM STORAGE CORPORATION

Founded in 1914 by

JOSEPH R. MILES

729 SEVENTH AVENUE
NEW YORK, N. Y.

PROJECTION THEATRES
SOUND AND SILENT
R. C. A. EQUIPMENT

CUTTING ROOMS
Equipped for
SOUND—SILENT PICTURES

February 8th, 1935.

D. W. Griffith Corporation,
c/o Mr. Ogelsby,
Room 1002, 300 Madison Avenue,
New York City.

Gentlemen:-

On February 2nd, the Stern Photo Company, Inc. delivered to us negative stills on various films stored in your account.

As the packages holding these negatives were sealed, we did not open them up to check the Stern Photo list which they furnished to us as follows:-

25	negatives	ON LOVE FLOWER
25	"	IS'NT LIFE WONDERFUL
89	"	AMERICA
25	"	ONE EXCITING NIGHT
25	"	WHITE ROSE
318	"	DREAM STREET
243	"	THE STRUGGLE

Very truly yours,

LLOYDS FILM STORAGE CORPORATION.

E. B. Reil

EBD:T

Backfleet
London

(1)

745 – 13th Ave N E.
St Petersburg Fla
Feb 14 – 1930

Dear Mr Frathaus,

I have had several telephone calls from Mr Griffith which indicated he was on somewhat of a tear, but had not reached a bad stage. I wrote the hotel manager and requested that he get Mr Griffith a doctor and nurse and let me know when he was able to travel. D.W. had phoned me before this "party" began that he was coming to St Pete in a few days. Spoke of going to a hotel and asked about a cottage for Miss B. and her mother. I told him they were to be had nicely furnished and well located and quite moderate in price. Just how far this spree changes his plans I don't know, but if Miss B. should let him know she would like a visit her with her Mother, especially if she would see him, I have no doubt it would bring him. I wish him here so I can get him in good condition and perhaps if you saw Miss B. she might help me. If you

see her ask her not to let D.W. know
thing was at my suggestion. I particularly
not wish to offend him with a feeling
that I am interfering in his personal affairs
or broadcasting information about what
he is doing.

I had rather expected I might hear
from you before this. I suppose I should
hear if there were any news about
business. Had hoped you would be
collecting a commission before this.

The weather here is fine now, altho it
has been a bit cold up to a week
ago - that is for Florida.

The next time you are at 300 Madison
Ave please look in my letter file for
the address of Neal Reed Andrews and
send it to me.

Lo 7-7848

Yours Jans

WP Ogle

Everyone here appears to have lost your address so I will
send it to 300 Madison on a chance you may go in. In
case of business or legal looking documents or letters from D.W. I
suggest you send them to me so I may know what is going on. He pays no attention.

D. W. GRIFFITH COLLECTION
MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY

Feb. 16, 1935.

Bear Mr. Oglesby:

Have your favor of the 14th. The reason I did not write you was that there wasn't anything of importance to communicate with you about. However I am sending you under separate cover some letters about D.W.G.Inc stock; also attached please find three checks which I removed from the weekly statements at your office. I madennotations on the statements of the amount of the check, date and number, and that same were sent to you.

The deal for "Blossoms" in England looks fairly good and I am sending a cable tonight regarding it. There is also a bare possibility of making the Metro deal for "Blossoms". My financial status is terrible and if you could let me have a loan in the amount of these checks it would certainly be a Godsend. I am desperately in need of money. Mr. G. promised to send me some dough but I have not heard from him. I know he must have forgotten because he has called me three times and I know he would send me what he said he would if he had remembered. He called just to say "hello". If you can let me have the amount of these checks please rush them back to me Air Mail.

Attached letterhead of Neal R. Andrews his address is 33-35 West 46th St., New York City.

D. W. GRIFFITH COLLECTION
MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY

745 – 13th Ave N.E.
St Petersburg, Fla.
Feb 19th 1935 –

Dear Mr Bradhouse,

I have your letter and also the papers you mailed to me. I have sent the checks to ~~for~~ to be endorsed and will send them to you so soon as I get them back from him. I think it would be rather better if he did not know about our arrangement for several reasons. One is he is hard up and would yell for some on his own account.

I am sending you under separate cover directed to the office the Griffith Inc letters with a draft of a form letter which I suggest you write in answer to these and any other of similar tenor which follow. You can vary the reply in any case that makes it appropriate.

With regard to the Rent for Jany: I mailed to Cushman + Wakefield on about the 16th of January their own check for about $23 – together with our Griffith Inc checks for enough more to make up the January Rent. I suggest that you call at their office and call it to their attention.

I had a telephone call from D. W. yesterday. He is all right again. Said he had had "malaria", but had secured the services of a good doctor who had cured him. I do not think he intends coming to Florida. I wrote the Hotel to get him a doctor. They did and this is the man who fixed him up. I was a bit afraid he would be offended, but I preferred to take a chance on that than on his health

unless he were logged after 33 West 46 St.

If you get any real offer for the plays or either of them probably it will be productive of a more favorable reception if you forward it through me. You may depend on my protecting your claim for commission.

I wrote you for Andrews address intending to write him but have decided to ask you to see him for me. He is a bit hard to see and if they won't let you in you may leave him a note asking him to phone you. What I really wish is to try to induce him to pay the final installment of $1440 on a bond and mortgage signed by him and Miss Andrews which falls due on May first. What I want you to do is to tell him you have been instructed, or requested or authorized or whatever word you wish to use, to see the Bond & Mortgage, but that you dont like to offer it for sale unless that would be agreeable to him. Tell him there there is a man in N.Y. and another in Marnaroneck to whom you think it can be sold - it is due in a little over two months, but as they both know him you prefer not to offer it without his consent. If he asks their names just say you don't think it would be fair to disclose. If he asks the price tell him you will knock of the interest and half of your commission of $40. See what he says and let me know right away - by air mail. He promised if I would give him until December 10th to pay the back Nov 1st installment he would then pay this May first installment, but he laid down on his agreement. Dont let him know I told you this.

Very truly yours W R Oglesby.

(1)

345 – 13th Ave N.E.
St Petersburg Fla
Feb 22 – 1938.

Dear Mr Grathouse,

After writing you about the Andrews matter I decided it would be better to borrow enough money to come through until I get back to N.Y. and can go after some collections. So unless you have not contacted Andrews don't. If you have just tell him you have made other arrangements about the matter.

I have not had any reply yet from Fox but expect to in a day or so. Also nothing from D.W. since the last phone call of which I wrote you saying he had recovered from the malaria.

I am waiting patiently for news of your sale of "Broken Blossoms".

Very Truly yours
W P Oglesby

NEW YORK. Mar 4 193 5

RECEIVED FROM D. R. Griffith -

Eighty Seven 86/100 DOLLARS

THE MANHATTAN STORAGE & WAREHOUSE CO.

$ 87 86

PER

FORM 38-2M-9-34

E. M. Conway
Sec.
D. W. Griffith Inc.

3224 Shriver Ave.
March 18. 1935.

Gentlemen; Am writing your company in regard to certain stock purchased by me, in this Griffith some years ago, and which I have received no information or communication for such a long period that I should be glad to be informed, as to the condition of same financially, and the price of stock at the present time.

The stock was purchased by Francis McCarthy and there were 30 shares at $15.00 per share. Residence at that time Malden, Massachusetts, 8 Parsonage Road, and I am now visiting in Des Moines, Iowa at the above address.

Should like to dispose of the stock, and the present value, also whether there has been any dividends paid on same.

I do know that the stock has depreciated and on my return to Boston in April should call at the office.

Please send information at your earliest convenience to this address.

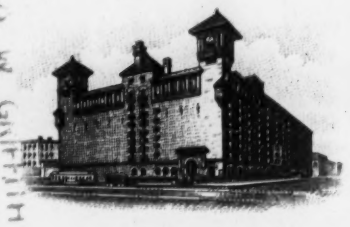
Frances B. McCarthy.
5224 Shriver Ave
Des Moines, Iowa.

Ans from Letter

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY
D. W. GRIFFITH COLLECTION

FORM 606 2500-9-24

JOHN G. NEESER
PRESIDENT



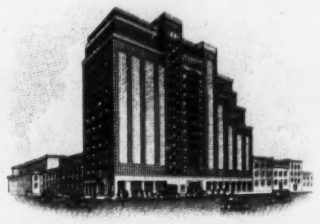
52ND STREET BUILDING

CHAS. A. CHARDE, MANAGER

ABSOLUTELY FIRE-PROOF
THE MANHATTAN STORAGE & WAREHOUSE Co

52ND STREET AND SEVENTH AVENUE
NEW YORK

O'DONNELL ISELIN
SECRETARY & TREASURER



80TH STREET BUILDING

CABLE ADDRESS TABALEO

NOT NEGOTIABLE

RECEIVED for the account named below the goods enumerated in the schedule herein, upon the following conditions, each of which is assented to and accepted by the depositor, in consideration of which this Company has fixed the rate of storage of such goods, viz:

1. The depositor assumes all risk, and no liability of any kind shall attach to this Company, for all damage to goods caused by moth, rust, fire or deterioration.

2. This Company shall not be liable for damage or loss arising out of any cause, for injury to fragile articles that are not packed and unpacked by its employees, nor in any event where the articles are not unpacked on delivery.

3. The depositor of the goods hereby declares that the value, in case of loss or damage, for each or any piece or package and the contents thereof, does not exceed fifty dollars, upon which declaration this Company has accepted this deposit and accorded a lower rate to the depositor, by reason of which this Company is not responsible for loss, injury or damage for any cause which would make this Company liable beyond the specific valuation, unless the depositor avails of the option hereby given of paying a higher rate, without limitation as to value, in case of loss or damage for any cause which would make this Company liable.

4. Three months storage will be charged for any fraction of the first three months.

5. All contracts are accepted subject to delays caused by labor troubles, riots, and the elements, and no responsibility therefor is assumed by this Company.

6. The depositor agrees that the warehouse rules of this Company on the back of this receipt shall form a part of this contract.

Any dispute or claim arising out of or for the breach of this agreement shall be settled by arbitration under the Arbitration Law of the State of New York and under the Rules of the American Arbitration Association, provided, however, that upon any such arbitration the arbitrator may not vary, modify or disregard any of the foregoing provisions.

No other agreement than herein contained or endorsed hereon shall be valid.

THE MANHATTAN STORAGE & WAREHOUSE CO.

Geo. W. Gerlach
Vice President

Received March 20, 1935
For Account of Mr. D. W. Griffith or Mr. Robert Greathouse

SCHEDULE

In 6 M

#1 Metal File Cabinet(scratched,dented)

#2 Golf Bag(scratched)

---oOo---

CONDITION OF COVERED GOODS, NOT PACKED BY THIS COMPANY, UNKNOWN.

WAREHOUSE RECEIPT

ISSUED BY

THE
MANHATTAN
STORAGE
& WAREHOUSE Co.

DIRECTORS

O'DONNELL ISELIN OLIVER ISELIN

LUCIUS WILMERDING

ROBERT M. YOUNGS JOHN G. NEESER

STORAGE FOR
HOUSEHOLD GOODS.
COLD STORAGE FOR FURS.
SILVER VAULTS.
AUTOMOBILES STORED.
PACKING AND SHIPPING.

MANHATTAN STORAGE SAFE DEPOSIT CO.
SAFE DEPOSIT BOXES.

WAREHOUSE RULES

REFERRED TO IN AND FORMING PART OF WITHIN RECEIPT.

Depositors are required to leave their signature and permanent address, and to give notice of any change of address.

After the first three months, seven days or less will be charged as a quarter-month. Bills rendered quarterly, unless otherwise arranged, and are payable when rendered.

A labor charge will be made for handling of and access to goods in the warehouse.

Reasonable notice is required for access to or delivery of goods.

This receipt shall be produced, and all dues must be paid, before the delivery or transfer of goods, and no transfer will be recognized unless made in writing and entered on the books of this Company.

A reasonable allowance shall be made by the depositor for ordinary wear and tear in handling.

All claims must be made in writing within five days from the delivery of goods.

Where goods are received in worn or imperfect condition the same will be noted on this receipt, so far as possible, but the failure to make such notation shall not be deemed an acceptance of the goods as in good condition where the fact be otherwise.

ACCESS TO GOODS

FROM 9 A. M. TO NOON AND FROM 1 P. M. TO 4:30 P. M.
ON ALL WEEK DAYS EXCEPT SATURDAY.
SATURDAYS 9 A. M. TO NOON.

Mch 21-1935-

Dear Mr Greathouse, I have
your letter of the 18th inst and
thank you for attending to having
the furniture moved. Since reading
your letter saying you was having Fox
over to sign a paper Cushman & Wakefield
claimed they wanted about moving the
furniture I have been expecting a letter
from you telling me what kind of a
paper they served on Fox. I have no doubt
what they wanted was an opportunity
to serve Fox in a suit for the balance
of the years rent & to get his address. If
they have his address they will put it
in a public record of the judgment for
rent & then papers will be served on
Fox by other people who will give us a
lot of trouble. I had rather have let them
keep the furniture if they wanted to attach it.
Other than to try to levy on the furniture it was

none of their business who took it away. I am hoping to hear from you my fears about their seeing papers on Fox and or getting this address are groundless - but the hope is weak.

D. W. has seen the town and surroundings and has been out playing Golf the last two days. He is looking and apparently feeling quite well.

Kindly have the P.O. send the mail to your hotel for the present as planned. You can forward it from there for the short time that will elapse before I go north - and by that time I will have decided on something permanent.

Again thanking you, I am

Very Sincerely yours

W. R. Ogilvy.

D. W. GRIFFITH COLLECTION
MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY

FORM 59E-25M-7-34

JOHN G. NEESER, PRESIDENT

52ND STREET BUILDING

CHAS. A. CHARDE, MANAGER

ABSOLUTELY FIRE-PROOF

THE MANHATTAN STORAGE & WAREHOUSE Co.

52ND STREET AND SEVENTH AVENUE

O'DONNELL ISELIN, SECRETARY & TREASURER

80TH STREET BUILDING

CABLE ADDRESS TABALEO

FOLIO
143-163

MR. D. W. GRIFFITH
MANSFIELD HALL HOTEL
226 WEST 50TH ST.
CITY

NEW YORK MAR 22 1935

A/C MR. D. W. GRIFFITH, OR
MR. ROBERT GREATHOUSE.

THE MANHATTAN STORAGE & WAREHOUSE CO. 52ND STREET AND SEVENTH AVENUE

TELEPHONE CIRCLE 7-1700 PAID _____ CHECK NO. _____ PAYABLE IN NEW YORK EXCHANGE

PLEASE DETACH AND RETAIN LOWER PORTION RETURNING ONLY THE BILL HEAD, YOUR CANCELLED CHECK WILL BE YOUR RECEIPT.

DATE		CHARGES		CREDITS	PAY LAST AMOUNT IN THIS COLUMN
1935 MAR 20	CARTING & LABOR IN STORAGE MAR 20 TO JUN 20 1935 - 3 MOS AT $1.50	2.00	4.50		6.50

BILLS PAYABLE WHEN RENDERED AND ALL CHARGES MUST BE PAID BEFORE DELIVERY OF GOODS

74 = 13th Ave N.E. Sk Pete
March 24 - 1935

Dear Mr Featherman. The letter you mailed to me yesterday at 3 30 P.M. - air mail - special delivery - reached me today at one o'clock. I call that prompt service and thank you for the letter. I also wish to thank you for the prompt and efficient manner in which you have taken care of the several matters entrusted to you by request.

I am encouraged to take up with you undertaking to try out the pick up in business affecting the real estate market. I am not sure whether it is yet time but am hoping we are approaching it. What I have in mind is contacting a party or parties with enough business sense, knowledge of real estate and sufficient cash to develop and market really good properties and who may be

willing to undertake it on a basis that will make him some real money. I control the disposition of some really worth while properties ~~of~~ of sufficient variety of endeavor to make the undertaking interesting. For instance there is the Edgewater Point property - some seventy building lots averaging around nine thousand square feet each. About fifty of these lots front on the water and are in a choice neighborhood - on a peninsula, almost an island, in plain view of the Larchmont Yacht Club. Six very attractive homes now on the island, all occupied by the owners. Every lot serviced by sewer, water & gas mains, and telephone electric light wires in underground conduits. Water front property, especially of this grade, that is in the market in moderate sized building plots, is scarce and in any halfway decent market is readily salable. The price can be

D. W. GRIFFITH COLLECTION
MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY

and Central Ave.

There is a parcel of beautiful woodland, near Briarcliff, through which there runs a fine stream of water that supplies small lakes. A lake could be constructed on this property at moderate cost. There are 57 acres in this parcel. It is surrounded by attractive, modern estates on three sides. On the East it borders on the Sunset Hill Golf Course.

Also a golf course (18 holes) with a modern Club House that cost over a hundred thousand dollars. Club House fronts Pines Bridge Road & has two Westchester County Parkways by which it can be reached - one east & the other west of the property, but both within a mile or so of the Club House.

There are other properties of less importance.

I had thought of running an adv. in the Times + possibly the Herald, and also in the local papers in Mt Vernon, New Rochelle, Larchmont, Mamaroneck & Yonkers reading something like "Two sisters residing Florida own valuable properties Westchester County conveniently located having assessed value exceeding nine hundred thousand dollars. No mortgage. Will give substantial share to responsible party who will pay taxes and supervise marketing. Fine water front sites, Industrial sites and modern golf course and Club House among these properties. Address "C".

I am thinking, if the Effort appeals to you, that you might look after running these adv.s and contact + investigate any answers + together we could discuss the matter with any prospects - if any appear.

Write me what you think. There is a chap name Lucie in the Office of J.P. Day, 67 Liberty-street. You might profitably talk it over with him. i.e. [redacted] dig up a prospect or give suggestions pro or con. Oct 13 to Dr Lucie

260 Keystone St. Buffalo, N.Y.
Mar. 26, 35.

D. W. Griffith Inc.
1619 Broadway
New York City.

Dear Sirs —

Will you please enlighten me regards status of the D. W. Griffith Inc. it has been several years since I had any information regarding same, not since Feb. 7, 33.

Being a stockholder I feel it my duty to know what is going on, however I cannot understand why you have been so lax in enlightening stockholders of conditions as they are, and I again request you to give a reply to this letter, as I have written you a similar letter April 21, 1934, with no reply, I understand it is your duty to enlighten stockholders of the status of your company at least once a year, in the event this is not forth coming I shall take my matters with the Federal attorney General.

Trusting you will reply at once I am,

Very truly yours,

Ans forth letter A. J. Gaiser

RKO STUDIOS INC.

780 GOWER STREET, LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

March 27, 1935

Mr. Robert N. Greathouse
Park Central Hotel
New York City

Dear Mr. Greathouse:

I wish to explain in behalf of Mr. Richard Polimer that it is through no fault of his that he is unable to return to you the continuity scripts of BROKEN BLOSSOMS.

It would be a favor to myself if you did not insist upon the return of this material at this time.

Yours very truly,

Albert M. Persoff

Albert M. Persoff
Story Editor

AMP:c

No order or agreement shall be binding on this Corporation, unless in writing and signed by an officer.

747 – 13th Ave N E
St Petersburg Fla
Mch 28-1935.

Dear Mr Featherman.

I had a letter from Risch saying Mr Neal Reed Andrews is in the market for some cast stone - I suppose a coping for a sea wall he has built at his place on Edgewater Point. For some reason Risch thought I might be able to influence Andrews to give favorable consideration to their bid on the job and thought I might see or write Andrews. It would do no good to write. There are some things however that might help if said. The Colonial Cut Cast Stone boys are on the hunt for jobs no matter how small to give themselves wages. Their product is second to none. In fact it is vastly superior to the coping Andrews had made by the Mt Vernon Cast Stone Co for his other wall. The last time I was at Edgewater Point

2

I noticed the coping was "checking" much too much for a good job. In fact the Corp. which furnished that has neither the skill or the Equipment to produce stone comparable with the quality we put out. Our material has been used & approved by the State of New York, County of Westchester, U.S. Park Works, N.Y. Cent Ry, West Co Pkway Comsn, Nat Bks in Yonkers, Tuckahoe, Pelham & several others, and about a dozen Public schools, and several Catholic churches.

If you can get in touch with Andrews you might swing the job & get a Commission.

Very truly W.P. Ogilby

D. W. GRIFFITH COLLECTION
MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY

HOME OFFICE
729 SEVENTH AVE.
NEW YORK
TELEPHONE BRYANT 9-7300

United Artists Corporation

JOSEPH M. SCHENCK
CHAIRMAN BOARD OF DIRECTORS
MARY PICKFORD
CHARLIE CHAPLIN
DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS
SAMUEL GOLDWYN

March 28, 1935

D. W. Griffith, Inc.
300 Madison Avenue
New York City

Gentlemen:

It has been brought to our attention that many of the foreign governments are preparing to tax the Producers' Share of Rentals leaving their respective countries on the theory that all of these monies represent profits to the Producers. Therefore in an endeavor to contest these taxes by proving that these monies are not all profits to the Producers, we find it necessary to obtain from each of our Producers certificates of negative costs, which certificates should show in one figure alone the total negative cost for each film, and the certificates must bear accountant certification.

At the present time we are preparing certain figures of revenue, etc. in respect to this problem in the Philippine Islands, and in view of the foregoing, we should thank you to send us as early as possible certificates of negative costs for the undermentioned films which we are distributing for you:

ABRAHAM LINCOLN
STRUGGLE

We wish to add that we will prepare all of the necessary figures etc. to contest these tax claims at a considerable cost to us, but without any cost whatsoever to our Producers. However, unless we receive the foregoing certificates, we will not be able to contest these various tax claims and the the Producers involved will then be called upon to pay taxes on their share of the revenue leaving the country concerned.

We should thank you to give this matter your usual prompt attention.

Yours very truly

UNITED ARTISTS CORPORATION

W. Liebler

W. Liebler
Foreign Comptroller

TRH:ED

April 2 - 193-.

Dear Mr Southern, If Mr Muller wishes this authorization to mail to be O.K.'d by an officer of the Corp. you can just endorse it "O.K. D.W. Griffith Inc. By - - - President and have Jack sign it first time you have him over.

I have just had Mrs Ogleby - (Pate Ogleby) send check to a firm of White Plains attorneys for $200 - for account D.W. Griffith Inc. Will you kindly send the P.O. money orders to as fast as they money becomes available and continue

until the $200- is made up, to the First Nat Bk & Trust Co. Tuckahoe N.Y. and ask that the moneys be credited to account of Kate Oglesby. Kindly write the notice as each P.O. order is sent to the Bank so I may also keep a record and account.

Very truly Yours

W P Oglesby

D. W. GRIFFITH COLLECTION
MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY

Bee 3
6497

745-11th Avenue N. E.
St. Petersburg, Florida
April 6, 1935.

Mr. N. R. Greathouse,
Hotel Mansfield Hall,
226 West 50th Street,
New York

Dear Mr. Greathouse:

There is a balance of about $68.00 to the credit of D. W. Griffith Inc., in the Underwriters Trust Company, the branch on Johns Street, I think about #111. In any event it is almost exactly across the street from #116 Johns Street where Leslie J. Tompkins has his office. Checks on this account had to be signed by the President and Treasurer. Since xxxxxxxxReynolds resignation as secretary & treasurer were accepted there has been no one to sign these checks as treasurer and I have been a little puzzled about how to get this money. This account was opened in the Underwriters Trust Company upon an introduction either by Tompkins or by an attorney named Shapiro who was then in an office with or adjoining Tompkins. I wrote Tompkins some two weeks ago and asked him if he could not get the Underwriters Trust Company to draw its check for this balance to the order of D. W. Griffith Inc., and deliver to him so he could turn it over to me to be used for the purposes of the Corporation. Tompkins promptly answered stating that he would take care of the matter but I suppose he was busy and forgot about it. I wish you would drop in and see Tompkins and perhaps between the two of you or with the assistance of Mr. Shapiro you can get this money or a check for it to the order of the Corporation which you can get cashed upon the endorsement of the President.

I have been called on for some more expense money in connection with about 14 actions affecting taxes, assessments, etc., on the Edgewater Point property and Kate Oglesby says she will not give any more checks for the benefit of this Corporation until she learns that something on account of the last $300.00 check is being paid into the Tuckahoe Bank. So the sooner you can get some of the little checks cashed and the money, after payment of your expenses and whatever you have to give Fox, into the Tuckahoe Bank by sending them P. O. Money Orders as suggested the better it will be for me. Don't say anything to Tompkins about using this little money for Edgewater Point. He filed some of the certiorari proceedings in that matter for which he has not been paid and if you call it to his attention he will want to grab the $68.00. When the suits are over or some of the property sold he will get his money and this little bit would not mean anything on his fffees.

Very truly yours

W R Oglesby

Last Two pages

D. W. GRIFFITH COLLECTION
MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY

Radio Department
ERWIN, WASEY & COMPANY, Inc.

420 Lexington Avenue, New York City, Mohawk 4-8700

CLIENT: BARBASOL PROGRAM **DATE:** WEDNESDAY-APR. 10, 1935

PROGRAM: EDWIN C. HILL-"THE HUMAN SIDE OF THE NEWS" **TIME:** 8:15 - 8:30 P.M. - EST

NUMBER: RS-C **STATIONS:** W A B C - C.B.S.

EDWIN C. HILL:

Good evening everyone ...

The eyes of the world turn to a small city in Italy, Stresa. For at Stresa within a few hours the statesmen of three countries guarded by 5,000 tropps, will meet in an earnest effort to cement European peace. The Prime Minister of Great Britain, Ramsay MacDonald; the Premier of Italy, Benito Mussolini and the Premier and Foreign Minister of France, Pierre Etienne Flandin and his colleague, Monsieur Laval, will all sit down together to devise ways and means of keeping Europe out of war. A very uncertain note is given to the coming conference by the British statement that Great Britain will not make any new commitments in the way of alliances at the Stresa conference. It is difficult to see just what can be accomplished unless the three great nations are willing to commit themselves to a definite alliance not for war, not against Germany but to maintain peace. In the meantime there is reason to believe that

France and Russia have entered into an alliance within the framework of the League of Nations. No matter what takes place at Stresa in the next few days it does seem that Europe is back about where she was before the great war began .....

****

The President, returning to the White House from his Bahamian vacation and from the funeral of his cousin, Mr. Robbins, in New York, confers with his principal advisers on a program to speed up the belated action of Congress. It is understood that Mr. Roosevelt gives his tacit approval to the much discussed social security bill.

****

The chances are that the fifty boys between the ages of twelve and eighteen who, at the suggestion of this speaker, are being sent, all expenses paid and under careful guardianship for a midsummer visit to the nation's capital, will have plenty to attract the gaze of their bright young eyes. They are being treated to a visit to Washington to give them a sense of their country's greatness, an idea of how their government is conducted, and a notion of the magnificence and beauty of Washington itself. The great idea is to give to these youngsters some worthwhile impressions that will remain with them, helpfully

inspirationally, through life. Anyone interested in this project of my sponsors, the Barbasol, Bost and Kreml Companies, will receive full details of the plan by writing to me, Edwin C. Hill at Post Office Box No 555, Grand Central Post Office, New York City.

****

In Germany the medieval battle-axe which is employed over there to transfer humans into another existence, today lopped off the heads of two men accused of slaying Horst Wessel, Nazi hero. The sixty-seven year old official executioner put on his silk hat, his white kid gloves and his tail coat to swing his broad-bladed axe with vigor when a young Jew named Epstein, and a young Aryan named Zieglier, both communists, were led to the block and their heads bowed down upon it. ... From Germany also comes the news that the glittering air minister of the Reich, Gen. Wilhelm Goehring was married today to Emmy Sonneman, the well-known German actress. Tremendous to-do was made over the event by the Nazis and Berlin was a riot of color and sound from end to end. A hundred airplanes roared over the city as Herr Hitler's chief aide, attired in a sky-blue uniform with a broad white stripe down the trouser legs, was united to Frau Sonneman who was dressed in blue-gray with a diadem of sapphires and diamonds .....

****

In Paris a German named Edward Bernhuber, was seized by the French Secret Police on the charge that he was the director of military spying in France. It is said that Bernhuber posed in French political circles as an apostle of Franco-German friendship. This arrest, following many other seizures of spies and espionage trials, calls attention to the fact that military spying is more prevalent throughout Europe today than it has been at any time since before the great war. It is a condition which reflects the suspicion which every great power entertains as to the motives and intentions of other countries. .....

****

A most interesting issue is raised before the Supreme Court of the United States. Growing out of the removal some months ago of Mr. Humphreys, who was a member of the Federal Trade Commission obnoxious to President Roosevelt. The issue has been raised before the great court as to whether the president has unlimited power to remove any officer in the government. Never have the transactions of the Supreme Court been more interesting or important to the American people.

****

Interesting to hear that more than four hundred cases at law, attacking the constitutionality of the New Deal, are up for review by the Supreme Court and very quietly the ultimate fate of the New Deal will be decided by the nine

judges of our high court. Ancient German tribes used to constitute a supreme court of the oldest men with the longest beards and the most powerful voices. This Wittenagemoot, as they called it, would reach a decision by a shouting competition. The members, reviewing a decision of a lower court, would ponder the evidence calmly enough without any shouting, but then as now, there were differences of opinion and frequently almost equal division. Then the old boys would square away to shout each other down. It was, of course, an outdoor decision with plenty of voice range, usually on a mountain top with the idea that the loudest, and therefore prevailing decision would be heard throughout ancient Germania. Our Supreme Court is made up of elderly men, with only two of them bearded, but they leave all the shouting to the lawyers. It is only in recent years that the Supreme Court steadily has divided fairly evenly, and in these years there has been an increasing pressure of public opinion. From 1918 to 1923 there were more 5-4 decisions than in the entire history of the court. It was a conservative majority then, with Justices Holmes, Brandeis, Clarke and McKenna quite uniformly dissenting. There was the decision against the child labor amendment; the injunction decisions; the Danbury Hatters' case, in which the seizure of the property of striking workers was sustained; the eight-hour-law decision, and other decisions strongly buttressing property rights.

Through the 1920's this alignment continued, and it was not until after the start of the depression that it was broken. Chief Justice Hughes and Chief Justice Roberts began moving over to the other side, "to commit the court definitely to a human rather than an academic interpretation of the constitution." Beginning in 1930, there was a series of 5-4 decisions and then and subsequently a sharper judicial inclination toward human rights, as opposed to property rights, than in the entire 134 years of the history of the courts. Of course, intelligent conservatives aren't going to admit that they are in any degree less human or humane than the other side, and there are quicksands of logic in the question of constitutional liberalism, but this has been a ready and understandable classification. And, as between these two, there has grown up a vast body of hair-line doctrine, with the austere Chief Justice Hughes becoming one of the most powerful and significant figures in the world today, as he stands at the fulcrum of this delicate balance. But this has not come upon us suddenly. After the Spanish American war, there was a 5-4 decision, focus of bitter national contention, which impelled America on a long new highway. It involved the issue of what, in the catch-as-catch-can arguments of the day was called imperialism. It was a resounding national issue, hard fought in congress, in the newspapers and in every public forum. The 5-4 decision

of the Supreme Court held that territorial expansion was constitutional. It has seemed to me that we as a people used to get worked up more over such matters in those days than we do now. There was less of "let George do it," or "let F.D.R. do it." Old Champ Clark of Missouri was raging around the country, macerating the imperialists. He had one argument which, regardless of the merits of the controversy, seemed to me a model for succinct statement. Speaking of the Philippines, he would say solemnly: "One of two things is so. Either these people can govern themselves, or they can't govern themselves. If they can't govern themselves, we don't want 'em. We're a self-governing people. If they can govern themselves ... for God's sake let 'em govern themselves." But the Supreme Court had its say. We governed the Philippines and now we are at last taking Champ Clark's advice and getting ready to "let 'em govern themselves." Our burning questions of national policy turn inward. We repudiate the world court, we turn away from colonial expansion and foreign political and economic adventure. Our hair-line doctrine, our critical alignment, today involves America and Americans. Curiously, the five liberal justices are from the conservative East. Much of the stiffest conservatism of America today is in the hinterland; much of the daring liberalism in urban regions. Quietly with dignity, the Supreme Court prepares to make

perhaps the most important fiscal decisions in our history. It must chart a new course for America. The new birth of a nation ... which makes me think of something.

oooooooooooooooooo

This has been a remarkable season, for really fine motion pictures, and it's hard to realize that pictures are so young. It was just twenty years ago that I made my way to the Liberty Theatre in New York City, to see a motion picture that was to make history. Up to then the cinema has been a crude copy of the legitimate stage, or else garish melodrama and pie-throwing comedies. But this picture was different. We who went to scoff, remained to cheer. We were thrilled, entranced, and at the finish a man in light gray business suit came before the curtain to acknowledge appreciation of his work. Only twenty years ago ... David Wark Griffith, "The Birth of a Nation" and the birth of the modern motion picture. And now motion picture theatres on every street corner, in every town and hamlet of the entire civilized world, good screen plays with realism, actors talking ... David Copperfield, The Bengal Lancer, One Night of Love. It all happened because the boy from the hills of Kentucky had the idea. He would bring the movies to the level of the spoken stage. He would take them out of the nickelodeons. He would go beyond five reels and produce a whole evening's entertainment for which the public would pay two dollars instead of ten cents. And he did it. Griffith

was thirty-five years old at the time. The son of 'Old Thunder Jake' Griffith, a Confederate cavalry leader, he had come to New York when he was eighteen, with a capital of fifteen dollars. Someone told him he looked like an actor, whereupon he became one, carrying a spear in the Shakespeare company of Walker Whiteside and writing cheap scenarios on the side. By accident he got a movie director job making the accepted 800-foot films which ran for ten minutes. His employers wouldn't stand for anything else. It was only by the subterfuge of making what were supposed to be five different stories that Griffith was able to put across the first serial. A friend in the Biograph Company, knowing Griffith's family history, suggested to him that he read Thomas Dixon's novel 'The Klansman'. It seemed to him that there was a picture in it. Griffith tells the story himself: "I agreed with him. When we started to produce this film we had no intention of making a full evening's entertainment, but as it progressed we hated to cut it. My best argument for preserving all of it was drawn from seeing a quite inferior play getting the people into a Broadway theatre at two fifty a head. I said if people would pay that much for a poor show, they would certainly pay two dollars to see ours. And so the great experiment was made. The Birth of a Nation made a tremendous fortune for the men who invested in it. It paid me only my salary, and eventually it was the cause of me losing my job. I thought that, since the piece had

been such a great success, that in future outputs I ought to have, in addition to my salary, a small percentage of the profits. They laughed at me saying, 'You are only a cog in a great machine.' So the cog, that's me, got out." The Birth of a Nation cost probably one hundred thousand dollars to produce. They say it has earned around fifteen million dollars, the absolute record of all time. It brought capital rushing into motion picture fields. It turned obscure fifty dollar actors and actresses into glittering stars at fabulous salaries, and transplanted them from New York boarding houses to palaces in California. It made history that March night in the old Liberty of Broadway.

I thank you.

Friday April I2 I935.

Dear Mr. Oglesby.

Attach statement of the checks received. Four of them were returned by the Bank. The others for large amounts got through I made good for the one that I cashed for Fox. 7.46. Will try and put them through again one at a time.

Its cold and we have had five days of cold misty rain. hope you a ll having a good time. I am not.

As ever

St Peter
4-13-35

Dear Mr Featherman,

I have your letter and thank you.

Do not get the impression that I question the correctness of your reports. Also will say that after we get this $200, item made up I plan that you are to have a part of what comes in and I wish you to pay for some of it. I will account for this as paid you and for services.

What I wish to make sure of is that the account is correct - I do not wish to be tripped in any errors, no matter how small.

Sincerely yours
W P Ogilvy

The Pelican

Apr. 14 - 1935

Dear Mr Smithouse,

I am sorry to put you to so much trouble about these checks. Perhaps the U.S.A. would give you one check to D.W. Griffith, Inc in exchange for all the cancelled checks of theirs you have on hand. I think we can arrange to have this cashed or perhaps endorsed and drawn ~~on~~ against with the endorsement and signature of D. W. Griffith Inc — by Alexander W. Fox, President and Sole Surviving Trustee. We have no other officer or director now & this makes for Sole Surviving Trustee. But do what you can toward getting the 1500 cashed until I come up.

which will be in about another
week including a stop in
Washington. Looks doubtful
if there will be much more,
but I hope enough to
complete the $200. to Irvington
Bank and something for you
and Jos.

I'll write you before I leave
in sight.

Very truly
W. F. Oglesby.

Kate was operated on Saturday
and is reported to be getting on
very well. It is only after the
third day they feel safe in
operations of this kind.

W.F.O.

D. W. GRIFFITH
MUSEUM OF MODERN

St Pete
April 16-1935.

Dear Mr Heathcock,

I Thank you for sending me the papers Garrett wanted Jax to sign. Garrett and I are in litigation and he tried to pull a fast one by getting Jax to sign this paper. Some of it is true, but that part is unimportant. Some of it is false, and that part would help him & hurt me. Jax apparently did not understand the why and wherefor of some things he had done and Garrett put some things about it in his head and tried to put them in his mouth and get him to put it on paper. Garrett is a very foxy gent. If he had gone along with me I think we could have pulled out with some money for both of us. But he thought he saw a chance to make some quick money at my expense, so we quit.

Sincerely Yours
W R Oglesby

D.W. is playing golf with much more confidence and has greatly improved his game. He is looking fine.

April 16? 1935.

Dear Mr Oglesby.

Attached statement from Uni#ted Artists of moneys ######## paid. This includes the amount of $6.69. as shown on the statement, this chec on hand received thas morning.

Have the following checks on hand returned by bank they refused to cash on account of the endorsement.

$ 11.19.... $ 7.34..... $ 7.46...$ 4.06.

Total $30.01. of this amoun I owe the hotel $ 7.46 for the check I got cashed for Fox. I gave them the money back for the others.

You will have to make some arrangement to open an account so that ######## these checks can be ######## deposited and drawn against. Would it be possible to open a D.W. G. Inc Special account. that Fox alone could sign for.

The firm of Housman Grossman & Vourhouse are repesenting the purchaser of Blossoms, have found all the contracts that will be nessecary to give title, and have already planted the fact that the D.W.G. Inc. owes Mr G. money and that the check could be made out to Mr G. but that the president of the Incorporation would sign for #### the Corporation, told them that this was the way Abeles handeled the sale on Way Down East and I think there will be no trouble from that end. as long as both Mr G and the president both sign. When the contracts are ready will send by air mail for you to pas on . The contracts will call for the delivery of the negatives and some thing will have to be given Lloyds before they will turn loose.

They are having a search made at Washington on the copyright, this will take a couple of days.

Dont worry my records will be correct and I will account for every nickle.

Have the signed letter from Fox to get the 68.00 out of the Underwriters Trust and will go there to-morrow morning , we are going to be up against #### the indorsement thing with that one as well as the others. Advise me regarding how to handle.

The English people have cabled for a price on Orphans of the Storm I wired Mr Griffith but he has decided that it is toexpensive to phone so I am writing him to day.

As ever.

April 18, 1935.

Dear Mr. Oglesby.

Have yours regarding getting the United Artists to give one check in the place of the ones that I have. Thought would try and sneak them by as they have the hotel endorsement on them, will try and if I dont get the first one past will go to the U.A. and get a new one for the full amount. $41.20. this will include the one I owe the hotel for $7.46. the amount that I gave Fox.

When I got through telling Mandelbaum what a chance he would stand if they ever went to court he decided that it was better to have twenty five than a suit.

Have been writing Mr.G. in full about the Blossom thing sure hope it goes through.

What shall I do with the check from bank when I get it, am waiting for Tompkins to send it to me, it will be made out to D.W.G. Inc. He cant hang on to it.

Sincerely hope Mrs Oglesby is out of danger. with kindest to all.

As ever.

d

(Lord Beaverbrook)

CHERKLEY,
LEATHERHEAD,
SURREY.

28th April, 1935.

My dear Griffith,

I was very glad indeed to get your telegram giving me your address. And I make immediate use of it.

I hope very much we shall see you here during this summer. It will give me great happiness to have you stay with me again, at Cherkley near Leatherhead, where you once read so brilliantly on a Sunday night "The Sermon on the Mount".

I wish too that I could interest you in a movement which is now finding expression in Britain and in America. It is a movement in the direction of these two countries resolving to keep out of entanglements leading to war.

I enclose you a pamphlet which has recently been issued. Ten million copies are in process of being distributed to the people of Britain.

If I could lay my hands on a good band made up of Americans who took part in the last war I would like to bring it to Britain. Such a band with banners should be marched through the country from county to county, carrying a message of goodwill and peace in years to come. I would gladly pay the expenses of the band out of my own pocket.

In the meantime preparations for war in Europe are going on at a gigantic rate. There has never been anything like it. And I hope you will give this earnest advice to America to get ready.

The best plan for preparation would be a companionship of the United States and Britain and the British Empire.

Come here and come very soon.

Yours ever,

M. B.

D.W. Griffith, Esq.,
300, Madison Avenue,
New York.

Dear Mr Featherse,

I gave the enclosed check for $34 plus to Judge Stephen Holden to pay for minutes & testimony taken in a suit by Mr S. For some reason he could not collect it. I am wondering if you can get it cashed. I have to pay this money to Holden who has made the disbursement in the suit & must be reimbursed. If you can't cash this ck because it is crossed perhaps the U. A. Corp. will give you new one in exchange that you can cash. If & when you get the cash please send it to me by P.O. order - taking out your expense. do not send me any more of these checks. Have Fox endorse them & collect - Take out something for your father and send me P.O. Orders, keeping careful account of the amts sent me so I may account correctly for all money received. I am sending you two little ones to be so handled. Send the P.O. orders to W R Ogden, Atty.

Some months ago the young lady in my office phoned Reynolds that she had three U.S. Artists Ctfs drawn to the order of D.W. Griffith Inc and Frank L Reynolds jointly (This was the arrangement before the row with Reynolds, after which his resignation that was filed right after his election Secty drawn to be ~~was~~ accepted when the Pres. so elected, was accepted & since then the U.S. Artists Ctfs are drawn simply to D.W. Griffith Inc) and asked him if she should send them to him by mail if he would endorse as the money could be deposited in the Corp. account. He replied, yes! So she sent him the Ctfs - He turned them over to his atty Robert L Reinhardt, 277 Broadway N.Y. City, who Rep's the Ctfs. They are no use to him & he has no right to retain them, neither has Reynolds. The amounts are small & a suit to recover them would cost more than the amts. See if you can not induce Reinhardt to turn over the Ctfs to you so you can return them to the U. A. Corp. in exchange for Ctfs to D.W. Griffith Inc which you can then cash. Very truly, W R Oglesby

GRIFFITH COLLECTION AT MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY

MURRAY HILL 2-5235

SUITE 1002
300 MADISON AVENUE
NEW YORK

Dear Mr Featherstone, Have just received check from Pat. The check you sent me today I am sending him for himself. He has to sign some papers for the attorneys in the tax matter, taking a trip to W.P. for that purpose and has had no pay in some time. It may be he can not get the ck cashed. I am writing him if he has any trouble cashing it to call on you. Don't say anything to him about the other checks going to you. I am getting from you for the last two months a lot of fine conversation about the sale of different plays. Can't you merge some of this conversation into a contract? Unless they are not all dead. Expect.

Very truly
W R Oglesby

Have had this up with the Unintrd Artists, Lincoln figures will be furnished by Art Cinema.

If you know the cost send to me, and I will make the statement according to books. It will have to be sworn to and I cam have For do it.

Dear Mr Featherse. I have not the slightest idea of the cost or how to ascertain it. Perhaps Mr Clune can help work it out. Anyway we get none of the Abraham Lincoln Money and will not incur expense on that. Probably the cost of ascertaining the cost of the Struggle may be (over)

more than it is worth.
Come to think of it perhaps
you can get this from
the people who printed
the films - You know them
and plenty argument with them

WRO.

May 2, 1935.

Mr. Richard Polimer,
6606 Sunset Boulevard,
Hollywood, California.

Dear Dick:

We have sold the rights to "Broken Blossom". In view of the request made by Mr. Persoff under date of March 27th, I did not insist upon the return of the scripts. However, now that the story has been sold and there is no possible chance of his having any further use for the material, I have written him to return them to me at once. I will appreciate it if you will see that they are sent to me in care of the Park Central Hotel, New York City, by Air Mail Special Delivery as you can understand how embarrassing it is to me that they are not in my possession.

Thanking you in advance for your attention to the above and with kindest personal regards, believe me,

Sincerely,

N. R. Greathouse.

May 2, 1935.

Mr. Albert M. Persoff,
Story Editor,
RKO Studios Inc.
Los Angeles, California.

Dear Mr. Persoff:

In consideration of the emphasis you put on my not requesting the return of "Broken Blossom" script, I have until now complied with the request contained in your letter of March 27th. But since the rights to the picture have now been sold, I must ask you to be good enough to return both copies of the script to me by Air Mail Special Delivery in care of the Park Central Hotel, New York City at once.

I am depending upon you to take care of this matter immediately as I am placed in a most embarrassing position by not having them in my possession right now.

With kind regards, believe me,

Sincerely,

N. R. Greathouse

NRG:H

May 8th, 1935.

Dear Jack:

Please see Richard Pollimer an agent, at 6606 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood. I was fool enough to send him two scripts on Broken Blossoms and I have requested that they be returned to me several times; but up to the present, haven't been able to get them back. Under date of March 11th, I received a letter from Albert M. Persoff, Story Editor, RKO Studios Inc., L. A. saying that Mr. Pollimer was not responsible in the delay and requesting me as a favor to himself to not insist upon their return at that time.

I have written and wired Mr. Pollimer and written Mr. Persoff and in order to get the scripts back have told them that the story was sold and there is no reason for their retaining them. I can't tell you in what an embarrassing position this is placing me with Mr. Griffith and will appreciate it more than I can say if you will see Mr. Persoff and Mr. Polimer and if the scripts are not in the mail, use this letter as your authority to obtain them and mail them to me Airmail, special del'y. at once. I will reimburse you for any expense you are put to.

Say, Jack, whatever you do, don't delay getting these scripts and returning them to me. It's hell. I will write you fully in the next couple of days.

As ever --

ALL COMMUNICATIONS TO BE ADDRESSED TO THE COMPANY AND NOT TO INDIVIDUALS.

British International Pictures Ltd.

(Successors to British National Pictures Ltd.)

TELEPHONE:
STUDIOS: ELSTREE 271.
GERRARD 4314 (5 LINES)
CABLES:
MUTUAMOS-LONDON.
TELEGRAMS:
NATSTUDIOS, PHONE, BOREHAM WOOD.

REGISTERED OFFICES:
FILM HOUSE.
WARDOUR STREET.
LONDON, W.1.

Elstree Studios.
Boreham Wood.
Elstree, HERTS.

DIRECTORS:
JOHN MAXWELL (CHAIRMAN).
SIR CLEMENT KINLOCH-COOKE, BART., K.B.E.
JEROME DENNY BRIGHT.
MAURICE ARTHUR DENT.
[redacted]
WILLIAM DOUGLAS SCRIMGEOUR

25th. May 1935. 19

PLEASE QUOTE REF HB/BP.

D. W. Griffith Esq.,
Julius Hagan Studios,
Twickenham.

Dear D.W.

Welcome to England. Good luck to you. I have never ceased to be grateful for all you taught me.

Have you seen 'Les Miserables'? You will notice that they are distinctly reverting to the method of photography which you introduced so many years ago.

We must have a luncheon together soon.

Most cordially Yours,

Hubert Bruce

UP THE YEARS WITH D. W. GRIFFITH

By FRANK S. NUGENT.

DAVID WARK GRIFFITH has been described as the Columbus of the Cinema. Today he finds himself in much the same position as Columbus would be returning to the New World. There is one difference: Christopher would get a grand reception; David Wark is on the outside, looking in. He may not be without honor, but he is without a job in the industry which he, perhaps more than any other, helped advance.

There is no bitterness in him, no resentment at the men and the forces that tossed him aside. One counted upon him to speak disdainfully of the screen, to belittle its accomplishments, to carp upon its constant use of the technical devices he originated and employed. One waited upon Mr. Griffith with a steel slate and expected him to write in acid.

* * *

"My God," he said, and there was no blasphemy in his words, "the screen has done tremendous things! Why, it's only about twenty-five years old! How far it has come from the old nickelodeon days!"

Tall, hawk-nosed, ruddy-cheeked, Griffith dresses in the style of the old theatre. His yellow cane is a wand, a sceptre and a sword; his broad-brimmed fedora is jauntily angled; his gray, broad-checked suit is modishly, youthfully tailored.

Consuming cigarette after cigarette and artfully declining to be cast for the interview in the rôle of cinema sage and prophet, he was explicit—to the point of evasiveness—about the three years that have passed since he sold his partnership in United Artists and left Hollywood.

* * *

He returned from England about a month ago, he said. He had been doing a bit of writing, looking around, meeting old friends. Lord Beaverbrook was trying to interest him in some film work to further cordial relations between England and the United States. Something may come of it in time. Meanwhile he had two plays to write. Subjects? Well, he'd prefer not to disclose them. Anything definite as to production? No, that didn't matter. It was getting them done, getting them out of his mind that counted.

"I had the idea for one of them more than thirty years ago. It's still timely, still fresh," he said. "I never had time to do it when I was in Hollywood."

He tapped out the stub of another cigarette, stared at the ceiling.

"You know, I never went into the movies to stay. I went there just to make money so I would have time to write."

Questions about the present, about his future, brought short, non-committal answers. His mood changed when he was asked about some of his earlier adventures in camera land. He chuckled as he recalled how Biograph fired him for his experiment with indirect lighting.

In those days they filmed pictures with as much overhead or frontal light as they could command. Griffith insisted one day that his camera man photograph a player with the light at his back. The result, naturally, was a black and white silhouette. The problem remained unsolved until he was in a restaurant one day and saw a waiter raise a table cloth. It caught the light and reflected it on the face of a diner.

* * *

Griffith hurried back to the studio, had a player sit with the light at his back and then spread a white cloth behind the camera to act as a reflector. A few feet of experimental film were exposed and a studio chief, hearing of this excessive waste of valuable footage, fired Griffith. Fortunately, J. J. Kennedy, president of Biograph, saw the film, admired the effect and Griffith was rehired. Such was the beginning of the now general method of lighting sets.

He enjoyed, too, the re-telling of the birth of the first two-reeler. Pictures, up to that time, were one reel long, or less. No audience, it was argued, could sit through more than fifteen minutes of the same picture. But Griffith, being a prodigious user of film, made one drama that lasted almost 2,000 feet.

"The studio refused to show it as a two-reeler," he recalled. "They made it a serial and ran one episode as 'The Trust' and the second as 'The Trust Fulfilled.' It succeeded, so they tried showing it in full. Soon we were making three and four-reelers."

* * *

"But all this is ancient history," Mr. Griffith would say, and then would be reminded of something that happened during filming of "Birth of a Nation" (which, incidentally, cost about $90,000 to produce, even though it was advertised as a $1,000,000 picture) or "Hearts of the World," the propaganda film he made in England at the Allies' behest during the war.

The "Hearts of the World" story bears re-telling, concerning, as it does the initial appearance in any dramatic capacity of one Noel Coward. As Griffith remembers it, Mr. Coward was an eager young man anxious to obtain work as an extra. One scene called for a horny-handed workman to trundle a wheel-barrow down the street and bump into another individual so as to make him drop a letter he was carrying.

" 'Can you push a wheel-barrow,' I asked Coward. 'I'd be delighted,' he said. He was a sharp youngster. After starting across the set, he turned back and said, 'Don't you think it would be more original, Mr. Griffith, if I pulled the wheel-barrow after me instead of pushing it before me?' You see, he had an original mind even then."

Mr. Griffith's stock of stories was not running low, but the supply of cigarettes was. He picked up his gloves and cane. The last barrage of questions and answers revealed that he still remains keenly interested in the screen, attends pictures regularly and is impressed particularly with the possibilities of music.

"The Thin Man" he lists as about the best picture he had seen in recent years, and he paid its director, W. S. Van Dyke, this tribute: "I consider it as good as anything I ever made; I saw it four times, purely for the pleasure of seeing it." Disney, in the Griffith rating, is a genius, with special accolade for "Three Little Pigs" and "Water Babies."

He left, then, headed for somewhere in Massachusetts. He might, he granted, go to Hollywood in a few weeks, but not to do anything about pictures. As he said that, he hesitated, then smiled.

"Of course, if there should be some good job, some picture with an idea to be expressed, why then. . . . But never again will I make a picture just because the producer's schedule demands that it must be made. That was what was wrong with the last three or four I did; they had to be made. . . . And anyway, I'd rather write my play."

SB

1910 1935

Pictures of The Pageant of England and THEIR MAJESTIES' Silver Jubilee 1935

D. W. GRIFFITH COLLECTION
MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY

ORDER OF EVENTS

EPISODE I

A.D. 925 Athelstan Crowned at Kingston-on-Thames

EPISODE II

A.D. 1357 The Return after Poictiers—Edward III

EPISODE III

A.D. 1382 Richard II and the Wat Tyler Rebellion

EPISODE IV

A.D. 1520 Field of the Cloth of Gold

EPISODE V

A.D. 1588 The Triumph of Gloriana

EPISODE VI

A.D. 1640-1660 The House of Stuart

EPISODE VII

A.D. 1794 The Glorious First of June

Marjorie Bowen II

PICTURES

OF

THE PAGEANT OF ENGLAND

AT

LANGLEY PARK

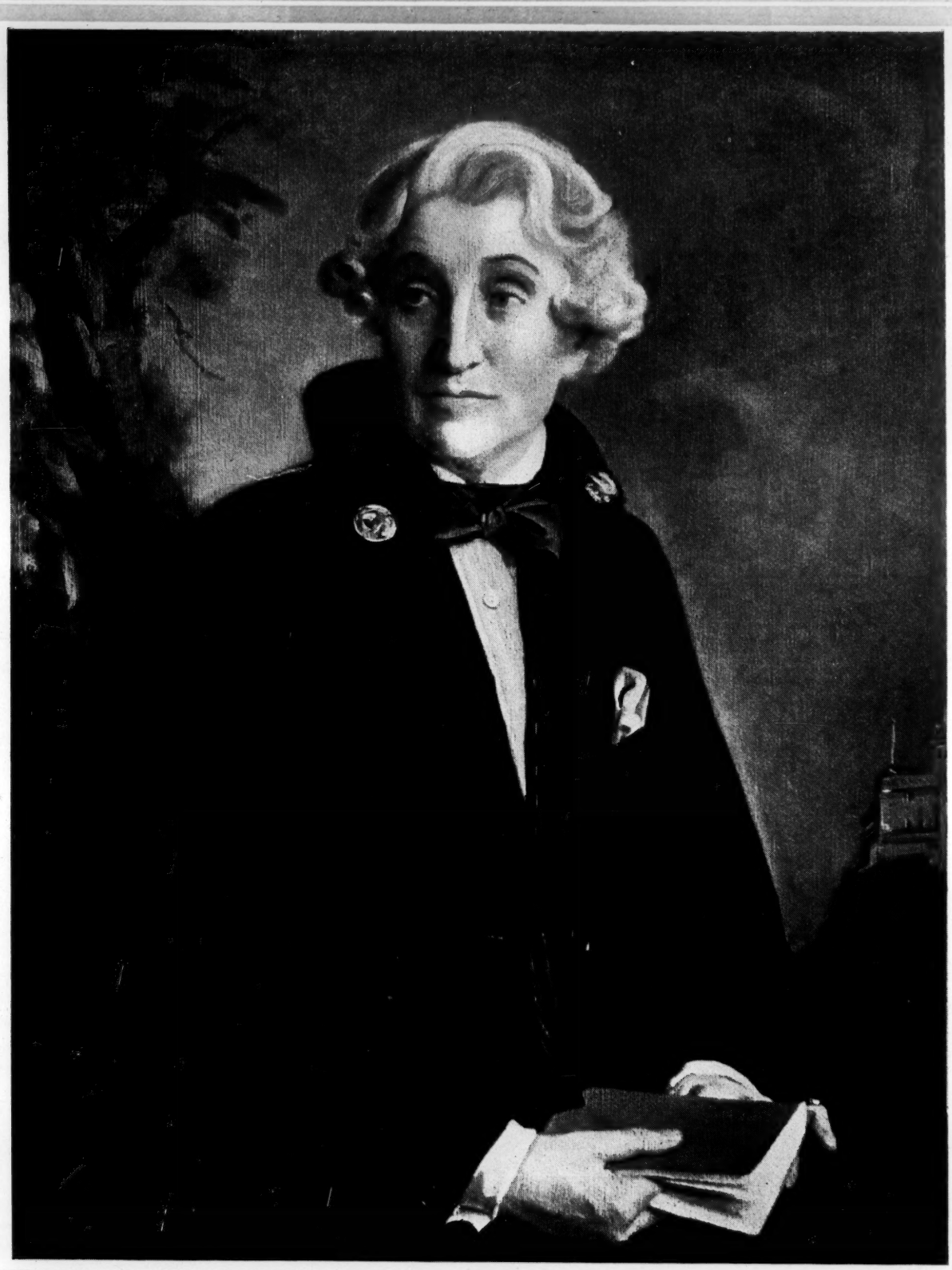
AND

THEIR MAJESTIES' SILVER JUBILEE BOOK

1935

THE HON. LADY HARVEY
President of the Pageant

Emily Harvey



GWEN LALLY
Pageant Master

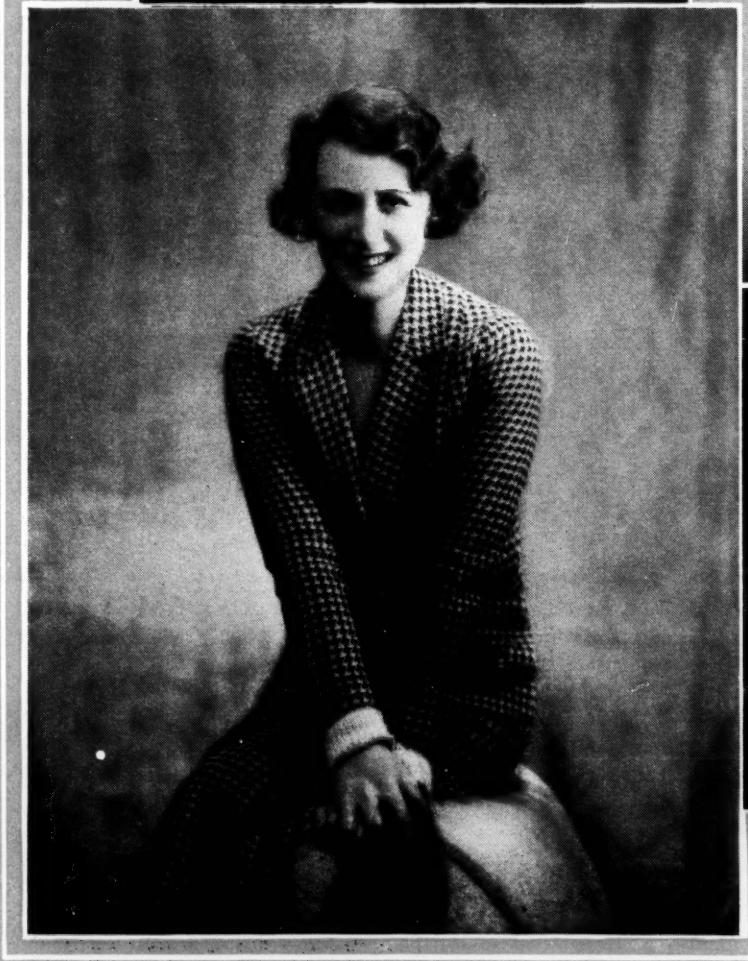
[From the original painting by Cowan Dobson

In remembrance
of Your visit to
The "Cruiser"

Gwen Lally
Pageantmaster
1935

(*Left*)—Miss Violet Vanbrugh

Miss Anabel Gibson



Mrs. Lyster Blandy

"Kitty Blandy"

"This England"

Miss Faith Celli (The Hon. Mrs. Arthur Murray)

WHO SPEAK THE EPILOGUE

LADY GEORGE CHOLMONDELEY

Success to your efforts
for the peace of the world
through two great nations

Mary Cholmondeley

MRS. COWAN DOBSON—Figure of Peace

Phyllis Cowan Dobson

ELSIE BONHEUR
(Mrs. Chas. Hewland)
as her ancestor
LADY ANN VAVASOUR

Elsie Hewland

MR. CHARLES HEWLAND
as
SIR HUMPHREY GILBERT

Chas. E. V. Hewland

MISS LAURETTA HOPE-NICHOLSON as THE GODDESS OF HUMANITY
in The Inigo Jones Masque at the Court of Charles I

Lauretta Hope-Nicholson

MRS. G. A. SUTER
as
CATHERINE OF ARAGON

Mrs. Mary Wike
as
Eleanor D'Autriche

Mrs. Gerald Aylmer
as
The Lady Stanhope

Hon. Mrs. J. Murray Smith

EDWARD III EPISODE
CAPT. COPLAND GRIFFITHS AS THE
BLACK PRINCE

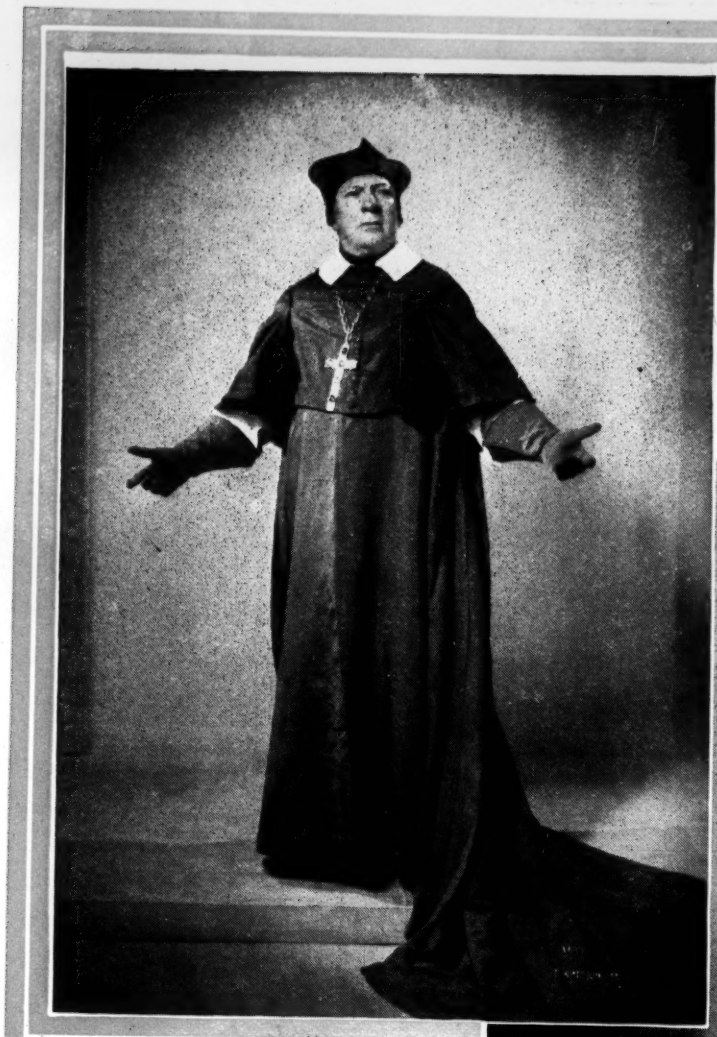
Esmond Copland-Griffiths

EDWARD III EPISODE
DUKE OF NORFOLK—EARL MARSHAL

8B/ Lascelles
"Queen Charlotte"

Veronica Innes
(Fair Maid of Kent)

Maisie Sewell
95 Earls Court Rd
W 8.
designed the
dresses &
painted the
cloaks.
(Ed 11c)



MR. TINGAY
as
CARDINAL WOLSEY

Paul Tingay
with
good wishes
for anglo-american
Peace
10 june 1935

MR. BROUGH ANSDELL as KING HENRY VIII

Brough Ansdell

Denise Lemon hall designed costumes (Rich: II)

R. I. Cawse

Christine Hutchinson Hutton (Richton)
Queen Henrietta Maria.

THE PAGEANT OF ENGLAND

E. Marshall Hood A.R.C.A.
Designer Episodes 3, 4

Joan Wimbush

designed

costumes

Episode I

A SYNOPSIS OF

THE PAGEANT OF ENGLAND

EPISODE I

The Crowning of Athelstan King of all Britain at Kingston-on-Thames. A.D. 925

This Episode shows us:—

(A) The Procession of the Western Church.

(B) The Miracle of the Healing of the Cripple by the Abbot of Glastonbury, with the Holy Thorn.

(C) The Pursuit of the Criminal.

(D) The Crowning of King Athelstan by Bishop Aldhelm.

(E) The Pardoning of the Criminal by Athelstan.

(F) Otto the Great, Emperor of the Holy Roman Empire, and the King of the West Franks, paying tribute to Athelstan.

EPISODE 2

The Return after the Battle of Poictiers. Edward III

We see in this Episode the entrance of the Woodland Spirits, followed by Herne the Hunter and his ghostly attendants.

The entrance of the Court of Edward III, with the ladies of the Court in their armorial cloaks, who are waiting to greet Queen Phillipa, Queen Joanna of Scotland, and the Fair Maid of Kent.

The entrance of Edward III with his prisoners of war, the King of France and the King of Scotland, who take their places on the Dais, in readiness to welcome the Black Prince and his Knights, who have returned victorious from the Battle of Poictiers.

The Fair Maid of Kent presents the Black Prince with a jewel; they speak to Lord James Audley, borne in upon a litter, pledging him in a loving cup.

The Departure of the Court.

EPISODE 3

Richard II and the Wat Tyler Rebellion

Entrance of citizens, peasants, and country folk, who assemble to greet the Boy King, Richard II, and the ladies of the Court, who arrive in the "Char."

A mounted messenger gallops wildly on, announcing the news that Wat Tyler and his rebels are approaching.

The King's guardians (who are his Uncles) hurry him away to safety, but he returns later alone, unarmed.

Wat Tyler is about to present his petition when he is stabbed by the Lord Mayor of London in supposed defence of the King.

The Rebels, deprived of their leader, surrender to the King, craving his pardon, which he grants.

EPISODE 4

The Field of the Cloth of Gold.
Henry VIII, 1520.

This Episode shows us the following incidents in the ceremonials:—

Cooks and scullions make ready for the Field of the Cloth of Gold, where tents are erected for the Kings of England and France.

The Queen of England, Katharine of Aragon, and Queen Claude of France, meet with their ladies and receive Cardinal Wolsey and his retinue, and the French Cardinals on the dais.

King Henry VIII and King Francis I and their Courts enter the field.

The Kings and Queens are entertained by a "Dance of the Four Ladies," a dance in which they are rescued by fantastic knights on hobby horses.

The entrance of the Golden Figure of Peace is the signal for the Kings to embrace, while Cardinal Wolsey, who has been busy all the time with diplomatic conversations, gives them his blessings.

EPISODE 5

The Triumph of Gloriana.
Queen Elizabeth, 1588

This Episode is a symbolic representation epitomising the Golden Age of Queen Elizabeth, in whch Gloriana is shown surrounded by her Court and suitors.

Citizens assemble to see the "Progress" of Queen Elizabeth and acclaim various members of the City Companies, with their banners.

Sir Francis Drake and noted sea captains surround the model of his famous ship, the *Golden Hind*.

The Queen knights the "Brave Lady Cholmondeley." A group of citizens sing a madrigal; dancers form a rainbow and follow the Queen as her procession leaves the arena.

EPISODE 6

The House of Stuart

This Episode shows the betrothal of the Princess Royal, daughter of King Charles I, to Prince William, son of the Prince of Orange.

The ceremony takes place in the Royal Palace of Whitehall on 2nd of May, 1641.

The Episode shows the King presiding over the betrothal, surrounded by the full pageantry of Heralds and Court officials.

Mathew Wren, Bishop of Ely, performs the ceremony.

The Queen, Henrietta Maria, and her mother, Marie de Medici, Queen Mother of France, being Papists, are not present, but look on from a gallery. They return after the ceremony, greet the bridal pair (aged 14 and 9), and take their places beside the King to watch the revelry. The scene closes with a magnificent Masque, inspired by the recorded designs of Inigo Jones. This splendid symbolical entertainment was dressed after the usual manner in pseudo classical costumes, based on the five Orders of Architecture.

EPISODE 7

The Glorious 1st of June, 1794.
George III

This Episode presents to us a scene after "Morland," the "Festival of the Haysel." Decorated farm waggons with milkmaids, and country folk make merry.

Celebrities and townsfolk arrive on the scene on foot and in various vehicles, to enjoy a day in the country.

A post-boy rides on bringing news of Lord Howe's Naval Victory on the "Glorious First of June."

Entrance of King George III, Queen Charlotte, the Prince of Wales, and Princesses in open carriages, followed by other members of the Royal Family, who join in the general merrymaking, and are entertained at the village inn by tumblers, and dancing, etc. After greeting various friends they drive off to the strains of "Rule Britannia."

GRAND EMPIRE FINALE.

ROSE GARDEN OF ENGLAND.

THE EPILOGUE.

ENGLAND.

From Shakespeare.

1910 — 1935

THEIR MAJESTIES'

Silver Jubilee

1935

Printers and Publishers :
Fleetway Press(1930)Ltd., 11-21, Emerald Street, London, W.C.1

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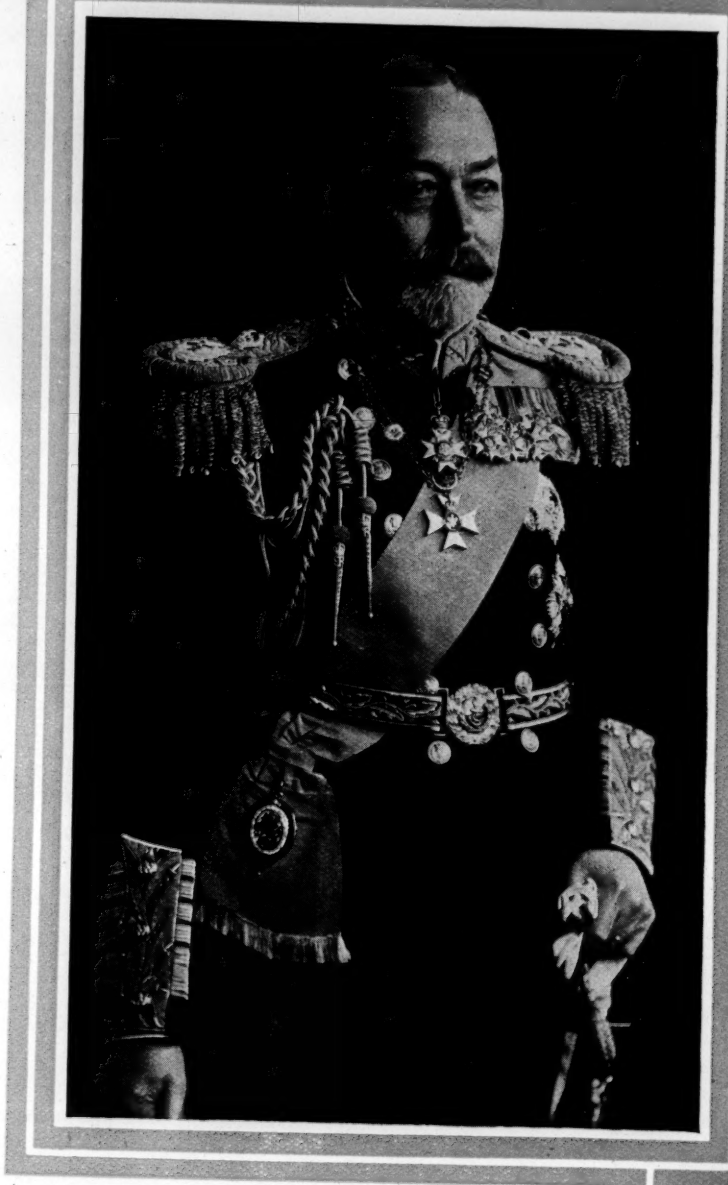
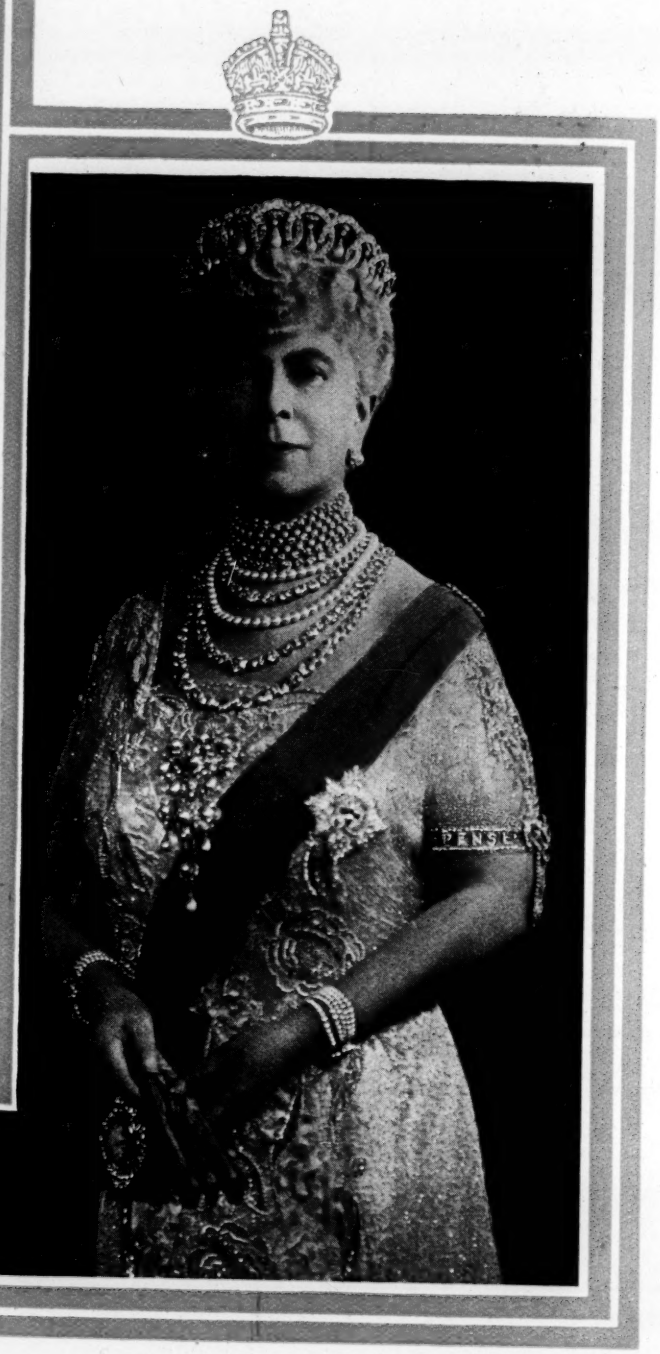
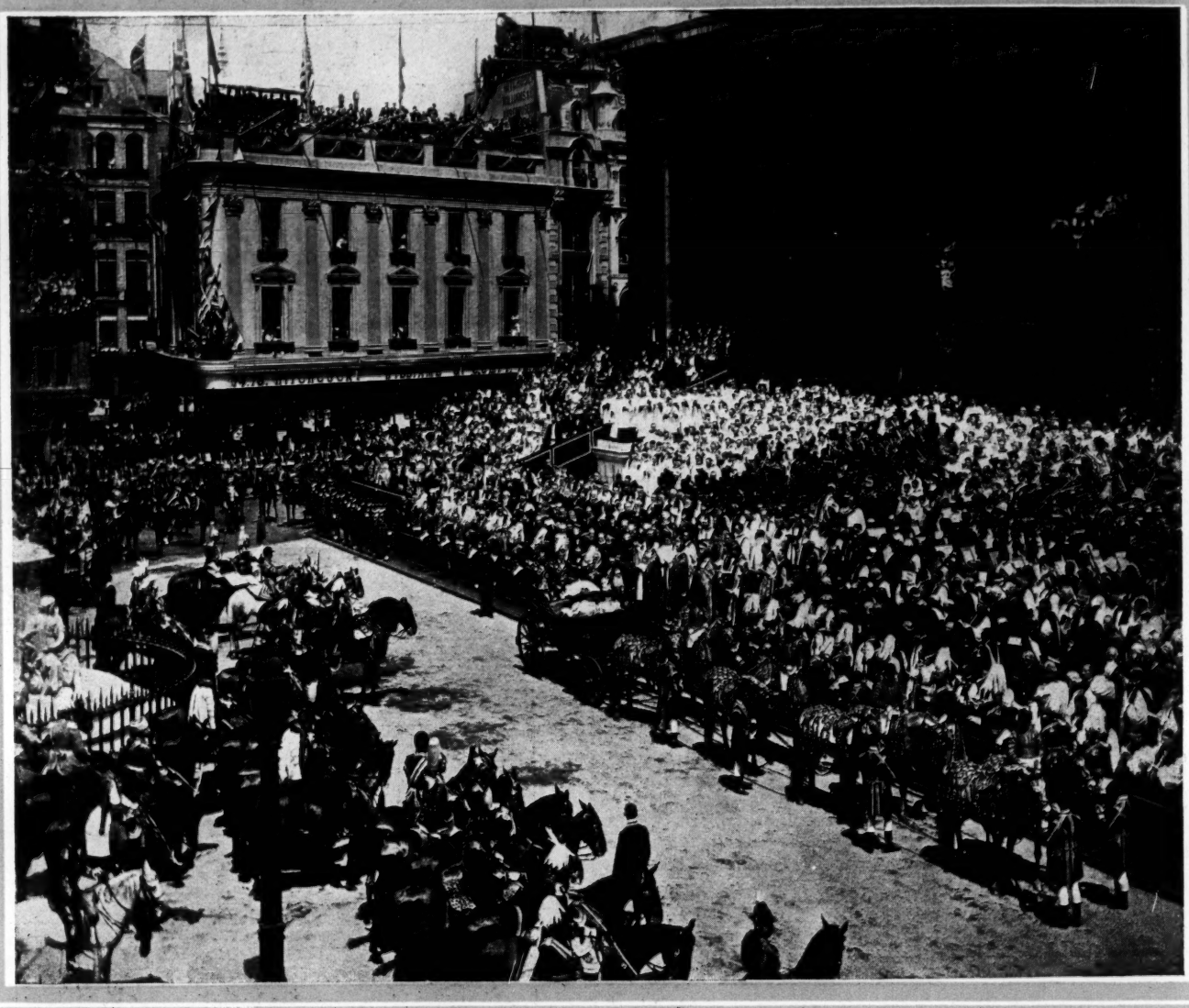




Their Majesties The King and Queen



JUNE 22, 1897

DIAMOND JUBILEE CELEBRATIONS OF QUEEN VICTORIA. A general view of the scene outside St. Paul's Cathedral, London, as Queen Victoria left after the Thanksgiving Service.

ROYAL FAMILY PARTY AT OSBORNE HOUSE

An early picture of a Royal Family Group taken at Osborne House, near Cowes, Isle of Wight. In picture are Princess Margaret of Connaught, Duke of York, Duchess of York, Prince Albert of York, Princess Aribert of Anhalt, Princess Victoria of York, Prince Edward of York, Prince Leopold of Battenberg, Prince Alexander of Battenberg, Queen Victoria (at table in centre), Prince Arthur of Connaught, Queen of Spain, Duchess of Connaught, Princess Ena of Battenberg, Princess Henry of Battenberg, Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein, Princess Patricia of Connaught and Prince Maurice of Battenberg.

An early picture of a Royal Group, including King George V and late King Edward.

Right—Interesting study of King George and the late King Edward taken in the Commodore Wood, Sandringham

Centre—THREE GENERATIONS—An early picture of the late King Edward VII, King George and Prince of Wales

Right—AN EARLY ROYAL GROUP TAKEN AT MARLBOROUGH HOUSE.

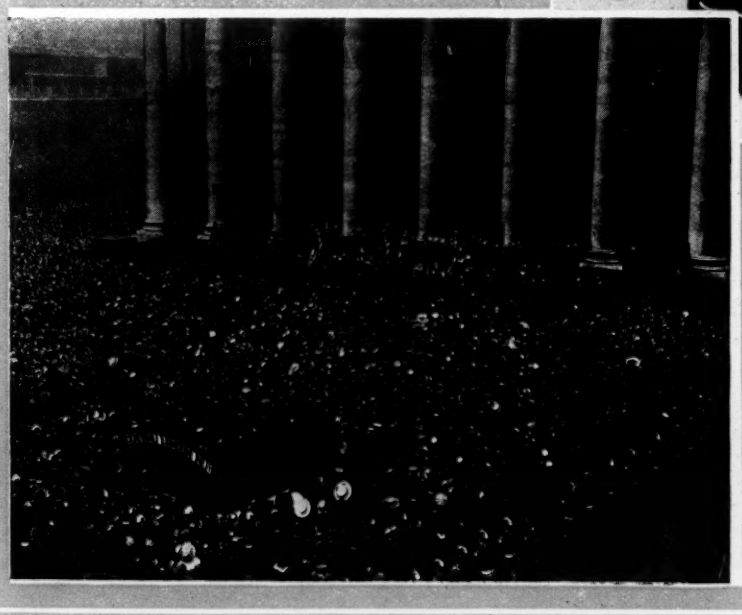
An interesting group showing (left to right) Duke of Clarence, Queen of Norway, Queen Alexandra, Duchess of Fife, King Edward VII, King George (in front) and Princess Victoria (in front).

JUNE, 1911

Coronation of King George V. A close-up of the Royal Coach in the Coronation Procession

JUNE, 1911

Coronation of King George V. The King and Queen at Temple Bar, Fleet Street



MAY, 1910

Proclamation of Accession of King George V at Royal Exchange, London. General view of the crowd at Royal Exchange

MAY, 1914
Top Left—Opening of Royal Tournament, Olympia. King and Queen, Princess Mary, King and Queen of Denmark, Prince Arthur in Royal Box
SEPTEMBER, 1912
Top Right—The King at Army Manœuvres at Little Abington. The King talking with General Foch
JULY, 1911
Centre—Presentation of Prince of Wales to Welsh nation at Carnarvon Castle. Presentation of Prince after Investiture
JUNE, 1913
Bottom Left—The Garter Pageant, Windsor. The King and Queen leaving Chapel
JUNE, 1913
Bottom Right—The King and Queen in Royal Stand at Ascot Races

THE OFFICIAL ORDER OF PROCESSIONS AND SERVICE

THE PRIME MINISTERS' CARRIAGE PROCESSION

Six Carriages

10.2 a.m.—The Prime Ministers' Procession departs from Clarence Gate, The Mall, proceeding by The Mall and Constitution Hill and thence by Constitution Hill, Hyde Park Corner, Piccadilly, St. James's Street, Pall Mall, Trafalgar Square, Duncannon Street, Strand, Fleet Street and Ludgate Hill, arriving at St. Paul's Cathedral at 10.30 a.m. (West Door).

FIRST CARRIAGE

The Prime Minister of the United Kingdom
(The Rt. Hon. J. Ramsay MacDonald)
Miss MacDonald

SECOND CARRIAGE

The Prime Minister of the Dominion of Canada
(The Rt. Hon. R. B. Bennett)
The Prime Minister of the Union of South Africa
(General the Hon. J. B. M. Hertzog)

THIRD CARRIAGE

The Prime Minister of the Commonwealth of Australia
(The Rt. Hon. J. A. Lyons)
Mrs. Lyons

FOURTH CARRIAGE

The Prime Minister of the Dominion of New Zealand
(The Rt. Hon. G. W. Forbes)
Mrs. Forbes

FIFTH CARRIAGE

The Representative for India
(Sir Joseph Bhore)
Lady Bhore

SIXTH CARRIAGE

The Prime Minister of Southern Rhodesia
(The Hon. G. M. Huggins)
Mrs. Huggins
The Prime Minister of Northern Ireland
(The Viscount Craigavon)
The Viscountess Craigavon

THE SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS

In the Speaker's Coach

9.35 a.m.—This Procession leaves the House of Commons, proceeding by Parliament Square, Storey's Gate, Horse Guards Parade and The Mall, turning off through Marlborough Gate to Pall Mall, and thence by Trafalgar Square, Duncannon Street, Strand, Fleet Street and Ludgate Hill, arriving at St. Paul's Cathedral at 10.35 a.m. It is passed by the Prime Ministers' Procession en route.

The Speaker of the House of Commons
(Captain the Rt. Hon. Edward A. FitzRoy)
The Serjeant-at-Arms
(Admiral Sir Colin Keppel)
The Secretary to the Speaker
(Lieut.-Colonel Sir Ralph Verney)
The Trainbearer

THE LORD HIGH CHANCELLOR CARRIAGE PROCESSION

Two Carriages

10.3 a.m.—This Procession leaves the House of Lords, proceeding by Parliament Square, Storey's Gate, Horse Guards Parade, The Mall, Constitution Hill, Hyde Park Corner, Piccadilly, St. James's Street, Pall Mall, Trafalgar Square, Duncannon Street, Strand, Fleet Street and Ludgate Hill, arriving at St. Paul's Cathedral at 10.40 a.m.

FIRST CARRIAGE

The Lord High Chancellor of Great Britain
(The Rt. Hon. the Viscount Sankey)
The Permanent Secretary to the Lord High Chancellor
(Sir Claud Schuster)
Deputy Serjeant-at-Arms
(Vernon Harrington, Esq.)

SECOND CARRIAGE

The Clerk of the Chamber
The Pursebearer
The Trainbearer

MEMBERS OF THE ROYAL FAMILY

10.23 a.m.—The members of the Royal Family who will be present at the ceremony, other than those driving in carriage processions, will assemble in their motor-cars, marked with a red crown, at Clarence Gate, The Mall, leaving Clarence Gate at 10.33 a.m. They will proceed by The Mall and Constitution Hill, and thence by Hyde Park Corner, Piccadilly, St. James's Street, Pall Mall, Trafalgar Square, Duncannon Street, Strand, Fleet Street and Ludgate Hill, arriving at St. Paul's Cathedral at 10.50 a.m.

THE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON'S PROCESSION

Five Carriages

10.40 a.m.—This procession leaves the Mansion House, proceeding by Queen Victoria Street, Cannon Street, St. Paul's Churchyard, Ludgate Hill and Fleet Street, arriving at Temple Bar at 10.50 a.m. After presenting the Pearl Sword to His Majesty, the Lord Mayor proceeds to St. Paul's Cathedral, arriving at 11.23 a.m. (West door).

The City Marshal

FIRST CARRIAGE

Deputation of the Court of Common Council

SECOND CARRIAGE

Deputation of the Court of Aldermen

THIRD CARRIAGE
The Junior Sheriff (Mr. Sheriff Pearse)

FOURTH CARRIAGE
The Senior Sheriff (Mr. Alderman and Sheriff Twyford)

FIFTH CARRIAGE
The Rt. Hon. The Lord Mayor of London
(Alderman Sir Stephen Killik)
The Swordbearer
The Macebearer

THE DUKE OF YORK'S PROCESSION
Two Carriages

(With a Captain's Escort of Royal Horse Guards)
10.37a.m.—This Procession leaves Buckingham Palace, proceeding by Constitution Hill, Hyde Park Corner, Piccadilly, St. James's Street, Pall Mall, Trafalgar Square, Duncannon Street, Strand, Fleet Street and Ludgate Hill, arriving at St. Paul's Cathedral at 11.5 a.m. (West door).

FIRST CARRIAGE
H.R.H. The Duke of York
H.R.H. The Duchess of York
H.R.H. Princess Elizabeth of York
H.R.H. Princess Margaret of York

SECOND CARRIAGE
H.R.H. The Duke of Kent
H.R.H. The Duchess of Kent

THE PRINCE OF WALES' PROCESSION
Two Carriages

(With a Captain's Escort of the Life Guards)
10.42a.m.—This Procession leaves Buckingham Palace, proceeding by Constitution Hill, Hyde Park Corner, Piccadilly, St. James's Street, Pall Mall, Trafalgar Square, Duncannon Street, Strand, Fleet Street and Ludgate Hill, arriving at St. Paul's Cathedral at 11.10 a.m. (West door).

FIRST CARRIAGE
H.M. The Queen of Norway
H.R.H. The Prince of Wales
H.R.H. The Duke of Gloucester

SECOND CARRIAGE
H.R.H. The Princess Royal
H.R.H. The Princess Victoria
The Earl of Harewood
Viscount Lascelles
The Hon. Gerald Lascelles

His Majesty's Carriage Procession will be preceded by detachments representative of the Royal Horse Artillery and of the Corps of Dragoons, Hussars and Lancers.

HIS MAJESTY THE KING'S CARRIAGE PROCESSION

Six Carriages

(Escorted by a Sovereign's Escort of the Life Guards)
10.54a.m.—His Majesty will leave Buckingham Palace, proceeding by Constitution Hill, and thence by Hyde Park Corner, Piccadilly, St. James's Street, Pall Mall, Trafalgar Square, Duncannon Street, Strand, Fleet Street and Ludgate Hill, arriving at Temple Bar at 11.17 a.m., and at the West Door of St. Paul's Cathedral at 11.26 a.m.

FIRST CARRIAGE
HIS MAJESTY THE KING
HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN

SECOND CARRIAGE
H.R.H. Princess Arthur of Connaught
H.R.H. Prince Arthur of Connaught
H.R.H. Princess Alice Countess of Athlone
Major-General The Earl of Athlone

THIRD CARRIAGE
The Mistress of the Robes
(The Duchess of Devonshire)
The Lady-in-Waiting
(The Dowager Countess of Airlie)
The Master of the Horse
(The Earl of Granard)
The Lord Steward
(The Earl of Shaftesbury)

FOURTH CARRIAGE
Honorary Aide-de-Camp to the King
(Hon. Colonel H.H. Maharaja of Jammu and Kashmir)
Honorary Aide-de-Camp to the King
(Hon. Lieut.-General H.H. Maharaja of Bikaner)
The Gold Stick-in-Waiting
(Field-Marshal The Viscount Allenby)
Vice-Admiral of the United Kingdom)
(Admiral The Hon. Sir Stanley Colville)

FIFTH CARRIAGE
Honorary Aide-de-Camp to H.M. The King
(Hon. Lieut.-General H.H. Maharaja of Patiala)
The Woman of the Bedchamber
(The Lady Joan Verney)
The Lord-in-Waiting
(The Lord Colebrooke)
The Lord Chamberlain to the Queen)
(The Marquess of Anglesey)

SIXTH CARRIAGE
Treasurer to the King and Keeper of the Privy Purse
(The Rt. Hon. Sir Frederick Ponsonby)
The Private Secretary to the King
(Colonel the Rt. Hon. Sir Clive Wigram)
Hon. Aide-de-Camp to the King
(Hon. Colonel Sir Umar Hayat Khan)
The Equerry-in-Waiting
(Captain Lord Claud Hamilton)

THE OFFICIAL ORDER OF CEREMONIAL FOR THE ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL JUBILEE THANKSGIVING SERVICE

The Congregation invited to be present at the Service will arrive at the various entrances to St. Paul's Cathedral indicated to them before 10.15 a.m., and will be shown to their places.

The members of the Royal Family who will be present at the Service, other than those driving in Carriage Processions, will assemble in their motor-cars

in Clarence Gate, St. James's Palace, at 10.25 a.m., and arrive at St. Paul's in the following order.

The Duke of Connaught, Lady Patricia Ramsay, Rear-Admiral the Hon. Sir Alexander Ramsay and Mr. Ramsay (2 cars)
Princess Louise, Duchess of Argyll
The Grand Duchess Xenia of Russia
The Infanta Beatrice of Orleans-Bourbon and the Infante Ataulfo of Orleans-Bourbon
Lord and Lady Maud Carnegie
Princess Helena Victoria and Princess Marie Louise
The Marquess and Marchioness of Carisbrooke and Lady Iris Mountbatten
The Marquess and Marchioness of Milford Haven
The Marquess and Marchioness of Cambridge and Lady Mary Cambridge
The Duke and Duchess of Beaufort, Lady Helena Gibbs and Lord Frederick Cambridge
The Earl of Macduff
Major Henry and Lady May Abel Smith

These cars will be followed by others containing members of the Royal Households.

At the Cathedral they will be received by His Majesty's Gentlemen Ushers and conducted to their seats.

Members of the Suites who are not taking part in Processions, will, on arrival at the Cathedral, be shown direct to their places.

The Archbishop of Canterbury and the other Clergy having assembled in the Dean's Vestry, will proceed to the Chancel at 11.15 a.m.

The Duke and Duchess of York, with the Princesses Elizabeth and Margaret of York, and the Duke and Duchess of Kent, will be received at the West Door at 11.5 a.m. by the Dean of St. Paul's.

Their Royal Highnesses will be conducted to the Chapel of the Order of St. Michael and St. George to await the arrival of the King and Queen.

The Queen of Norway, the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Gloucester, the Princess Royal, the Earl of Harewood and the Princess Victoria, will be received at the West Door at 11.10 a.m. by the Dean of St. Paul's.

Her Majesty and Their Royal Highnesses will be conducted to the Chapel of the Order of St. Michael and St. George to await the arrival of the King and Queen.

Their Majesties' Procession will be preceded by Detachments from the following Regiments:

Royal Horse Artillery
The Queen's Bays (2nd Dragoon Guards)
3rd Carabiniers (Prince of Wales's Dragoon Guards)
5th Inniskilling Dragoon Guards
4th Queen's Own Hussars
7th Queen's Own Hussars
9th Queen's Royal Lancers
15th/19th The King's Royal Hussars

The King and Queen, accompanied by Prince and Princess Arthur of Connaught, Princess Alice Countess of Athlone and the Earl of Athlone, will leave Buckingham Palace, and will drive, escorted by a Sovereign's Escort of Life Guards, via:

Constitution Hill
Hyde Park Corner
Piccadilly
St. James's Street
Pall Mall
Trafalgar Square
Ducannon Street and
The Strand

to Temple Bar, where Their Majesties will be received by the Lord Mayor, who will offer the City Sword to His Majesty.

The King and Queen, preceded by the Lord Mayor, will continue their drive, via Fleet Street and Ludgate Hill, to St. Paul's Cathedral, where Their Majesties will be received at the West Door at 11.26 a.m. by the Bishop of London and the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's.

The King and Queen and the Members of the Royal Family will be conducted to their seats under the Dome in the following order:

PROCESSION

Verger
The Chapter Clerk
(Mr. H. T. A. Dashwood)
Archdeacon of London
(The Venerable E. N. Sharpe)
Bishop of London
(The Rt. Rev. and Rt. Hon. A. F. Winnington-Ingram)
Dean of St. Paul's
(The Very Rev. W. R. Matthews)
Canon H. R. L. Sheppard
Canon J. K. Mozley
Canon S. A. Alexander
Richmond Herald (Mr. H. R. C. Martin)
Chester Herald (Mr. J. D. Heaton-Armstrong)
Somerset Herald (Mr. G. R. Bellew)
Lancaster Herald (Mr. A. G. B. Russell)
Gentleman Usher (Captain Humphrey Lloyd)
Gentleman Usher (Hon. Sir Montague Eliot)
Groom-in-Waiting (Hon. Sir Harry Stonor)
Deputy Treasurer to the King (Sir Ralph Harwood)
Comptroller, Lord Chamberlain's Office (Col. Hon. Sir George Crichton)
Master of the Household (Hon. Sir Derek Keppel)
Treasurer to the Queen (Sir Harry Verney)
Lord Chamberlain to the Queen (Marquess of Anglesey)
Private Secretary (Col. the Rt. Hon. Sir Clive Wigram)
Lord-in-Waiting (Lord Colebrooke)

Treasurer to the King and Keeper of the Privy Purse
(Rt. Hon. Sir Frederick Ponsonby)
Captain of the Yeomen of the Guard
(Colonel Lord Templemore)
Captain of the Gentlemen-at-Arms
(Brig.-General Earl of Lucan)
Vice-Admiral of the United Kingdom
(Admiral Hon. Sir Stanley Colville)
Gold Stick-in-Waiting
(Field-Marshal Viscount Allenby)
Vice-Chamberlain of the Household
(Sir Victor Warrender, Bt.)
Comptroller of the Household
(Sir George Penny, Bt.)
Garter King-of-Arms
(Sir Gerald Wollaston)
The Rt. Hon. The Lord Mayor
(bearing the Pearl Sword)
Lord Steward (Earl of Shaftesbury)
Lord Chamberlain (Earl of Cromer)

THE QUEEN

The Queen of Norway
The Duchess of York
Princess Elizabeth of York

THE KING

The Prince of Wales
The Duke of York
Princess Margaret of York
The Duke of Kent
The Duchess of Kent
The Duke of Gloucester
The Princess Victoria
The Earl of Harewood
The Princess Royal
Princess Arthur of Connaught
Prince Arthur of Connaught
Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone
The Earl of Athlone
Mistress of the Robes (Duchess of Devonshire)
Master of the Horse (Earl of Granard)
Woman of the Bedchamber (Lady Joan Verney)
Lady-in-Waiting (Dowager Countess of Airlie)
Hon. A.D.C. to the King (The Maharaja of Patiala)
Hon. A.D.C. to the King (The Maharaja of Jammu and Kashmir)
Hon. A.D.C. to the King (The Maharaja of Bikaner)
Hon. A.D.C. to the King (Sir Umar Hayat Khan)
Crown Equerry (Col. Sir Arthur Erskine)
Equerry-in-Waiting (Captain Lord Claud Hamilton)
Equerry-in-Waiting (Capt. Sir Bryan Godfrey-Faussett, R.N.)
Lady-in-Waiting to the Duchess of Kent (Lady Mary Hope)
Lady-in-Waiting to the Duchess of York (Lady Helen Graham)
Lady-in-Waiting to the Princess Royal (Miss Dorothy Yorke)
Lady-in-Waiting to the Queen of Norway (Miss Lillan von Hanno)
Comptroller to the Duke of York (Rear-Admiral Sir Basil Brooke)
Comptroller to the Queen of Norway (Mr. George Ponsonby)
Comptroller to the Prince of Wales (Admiral Sir Lionel Halsey)
Comptroller to the Princess Victoria (Major Sir Edward Seymour)
Comptroller to the Duke of Gloucester (Major Ronald Stanyforth)
Comptroller to the Duke of Kent (Major Ulick Alexander)
Equerry to Prince Arthur of Connaught (Lieut.-Col. Thomas Thornton)

The Service will be performed by the Archbishop of Canterbury, assisted by the Bishop of London, the Dean of St. Paul's, Canon Alexander, the Rev. M. F. Foxell and the Rev. Dr. S. M. Berry.

Dr. Stanley Marchant, Organist of St. Paul's Cathedral, will preside at the Organ.

At the conclusion of the Service the Archbishop of Canterbury and the other clergy will proceed to the Dean's Vestry.

The Royal Procession will be re-formed and Their Majesties and Their Royal Highnesses will be conducted to the West Door, whence they will proceed to Buckingham Palace in three Carriage Processions, in the reverse order to that followed for the drive from Buckingham Palace to St. Paul's Cathedral.

The return route will be via

St. Paul's Churchyard
Cannon Street
Queen Victoria Street
Victoria Embankment
Northumberland Avenue
Admiralty Arch
The Mall

The other members of the Royal Family present will then be conducted to the West Door, whence they will take their departure.

The Honourable Corps of Gentlemen-at-Arms and the King's Body Guard of the Yeomen of the Guard will be on duty in the Cathedral.

The King's Indian Orderly Officers will also be on duty.

Guards of Honour from the Royal Navy, the 1st Battalion Grenadier Guards, and the Royal Air Force will be mounted at Buckingham Palace, and a Guard of Honour of the Honourable Artillery Company will be mounted at the West Door of St. Paul's Cathedral.

The Yeomen Warders of His Majesty's Royal Palace and Fortress of the Tower of London will be stationed on the steps of the Cathedral under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel William Faviell, Major of the Tower.

A dismounted party of the Honourable Artillery Company will line the steps to the West Door of the Cathedral.

Trumpeters of the Life Guards will be stationed outside the Cathedral and will blow a fanfare on the arrival and departure of the King and Queen.

The route of the Processions from and to Buckingham Palace will be lined by contingents from the Navy, Army and Air Force.

DRESS

Ladies—Morning Dress with Hats, also Orders and Decorations.

Gentlemen—

Navy, Army and Air Force : Full Dress Uniform, otherwise Service Dress.

Royal Households and Civil Service : Full Dress Coat with Trousers, otherwise Levee Dress.

Civilians : Court Dress, otherwise Evening Dress.

Collars of Orders will be worn.

THE SERVICE

Their Majesties having taken their places and the Bishop and the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs having been conducted to the Stalls, the whole congregation shall sing the first verse of the National Anthem :

GOD save our gracious King,
Long live our noble King,
God save the King.
Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us ;
God save the King.

and immediately thereafter the Hymn

ALL people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice ;
Him serve with fear, His praise forth tell,
Come ye before Him, and rejoice.

The Lord, ye know, is God indeed ;
Without our aid He did us make ;
We are His folk, He doth us feed,
And for His sheep He doth us take.

O enter then His gates with praise,
Approach with joy His courts unto ;
Praise, laud, and bless His name always,
For it is seemly so to do.

For why ? the Lord our God is good ;
His mercy is for ever sure ;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

To Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
The God Whom Heaven and earth adore,
From men and from the Angel-host
Be praise and glory evermore. Amen.

Then shall the Dean say and the people standing shall answer as follows :

The King shall rejoice in Thy strength, O Lord ;
Exceeding glad shall he be of Thy salvation.
O Lord, open Thou our lips ;
And our mouth shall shew forth Thy praise.
O God, make speed to save us ;
O Lord, make haste to help us.
Glory be to the Father, and to the Son : and to the Holy Ghost ;
As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be : world without end. Amen.
Praise ye the Lord ;
The Lord's Name be praised.

Then shall be sung the Psalms following :

PSALM XCV.

O COME let us—sing un-to the—Lord : let us heartily rejoice in the | strength of — our sal- | vation.

2. Let us come before his | presence .with | thanksgiving : and shew ourselves | glad in | him with | psalms.

3. For the Lord is a | great | God : and a great | King a- | bove all | gods.

4. In his hands are all the | corners . of the | earth : and the strength of the | hills is | his | also.

5. The sea is | his and . he | made it : and his | hands pre- | par'd the . dry | land.

6. O come let us worship and | fall | down : and | kneel be-fore the | Lord our | Maker.

7. For he is the | Lord our | God : and we are the people of his | pasture . and the | sheep . of his | hand.

Glory be to the Father | and . to the | Son : and | to the | Holy | Ghost ;

As it was in the beginning * is now and | ever | shall be : world without | end. | A- | men.

PSALM CXXI.

I WILL lift up mine eyes | unto . the | hills : from | whence | cometh . my | help.

2. My help cometh | even . from the | Lord : who hath | made | heaven . and | earth.

3. He will not suffer thy | foot . to be | moved : and he that | keepeth . thee | will not | sleep.

4. Behold | he that . keepeth | Isra-el : shall | neither | slumber . nor | sleep.

5. The Lord him- | self . is thy | keeper : the Lord is thy de- | fence up-on | thy right | hand ;

6. So that the sun shall not | burn . thee by | day : neither the | moon | by | night.
7. The Lord shall preserve thee from | all | evil : yea it is even | he . that shall | keep thy | soul.
8. The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy | coming | in : from this time | forth for | ever- | more.

Glory be to the Father | and . to the | Son : and | to the | Holy | Ghost ;

As it was in the beginning * is now and | ever | shall be : world without | end. | A- | men.

Then, all being seated, the following Lessons, from the Old and New Testaments shall be read by the Rev. Dr. S. M. Berry, Moderator of the Federal Council of the Evangelical Free Churches, the reader first saying :

Hear these words taken from the Holy Scriptures setting forth the law of the earthly kingdom and the glory of the heavenly kingdom.

ONLY be thou strong and very courageous, that thou mayest observe to do according to all the law, which Moses my servant commanded thee : turn not from it to the right hand or to the left, that thou mayest prosper whithersoever thou goest.

This book of the law shall not depart out of thy mouth ; but thou shalt meditate therein day and night, that thou mayest observe to do according to all that is written therein : for then thou shalt make thy way prosperous, and then thou shalt have good success.

Have I not commanded thee ? Be strong and of a good courage ; be not afraid, neither be thou dismayed : for the Lord thy God is with thee whithersoever thou goest.

[Joshua I. 7, 8, 9.]

AND he carried me away in the spirit to a great and high mountain, and showed me that great city, the holy Jerusalem, descending out of heaven from God,

Having the glory of God : and her light was like unto a stone most precious, even like a jasper stone, clear as crystal.

And the city had no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine in it : for the glory of God did lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof.

And the nations of them which are saved shall walk in the light of it : and the kings of the earth do bring their glory and honour into it.

[Revelation XXI. 10, 11, 23, 24.]

Then shall be sung—

I VOW to thee, my country, all earthly things above,
Entire and whole and perfect, the service of my love ;
The love that asks no question, the love that stands the test,
That lays upon the altar the dearest and the best ;
The love that never falters, the love that pays the price,
The love that makes undaunted the final sacrifice.

And there's another country, I've heard of long ago,
Most dear to them that love her, most great to them that know ;
We may not count her armies, we may not see her King ;
Her fortress is a faithful heart, her pride is suffering ;
And soul by soul and silently her shining bounds increase,
And her ways are ways of gentleness and all her paths are peace.

Words by Cecil Spring Rice. Music by Gustav Holst.

Here followeth the Address—

THE LORD
ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY

The Address ended, the Hymn following shall be sung :

O GOD of Jacob, by Whose hand
Thy people still are fed,
Who through this weary pilgrimage
Hast all our fathers led ;

Our vows, our prayers, we now present
Before Thy Throne of Grace ;
God of our fathers, be the God
Of their succeeding race.

Through each perplexing path of life
Our wandering footsteps guide ;
Give us each day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.

O spread Thy covering wings around,
Till all our wanderings cease,
And at our Father's loved abode
Our souls arrive in peace. Amen.

Then, all still standing, the Minor Canons shall make the following biddings, after which the Thanksgiving shall be offered by the Lord Bishop of London :

Lift up your hearts ;
We lift them up unto the Lord.

Let us give thanks unto our Lord God ;
It is meet and right so to do.

IT is very meet, right, and our bounden duty that we should give thanks unto Thee, O Lord, Holy Father, Almighty, Everlasting God, for that Thou wast pleased as on this day to set Thy Servant our Sovereign Lord King GEORGE upon the Throne of this Realm and hast protected him in days of sickness and of health throughout his reign of five and twenty years. For the example of unceasing service set by him and by our gracious Queen *Mary* ; for strength and steadfastness bestowed on him and on this Nation in years of war and of manifold

anxieties; for the love and loyalty borne to him by a great family of people in all parts of the world, we laud and magnify Thy glorious Name. We bless Thee for increase in the knowledge of Thy marvellous works, in care for those who suffer from sickness or the lack of work, in desire that all men everywhere may live in peace and enjoy the fruits of their labour. For these and all other Thy mercies vouchsafed to us, O Father Almighty, we yield Thee unfeigned thanks; through Jesus Christ our Lord, to Whom with Thee in the unity of the Holy Spirit be all honour and glory now and for evermore. *Amen.*

Then all reverently kneeling, the following Suffrages and Prayers shall be said by the Minor Canon the Rev. M. F. Foxwell:

Let us pray.

O Lord, shew Thy mercy upon us:
And grant us Thy salvation.
O Lord, save the King;
Who putteth his trust in Thee.
Send him help from Thy holy place;
And evermore mightily defend him.
Be unto him, O Lord, a strong tower;
From the face of his enemies.
Endue Thy ministers with righteousness;
And make Thy chosen people joyful.
O Lord, save Thy people;
And bless Thine inheritance.
Give peace in our time, O Lord;
Because there is none other that fighteth for us, but only Thou, O God.
O Lord, hear our prayer;
And let our cry come unto Thee.

The following Prayers shall then be said by Canon Alexander (Canon-in-Residence):

O GOD, Who providest for Thy people by Thy power, and rulest over them in love; Vouchsafe so to bless Thy servant our King, that under him this Nation may be wisely governed, and Thy Church may serve Thee in all godly quietness; and grant that he being devoted to Thee with his whole heart, and persevering in good works unto the end, may, by Thy guidance, come to Thine everlasting kingdom; through Jesus Christ Thy Son our Lord, Who liveth and reigneth with Thee and the Holy Ghost, ever one God, world without end. *Amen.*

O LORD our God, Who upholdest and governest all things by the word of Thy power: Receive our humble prayers for our Sovereign Lord, *GEORGE*, as on this day set over us by Thy grace and providence to be our King; and, together with him, bless, we beseech Thee, our gracious Queen *Mary*, *Edward* Prince of *Wales*, and all the Royal Family; that they, ever trusting in Thy goodness, protected by Thy power, and crowned with Thy gracious and endless favour, may long continue before Thee in peace and safety, joy and honour, and after death may obtain everlasting life and glory; by the merits and mediation of Christ Jesus our Saviour, who with Thee and the Holy Ghost liveth and reigneth ever one God, world without end. *Amen.*

ALMIGHTY God, who rulest in the kingdom of men, and hast given to our Sovereign Lord, King *GEORGE*, a great dominion in all parts of the earth: Draw together, we pray Thee, in true fellowship the men of divers races, languages, and customs, who dwell therein, that, bearing one another's burdens, and working together in a brotherly concord, they may fulfil the purpose of Thy providence, and set forward Thy everlasting kingdom. Pardon, we beseech Thee, our sins and shortcomings: keep far from us all selfishness and pride: and give us grace to employ Thy good gifts of order and freedom to Thy glory and the welfare of mankind; through Jesus Christ Thy Son our Lord, to Whom with Thee and the Holy Ghost be all glory and dominion, world without end. *Amen.*

ALMIGHTY God, the fountain of all wisdom, who knowest our necessities before we ask, and our ignorance in asking: We beseech Thee to have compassion upon our infirmities; and those things, which for our unworthiness we dare not and for our blindness we cannot ask, vouchsafe to give us, for the worthiness of Thy Son Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

Then shall the people join with the Dean in the Lord's Prayer, he first saying:

Let us gather up these our Prayers and Thanksgivings in the words which our Saviour Christ hath taught us, saying—

OUR Father, which art in heaven, Hallowed be Thy name; Thy kingdom come; Thy will be done, In earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our trespasses, As we forgive them that trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation; But deliver us from evil: For Thine is the kingdom, The power, and the glory, For ever and ever. *Amen.*

THE grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the fellowship of the Holy Ghost be with us all evermore. *Amen.*

The Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of London, the Dean, the Canons Residentiary, and the College of Minor Canons shall be conducted to the Sanctuary.

Then shall be sung—

TE DEUM LAUDAMUS

To Music by Dr. Stanley Marchant

WE praise Thee, O God: we acknowledge Thee to be the Lord.
All the earth doth worship Thee: the Father everlasting.

To Thee all Angels cry aloud : the Heavens, and all the Powers therein.

To Thee Cherubin, and Seraphin : continually do cry,

Holy, Holy, Holy : Lord God of Sabaoth ;

Heaven and earth are full : of the Majesty of Thy glory.

THE glorious company of the Apostles : praise Thee.

The goodly fellowship of the Prophets : praise Thee.

The noble army of Martyrs : praise Thee.

The holy Church throughout all the world : doth acknowledge Thee ;

The Father : of an infinite Majesty ;

Thine honourable, true : and only Son ;

Also the Holy Ghost : the Comforter.

THOU art the King of Glory : O Christ.

Thou art the everlasting Son : of the Father.

When Thou tookest upon Thee to deliver man : Thou didst not abhor the Virgin's womb.

When Thou hast overcome the sharpness of death : Thou didst open the kingdom of heaven to all believers.

Thou sittest at the right hand of God : in the Glory of the Father.

We believe that Thou shalt come : to be our Judge.

We therefore pray Thee, help Thy servants : whom Thou hast redeemed with Thy precious blood.

Make them to be numbered with Thy Saints : in glory everlasting.

Then, all kneeling, the Blessing shall be given by the Archbishop, after which, all standing, shall be sung the first and third verses of the National Anthem.

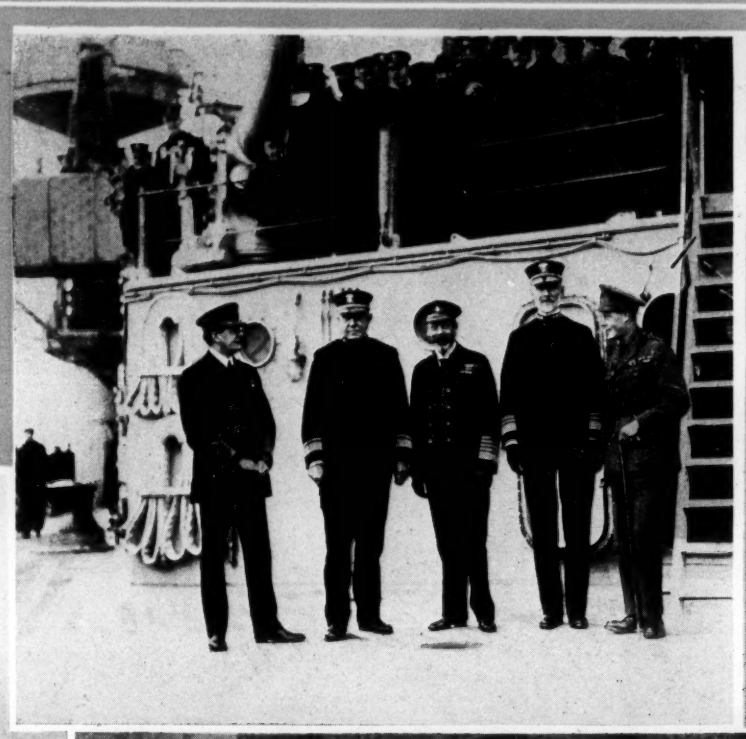
GOD save our gracious King,
Long live our noble King,
God save the King.
Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us ;
God save the King.

Thy choicest gifts in store
On him be pleased to pour,
Long may he reign.
May he defend our laws,
And ever give us cause
To sing with heart and voice
God save the King.

After the National Anthem, the Archbishop shall be conducted from the Sanctuary and, followed by the Cathedral Choir and Clergy, pass to the South Choir Aisle.

Then the Bishop of London, the Dean and the Canons Residentiary shall be conducted from the Sanctuary, and shall escort Their Majesties to the West Door.

The Lord Mayor shall be conducted from his Stall, and shall precede Their Majesties to the West Door. The Congregation are requested to remain in their places until notified.

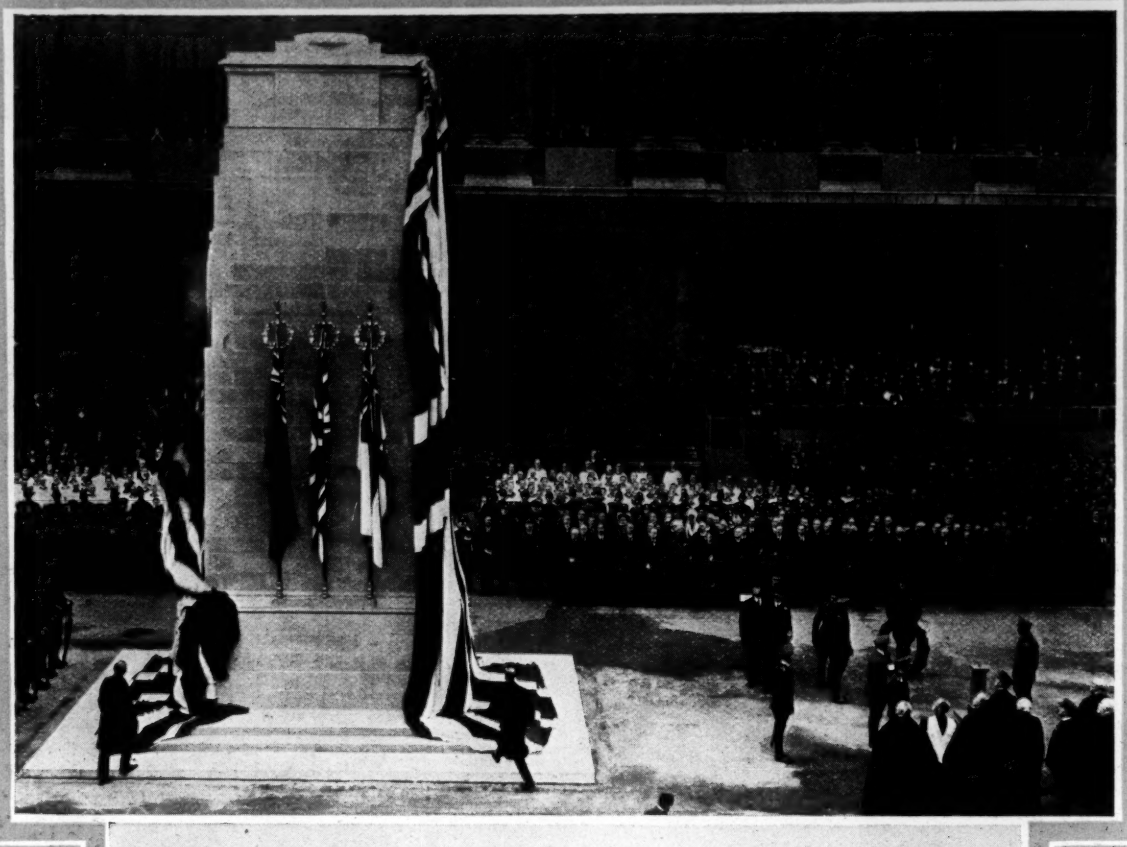


NOVEMBER, 1918
KING VISITS FLEET AT FORSYTH, EDINBURGH. Left to right: Admiral Beatty, Admiral Rodman, the King, Admiral Sims and Prince of Wales

AUGUST, 1917
American troops marching past the King and Queen Alexandra at Buckingham Palace

NOVEMBER, 1918
Thanksgiving Service at St. Paul's Cathedral

NOVEMBER, 1920
His Majesty at the Unveiling of the Cenotaph, Whitehall



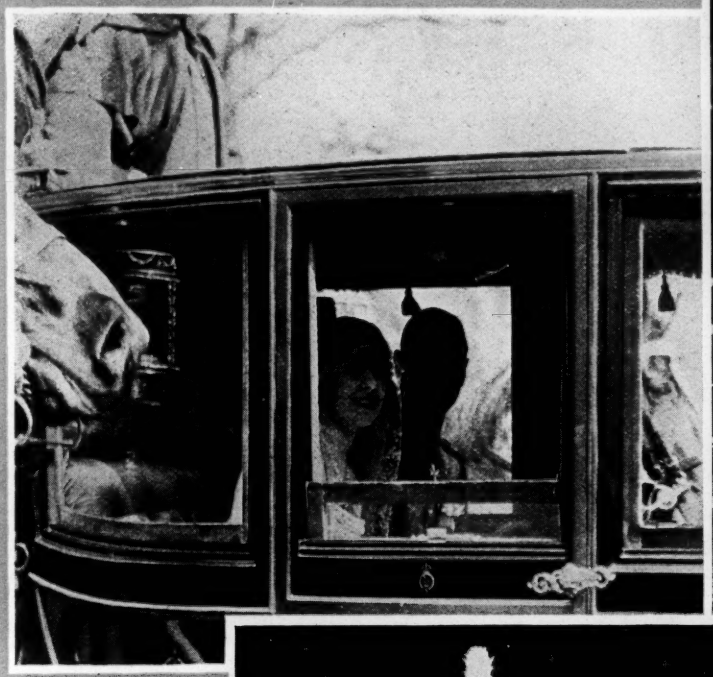
JUNE, 1919
Trooping the Colour. The King and Duke of Connaught

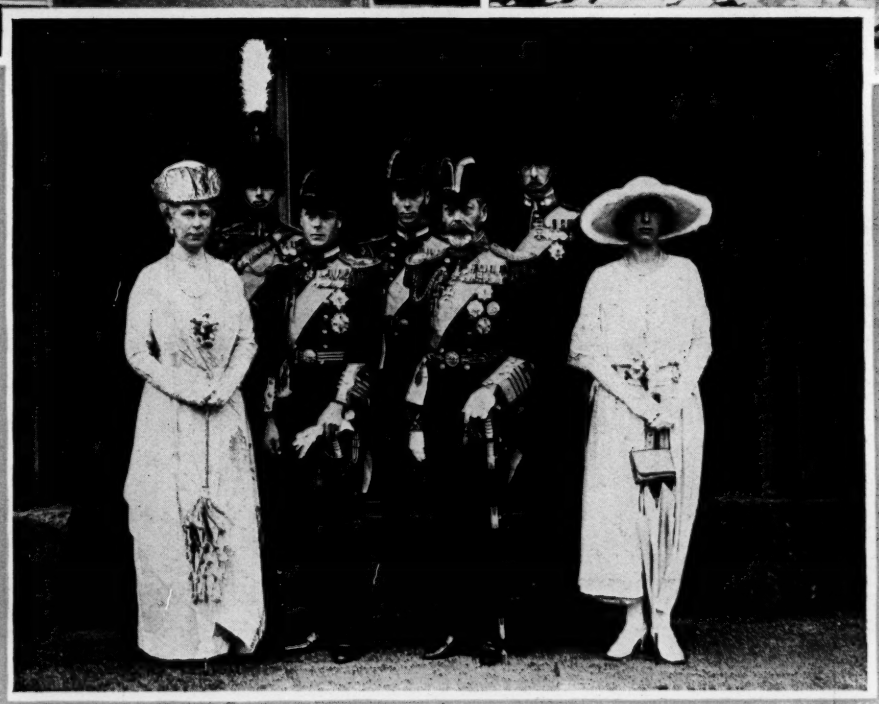
NOVEMBER, 1923

Right—Wedding of Princess Maud and Lord Carnegie in London. The King and Duke of York

APRIL, 1923

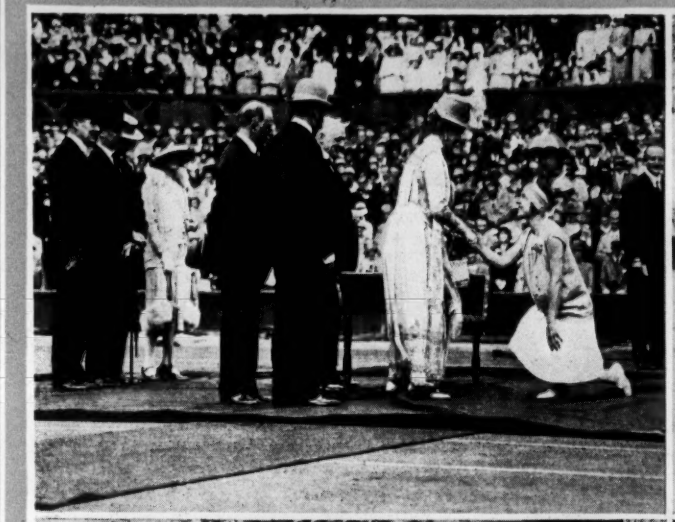
Centre—Wedding of Duke of York and Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon at Westminster Abbey. London. Bridal pair in coach.





JUNE, 1922

Right — The Homecoming of the Prince from Japan. Royal Group taken on Homecoming of H.R.H. The Prince of Wales. Left to right: The Queen, Duke of Gloucester, Prince of Wales, Duke of York, The King, Lord Lascelles, Princess Mary



JUNE, 1926

Top—King Opens Jubilee Tennis Meeting at Wimbledon. Mdlle. Suzanne Lenglen being received by the King and Queen

MAY, 1924

Bottom — Royal Visit to British Empire Exhibition at Wembley, Middlesex. Their Majesties, accompanied by the King and Queen of Italy, arriving

APRIL, 1926

Top—King at F.A. Cup Final between Manchester City and Bolton Wanderers at Wembley

MAY, 1924

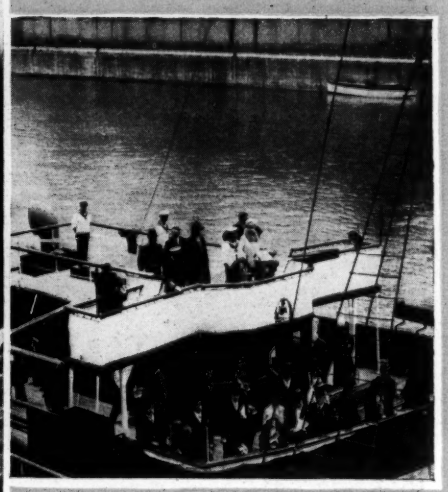
Bottom—King and Queen of Roumania in London. King of Roumania and King George leaving Victoria Station

MAY, 1925

King and Queen at Matinee at Palace Theatre, London, in aid of British and Foreign Sailors' Society. King and Queen in Royal Box

JULY, 1926
Top—The King and Queen at Royal Tournament, Olympia. The King taking the Salute at Opening of Tournament

MARCH, 1927
Centre—King at Hunters Show at Royal Agricultural Hall, London. King presenting Gold Cup to Captain Wickham Boyton



AUGUST, 1928
Left—King at Cowes Regatta

JULY, 1927
Right—King and Queen open Gladstone Docks, Liverpool. King and Queen on Bridge of S.S. "Galatea" during Ceremony

JUNE, 1928
Royal Visit to Richmond Horse Show. The King patting the famous white horse of Wembley, winner of Challenge Horse Cup

APRIL, 1933

Top—King and Queen at Aldershot Riding School

MARCH, 1934

Left—King and Queen at National Gallery, London

MARCH, 1934

Centre—King honours brave London Nurse during visit to Middlesex Hospital. Sister Thomas, who risked her life to prevent a disaster after an explosion at the Hospital

JUNE, 1934

Right—King opens New Headquarters of Chartered Insurance Institute

NOVEMBER, 1934

King and Queen leaving Houses of Parliament after Opening Ceremony

May, 1934
Top—The King and Queen at Opening of Royal Tournament

June, 1933
Centre—The King opens new South Africa House, Trafalgar Square

July, 1929
Left—Thanksgiving Service at Westminster Abbey for King's Recovery from his illness

August, 1933
Top — KING'S SCOTTISH HOLIDAY. The King, accompanied by Captain Campbell, M.C., inspecting Guard of Honour of Cameronians at Ballater en route to Balmoral. Prince George seen behind

August, 1932
Right—King inspects Home Fleet at Weymouth. Guard of Honour of Royal Marines on board H.M.S. Hood

September, 1932
Princess Elizabeth attends Divine Service at Crathie Church, near Balmoral, for first time

LENFILM Studio
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U.S.S.R.

Dear and deeply honoured Sir !

The fact itself of my writing you a letter impresses me so much that I should better abstain from any expressions of the feeling of admiration, love and honour which I have for you. Perheaps the feelings which I and many others have for you will be best expressed in a concise, matter of fact letter. Therefore, allow me to be brief.

I take the liberty to count myself one of your pupils; though I think there are hardly such people in our art which do not count themselfs so.

Allow me to introduce myself. My name is Leonid Trauberg, I am film-director, a soviet russian cinema worker. I have directed since 1924, I am 34 years old.

Some of my pictures were presented in America, though a part of them were shown only in a very small circle ("New Babylon" and "Alone"). My last picture "The Youth of Maxim" was screened in America with a succes, it seems. For this picture I received the highest reward and honour from the Soviet Government - the order of Lenin. At present I am working with my collegue, G.Kosinzeff (with whom I collaborate always) at the continuation of "Maxim's Youth". I am working in Leningrad, in a studio which was also decorated by the Lenin-order and which has released pictures, probably known in your country, as "Tshapaieff", "Peasants", "Three Women" and "The Youth of Maxim".

Besides, as my time allows, I am occupied with scientific work - delivering lections about the history of cinema.

You certainly know what an important effect your pictures have had on soviet cinema directors and actors. We have seen your pictures in 1923-24 (except "Intolerance" - in 1919), i.e. in that time, when we all - Eisenstein, Pudovkin, Ermler, Vassilieffs and we two - had just begun our work as directors. Under the influence of your pictures as "Broken Blossoms", "Dream Street", "Way dawn East", "Orphans of the Storm" and others, our own style has been created. Especially lately, during the last 3 -4

years, we have examined your work with more intense interest, chiefly because we find in it that power, humanity and realism, which we also try - in our own way - to attein in our pictures.

This new revival of interest to your creative genious spured us (and me in particular) to undertake a work, which scarcely will be easy and surely having no precedents in our literature, and we think, in America neither.

Our chief publishing-house for art questions has charged me to write a large book about you, which will appear in two publications - one for specialists and the other - in a series "Life of illustrious men", popular edition, in 50 thousand copies.

This work attracts me and my collaborators very much, but also frightens us very much.

Not only that it is hard to begin studying such a rich vastness as your films since almost 30 years, but we are in a bad situation - as we have not seen such an important picture as "Birth of a Nation" (it was not shown in USSR), we find it very difficult to write about you.

Neither have we seen all your pictures before this film, and we have not seen "Hearts of t. World" and all your pictures after "America" (except "Sorrows of the Satan" which I sow in 1928 in Paris).

At the same time we can not afford not to write about you. We are trying to make connection through Mr.Abbot and Miss Berry with firms who could send us "Birth of the Nation" at least for some shows in a small circle.

But even if we should not get it , the the book will be written. This is our duty to our art, as well as to you, its creator.

We, in the Soviet Union, wish to think that we have a particularly attentive attitude towards the history of culture, towards men of creative power who produce what can be called classics, and I dare say with confidence, you are of these men.

Our political ideas do not prevent but help to value your vital, powerful and deeply-popular art in such films as "Intolerance" and "Way dawn East".

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The book about you will help us and our comrades to learn, and to perfect our art.

I hope, that I can depend on your sympathy in this undertaking, and perheaps on some help.

I understand that you are probably very much occupied, but if you will be able, I should be happy to obtain from you some materials, which you would feel necessary to include in the book.

In particular, I want your accurate biography (we have an almost accurate one) with at least a short description of your youth and recohting the stages of your producting work beginning with the "Biograph".

I know some of your opinions about the cinema art, but I should be very much obliged, if your wrote me at least a little about it.

Finally, photographs are very much wanted, which could be returned after using.

Excuse me for my importunity, this is essential to the interest of the business I have undertaken, certainly not for commercial reasons, following you in this case also.

I hope to come to the States next year and to have the opportunity to press the hand of the greatest master of our art. And to-day, allow me to greet him from afar by means of a letter, and to express our collective feelings in my book.

So live and work still longer, to inspire us, your pupils throughout all the world !

Leonid Tranberg

Leningrad,
September 7th .1936.

UNDATED LETTERS

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Thursday

Shantried for a whole week to reach you on the phone, as I am not anxious to see you for a few minutes - It does not concern money, nor any of the strenuous stuff - So trust you will oblige me by planning to get to the N.Y. for a good six days as it is important that I see you for your own good as well as mine. Would be pleased to have you read this work yourself, before sending it to Harper - The number is Bryant 8222 - I don't hear by Saturday will take it for granted -

P.S. Always glad to see you Alice

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Dear Mr Griffith,

Repeatedly I have started to express my gratitude to you for my recent engagement with United Artists. But as always the timidity with which I am afflicted stilled my tongue when I would sing a thousand praises to you for your great-humble kind understanding genius.

Since I was sixteen years

Perhaps you have forgotten (like all great and busy people) the good you render others your kind words of praise - your tender caress when some one - man or woman or child does a thing well - Your tears of gratitude and understanding are like benedictions to struggling souls on their long march through this "Beautiful

it has been my ambition to create a role under your direction, When the chance came a year ago- I was so confused hurt - broken hearted That I only prayed for Peace at any cost. Even if it must come in That last long sleep. I was weary of the battle for success and a wee bit of happiness.

wicked old world."

Hence I wish you to know how my little family friends along with countless other families and friends owe you for the hope - inspiration and happiness and success you have given to Their struggling artists -

Forgive scribbling. The train is rough.

God Bless you

Belle Bennett

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MONTE BLUE

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Dear Mr. Griffith:

I was very sorry to intrude upon you at such an inopportune moment, when you were entertaining such a distinguished guest as Mr. French. Had I known he was to be there, I can assure you it would not have happened.

Knowing that you are a very busy man, especially at the present time, getting your new production under way, I will not bother you but at some future time when you think you could make use of my services, I would be glad to come see you.

Thanking you for the splendid opportunities presented to me in the past, you will always find me,

Your humble servant,

Monte Blue

3011-76 St

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:DEAR WILLARD WIRE RECOMMENDATION AS NEWSPAPER MAN FOR ME TO BELLEW CITY EDITOR CHRONICLE HERE STOP LETTER FOLLOWS THANKS=

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Mr. D. W. Griffith
Hotel Astor
Broadway,
New York City

Dear Mr. Griffith,

I have a story by Jacob Wassermann, the author of "The World's Illusion", which has great picture possibilities and which I believe would appeal to you. I have been keeping it for my own uses but can find no satisfactory way of doing it.

The book has not yet been published in this country, but I have a very compre--hensive extract of the story in English that I had made.

If you are in the market for a modern story I believe you will not consider it a waste of time to read it, and, if you will advise me if you care to do so and what address to send it so that it will surely reach you directly, I should like to send it up to you.

Very truly yours,

Nazimova

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500 West 112th St
Manhattan

Wednesday

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Dear Mr. Griffith —

A friend, recently, sent me clipping from Picture Play Magazine - Said clipping states that 27 yrs. ago, you were one of the actors, in a benefit given me - in Louisville - Did I really have the, my great, honor, of appearing, on same stage, with you, in our Salad Days. ? - If so, I'm delighted beyond words, and want to know for sure - and only you can tell me. It may seem strange to you. that I don't know - positively - but that darling little local talent affair was sort of thrust upon me

Too long a story to tell in detail. Originally the affair was to have been a church benefit (St Cecilia's) but the committee backed out and Adams had gone so far - that for better or worse I decided to see it through - and assumed the responsibility - Believe me - I was some highly excited and nervous creature, and frightened stiff - lest it be a failure. Vaguely I remember that at the eleventh hour - something happened to somebody - Walter Mathews or Bob Haight was it - (both now dead - God be with them -) and the boy in the cast - got some one in a hurry - was it really you. Vaguely I remember also - thanking you in the dressing room - afterwards - and that I was a little in awe of you, and also embarrassed. My heart forbade me to take the entire cast out somewhere for a treat - and spend my $88 00 (my share to me) right then and there - Hoffman Common sense - and a lean pocket - took - said no - I had played in dozens and dozens of local talent benefits for everyone from 10 yr old up - and besides, in a few days - I was leavin for New York - the city of my dreams and hopes - and I needed my $83 00. The benefit was a success - all bills for theatre - orchestra - royalty on play - printing etc - were promptly paid and I was $83 00 to the good - Tickets were 25¢ to all parts of the theatre - first come etc - Henry Herman - did you know him - engineered or rather managed things and we had quite a -

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squabble - He wanted tickets 50¢ - but cheap skate me argued, that I wanted all my school friends and their families to be able to come - and they could at 25¢ - but not at 50¢ - Results proved I was right - Home-folks - did turn out & did them - them. Please pardon my writing at length at this but memory brings it all back - Who in the world knew you were then in that little performance - Did you ever know D. W. Griffith - Have no programme - but there may be one, in a friends attic, down home - where some of my girlhood keepsakes are - Please pardon my presumption in addressing you - am so eager to know & always been so proud of your accomplishments because you came from Kentucky - and when any one mentions your name - I say - He's from my home-town - Louisville. Thank you for a yes or no to this - Sincere good wishes always - Cordially yours, Nellie Callahan.

Joyce Coad

To Mr. griffith

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Dear Mr. Griffith.
the other day
when I came
over for pictures
Mr. John Miles
from the publicity
ask me.
I do not wish
you to think I come

over with out being ask.

with lots of love

Joyce Road.

XoXoXoXo

XoXoXoXo

XoXoXoXo

XoXoXo

XoXoXoXo

Dec 13 Blum

CABLE ADDRESS-MUSCHENHEIM-NEW YORK

Hotel Astor
TIMES SQUARE
New York

FRED. A. MUSCHENHEIM

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PUBLIC WRITING ROOMS

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Dear Mr. Griffith:

"Son of Satan"

will open in New York, Jan 25th.

Our profit is almost gone.

will you please write me that you will accept 25% of the Royalty, for your suggestions in our re-writing the play. I, still, must do more re-writing of the play. The new prologue may have to be taken out completely.

Mrs. Cortis joins me in sending you our best wishes.

Cordially.

Ernest Cortis
71 Carleton St.
East Orange. N.J.

Dear Dr. Andrews —

What has become of you — in New York? In Hollywood? Next Spring I may go out to California, and if so, you must show me the sights of that wicked city — Hope

1 EAST SEVENTY-EIGHTH STREET

Alan M. Tuttle

to be publicly delighted to see you take of me, after so long a time — I shall enjoy the pangs immensely — and appreciate so much

Dr Mrs. Griffith Love
Some Bell Mother Jr
and again Mother
my thanks —

Always my Loving
Marian Dix

Dec 19th

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Dear Mr Griffith:

Now I know you have forgotten all about me so here is a reminder.

So sorry to hear you have been ill and hope by this time you are well and happy again.

You said you would tell what you could do for me when you began work on your new picture. I should be, oh, so grateful for the tiniest bit of work.

Hoping to hear from you and wishing you all good luck, I am,

Sincerely

Dorothy Davis

(York 4350)

5740 Franklin Ave -
Hollywood Cal -

~~Hollywood Athletic Club~~

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My Dear Mr. Griffith

I understand you contemplate making your next production on the coast now I would be very happy if you would consider my being associated with you on same.

My recent experience in making my own productions has about convinced me ~~that~~ I should confine my efforts to directing and not producing -

Have been here for some weeks - while I have some prospects none are definate. If you can see where I may be of some real help to you I would be glad to put forth my best efforts to please you. Hoping I will hear from you and ~~that~~ everything is going fine for you

I am Sincerely

Edward Dillon

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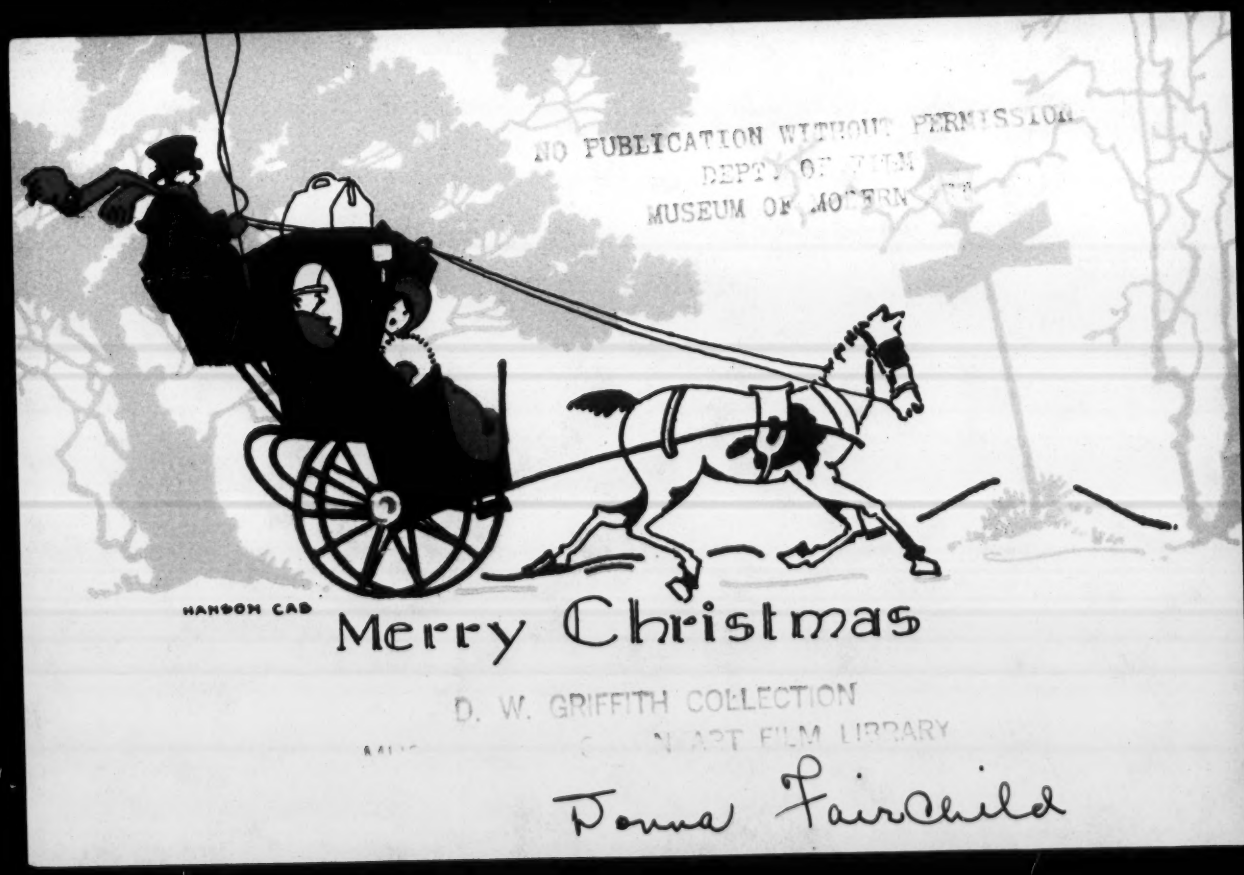
Dear Mr. Griffith.

Hope you didnt mind
my taking the small
share of the check you said
was for the bootlegger and
me - but you promised
last night to help me with
some money and this
afternoon refused it. And
so I am in immediate need
of much more. I felt it was
so little to you. and would

is a measure be of real aid
home. It is painful home to
have had to resort to such a
method and really you
Could have spared me such
embarrassment. Was afraid
to return mine the rest
of my room after being absent
all night. So by now you
very likely know what
I mean.

Doris Duke.



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W. C. FIELDS

Dear Mr. Griffith:-

Mr. Sterling and myself could not get together on terms. I would feel rather foolish now coming down on the set in consequence. So will see you sometime during this week or next

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Please do not think I am
ungrateful or unmindful
of all your kindness, and
all you have taught me.

Sincerest thanks and
good wishes.

Bill Dills

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LYCEUM THEATRE
45TH STREET BETWEEN BROADWAY & 6TH AVENUE
NEW YORK
CHARLES FROHMAN, INC., AND DAVID BELASCO
LESSEES AND MANAGERS

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June 7

Dear Mr. Griffith

I just learned that one of my
stage managers telegraphed you in
my name to assist in the stage
of the forthcoming actors Fund
benefit. I did not know he had
done so, for I would have offered
it. Knowing how greatly your time
is taken up in the machinery
of your work.

Sincerely
Chas Frohman

Form 1204

CLASS OF SERVICE	SYMBOL
Telegram	
Day Letter	Blue
Night Message	Nite
Night Letter	N L

If none of these three symbols appears after the check (number of words) this is a telegram. Otherwise its character is indicated by the symbol appearing after the check.

WESTERN UNION TELEGRAM

NEWCOMB CARLTON, PRESIDENT GEORGE W. E. ATKINS, FIRST VICE-PRESIDENT

CLASS OF SERVICE	SYMBOL
Telegram	
Day Letter	Blue
Night Message	Nite
Night Letter	N L

If none of these three symbols appears after the check (number of words) this is a telegram. Otherwise its character is indicated by the symbol appearing after the check.

RECEIVED AT 30NYSY31 NL New Rochelle, N. Y.

MASSOLON OHIO MAR 19

TELEPHONE NO. 1190
TELEPHONED TO ... not fetch
TIME 11 a.m. ... read
BY DL ... TO ENTER

D W GRIFFTTH

STUDIOS MAMARONECK NY

THIS HAS BEEN VERY HARD TRIP DO YOU THINK IT WORTH WHILE GO BACK TO CHIAGO DO NOT WANT TO GO UNLESS IT IS ABSOLUTELY NECESSARY RUTH AND ALL SEND LOVE

LILLIAN GISH

1011A

mail

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LINDA A. GRIFFITH
425 EAST 86TH STREET
NEW YORK CITY

Dear David,

Please take this in the right way. Mr. John Fearneaux of I9 East 94th St. wishes very much to meet you. He is a scholar, an independent thinker and I know you would be interested in his Science of Life and philosophy in general. These he wishes to present by way of a Moving Picture and he told me he could get the financial backing. It is because of your picture "Intolerance" that he feels you are the only one with vision sufficient to give the proper screen presentation. Anyhow it is worth looking into. Mr. Fearneaux is an Englishman who has been lecturing here this winter. He sails for England the middle of April. The phone is Atwater 9-3030. Even if nothing should come of it, I know you would feel repaid for the effort just to come in contact with his ideas as to the Science of Living. It is really worth while or I shouldn't bother you. It is time for something revolutionary on the screen, and as you have pioneered always, it is you who should do this now.

If you care to call me up about it, do so. Mr. Fearneaux knows nothing in a personal way. If you care to meet him here , I'll arrange but dont want to intrude myself, you understand.

It isn't twaddle, believe me, but a solution toward the ths spiritual loneliness that has the world in its grip chiefly because of machines and mass production, and consequent destruction of

Now let me know that you will look into it. This person has such tremendous admiration for your work and he says he is next to real money.

Do understand me.

Yours with all good wishes,

April 2nd

Linda

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425 EAST 86TH STREET

Dear David

I think if you had seen Mr Fearn alone you would have got further along. Some one once said there was no "conversation" except between two people. However, it was an introduction. I would like so much to

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see you again before
sailing - and I would
like it too. If the
phones you. be good and
grant him an hour.
I think it would be worth
while. Was glad to see you
looking so well - looked
just a "peaky" the
night of the Chaplin fencing.

Yours

Linda

April 14th

La Grange

Dear David

Thank you for the beautiful Christmas card. Hillie got the trunk all O.K. was as much pleased as a school boy to get it. It sure was nice and thoughtful of you to send it. Hillie will divide up with the kinfolks

I want to thank you Albert & Alma for the pretty little sewing table. I feel we can never thank you enough for what you have done for us. I sure is nice in our old days to be remembered

Lovingly Sister
Mary

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I want to thank you
from the bottom of my
heart for that lovely
medal and for the
happiest engagement
I ever had.

Very Best Wishes Always

Kay Hammond

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Dear Mr Griffith

Please forgive the lateness of this note. Writing seems to be an impossibility for me + I am thoroughly ashamed of myself in this case.

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Dear Mr Griffith-
I just wonder what
kind you think
of sending me
such beautiful print
roses - just the color
I like most -
Anyway - I love

them and can tell you how much I appreciate your sending them - It was such a pleasure to have you and Carol to luncheon - Perhaps you might come again some time - Yes - both would be thanks

Blair Lee

Sincerely yours

W A Harriman

With Christmas Greetings
and good wishes for your happiness
in the coming year

Miss Margaret Harrington ✓

Heard you talk over the Radio today up here in Montana last Saturday. I enjoyed it immensely. If you can't find anyone to argue Religion with you, call me at Rochester 4827. Being Irish I love to argue.

THOS. H. INCE
PRESIDENT

RELEASED EXCLUSIVELY
ON ARTCRAFT PROGRAM

WM. S. HART PRODUCTIONS, INC.

Corner Bates and Effie Streets

Hollywood, California Dec 22—

My dear Dear Griffith

My sister has just finished reading a book which was sent to me by the Publishers — She says it is the most unique and wonderful story She has read for years — So I am taking the liberty of suggesting it Dyer for production — It is "The Sailer" by J.C. Smaith Published by appleton — The great part is the story owned by for Bobby Vernon —

With best wishes

Yours Sincerely

William S. Hart

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CABLE ADDRESS AMBASSADOR

The Ambassador

LOS ANGELES

Dear Mr. Griffith

My home address is
2012 La Brea Terrace
Hollywood - and the
phone is Granite 2795 -
I expect to hear from
you very soon -

Billy Healy -

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With all Good Wishes

for Christmas and the New Year

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Sumner James

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GEO. A. EASTMAN
PROPRIETOR

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Morrison Hotel
PICO AND HOPE STREETS
Los Angeles, Cal.

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Dear Mr. Griffith —

I don't know whether my part as "Owen Rearmar" in "Dawn Maid" which I played at the Belasco Theatre a few weeks ago will interest you or not. At present I am at Long Beach with the Balboa Film Co. doing vampire parts — but I have fully my ambition and desire to be under your

GEO. A. EASTMAN
PROPRIETOR

Morrison Hotel
PICO AND HOPE STREETS
Los Angeles, Cal.

direction and if you ever
get this letter and feel inclined
to send for me for an
appointment - I shall be
eternally grateful -

Yours sincerely
Catherine Kleprat. Fryer.

Saturday - November the Sixth.

Mr D. W. Griffith

I must apologize
for asking you
for tickets as I
did but it is so
very important that
I have them today
this evening & thus
to a party whereas

Who is returning to California
tomorrow so I take the
liberty of asking you if
I can get back her
letter for them perhaps
you have seen your
brother and then
come to the desk for
me and my Grafton
I am at all
interested in daughter
Will you please come
round for me as I
when you can
see her
believe me am
ever mother
Yours Very Sincerely
Holle Lewis Marie Farmer

Dearest and Oh how I
love her in the Dearest
and how many times
when my heart pleads for
Geraldine has said
Oh Mother how I hate a man
day to work for Mr Griffith
and now Mr Griffith
dont you suppose you
can give me a card
if only a small one
just next Sunday?
I will call at office
of your Hotel for. then
Picture and you
reply or perhaps you
would give Daughter
an appointment for
interview so you could
tell her personally
she is 5 ft 4½ in. Weight

125 lbs. light hair blue eyes. and she is so anxious to work in pictures instead of the stage that she would give you the best of time. Anxiously awaiting your reply believe me yours Very Sincerely

Marie Karnes

Lenox Hotel

149 W 44 St

N.Y.C.

Bryant 1463

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P.S. I also want to apologize to you for running after you as I did the other day. But I feel maybe sometimes we misunderstand people by the things that are incidental by an inner impulse that guides

Dear Master!

Please call me
at Lambs Club
must see you
tonight
Jim Kirkwood

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No 1. West 69th St.
N. Y. C.
Nov 25.

Dear Mr. Gray.

With regards to our telephone talk yesterday, I can only find the enclosed Passport stills, but hope you can use them as you suggest.

With kindest regards

Yours
Lillian Gish

friday

CABLE ADDRESS – AMBASSADOR

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THE AMBASSADOR
Los Angeles

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Dear mr. Griffith,

You don't answer my letter and my telephones; i think than you have received my photographs and the article about me –

If you cannot give me an answer this evening, i will telephone you to-morrow morning, at 9.30 –

I wish go with you, to your studio, for an experimental séance, if it is possible –

very sincerely

Viscount Alain de Léché

D. W. GRIFFITH, PRESIDENT
A. GRIFFITH GREY, VICE-PRESIDENT

A. H. T. BANZHAF, SECRETARY
J. C. EPPING, TREASURER

D. W. GRIFFITH INCORPORATED

GENERAL OFFICES
1476 BROADWAY
NEW YORK CITY, N. Y.

TELEPHONE
BRYANT { 6761 6762 9486 5847

Tuesday...

Dear Mr. Griffith:---

A third of a year has passed since this office has met the weekly pay-check.

Temporary financing on my part has passed the point of safety or ease.

Am in immediate need of several hundred dollars to protect insurance and other important matters.

Mr. Klune declines any responsibility. Mr. Banzhaf says he knows of no relief. Mr. Gray says he has nothing to do with the affair. Which is quite a complete defence.

So will you kindly redeem some of the pay checks before I join the robbers, the boot-leggers or the panhandlers.

As you know, the condition is serious or I would not disturb you.

Yours for outfooting famine,

As ever,

Lloyd

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D. W. GRIFFITH

SECOND ANNUAL NEW YORK SEASON
FORTY-FOURTH STREET THEATRE

GENERAL OFFICES: 303 LONGACRE BUILDING
TELEPHONE, BRYANT 6761, 6762, 9486
ALBERT L. GREY, GENERAL MANAGER

Dear Mr. Griffith :----

To indulge Mr. Geor's pleasure to remain one year in the studio means this :--

(1) A direct loss of $1050 in salary unearned.

(2) Serious interference with our plans for stills on the next production.

(3) A direct cancellation of my authority.

(4) Seven weeks lingering on the job of a man who has planned to quit since December.

We have been most lenient to Mr. George, paying him as much as I get-which is more than any other still man gets in any other studio- also permitting him to operate his downtown studio at the same time.

I earnestly advise that my unhurried and unprejudiced action be allowed to take effect.

Sincerely,

Lloyd

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D. W. GRIFFITH INCORPORATED *Presents*
"WAY DOWN EAST"

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Your kind expression of sympathy
is deeply appreciated
and gratefully acknowledged
Sadie L. McCarthy

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8 Leures.

Mr. Griffith
I love you please let me
know What that means
Alice Marin

2101 - 5 avenue
Harlem 6749.

Alexander P. Moore

and the family of

Lillian Russell Moore

acknowledge with grateful appreciation

your kind expression of sympathy

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Dear "D. W."

Susie and
I thank you so much
for your lovely Xmas
greeting and wish
you a most happy
wonderful New Year —

Sincerely
Chester Morris

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PETROVA PRODUCTIONS
36 WEST FIFTY-NINTH STREET
NEW YORK

February 16th

Dear Mr Griffith:

Please accept my thanks for the courtesey shown to me at your studio the other day.

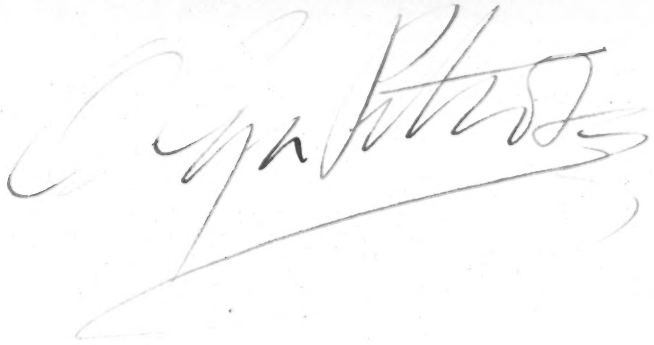
I am very sensible of your kindness,

With the assurance of my most distinguished salutations,

I am,

O.P./M.B.

Yours very truly,



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CABLE ADDRESS-MUSCHENHEIM-NEW YORK

Hotel Astor
TIMES SQUARE
New York

FRED. A. MUSCHENHEIM

I'm so sorry I couldn't drop in for a few moments - These people in New York are fast aren't they though -

They don't even give you a chance to wash your face before they arrive to take you out — Tomorrow I'm going to break right in on you — So do be home - but be prepared cause, I'm as crazy as ever -

That August Irish Girl -

Sally —

David Wark Griffith

May be you dont care to read this, but I'm sending this with the thought that you may be able to work it in — sometime! And presume, you would have to have "Roberta Russell's "Consent —

"As deep as Woman's love" spoth lightly
Maid with heart yet free.

"Speak not, my child, of sacred things in jest"
from one who had fulfilled Her destiny.

"Tis Woman's Love upholds, controls, encompasses the Earth,
Enduring all, embracing all — all Death, all Life, and what is more than these, all Birth!"

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"Mrs Selby" ——

Before many more months I shall have a scenario which I shall attempt to have you

read — I am sure that it will not only be a money-maker but better yet it will make people think — and at least weigh the Rights of a child versus The Inclinations of The Parents — if you can encompass on the screen, the vision of it, as it appears to me, it will be one of The Gripping Wonders of The Screen — I thank you!

Can you see me Mrs. Lesseps
for a moment.
Mrs. Peter Thompson.

I am waiting for a
little at the front
stairs to the Restaurant — (over)

Hoping you may come in.
If not. will you please
leave a message at the
desk.

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INEZ WALLACE

FEATURE WRITER
McCALL'S MAGAZINE, NEW YORK
BELL SYNDICATE, NEW YORK
CLEVELAND PLAIN DEALER

2266 BELLFIELD AVENUE
CLEVELAND

CABLE ADDRESS "WALDORF, NEW YORK"

The Waldorf-Astoria
New York

AFFILIATED WITH
THE BELLEVUE-STRATFORD
PHILADELPHIA
THE WILLARD
WASHINGTON

1928

Monday night.

Dear D.W.;

Now that the "smoke of battle" has died down, and I am able to think sanely back here at the hotel, I realize that it would be bad business for me to do anything further on the Post situation until you make up your mind just what you want to do about it.

The money angle I am sure, could be arranged, if we decide to go ahead with it. But owing to the peculair manner in which this whole thing came about, I feel that the next move must come from you. Not at all a question of when we shall do it - but whether we shall do it at all. Details could be arranged later.

Every writer as you know, D.W.,must protect their reputation with the editors - its dymamite to do otherwise. Will you therefore write or wire me how you feel about it, to the address below? And whatever happens, remember to give my love to Carol when you see her - and to yourself all the luck in the world.

In haste but sincerely,

Inez Wallace

2266 Bellfield Ave.,
Cleveland, Ohio.

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The Friars Club
110 West Forty-eighth Street
New York

Tuesday.

Dear Mr. Griffith,

Owing to the failure of a corporation I was with I am so financially embarrased that my landlord is about to chuck me out, therefore, can you give me some work on your picture in the capacity of actor or anything else. I'll be very grateful.

I know that you are too busy to answer personal letters so I'll phone your assistant with the hope that I can see you.

With kind regards, I beg to remain,

Cordially Yours
Leland Watson.

160 W 72d St.

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HOTEL McALPIN
NEW YORK

My dear Mr. Griffith:

Here is Miss Evelyn Goodwin of whom we spoke. I shall be deeply appreciative of whatever you do for her + She is really a very earnest girl.

Most Sincerely
Victor Watson

not great enough to cause me to tell you the truth.

My money is practically gone and I am really terrified for I do not know what I am facing in the future with my tiny daughter. I am able to meet the world smiling because I am an actress - but I am frightened and almost beaten -

Won't you help me?

Please I am desperate!

Margery -

Butterfield 8 - 1738.

My baby speaks plainly and is very cute.

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Margery Wilson

Dear Mr. Griffith-

Please let me be in your picture remember.

Confidentially, as one Kentuckian to another, I am desperately in need of work and I am sure that if you cast me again it will be possible to find more.

I would not annoy you further or humiliate myself if the need were

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Margery Wilson

My dear Mr. Griffith -

I simply - must see you at the earliest possible moment.

Will you kindly telephone me when and where I may see you.

With every good wish for your health and all good understanding.

Affectionately

Margery

Phone Butterfield 8-1738 address 28 E. 85 St. N. Y.

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Margery Wilson

Dear Mr. Griffith -

Here's another laugh for you. (We may as well be merry about these things.)

With downcast eyes and becoming blushes, I must add to the already long list of my perfections and qualifications

Imagine my forgetting to tell you that I

I can sing.

I have what is known as a "small voice" moderately trained. However, there are

several things I cannot do.

I cannot perform on a trapeze - I cannot read a traffic cop's mind - and I know practically nothing about numerology.

Hoping you are the same (with apologies to Hashimura Togo)

I am

Most affectionately yours,

Margery

98 East 85 St.

Phone Butterfield 8-1738

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353.W.57

Dear Mr. Griffith:

This is (Winkie)
Worthington. Writing you
of the old biograph, to
ask you if you could
help me, get some extra
work, over at your studio
could you speak to
Mr. Schell for me. I would
be so very grateful to
you, Mr. Griffith if
you would.

Sincerely,
Winkie

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My dear Dave,

Do you recall - years and years ago - seeing Thos. Keene play "Richelieu", at Macauley's theatre in Louisville? And is your memory sufficiently elastic to recall the girl whom you took? Do you remember with what tense excitement we watched that Eminent old actor reach the Zenith of his glory - when as Cardinal Richelieu - he pointed to his ward and exclaimed, "Mark where she stands! Around her form, I draw the circle of our solemn Church. Step but a foot within that holy ground, and on that head, yea, tho it wore a crown, I launch the curse of Rome!"

No, my friend, I fear in the

light of so many great achievements, that event has faded from your memory; but to me,- even tho you had not scaled the heights of success- it is crowned always by an occasion for pleasant retrospect. How there were times you entertained me telling of your dreams and ambitions; to say nothing of pecting impassioned "love ditties" you had penned to some other fair charmer. One in particular- Janie Barnes- with wonderful titian tresses and soulful eyes- who lived on Oak street, while I lived on Chestnut near Second. My father was Dr. W. B. White, the dentist.

May I flatter myself that you place me? You see, I am not even claiming you as one of my old beaux- merely a friend of my youth- and one whose career I have watched with much interest. For I still have faith enough, to think all nature is the same, and hearts do not change- and therefore, am hoping it might give you a passing pleasure to know, that some one who was neither asking favors, nor begging for their pet charity- stretches out a hand in the name of past friendship and greets you!

Shortly after seeing that performance of Richelieu, we moved from Louisville to Western Ky. and then a few years later married a Lexington man; living "happily ever after." Am now the mother of three children; My only daughter (no she doesn't want to enter the stories) is near the age we were when I knew you. She graduates this spring, and sails June 2nd

for a year's study and travel in Europe, with my dearest friend, and her chaperone.

If at anytime you need a change from the busy life you necessarily lead – or feel the call of your native state, remember, I suggest as a contrast – green pastures and broad fields of waving blue grass. The fast flying feet of our race horses are said to drive dull care away and good old Kentucky cooking satisfies the inner man. And since I have a husband who enjoys every sort of sport, from golf to a horse race – from hunting game, to angling for the elusive bass, – and sure you need not fail to find in him a congenial spirit.

So with the kindest wishes, and hoping I may some day have the pleasure of renewing the acquaintance of by-gone years, I remain

Sincerely

Sue White Van Deren

(Mrs. William Van Deren,
1103 Richmond Road,
Lexington – Ky.)

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ERICH VON STROHEIM

My dear Mr. Griffith. -

The bearer of this note told me, that if I would write you - that she had worked for me in "Queen Kelly" - you would give her a screentest.

She really attracted my attention thru her unusual ability in enacting the bit of a hysterical girl.

With my sincerest wishes for the New Year

I beg to remain

Yours as always

Erich v. Stroheim

Presented
by Alicia Williams

UNDATED MISCELLANY

You know that this play has been for months playing in one of the most beautiful theatres in London. It goes to Rio Janeiro this month, and also to Australia, and will be seen in every country, city and village of the entire world, where no English book has ever been read, where no English song has ever been sung, where the names of our greatest men are nothing and have never even been heard of. The motion picture speaks clearly and plainly, and so we of the South should always remember that the motion picture, needing no translator to misquote and change the true meanings of the English, but goes just as you see it into the hearts of the entire world, and takes with it a very nearly true story of the lost cause.

When we were building this picture we remembered these days. In searching for the people to play these parts we remembered these days. I had great difficulty in finding people who in any way would not look strange in these heroic parts, portraying the children of the South. I must have for heroines women whose faces are full of trust and innocence and beauty. The moving picture camera is a terrible instrument. Unless these things are in the hearts of the people they will not show in their faces. I found in one a daughter of the Old South, a descendant of the Carrolls in Carollton. I found in another a son of a well known general in the Southern army. Another Southern girl in the play was also a Southerner in real life and just as sweet in real life as she is in the play. My other heroine was from the North but had pity and understanding in the play for the South, just as she would have in real life for any suffering, and so I say it was our fathers and the people of the South that I have to thank, for knowing them, it was difficult to very sadly misjudge and misplace unfit people for beautiful parts.

I do not mean to bring up any feeling of that is past between the North and the South. We all know that is a part of the past, but surely it does no harm to go back a little into the place of remembrances.

Intolerance, that drove the nails into the cross. Intolerance that put the wonderful body of human beings, made after the image of their God, between two wild horses and laughed and looked on while the horses pulled one against the other until their bodies were torn into. Intolerance that enthroned itself in the bosoms of human beings so that they might look on without feeling, and watch other human beings see with what skill how many punctures they could put in the tongue of a fellowman with a red hot iron. Intolerance that laughed while hooks would pull fingernails out of raw flesh. Intolerance that has made rivers of blood, the cries of whose victims, could they swell into one voice, would drown all the drums and sounds of battle since the beginning of this world with the horror and terror of its clamor. Intolerance that came into the hearts of the North and South and for a while blinded them and made possible our Civil War. Intolerance that was not satisfied till we had poured the best and most beautiful blood of our entire altar before his feet.

It is a strange thing that has come to pass. The never to be conquered spirit of the South has kept on fighting even though the war has been for many years a thing of the past, for recognition and acceptance of its ideals. They have so worked in song and story, upon the imagination of the world, that now the very name of the South means romance and everything that is wonderful. If they keep on, it will soon be almost a disgrace to have been a Union soldier and vote against this wonderful country.

Incidentally my grandmother was a Shirley Carter. Robert E. Lee'S mother was a Shirley Carter, and so as Robert E. Lee, in his kindly old-

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fashioned xx Southern way, was not ashamed to have more cousins scattered through the states than any human being alive, he might even on a pinch, recognize me as "steenth" cousin. I am not minding to tell you that if such a thing should ever have been possible, I should doubtless have fallen dead with surprise and overwhelming thanks. So, as I say, if there was anything in the play that went to your hearts, you must thank the people before me. I neet not say how well I remember them. I know how well you remember. I remember very distinctly still, in one or two old Southern homes, how after the work was done, here and there, near a yard gate, perhaps in the spring or summer time, when the breath of the fragrant roses and the still more fragrant honeysuckle from a nearby arbour, made sweet the air, I have seen a woman's figure pass - silent, still - looking out into the night - waiting or watching - who shall say? Outside there was only perhaps the scent of a faint stirring in the leaves of the trees - perhaps the lonely dog from a neighboring farm, perhaps the crickets chirping in the fields, and then I used to wonder what was in the heart of that silent woman. That I could only imagine and dream about. I wonder how many there are here today who could tell me what was in the heart of that silent woman looking out into the night. What her dreams were - did she dream of those long stretched, horrible, pitiful battlefields where the lost cause so bravely and boldly, and magnificently made their last fight? Did she dream of those banners that went out amidst the sound of trumpets, and laughter and music? Did she dream of how hardly they fought to keep those banners unsullied? Did she dream of those magnificent charges that threw a nation against a bar of steely death? Did she dream of those old Confederates that followed Robert E. Lee - sometimes xxxx in tattered rags and bleeding feet over the frozen roads of Virginia - with oftentimes nothing but a glass of water in place of food? Did she dream of the women, the mothers, the wives and sweethearts who waited at home? Did she dream of their suffering in which the historians speak of illness without medicine, xxxxxx of hunger without food, with their lives kept up more by vague hope than anything else? Of these women of the Confederacy who gave everything in the world to the cause and both xxxx men and women were willing to sacrifice so much in the name of a cause that they thought was just and right, I say - all glory to them!

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We recall of reading of a certain trip that Gen. Robert E. Lee was taking through the South. This man, whom practically all the world agrees,in common with a certain famous Englishman's estimate, is undoubtedly the greatest military genius of the English speaking race. Also that he was the only man he had ever met who seemed to be above and apart from all other men. He had read and heard of heroes but never one that looked the part xxx until he came in the presence of Robt. E. Lee. This man, when people crowded around the train to get a view of him, said "Why do they want to see me?" I am only a poor old Confederate. There he died at Lexington, almost like his own words I know of no fitter resting place for a soldier than the field in which he has nobly laid down his life. "The poor old Confederate" as he called himself. He with the rest of that great army, silent in a shroud of bitter ahses. Still one by one they go to join those that have gone before. The old Confederates. We will not blame the world if it says xxxx they went down in defeat, but we know that that defeat is growing into a victory.

Footnote:-

Westmoreland, that county that has given birth to Washington Richard Henly Lee, and James Monroe.

so bravely and boldly, and magnificently made their last fight. Did she dream of those banners that went out amidst the sound of trumpets, and laughter and music? Did she dream of how hardly they fought to keep those banners unsullied? Did she dream of those magnificent charges that threw a nation against a bar of steely death? Did she dream of when all those beloved sons of the South came back in defeat? Ah! but my children, a defeat that day by day grows into a victory for these fathers, at times sinful, perhaps mistaken, left a heritage of honor and glory, an example that can but fire the hearts of her sons and her daughters into a desire for better and more wonderful victory in the building up of a clean, tolerant and beautiful new world.- In the building of this world may our children of the South be the strongest victors and the mightiest builders.

When we were building this picture we remembered these days. In searching for the people to play these parts we remembered these days. I had great difficulty in finding people who in any way would not look strange in these heroic parts, portraying the children of the South. I must have for heroines women whose faces are full of trust and innocence and beauty. The moving picture camera is a terrible instrument. Unless these things are in the hearts of the people they will not show in their faces. I found in one a daughter of the Old South, a descendant of the Carrolls in Carrollton. I found in another a son of a wellknown general in the Southern army. Another Southern girl in the play was also a Southerner in real life and just as sweet in real life as she is in the play. My other heroine was from the North but had pity and understanding in the play for the South, just as she would have in real life for any suffering, and so I say it was our fathers and the people of the South that I have to thank, for knowing them, it was difficult to very sadly misjudge and misplace unfit people for beautiful parts.

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Footnote:-

Westmoreland, that county that has given birth to Washington, Richard Henley Lee, and James Monroe.

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From:
"Cinema ieri e oggi"
by E.M. Margadolma

Translated from the Italian
by Irene Mazzolini

from page 92 to " 6

D. W. GRIFFITH

D. W. Griffith is the most representative personality of the American screen; but although up to yesterday he has been the first actor in a big adventure, to-day he is only the father of a dynamical family.

To call him a patriarch, as has been done by several biographers and critics, is incorrect, because it ages him and he is actually only just over fifty.

This man, who now occupies a secondary place in the principal centre of th the industry, was born at La Grange, Kentucky, in 1880. His fore-fathers were pioneeørs from Virginia, of real North American aristocracy, and his father had been a General under Abraham Lincoln. It is said that David, then a six-year-old child, wanted to become a great writer; the fact is that when David was still very young and ambitious to get into journalism, he found a job as a repobter for the Louisville local paper. To be a reporter, by which he earned very little, was not satisfying to his ambitions and, as soon a s he was able, he gave up journalism and took up the theatre.

His first trial was a downright failure. But Griffith was not to be discouraged and from the Louisville theatre he went to the stage of the Massonic Temple; from there to a company directed by a certain John Griffith, who in order to avoid misunderstandings, changed his name into David Brayington.

He got tired of being a Brayington and became D. W. Griffith again, ready this time to try new fields of adventure. In order to earn his living he took the first work offered:- carpentering, driving, etc., until he had earned a few dollars, enough to take him to New York where he at last became a writer.

He published a short poem called: "Wild Ducks" and got 25 dollars for it. He then was able to launch a naw play calle d: "A Madman and a Girl", which the censors so mishandled as to render it unrecognisable. After that Griffith continued his travels. One evening he happened to be in a Chicago cinema and saw:

"Hales tours and scenes of the world. Trains every 10 minutes.", written on a bill-board at the entrance. Once inside this rather out-of-the-way Pullman, Griffith began his really wonderful journey. On coming out of the "nickel-odeon" he got into a real train and there feverishly began writing a scenario fo for the "Tosca"; having got to N.Y. he went to Edison's office straightaway. There they refused "Tosca"; but a Mr. Porter offered him a part in the film: "Eagles Nest". Griffiths rôle was a fight with a stuffed eagle which he did very well. Later on Griffith found better employment at the American Biograph where they paid him 15 dollars for a scenario and engaged him as actor and ~~vic~~ vice-director with a salary of 5 dollars a day. (In those days a stage-manager was just an assistant operator and would be called upon to act as carpenter, operator, extra etc. What we call a film-director did not exist). Some time later the stage-manager left; Griffith took his place and kept it. Slowly he won the Editors confidence and was able at last to direct a film called: "Dollies Adventures" starring his wife, Lina Arvidson, who later on abandoned a probable brilliant career with such a valuable director at her side.

"Dollies Adventures" was a success; Griffith had reached the turning-point in his career: he was 28 yrs. old and had ideas, and what ideas! For all those who were then interested in the movies, the cinema was only a reproducing - instrument, which depended upon a tripod nailed to the ground: in other words a man and his machine, simply watching the unfolding of events.before them.

Griffith's intuition consisted in having understood that a machine can and must become an instrument for individual and original research; to have over-turned the respective position between screen and machine is in itself a new function and with this function arises the necessity of a new person to which it can be given over; i.e., the director of the film. Director is a word which has now become established by common use, but the proper word to describe its quality ought to be"author".

Griffith became a well-known writer after his own prophecy, only instead of using words, he used pictures. D. W. Griffith's unforgettable creation was that of the showman, considered as a single factor of all the collective parts neeeded in a film, so causing the whole outside world to become passive under a single creative energy. To the crystal eye, Griffith adds the human eye which sees, separates and chooses.

All these things have been understood later; at first one had to admit, without understanding why, that Griffith's films held you and surprised you with their new inventions. Sometimes faces and sometimes details fill the whole ~~of the screen~~ screen, some scenes fade and dissolve in a mist, others appear quite slowly from the vibrating greyness of the reel; others slowly disappear in space and vice-versa large views appear on the screen with details accentuated whilst losing themselves in space; some pictures recur as a leit-motif. And here are the principal and most wonderful of Griffith's creations in style: - close-up, fade-out, fade-in, flash back, cut back.

Griffith did not limit his work to these few purely formal experiences, but attempted the first and largest composition of cinematographic counterpoint in which he had much difficulty with the actors misunderstanding; he tried to explain the reasons why he wanted only to photograph their facial expression and not their whole body. His actors were a young and quite willing lot: Mary Pickford, the Gish Sisters (Lillian and Dorothy), Mae Marsh, Owen Moore, Lionel Barrymore, Robert Harron, Mabel Normand, Mack Sennett, Donald Crisp, Jack Pickford.., on the whole a bunch of future stars.

About that time Griffith received the manuscript of a 16 yr. old californian lassie: Anita Loos. The scenario was good and the film: "The New York Hat" was made with Mary Pickford and Lionel Barrymore. One of Griffith's last films at the Biograph was "Man's Genesis" with Mae Marsh and Robert Harron; it can be considered as one of the first so-called documen-

tary films as it precedes Grass, Nanuk, Moana.

Griffith went to Los Angeles in 1909 although he was always home-sick for N.Y.; much later he was able to go back and then he built his studios at Mamaronek, at about 20 miles from the City. In October 1913 he left the Biograph where in 5 years time he had directed 90 films of which the last was "Judith of Betulia" showing the influence on Griffith of the big Italian productions. This Italian influence was felt more and more until after the enthusiasm raised by "Quo Vadis" on the American public, he too finds it represents the turning-point in his career.

We find him at the Mutual, where his favourite actors followed him. But Our Mary has gone, gone; so she maliciously says, to "save her personality". However, the little blonde girl knew her own business very well, and after having tried to coax the Biograph into giving her a 100 instead of 50 dollars, she decided to "save her personality" by allowing Carl Laemmle to give her 175 dollars.

Two minor films preceded the one in which Griffith's personality asserted itself powerfully; this was: "The Birth of a Nation" (taken from the novel: The Clansman, by the Rev. Bickson); Griffith hadn't a tenth of the necessary funds and was obliged to interrupt his work often. But when the film was released it paid 20% of the profits on the capital.

"The Birth of a Nation" has been judged variously; the plot describes a civil war which is the consequence of the making of a law against slavery; this caused many people to accuse Griffith of anti-black propaganda (Harry Allan Potamkin is very severe about it, but perhaps he was rather prejudiced).

After leaving the Mutual, D. W. Griffith associated himself with Mack Sennett and Thomas Ince, so forming the Triangle which proceeded to hurriedly produce "Intolerance".

It was not, as Paul Rotha states, "The Birth of a Nation" in which Griffith tried to emulate the Italian Quo Vadis, but Intolerance, where we see him take

Cabiria as an example. Its influence is evident. Intolerance, having had the largest organisation a cinema-production had ever attained and which has not yet been surpassed. But its imporatance is not so much in the colossal, or the magnificence or the richness of the mise-en-scène. All that superfluous luxury is now dead and luckily passed.

However "Intolerance" shows Griffith's daring in showing , for the first time, a cinema-epic in which he confirms his own particular invention, specially designed to fulfill all the exigencies of the picture-language.

To join four parallel tales, namely the Fall of Babilon, Christ's Persecution, Saint Bartholomew's Night and a Modern Hero's Drama connecting them all with such a poignantly poetical scene as that of the ceaseless rocking of a cradle (the Virgin in Intolerance was Lillian Gish, who came and went in a dissolving mist, forming the leit-motif) is genuine cinema, even though lacking in parts. Griffith understood that the true and only "time-machine" can itself dissolve time and lengthen it, condense it and dominate above the interminable space of centuries , in the same way as it rules over the spaces of the earth of the sea and of the sky. That Griffith has not been capable of changing everything into poetry is another question, which however deserves being considered with a pronounced sense of the relativity of things.

The important fact is that with "Intolerance" the last comparison between cinema and theatre disappears. The public of those days, mostly of humble people, got mixed up and coudn't understand when it saw 4 tales brought together at the same time; so the film was a failure financially.

Griffith very handsomely paid for it and left for England, ready to launch this favourite play of his. In London he met Lloyd George, a few days after America's declaration in the World War and with him he studied the scenario for a propaganda film to be given in America; it was called: "Hearts of the World" and given for the first time with success in April 1918.

A short time later, after the birth of the United Artists, Griffith began

the mise-en-scène of Broken Blossoms (13th May 1919); it represents the swan-song, the highest peak of a superb career. Broken Blossoms is one of those few films which redeem the cinema from all its sins and which exercise such a huge influence on the showmen of all nations. Very often his literary notions, a conventional idea of poetry, or a humanitarianism not deep enough to penetrate its own profound logic, even if the consequences are disconcerting, together with a strictly protestant radicalism have been Griffith's worst pit-falls. What saved him was his deep knowledge of the cinem and of its means. Griffith was one of the first and few who were capable of thinking the "cinema-way". For this reason, "Broken Blossoms" is a master-piece and is considered as such by the most severe and prejudiced critics; in it technical and stylistic resources change into exactitude, intensity, simplicity, evidence, physiognomical characteristics which one can distinguish, but not separate.

After this film, Griffith passed on to the Paramount. He directed "The Way down East" and paid Liebler, the author , 175 thousand dollars for the copyright. Fifteen years earlier the same author had given "Raffles, or The Gentleman-crook" for nothing, glad only to see his name on the bill-board!

He then produced " The Two Orphans", with the Gish sisters ; this is quite a good play, and in it Griffith repeats his favourite method of conducting two parallel stories. Years ago he declared during an interview that he had in mind to make a film of Cyrano de Bergerac, of Chantecler, of L'Aiglon and of Napoleon's life. Let us hope these statements were incorrect, because otherwise one would think he had very bad taste. His first talkie:"The Song of the Heart" did not recieve much attention, and certainly did not deserve it.

"Abraham Lincoln", a talkie, is the second corrected edition of "The Birth of a Nation". Potamkin writes:" 'Abraham Lincoln' is the story of an intelligent teetotaller, a theatre-play put to the screen and made useless by an unreasoning director and by a bad poet. If this film makes you cry, it is a

point more against it. The pathetic side of a tremendous social problem ought not to end in a morbid need for tears, but in a new revelation."

This severe judgement is exaggerated, but it is true that Griffith is no longer our contemporary.

His best and cleverest discoveries for the cinema have been collected by quite a number of pupils; we can find no other name for them, even though their teacher has perhaps never seen them. Introducing our readers to Erich von Stroheim, King Vidor, Joseph v. Sternberg, Pudovchin and Eisenstein, we will always be speaking of Griffith, even if we do not mention him. And one day his name will be placed next to that of the Lumière brothers, because if they invented the machine, Griffith found the man who was capable of using it.

H. E. Newbranch, editor,
Omaha World Herald,
Omaha, Nebraska.

My dear Mr. Newbranch:---

The cautious quiet of the pens of the editorial writers regarding motion pictures in this country, has been a stimulating encouragement to the uneasy reformers who are striving with a greedy haste to force censorship of their own selection and limits, upon all the people.

I can recall no other editorial so thoughtful, dispassionate and forceful as the one you have written . May other editorial writers gather some of your courage and collect some of your thoughts.

I wish to compliment you earnestly upon this most useful and important expression, and to thank you for the personal references.

With my best wishes,

Sincerely yours,

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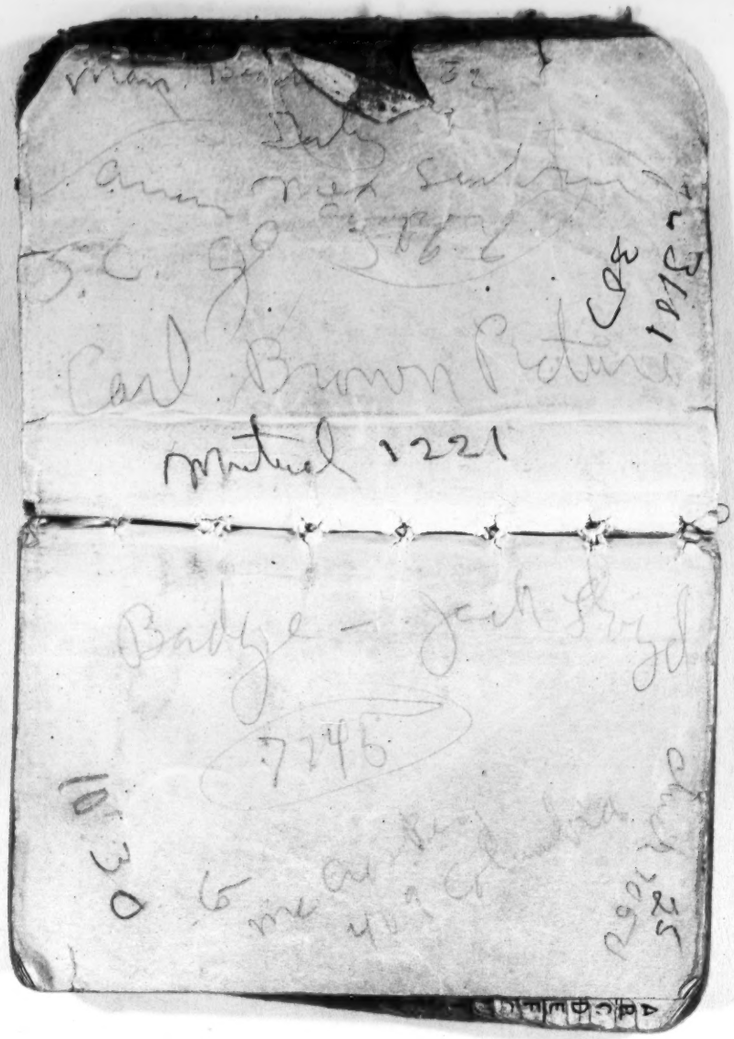
me more in my life than
my ~~idea~~ in praising and telling
that you would be just as big
a hit on Broadway as you were
in your own theatre and I tried
desperately to convince the Jewish
people but as you know without
success but never mind we are
going to do it Regards to my
dear friend Rachel Crothers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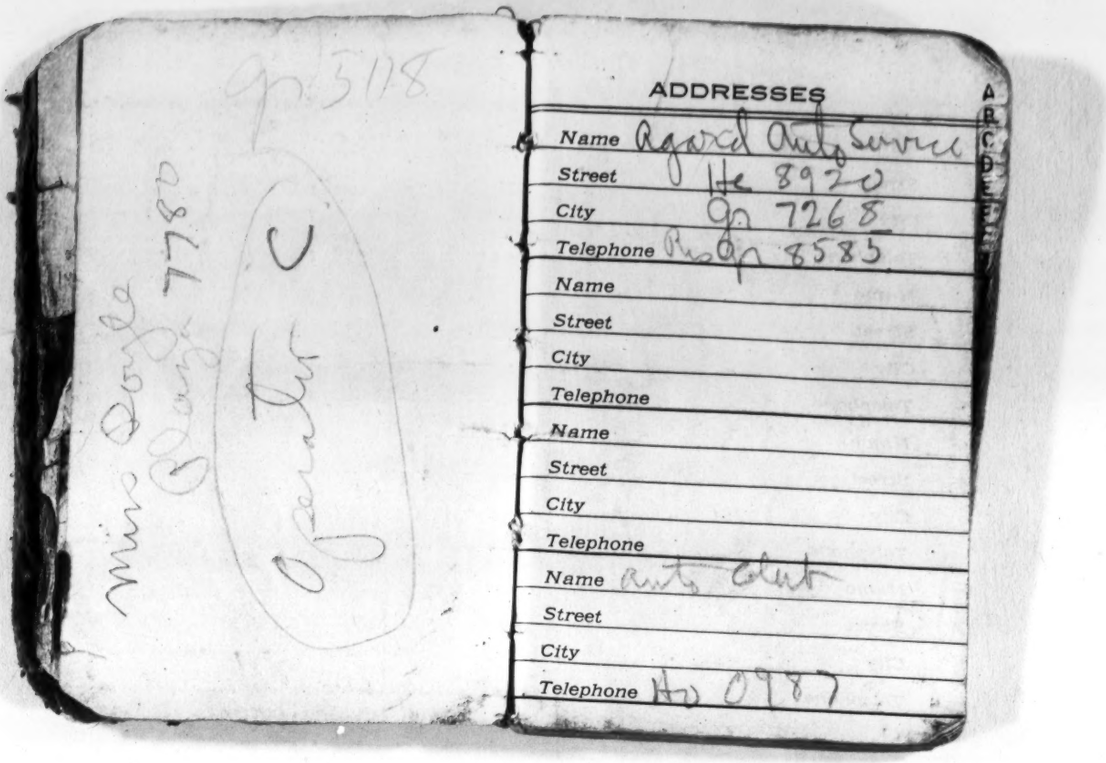
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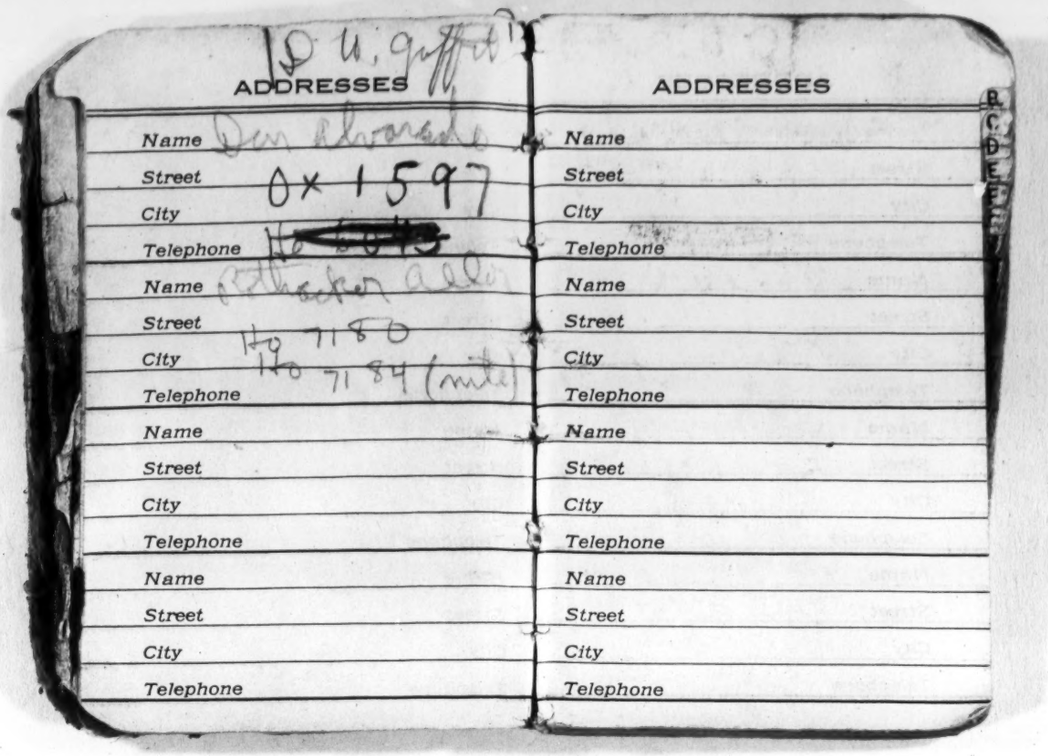
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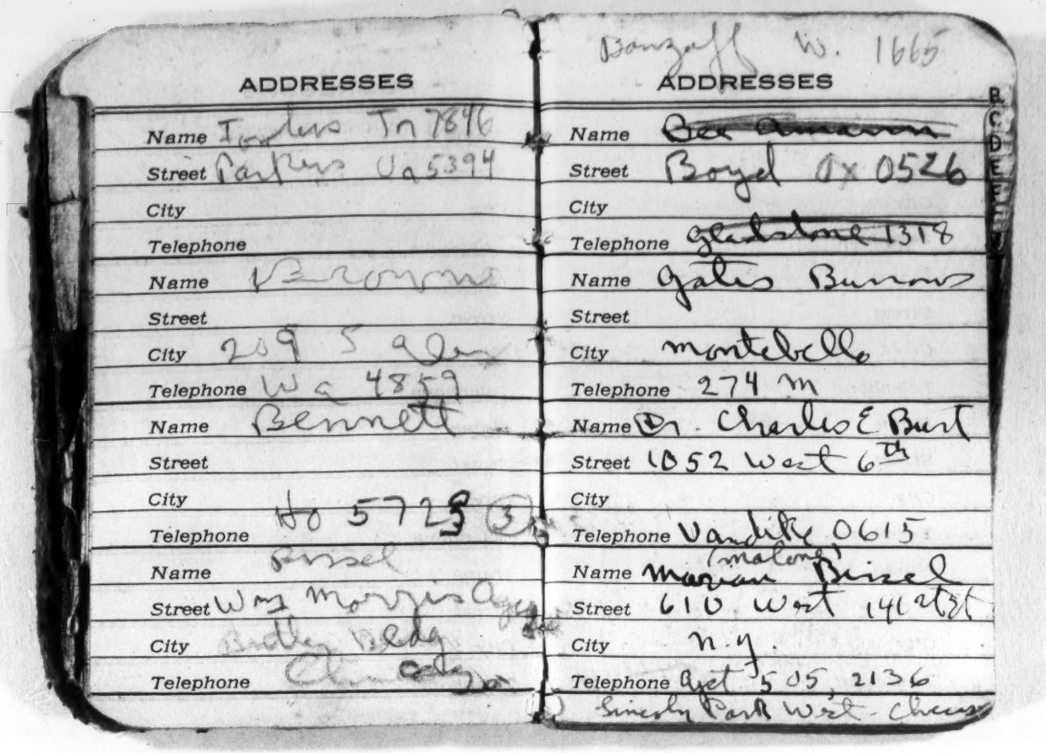

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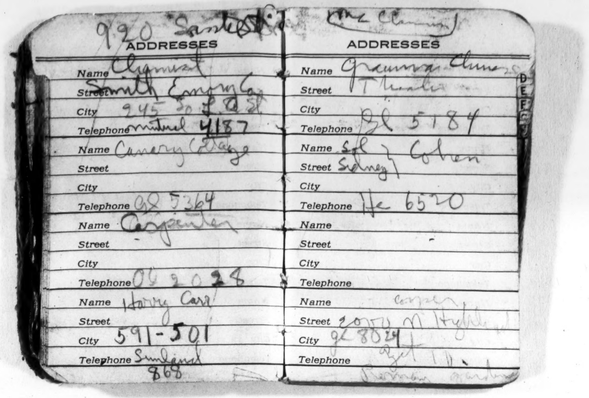
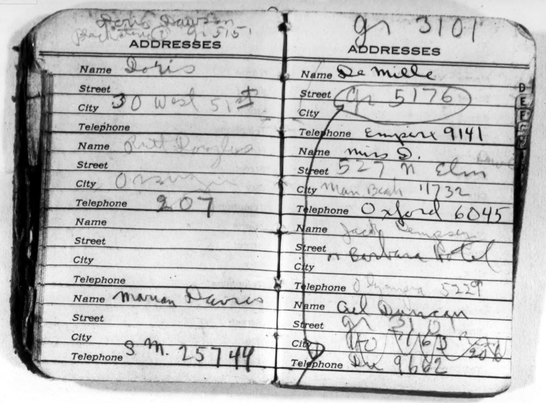
Telephone

C D E F



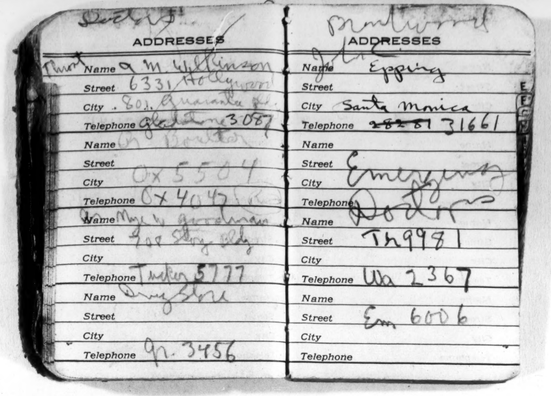
ADDRESSES

Name Clymer	Name Granny Clinic
Street 990 Santee	Street
City Downtown Emp 9-2	City
Telephone Mutual 4187	Telephone PL 5184
Name Canary Days	Name Sol J Cohen
Street	Street Sidney
City	City
Telephone RI 5264	Telephone He 6520
Name Carpenter	Name
Street	Street
City	City
Telephone OL 2028	Telephone
Name Henry Carl	Name carpenter
Street	Street 920 S. Hill
City 591-501	City PL 8524
Telephone Sunset 808	Telephone



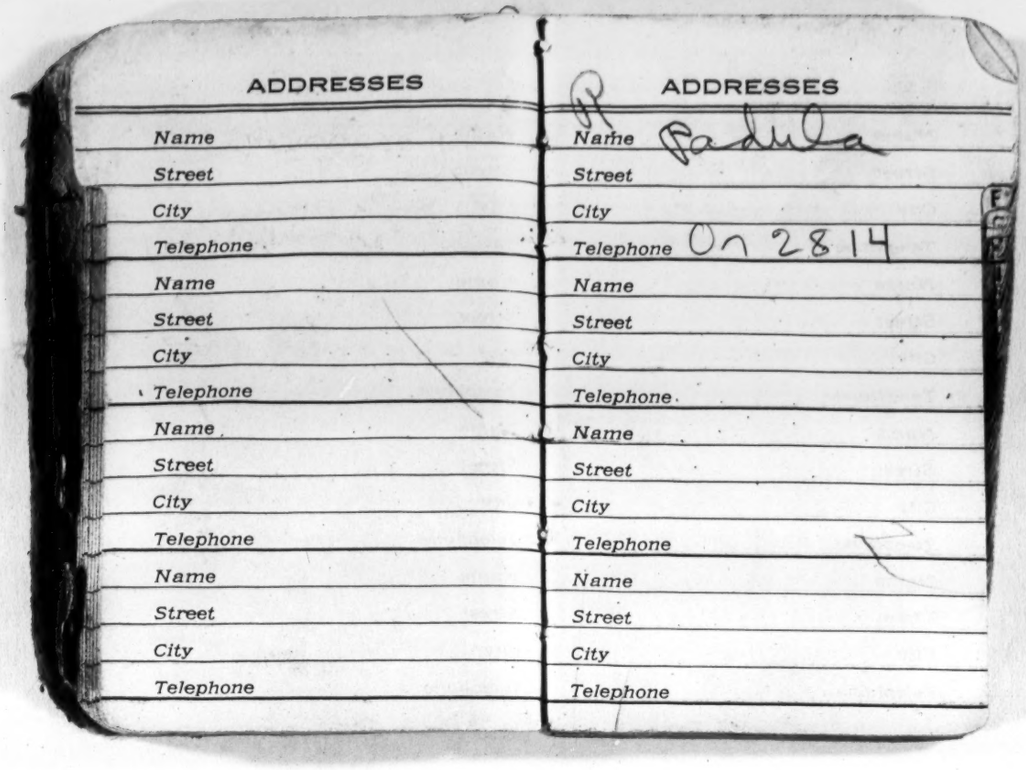
ADDRESSES

Name Doris	Name Demille
Street	Street GR 5176
City 30 West 51st	City
Telephone	Telephone Empire 9141
Name Burt Douglas	Name Mrs D.
Street	Street 527 N Elm
City Orange	City Palm Beach 1732
Telephone 207	Telephone Oxford 6045
Name	Name Jesse Lasky
Street	Street Beverly Hills Hotel
City	City
Telephone	Telephone Olympia 5229
Name Marion Davies	Name Cal Duncan
Street	Street GR 3101
City	City HO 7163 206
Telephone BR 25744	Telephone Elm 9662



ADDRESSES

Name G. M. Wilkinson	Name Eppins
Street 6331 Hollywood	Street
City Bel Air, Alameda 3087	City Santa Monica
Telephone OL 5504	Telephone ~~382-81~~ 31661
Name	Name
Street	Street Emergency
City	City
Telephone GR 4047	Telephone Doctor
Name Mrs. Goodman	Name
Street 708 Story Bldg	Street Th 9981
City	City
Telephone Metro 5777	Telephone Wa 2367
Name Irving Stone	Name
Street	Street Em 6006
City	City
Telephone GR. 3456	Telephone



ADDRESSES

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ADDRESSES

Name Padula
Street
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Telephone On 2814
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Name
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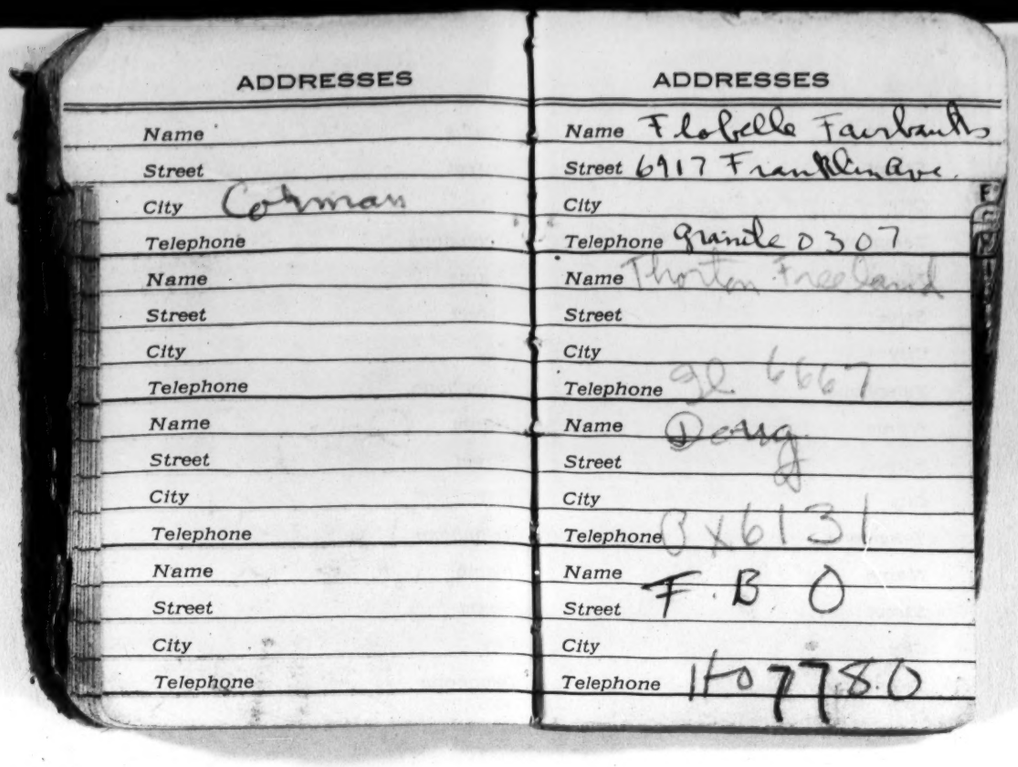

ADDRESSES

Name
Street
City Colman
Telephone
Name
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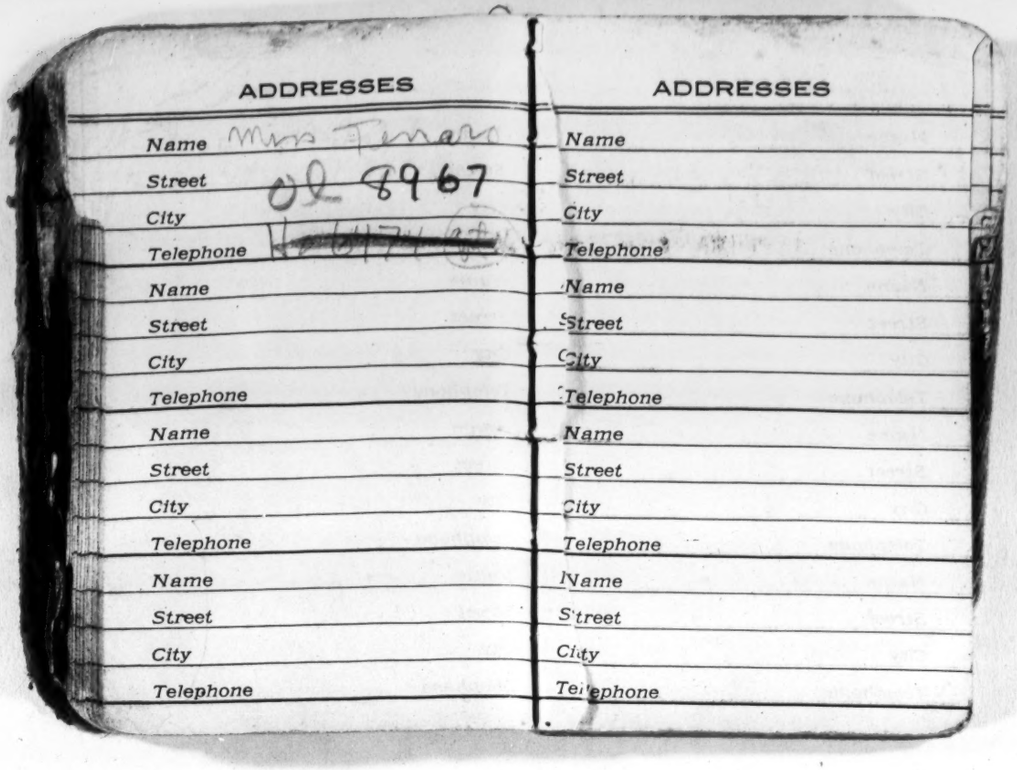
Telephone
Name
Street
City
Telephone
Name
Street
City
Telephone

ADDRESSES

Name Florelle Fairbanks
Street 6917 Franklin Ave.
City
Telephone Granite 0307
Name Thorton Freeland
Street
City
Telephone GL. 6667
Name Doug
Street
City
Telephone 3 x 6131
Name
Street F. B. O
City
Telephone HO 7780



ADDRESSES

Name Mrs Inman
Street 01 8967
City
Telephone

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ADDRESSES

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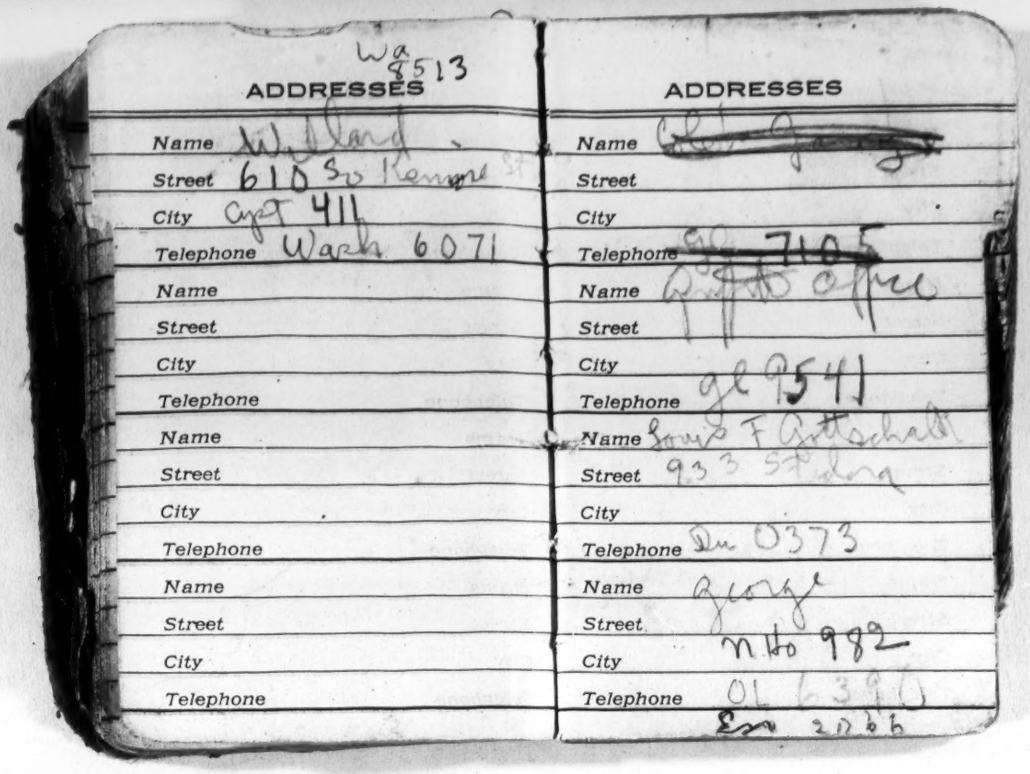


ADDRESSES

Name W. Leland
Street 610 So Kenmore
City Apt 411
Telephone Wash 6071

Name
Street
City
Telephone

Name
Street
City
Telephone

Name
Street
City
Telephone

Name
Street
City
Telephone

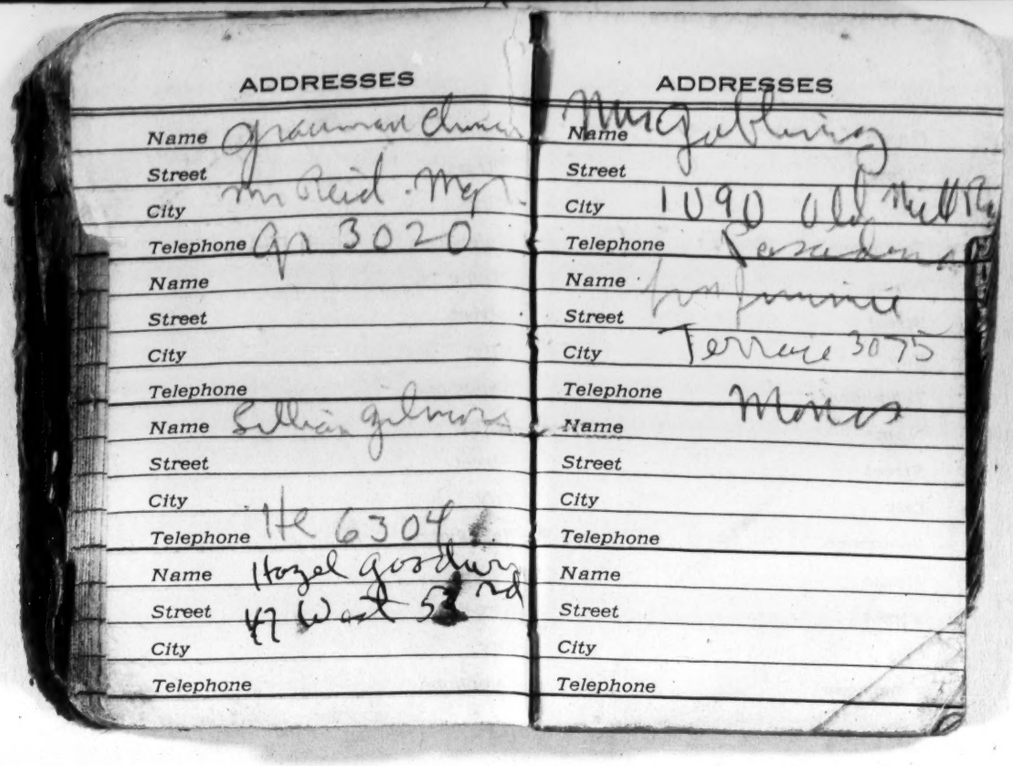
ADDRESSES

Name [illegible]
Street
City
Telephone [illegible] 7105

Name Public office
Street
City
Telephone gl 9541

Name Louis F Antschel
Street 933 St Long
City
Telephone Du 0373

Name George
Street
City nko 982
Telephone OL 6396
Exc 2066



ADDRESSES

Name Grammar Chimes
Street In Reid Mgr.
City
Telephone Gr 3020

Name
Street
City
Telephone

Name Lillian Gilmore
Street
City
Telephone Ir 6304

Name Hazel Goodwin
Street 47 West 53rd
City
Telephone

ADDRESSES

Name Margaret Irving
Street
City 1090 Old Mill Rd
Telephone Tarrytown

Name Jos Pennell
Street
City Terrace 3075
Telephone Morris

Name
Street
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Telephone

Name
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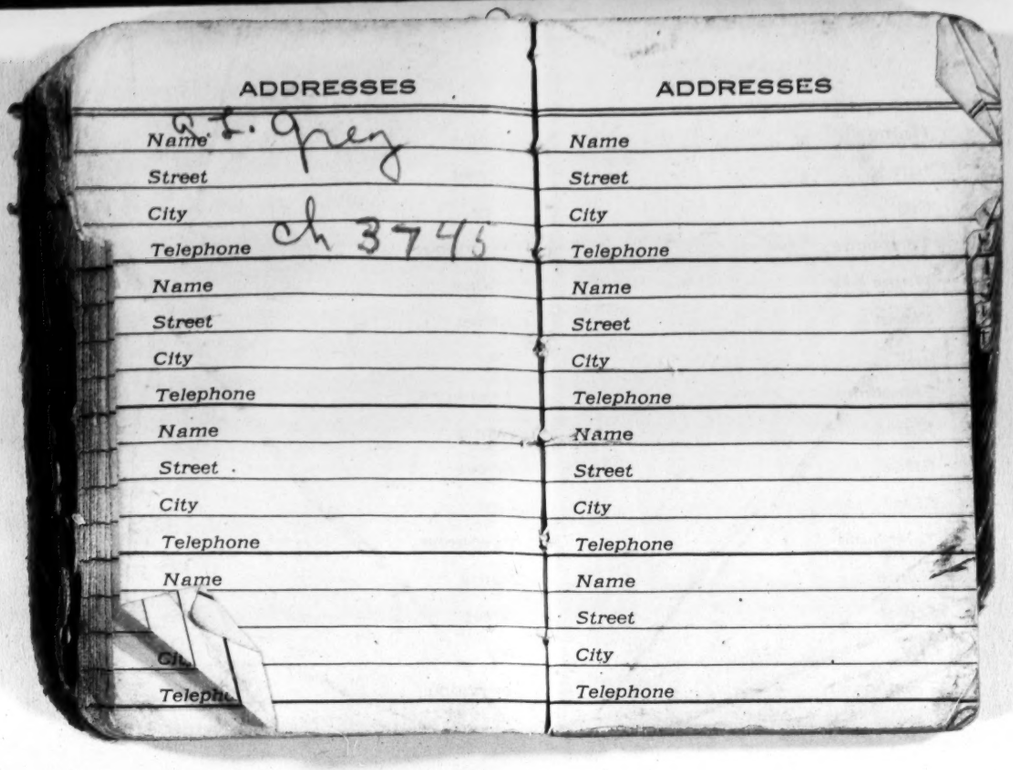
Telephone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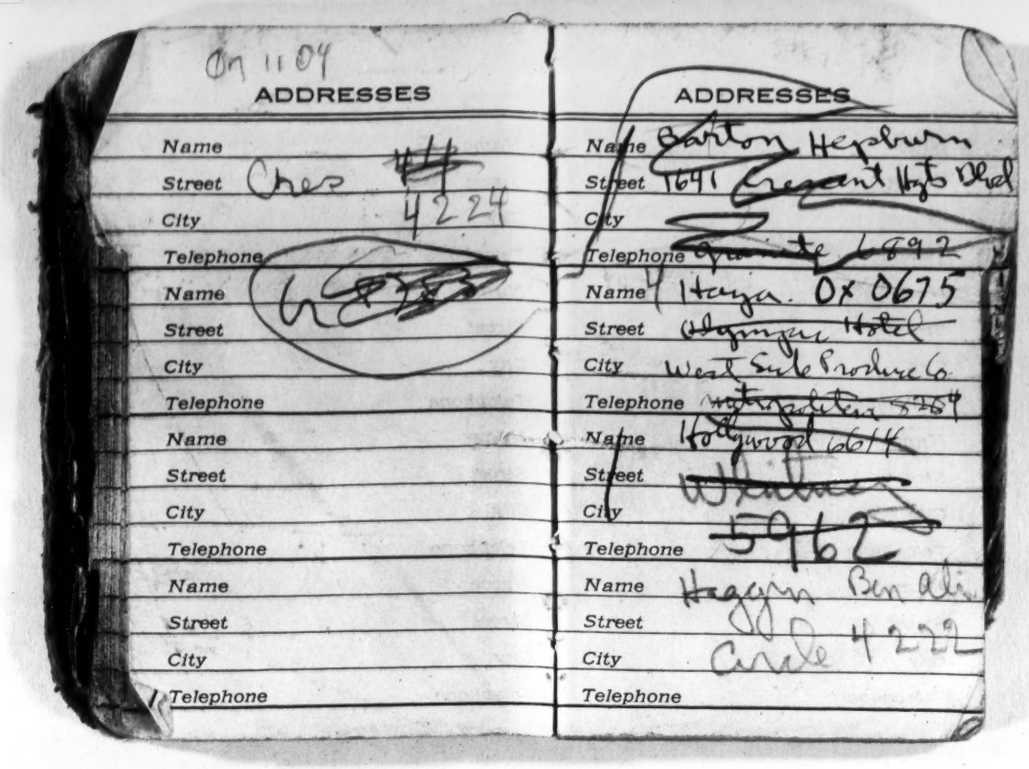

On 11 04

ADDRESSES

Name
Street Chas 4224
City
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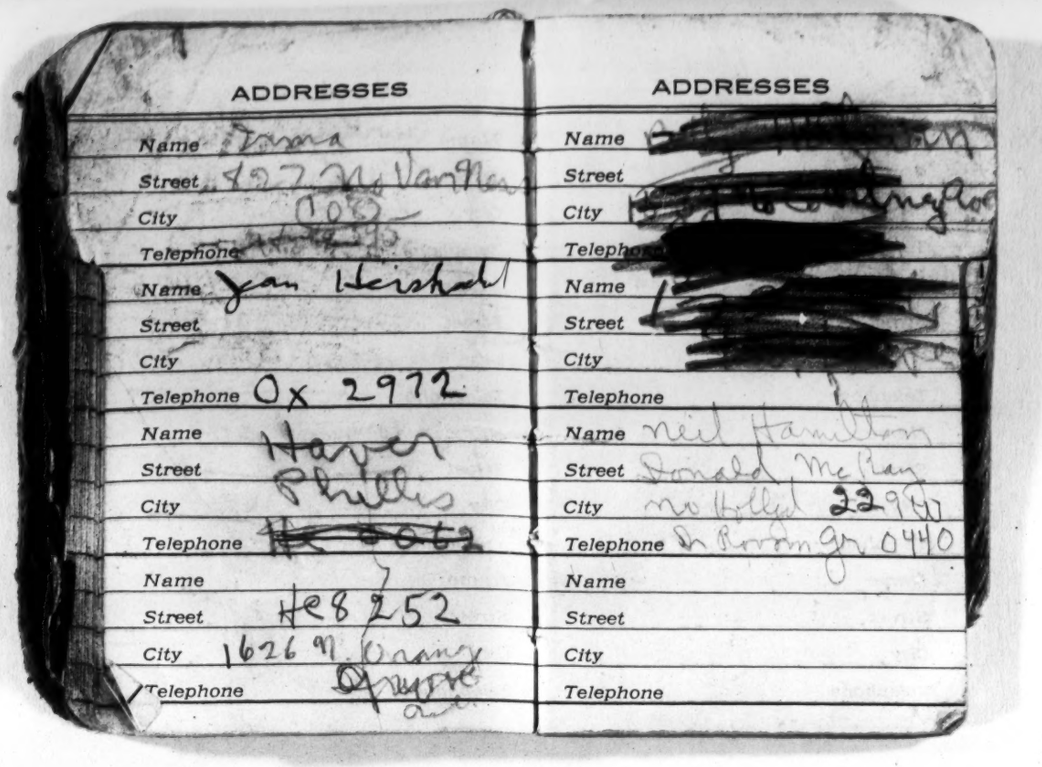
Telephone
Name
Street
City
Telephone

ADDRESSES

Name Barton Hepburn
Street 1641 Crescent Hgts Blvd
City
Telephone ~~Granite 6892~~
Name Itaya. OX 0675
Street ~~Algonquin Hotel~~
City West Side Produce Co.
Telephone ~~Metropolitan 5259~~
Name Hollywood 6614
Street ~~Walton~~
City 5962
Telephone
Name Haggin Ben Ali
Street
City Circle 4222
Telephone



ADDRESSES

Name Irma
Street 497 N. Van Ness
City
Telephone

Name Jan Heishadl
Street
City
Telephone OX 2972

Name Haver Phillis
Street
City
Telephone ~~HE 0062~~

Name
Street HE 8252
City 1626 N. Cranny
Telephone Olympia

ADDRESSES

Name [redacted]
Street
City
Telephone

Name
Street
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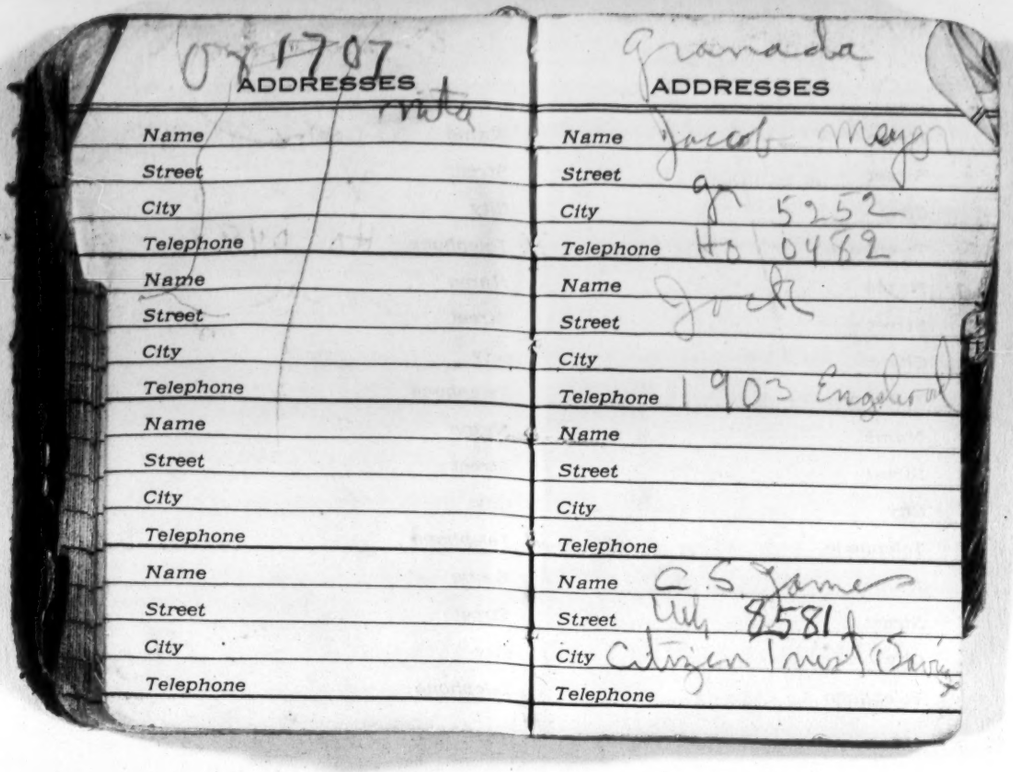
Telephone

Name Neil Hamilton
Street Donald McKay
City no Hollywood 22940
Telephone Dr Bronson gr 0440

Name
Street
City
Telephone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Telephone
Granada
ADDRESSES
Name Jacob Mayo
Street
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Telephone HO 0482
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Telephone 1903 Engleroad
Name
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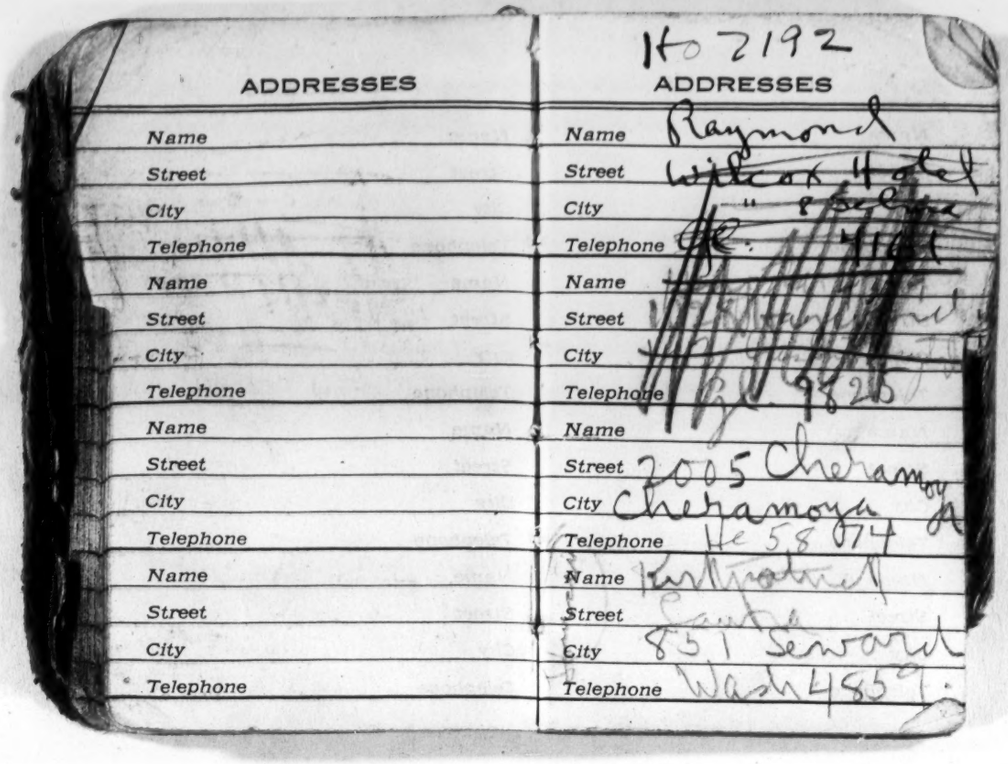
Telephone
Name C.S. James
Street
City Calvin Inst Faith
Telephone



ADDRESSES

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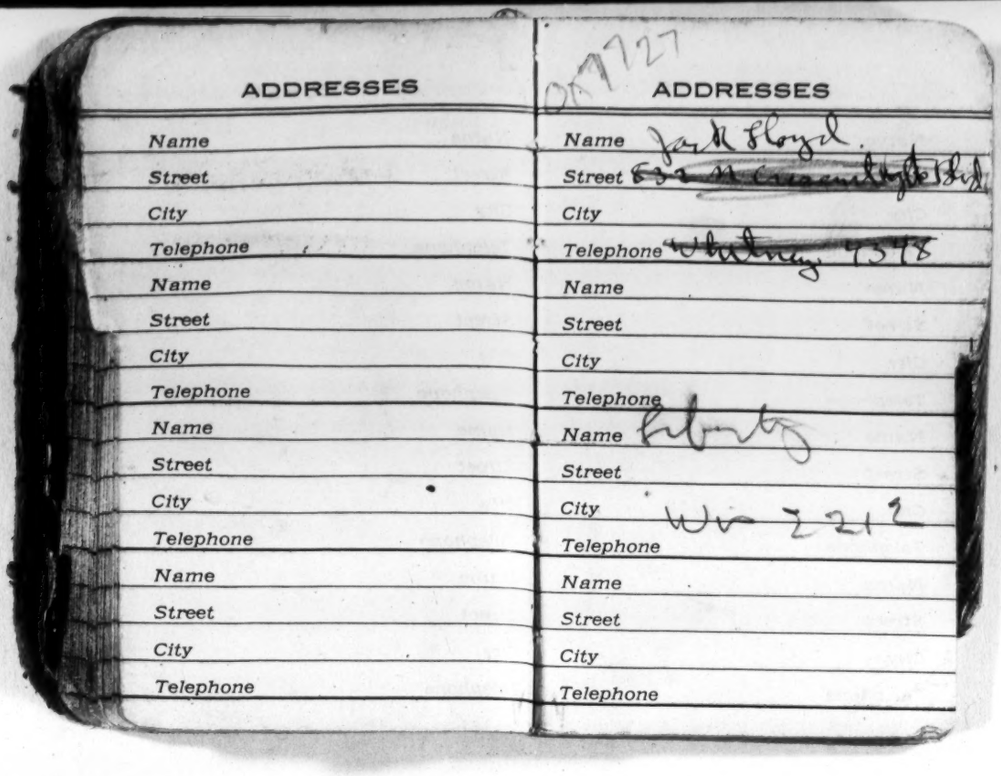
ADDRESSES

Name Raymond
Street Wilcox Hotel
City " & Cahuenga
Telephone GR. 4161
Name
Street
City
Telephone GL. 9825
Name
Street 2005 Cheramoya
City Cheramoya Apt
Telephone He 58074
Name Kirkpatrick
Street
City 851 Seward
Telephone Wash 4859



ADDRESSES

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ADDRESSES

Name Jack Floyd.
Street ~~632 N Carpenter~~ 1618 Bird
City
Telephone ~~Whitney~~ 7378
Name
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Telephone
Name Laboratory
Street
City Wa 2212
Telephone
Name
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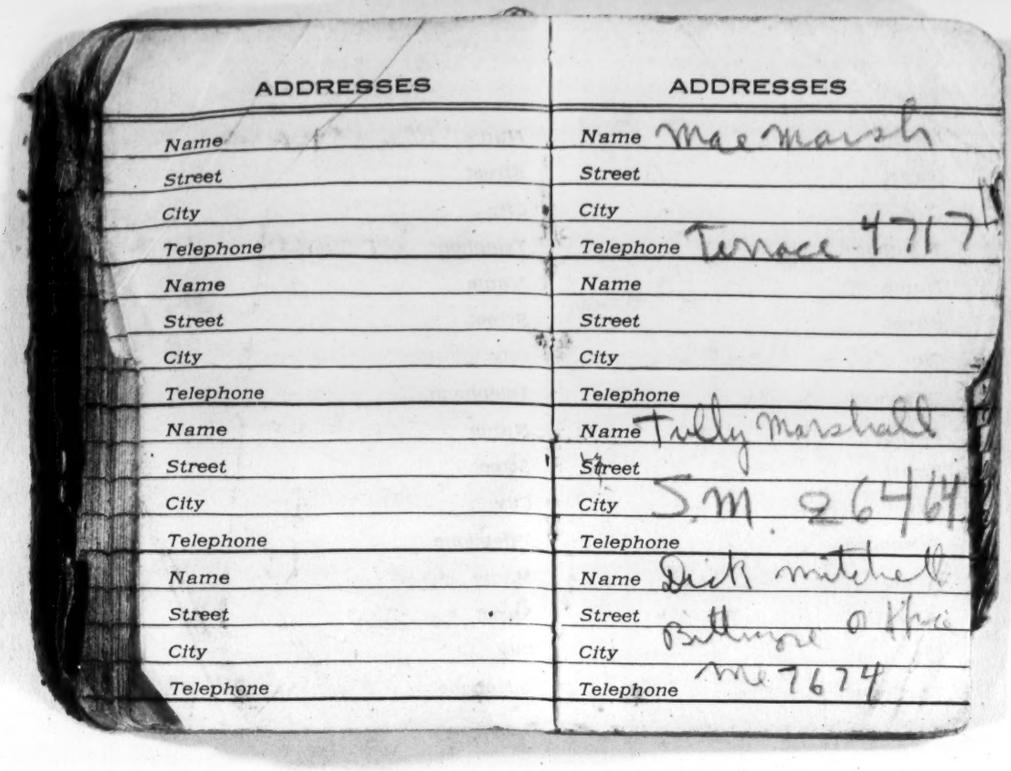
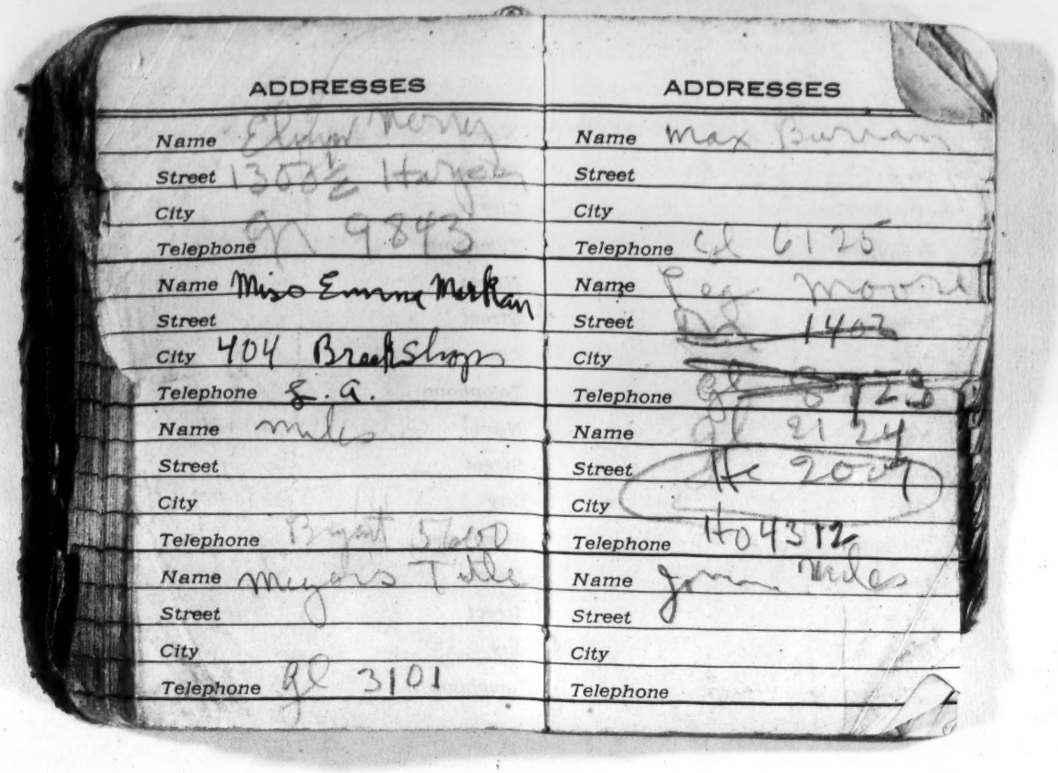
Telephone



ADDRESSES	ADDRESSES
Name	Name Mae Marsh
Street	Street
City	City
Telephone	Telephone Terrace 4717
Name	Name
Street	Street
City	City
Telephone	Telephone
Name	Name Tully Marshall
Street	Street
City	City S.M. 2644
Telephone	Telephone
Name	Name Dick Mitchell
Street	Street Biltmore Hotel
City	City
Telephone	Telephone MU 7674



ADDRESSES

Name Elmer Norris
Street 1305½ Harper
City
Telephone GR 9843

Name Miss Emma McKay
Street
City 404 Breakers
Telephone S.G.

Name Mrs
Street
City
Telephone Bryant 5-4550

Name Myers Tittle
Street
City
Telephone RE 3101

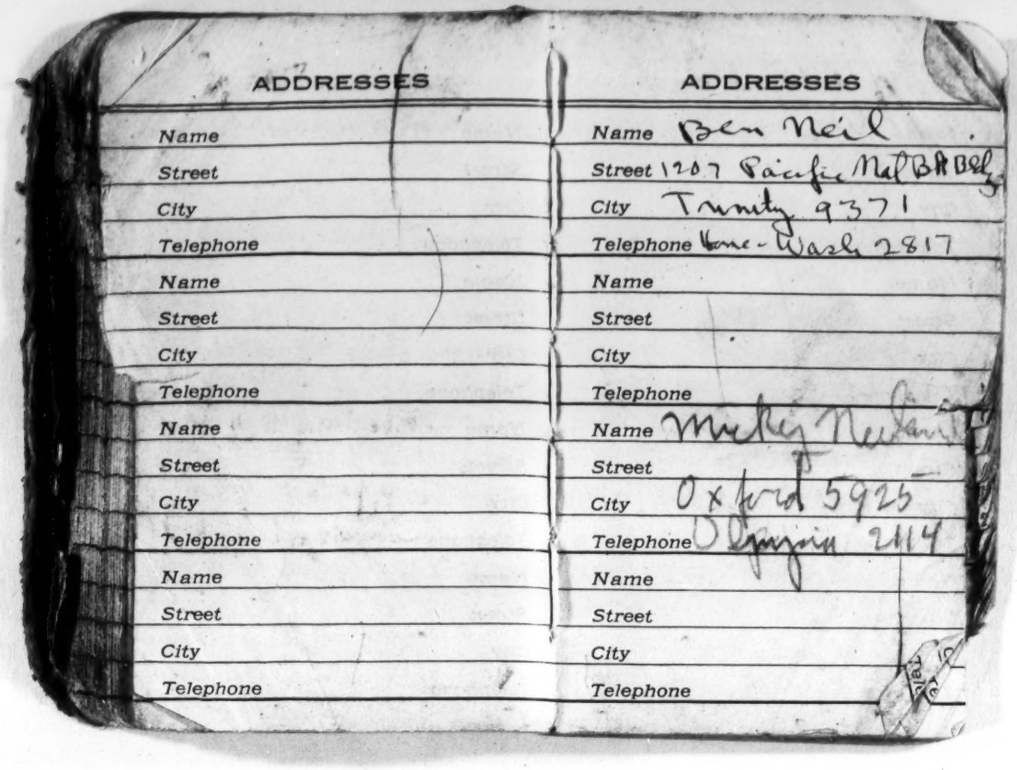
ADDRESSES

Name Max Burnam
Street
City
Telephone CL 6125

Name Lee Moore
Street ~~DE~~ 1407
City ~~[illegible]~~
Telephone ~~[illegible]~~ 8425

Name [illegible] 2124
Street HE 2057
City
Telephone HO 4312

Name John Mrs
Street
City
Telephone



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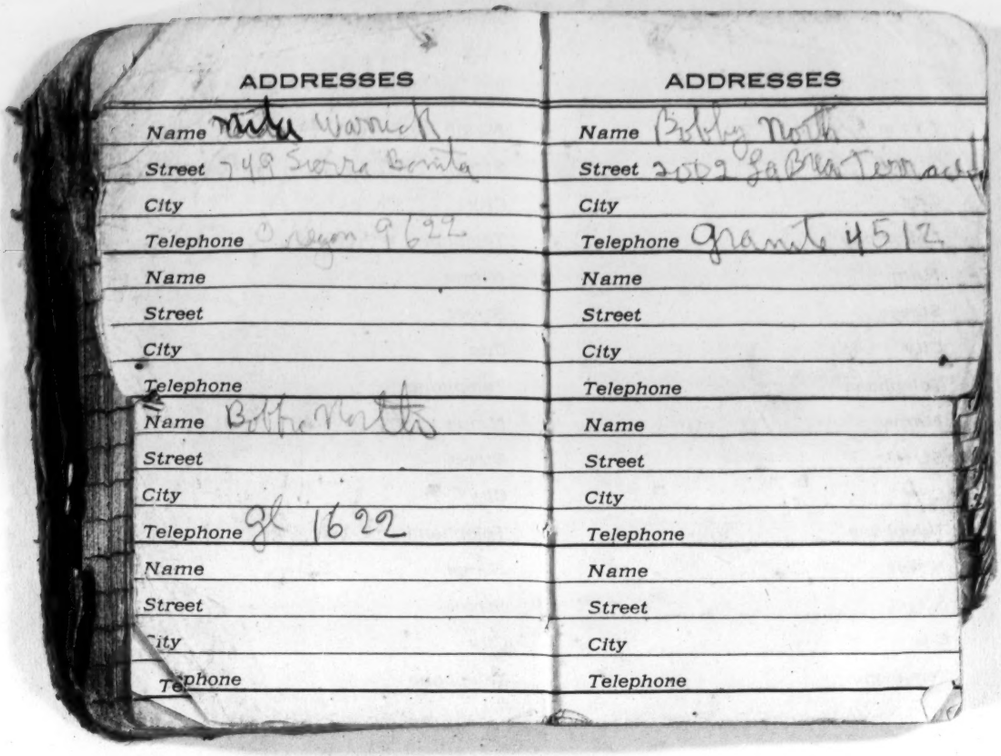
ADDRESSES

Name Ben Neil
Street 1207 Pacific Mut Bk Bldg
City Trinity 9371
Telephone Home - Wash 2817
Name
Street
City
Telephone
Name Mickey Neilan
Street
City Oxford 5925
Telephone Olympia 2114
Name
Street
City
Telephone



ADDRESSES

Name Mrs Warrick
Street 749 Sierra Bonita
City
Telephone Oregon 9622
Name
Street
City
Telephone
Name Bobbie North
Street
City
Telephone GL 1622
Name
Street
City
Telephone

ADDRESSES

Name Bobby North
Street 2052 La Brea Terrace
City
Telephone granite 4512
Name
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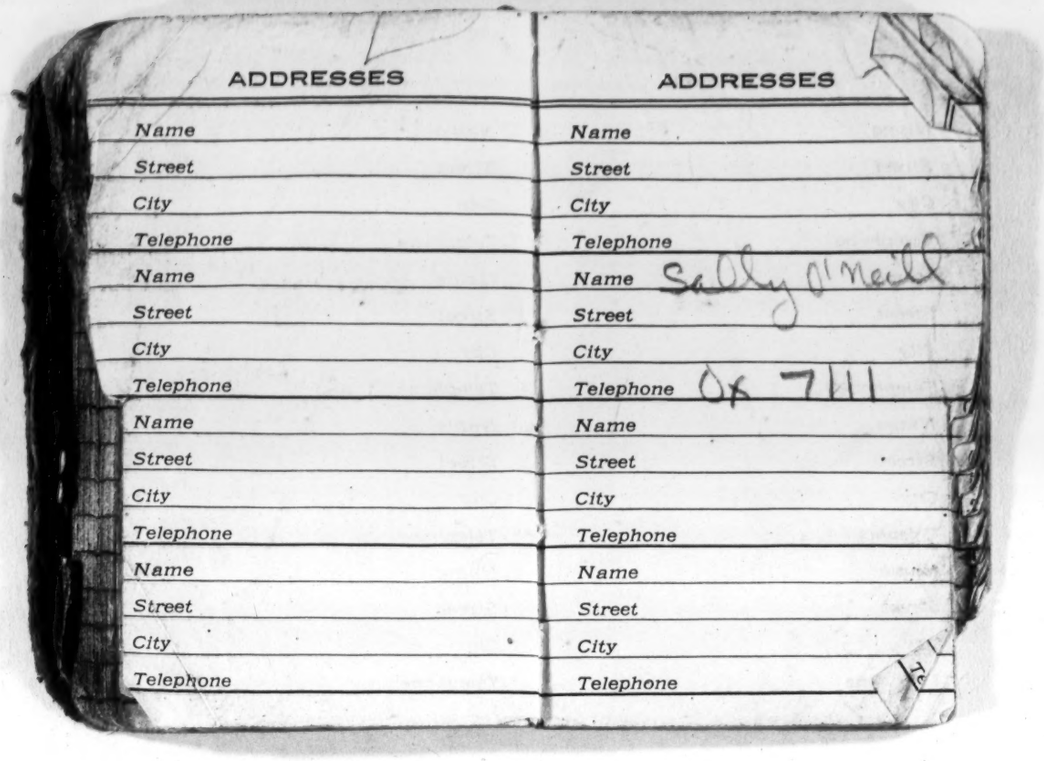

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ADDRESSES

Name
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Name Sally O'Neill
Street
City
Telephone OX 7111
Name
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Name
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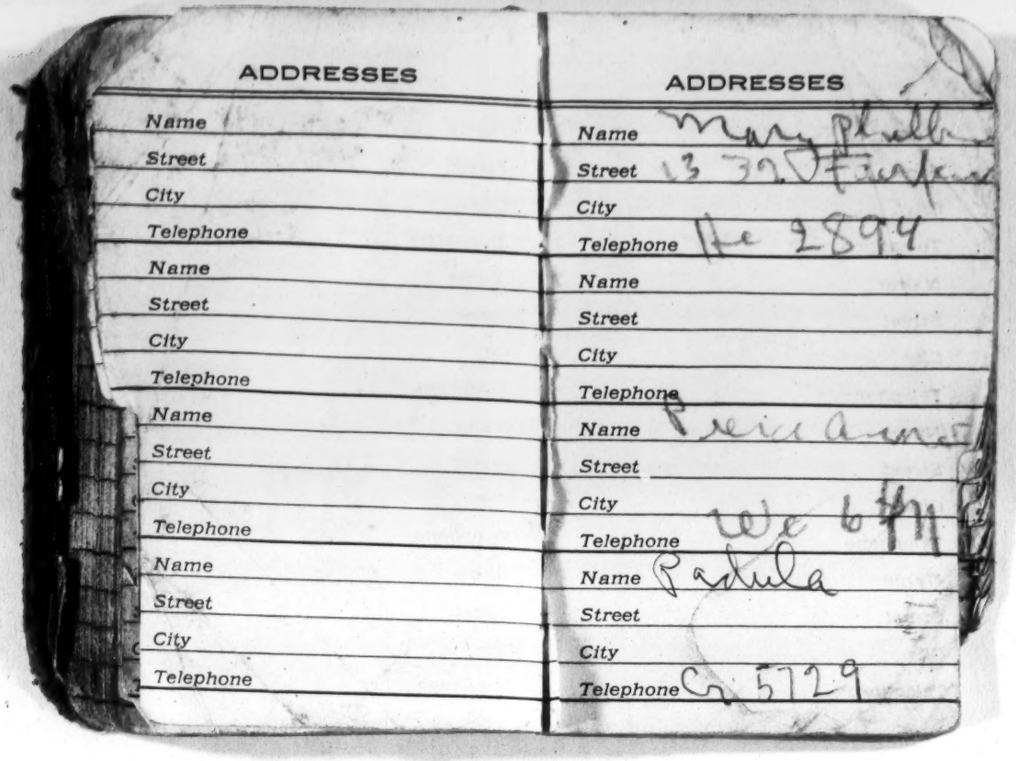
Telephone



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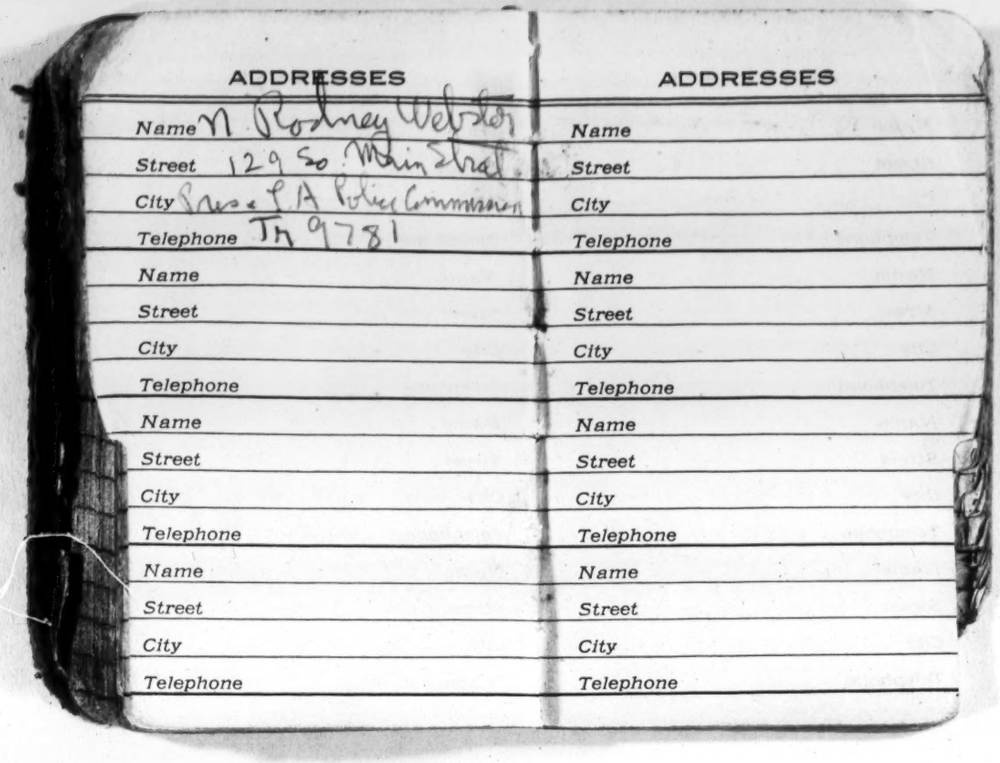
ADDRESSES

Name Mary Phelps
Street 13 32 Fairfax
City
Telephone Le 2894

Name
Street
City
Telephone

Name Preis Anna
Street
City
Telephone We 6 4771

Name Pastula
Street
City
Telephone Cr. 5729



ADDRESSES

Name N. Rodney Webster
Street 129 So. Main Street
City Board of Police Commissioners
Telephone TH 9781

Name
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Telephone

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Telephone

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ADDRESSES

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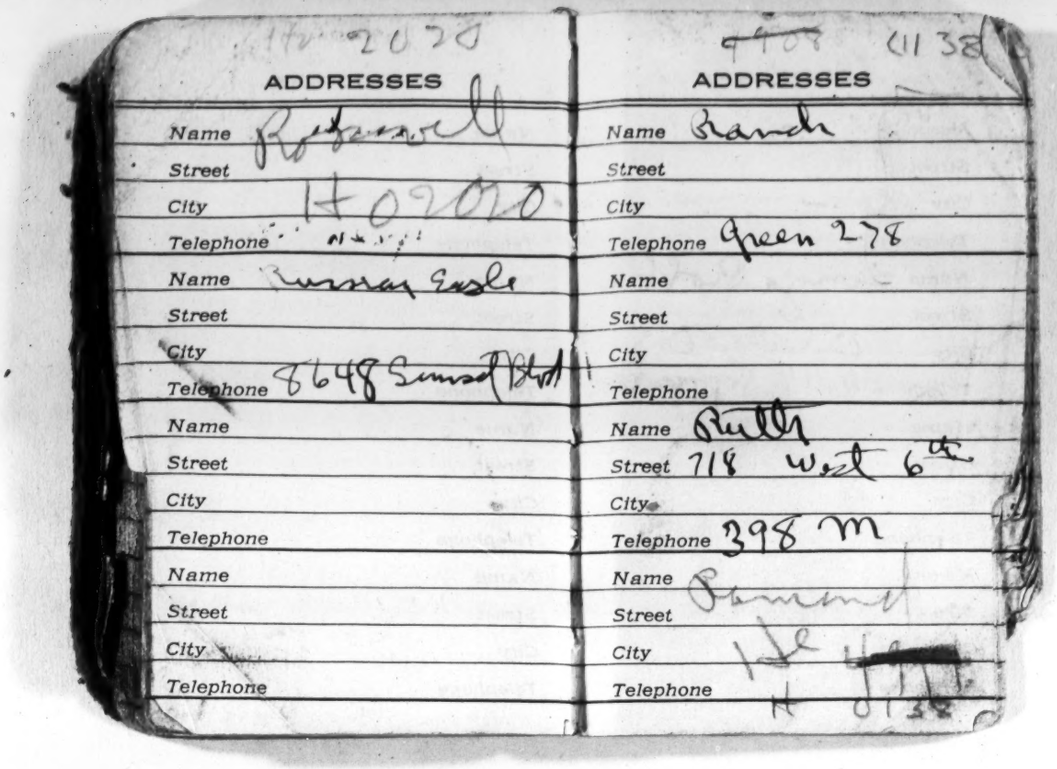


ADDRESSES

Name Rothwell
Street
City
Telephone Hollywood 2020

Name Russian Eagle
Street
City
Telephone 8648 Sunset Blvd

Name
Street
City
Telephone

Name
Street
City
Telephone

Name
Street
City
Telephone

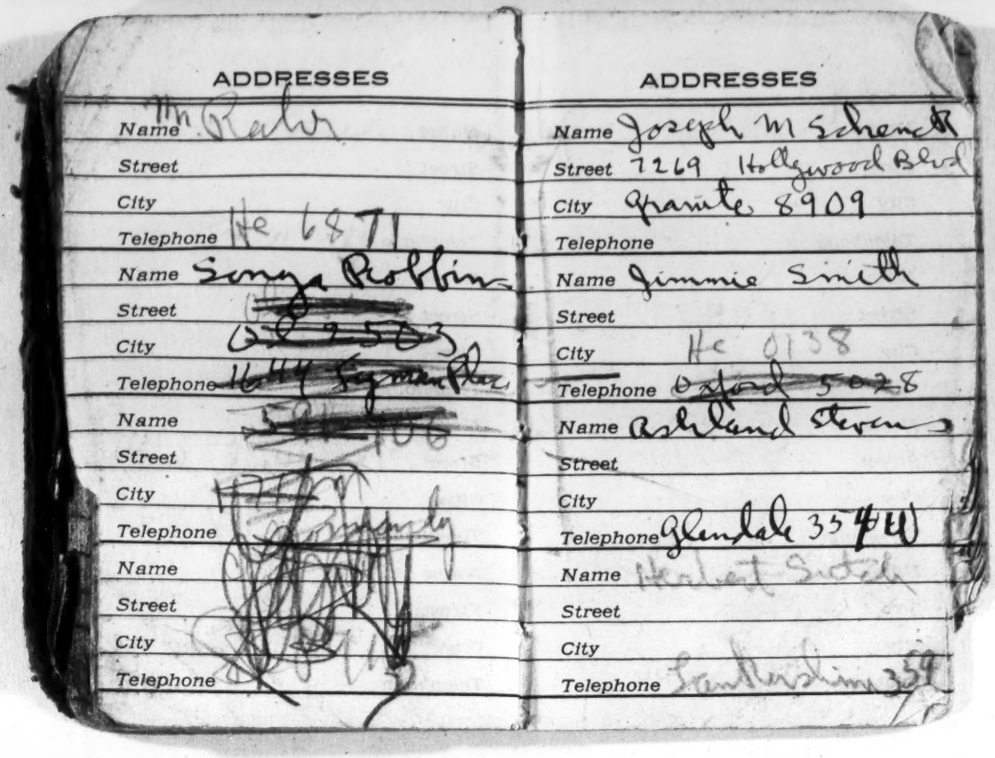
ADDRESSES

Name Ranch
Street
City
Telephone Green 278

Name
Street
City
Telephone

Name Ruth
Street 718 West 6th
City
Telephone 398 M

Name Raymond
Street
City
Telephone



ADDRESSES

Name Mr Parker
Street
City
Telephone He 6871

Name Sonya Robbins
Street [redacted]
City [redacted]
Telephone [redacted]

Name [redacted]
Street
City
Telephone

Name
Street
City
Telephone

Name
Street
City
Telephone

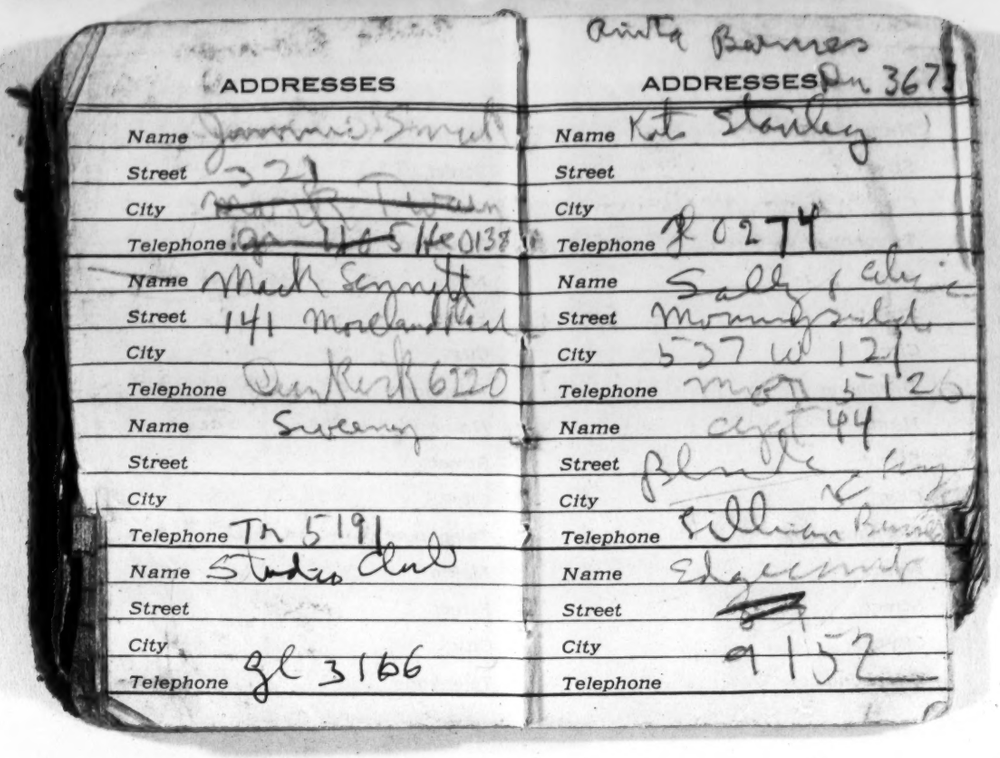
ADDRESSES

Name Joseph M Schenck
Street 7269 Hollywood Blvd
City Granite 8909
Telephone

Name Jimmie Smith
Street
City He 0138
Telephone Oxford 5028

Name Ashland Stevens
Street
City
Telephone Glendale 3544W

Name Hobart Bosworth
Street
City
Telephone Fenwick 359



ADDRESSES

Name [illegible]
Street [illegible]
City [illegible]
Telephone [illegible] 0138

Name Mark Sennett
Street 141 Moreland Ave
City
Telephone Dan Kirk 6220

Name Sweeney
Street
City
Telephone TA 5191

Name Student Club
Street
City
Telephone gl 3166

Anita Barnes

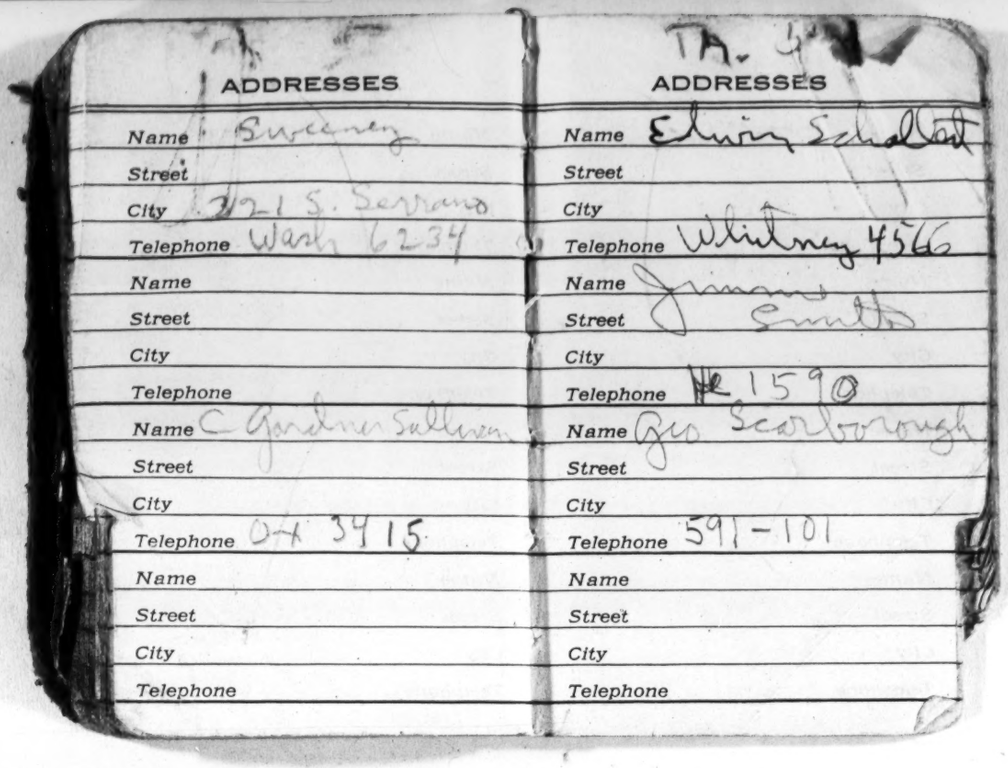
ADDRESSES Dr. 3673

Name Kate Stanley
Street
City
Telephone [illegible] 0274

Name Sally (Alex)
Street Mountain Lake
City 537 W 121
Telephone MO 5-1206

Name [illegible]
Street Glenside Ave
City
Telephone Villanova Barnes

Name Edgecomb
Street [illegible]
City
Telephone 9152



ADDRESSES

Name Sweeney
Street
City 321 S. Serrano
Telephone Wash 6234

Name
Street
City
Telephone

Name C Gardner Sullivan
Street
City
Telephone OX 3415

Name
Street
City
Telephone

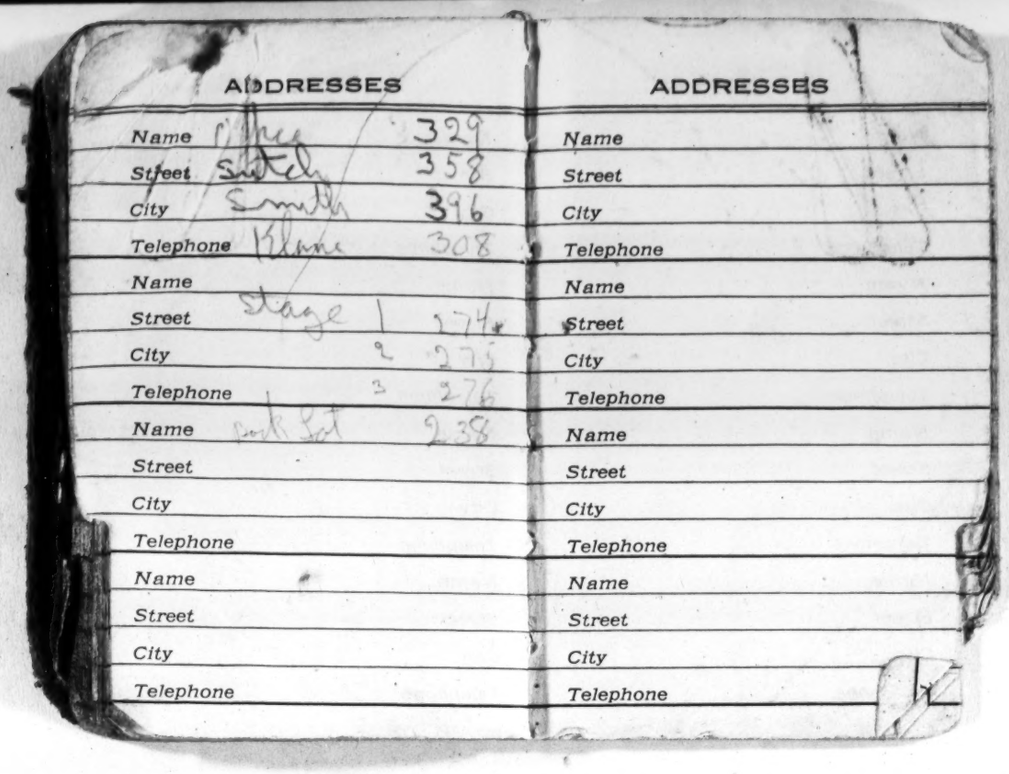
ADDRESSES

Name Edwin Schallert
Street
City
Telephone Whitney 4566

Name Jimmie Smith
Street
City
Telephone HE 1590

Name Geo Scarborough
Street
City
Telephone 591-101

Name
Street
City
Telephone



ADDRESSES

Name Chas 329
Street Smith 358
City Smith 396
Telephone Klaus 308
Name
Street Stage 1 274
City 2 275
Telephone 3 276
Name Cook Sol 238
Street
City
Telephone
Name
Street
City
Telephone

ADDRESSES

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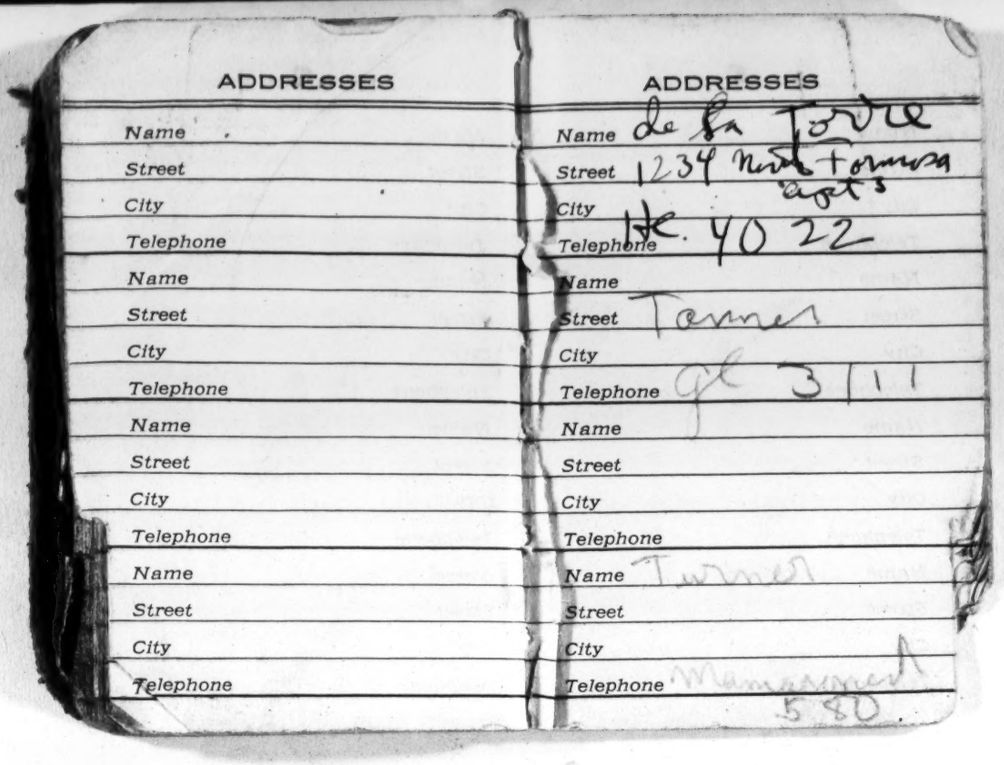

ADDRESSES

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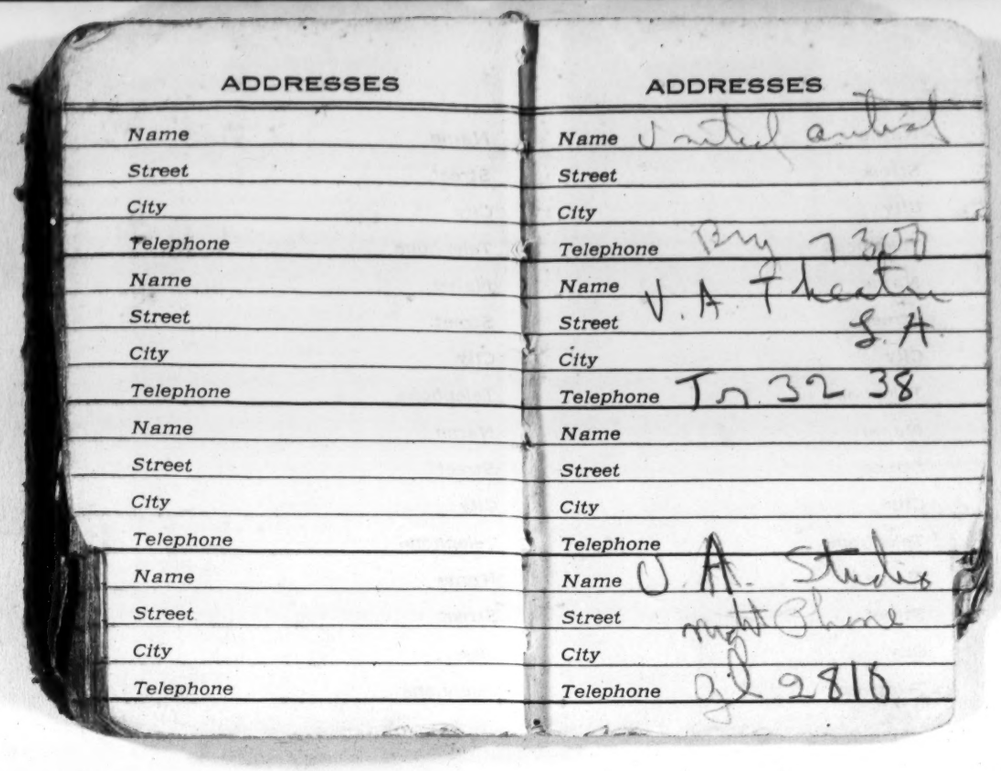
ADDRESSES

Name de la Torre
Street 1234 North Formosa Apts
City
Telephone HE. 4022

Name
Street Tarner
City
Telephone GL 3111

Name
Street
City
Telephone

Name Turner
Street
City
Telephone Management 580



ADDRESSES

Name
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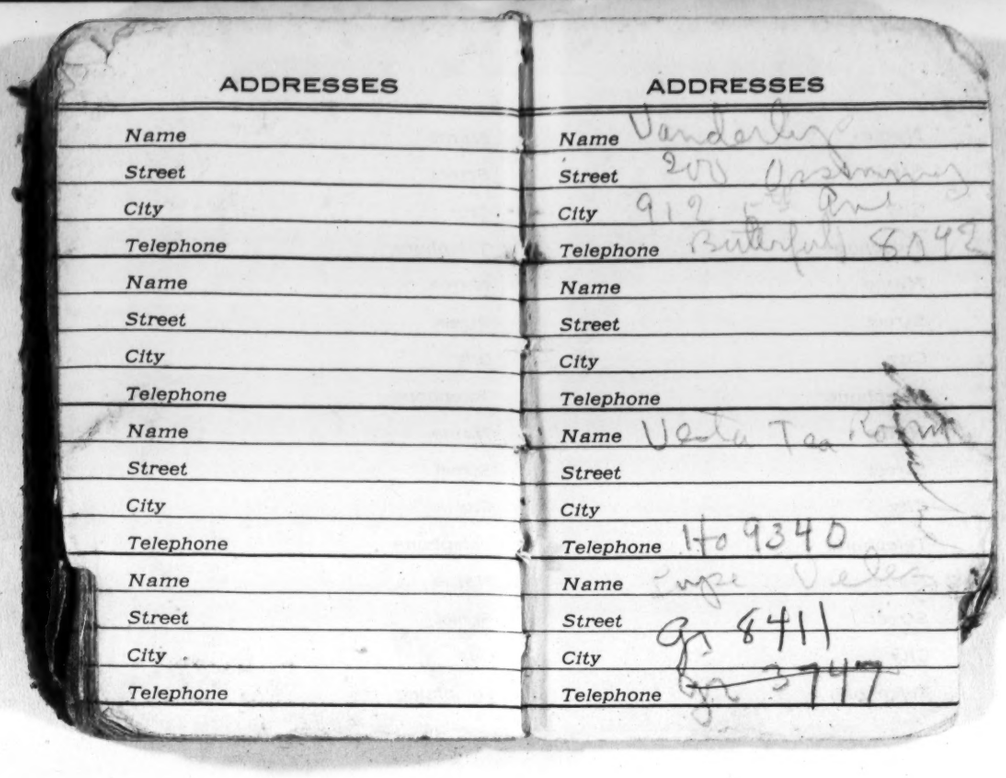
ADDRESSES

Name United artist
Street
City
Telephone Bry 7307

Name V.A. Theatre
Street S.A.
City
Telephone Jo. 32 38

Name
Street
City
Telephone

Name U.A. Studio
Street night Phone
City
Telephone GL 2816



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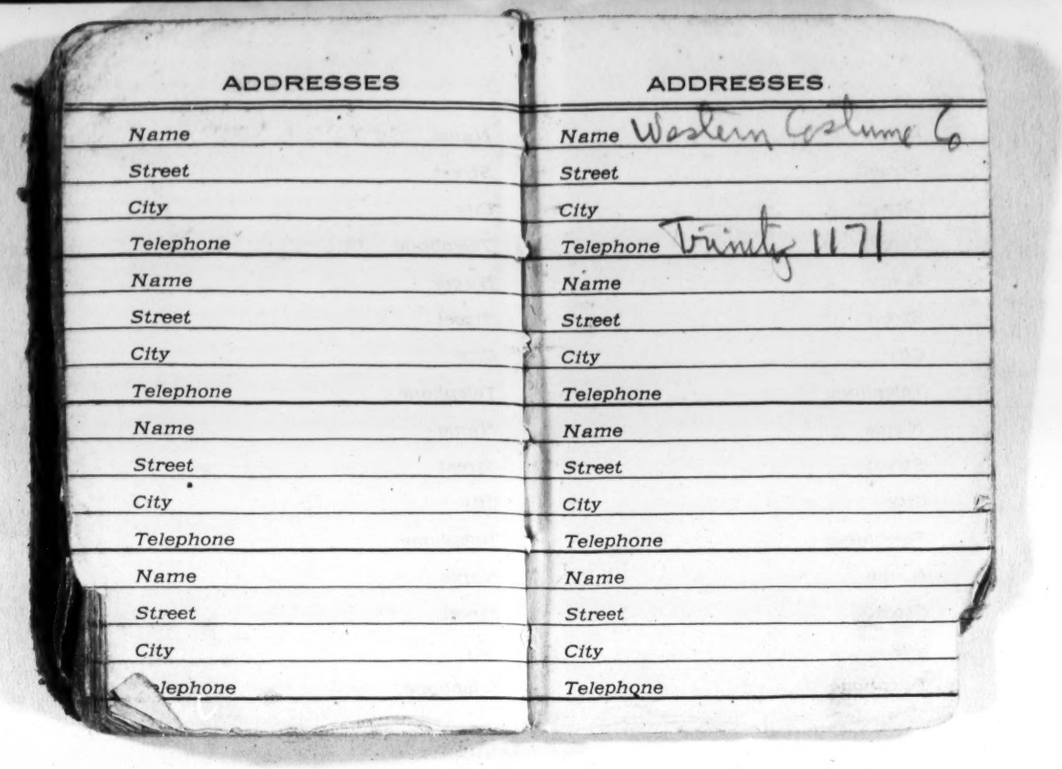
Telephone ~~[illegible] 3747~~



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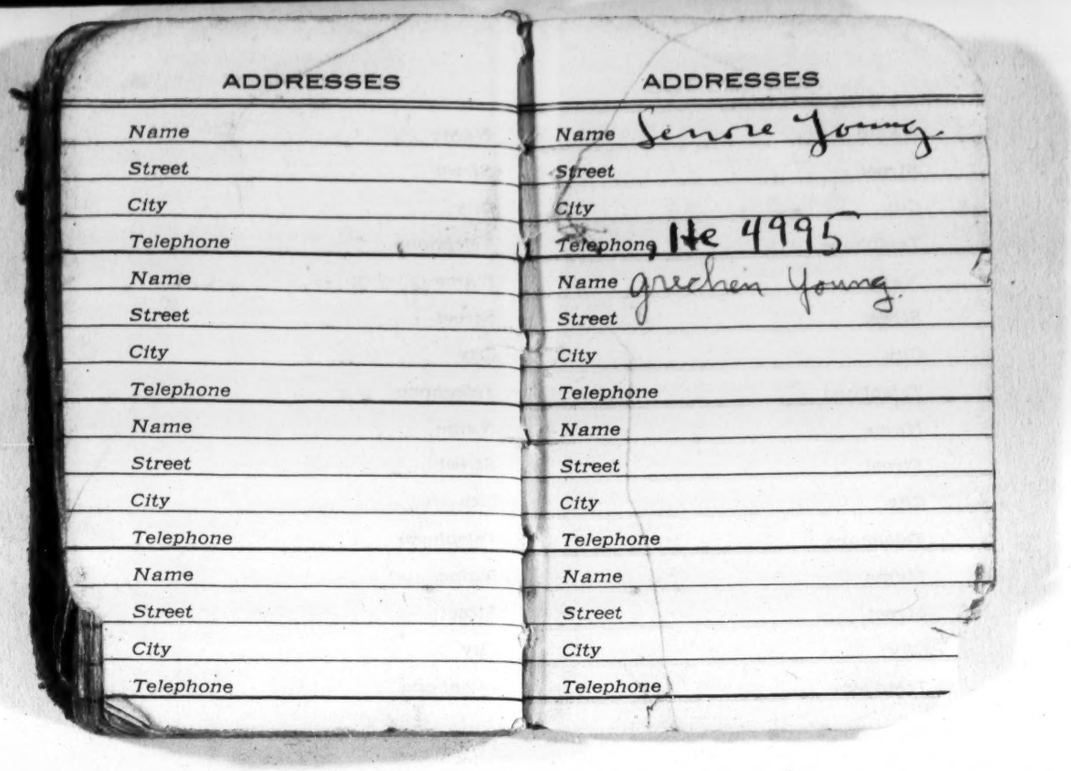

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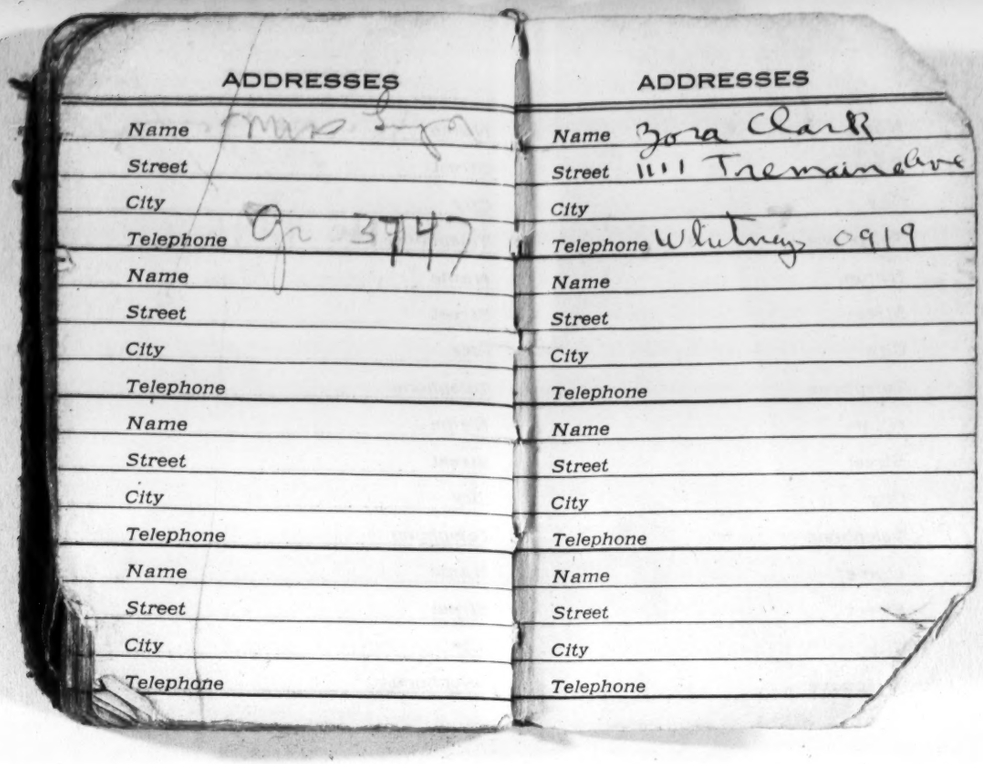

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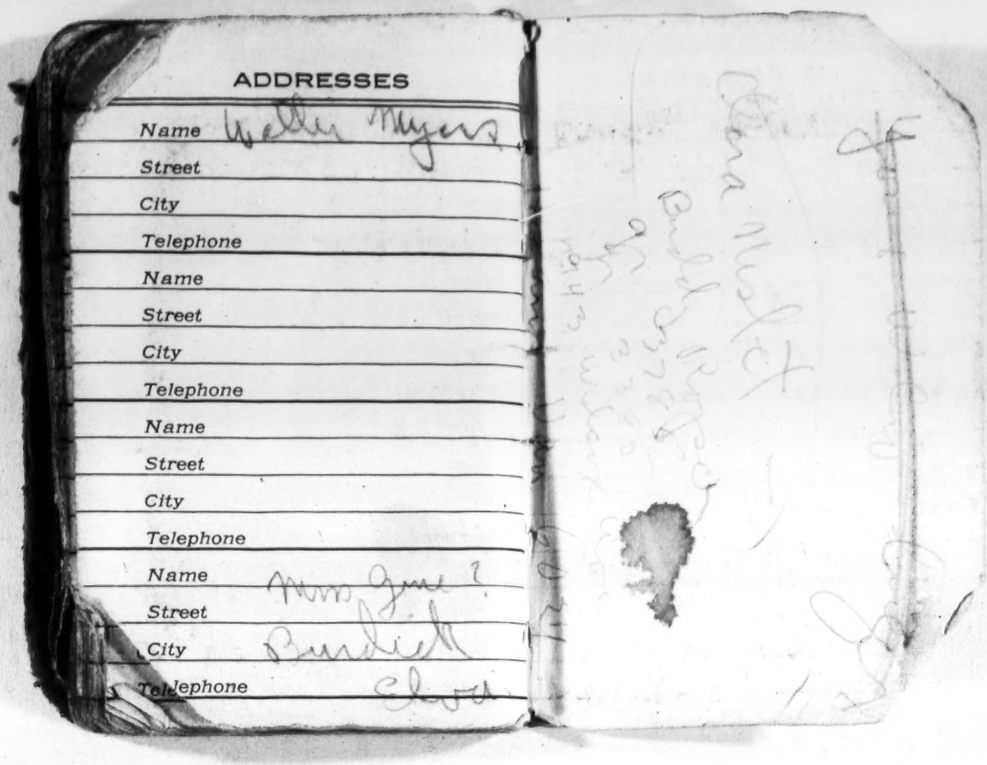
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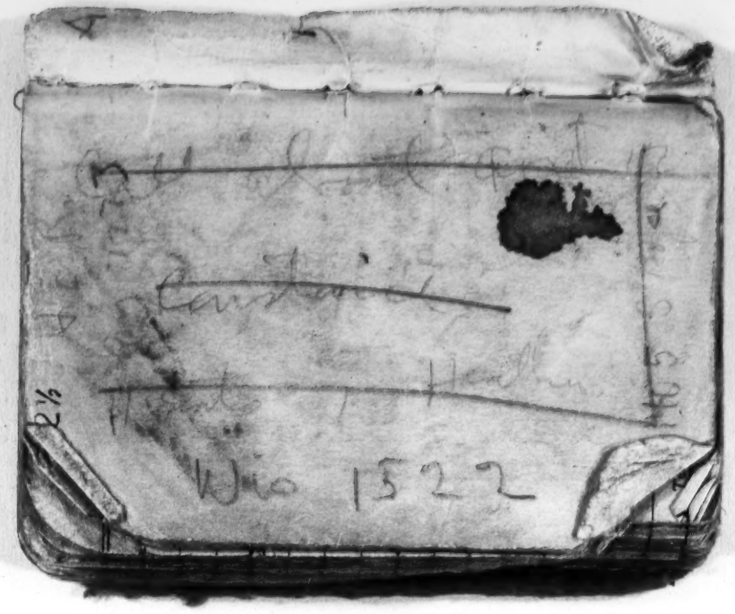
Wien 1522

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49 Walnut St.,
New Rochelle, N.Y.

Chas. & Mabel Leslie Fleischer
317 E. 17th St., N.Y.

Mae Marsh
Louis Lee Arms

Rev. & Mrs. Lincoln Caswell

Karl Kingsley Kitchen

Sophie Irene Loeb
146 Riverside Dr. N.Y.

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Mr. & Mrs. Edwards Davis
1543 N. Curson

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Arthur G. Macauley

5200 Sheridan Rd.
Chicago, Ill.

James & Dorothy Rennie

Grant Dolge (agent)

Duncan Sisters

Olga Linek-Scholl
2159 Fairfield Av.
Hollywood, Calif.

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Josephine Crowell

Mack Sennett

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William Austin

John A. Manning

Frederick H. Rahr
Secy Com. on Selections
of Films Harvard Univ.

Mr. & Mrs. Dell Henderson

Mr. & Mrs. Albert M. Hamilton

Ruth & Edgar Selwyn

Harold (Hal) C. Kern

Al Rosen (agent)

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Louella & Harriet Parsons

Mrs. Alfred W. Barthelmess

Una Merkel

May Hallett

Estelle & Jack Dempsey

Mr. & Mrs. Don Alvarado

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Otheman Stevens

Wm. C. Menzies

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Mr. & Mrs. John McCarthy

Gertrude Austin Hall
1058 Bergen St.,
Brooklyn, N.Y.

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Bill Carroll

Alice Calhoun

Mabel Normand

Mr. & Mrs. Neil Hamilton

Richard Barthelmess

Mr. & Mrs. Wm. Le Baron

Mr. & Mrs. Nicholas M. Schenck

Mr. & Mrs. John L.E.Pell

Mr. & Mrs. Albert H.T.Banzhaf

R.H.Burnside
226 W. 47th St., N.Y.C.

Rose Smith

Mr. & Mrs. Al Lichtman

Mal St. Clair

Nelly Savage

Ann Howard Price

Ynez Seabury

Florencio de Gorgoll

Frank Puglia

Elmer Pearson

Mr. & Mrs. Victor Heerman

Sue & Chester Morris

Mr. & Mrs. Herbert Brenon

Cecelia M. Conway

Edwin Carewe

Eustace McGargle Fields

Mr.E.P.Lambert (Western Costume)

Lillian Gish

Adolph Zukor

More de la Torre

Everitt Hamilton Pell

Tom J. Geraghty

Lena Malena

Mr. & Mrs. F. Wynne Jones

Blagoe (Bob) Stephanoff

Mary Philbin

A. Griffith Grey
75 E. 55th St.,N.Y.C.

Mr. & Mrs. J.E. Butler

Mr. & Mrs. Bruce A. Duncan

Kate Bruce

Marshall & Blanche Sweet Neilan

Miss Madelyn O'Keefe

Ralph Graves

Mr. & Mrs. Bert McKenzie

Sade & Carlos Moore

Mr. & Mrs. Emanuel H. Jacobs

Arthur Cozine

Sophie Wachner

Park French

Martha & Minnie Sleeper

Thelma Todd

Christmas Card List

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Mr. M. Kann	Film Daily, N.Y.
Miss Mae Tinee	Tribune, Chicago, Ill.
Mr. Charles Collins	Chicago Eve. Post, Chicago, Ill.
Miss Genevieve Harris	Chicago Eve. Post, Chicago, Ill.
Mr. A. L. Hall	Chicago Evening Journal, Chicago, Ill.
Miss Virginia Dale	Chicago Eve. Journal, Chicago, Ill.
Mr. Ashton Stevens	Herald Examiner, Chicago, Ill.
Mr. B.W. Denison	Herald Examiner, Chicago, Ill.
Mr. Nick Young	Boston American, 80 Summer St. Boston, Mass.
Mr. B.F. Harkins	Boston ~~American~~ Advertiser, Boston, Mass.
Mr. C.S.Howard	Boston Globe, Boston, Mass.
Miss Marjorie Adams	Boston Glove, Boston, Mass.
Mr. Herman Dieck	The Record, Philadelphia, Pa.
Mr. F. L. Nelson	Public Ledger, Philadelphia, Pa.
Mr. A.B.Watson	Evening Public Ledger, Philadelphia, Pa.
Mr. A. Tubbs	Evening Bulletin, Philadelphia, Pa.
Mr. Harry J. Knapp	The Enquirer, Philadelphia, Pa.
Mr. John S. Cohen, Jr.	The Sun, 280 Broadway, N.Y.C.
Mr. Palmer Smith	The World, N.Y.C.
Mr. W.A.Johnson	The World, N.Y.C.
Mr. Harry Hershfield	Evening Journal, William St. N.Y.C.
Miss Rose Pelswick	Evening Journal, Wm. St. N.Y.C.
~~Miss Dorothy Herzog~~	~~Daily Mirror, N.Y.C.~~
Mr. F.Mordaunt Hall	N.Y. Times, N.Y.C.
Mr. Adolph Ochs	" " "
Mr. John Sparge	Exhibitors Herald, N.Y.C.
Mr. Martin Dickstein	Brooklyn Daily Eagle, Brooklyn, N.Y.

Miss Elenor Very	Traveler, Boston, Mass.
Mr. E.H.Crosby	Boston Post, Boston, Mass.
Miss Prunella Hall	Boston Post, Boston, Mass.
Miss K. Lyons	Herald, Boston, Mass.
Mr. F.H.Cushman	Boston Telegram, Boston, Mass.
Mr. D.W.Bailey	Boston Transcript, Boston, Mass.
Mr. Ralph Flint	Christian Science Monitor, Boston, Mass.
Miss Amy Leslie	Chicago Daily News, Chicago, Ill.
Mr. Carl Sandburg	Chicago, Daily News, Chicago, Ill.
Mr. F.W. McQuigg	Chicago American, Chicago, Ill.
Mr. H. Devries	Chicago American, Chicago, Ill.
Mr. Jack Campbell	Los Angeles Herald, Los Angeles, Calif.
Mr. Jesse L. Lasky	910 Fifth Ave. New York City
Mr. Adolph Zukor	Hotel Ambassador, 51st St. & Park Av. N.Y.C.
Mr. Joseph Schenck	Hollywood, Calif.
Mr. Douglas Fairbanks) Miss Mary Pickford)	Beverly Hills, Los Angeles, Cal.
Mr. Cecil B. De Mille,	Producers Distributing Studio, Los Angeles, Cal.
Mr. Elmer Pearson	84th St. & Central Park West, N.Y.C.
Mr. W. Johnston	Motion Picture News, 729 7th Av. N.Y.C.
Mr. H. Cruickshank	Morning Telegraph 50th St. & 8th Ave.N.Y.C.
Mr. Roscoe McGowan	Daily News, 25 Park Place, N.Y.
Miss Irene Thirer	Daily News, 25 Park Place, N.Y.
Mr. Ted Taylor	Los Angeles Record, Los Angeles, Cal.
Mr. Charles Goss	Los Angeles Express, L.A.
Mr. Guy Price	Los Angeles Herald, L.A.
Miss F. Lawrence	Los Angeles Examiner, L.A.
Mr. A. Stevens	Los Angeles Examiner, L. A.
Mr. Harry Carr	Los Angeles Times, L.A.
Miss Grace Kingsley	Los Angeles Times, L.A.

Miss Louella Parsons	Los Angeles Examiner, L.A.
Mr. Alan Dale	New York American, N.Y.C.
✓ Miss Regina Cannon	N.Y. ~~Graphic~~ American, N.Y.C.
Mr. Walter Winchell	" " "
✓ Miss W. Waldorf	N.Y. Evening Post, N.Y.C.
✓ Miss Harriet Underhill	Herald-Tribune, 280 Broadway, N.Y.
✓ Mr. Richard Watts, Jr.	" " "
Mr. Frank Vreeland	N.Y. Eve. Telegram, N.Y.C.
✓ Miss Katherine Zimmerman	" " "
✓ Quinn Martin	The World, N.Y.
✓ Irene Thirer	The Daily News, N.Y.

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Forty-seventh and Broadway
Highland and Hollywood
Hudson and Hollywood
Larchmont Boulevard
Main and Washington
Melrose and Heliotrope
Ninth and Figueroa
Ninth and San Pedro
Normandie and Hollywood
Pershing Square
Pico and Grand
Pico and Normandie
Santa Monica and Fairfax
Second and Spring
Seventh and Central
Seventh and Witmer
Sixth and Vermont
Sixth and Western
Thirty-ninth and Western
Thirty-third and Main
University and Jefferson
Vernon and Vermont
Washington and Vermont
Western and Santa Monica
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BRAWLEY
CALIPATRIA
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LINDSAY
LOMPOC
LONG BEACH
Long Beach Branch
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PASADENA
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6781 Hollywood Blvd.

600	American Can	@ 140	$84,000.00
300	Continental Can	@ 68	20,400.00
300	Consolidated Gas	@ 115	34,500.00
200	New Haven	@ 112	22,400.00
200	Stand. of Calif.	@ 72	14,400.00
			$175,700.00

1000 Johns Mansville

1100 - Amer Can @ 103 - 113000 -
300 - Cont " @ 47 - 14000 -
200 - Stand of Cal @ 35 - 7000 -
134000

Security Bk - Hollywood 4000 =
Ranch a/c - Bank of Italy 1100 =
McClay Ave prop. a/c - San Fernando 600 =
Los Angeles - 1st Nat a/c. L.A. 1700 =
Equity in Bonds 9000 =
" " Stock a/c - Hollywood 5000 =
" " " - N.Y. 1100 =
R.A. Kline - 10000 =
$32,500

"Birth of a Nation."

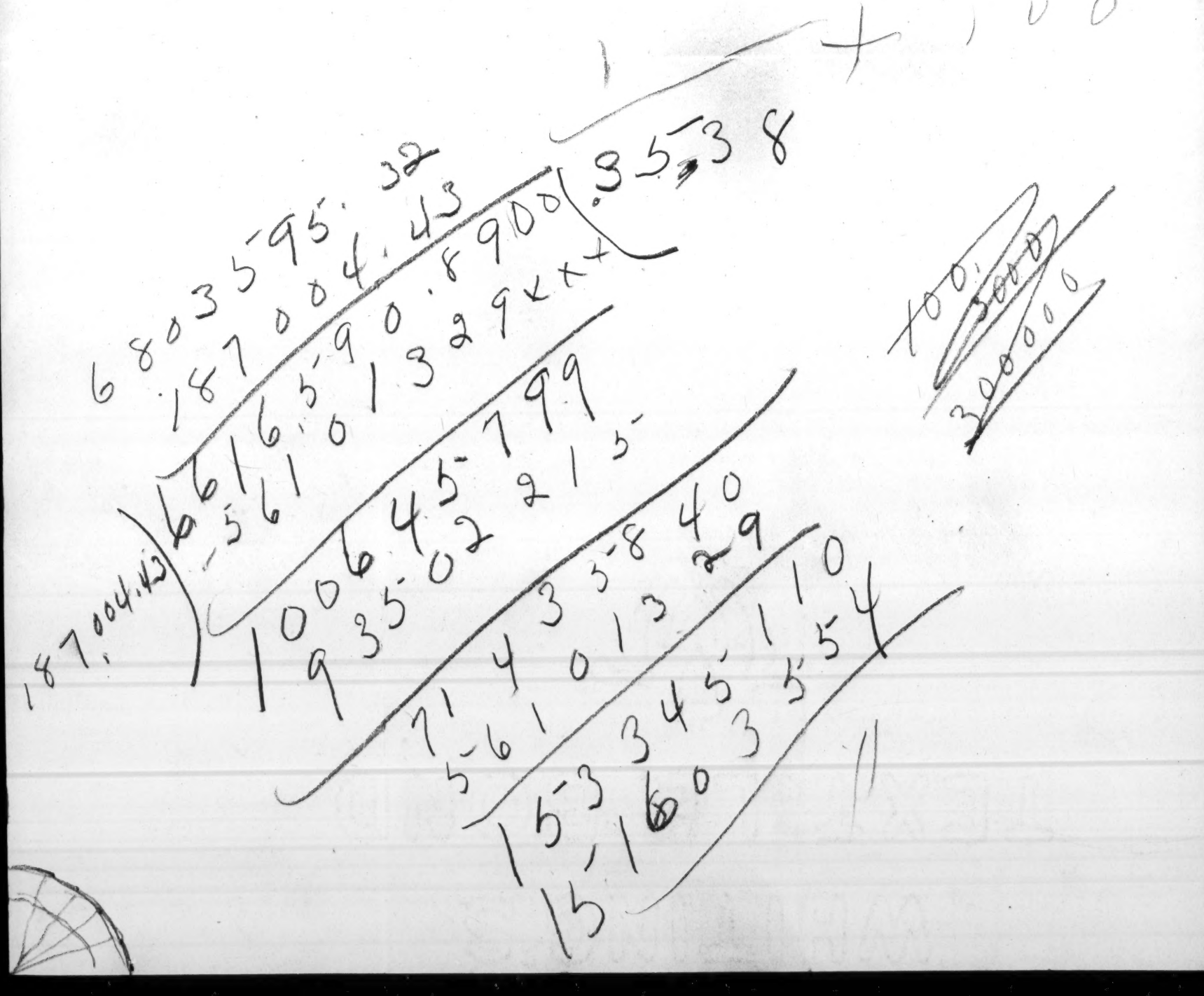
Gross Receipts		$6,803,595.32
Cost of Production	$108,475.74	
" " Equipment, such as projection machines, supplies, music stands, music score, etc.	78,528.69	187,004.43

"Broken Blossoms."

Gross Receipts	800,000.00
Cost of Production, including prints	101,770.99

"Way Down East"

Gross Receipts		5,987,546.12
Cost of Production	721,844.68	
" " "	406,249.43	1,128.094.11



What % of 187,004.43 is 68035.95 - 32

Let $x = 70$

$x \times 187004.43x =$

Budget
Salary
Continued
Next Play
Barrymore
Not the kind
of play for box
office
Mary - Dove
Judgment

DUPLICATE 22715

HOTEL ASTOR

SAFE DEPOSIT BOX

BOX NO. 101 KEY DELIVERED Oct 22 192..

BY Mc Tor TO D.W. Griffith

ROOM NO. .....

PERMANENT MAIL ADDRESS

.....

AGREEMENT

In consideration of the exclusive use of the above numbered safe deposit box in the HOTEL ASTOR, I agree that the same is for my personal use only so long as I continue to be a guest of said Hotel. As the key in my possession is the only key to said box I hereby release the HOTEL ASTOR from any liability through the loss of said key, and, if lost, I authorize the HOTEL ASTOR to open the box by force, or otherwise, at my expense, however, and I agree to be present in person when requested. Should I refuse, or not be present when requested, I authorize and empower the HOTEL ASTOR to open said box, by force, or otherwise, without being or becoming liable therefor, access to the box to be given only upon my signature and to me personally. Upon my giving up the box, or when I cease to be a guest of the HOTEL ASTOR, I agree to return the key, and to execute the receipt hereto annexed.

SIGNED D.W. Griffith

IMPORTANT

KEY NOT TRANSFERABLE.

Access to Box will be given only to the signer upon his signature.

RECEIVED CONTENTS DEPOSITED IN ABOVE BOX IN FULL.

.....

DATED, NEW YORK,.....192....

Miss Barrymore
Caledonia 5-1976

Mrs Maramack 82

Charlotte Wynters
Rhinelander 4-1600

John Emerson
Plaza 1066

Miss Heiner

Mr Selwyn wants
Mr Griffith to call
him at Bryant 1500
Very important.

J Gurkelly

Studio matters

EFFICIENCY AT STUDIO

- - - - - - -

Where two men are being paid for very little or no work - - - -viz. Charlie Mack and Porter Strong, as Assistant Director.

Porter Strong on pay roll and on two occasions of writer's visit to Studio he was not doing any work.

More regulated time for work if possible. For example start at 10 o'clock and if every actor on set starts at 10, lunch set for a certain hour and there would be a sure certainty of being through at a certain time for the general health of all concerned and also cut down expense on account of fact there would not have to be issued 1/2 tickets (overtime). Sometimes they don't start until 12 o'clock, actresses not on set or Mr. Griffith will start talking. Time, should be more accurately regulated.

Restuarant management should be revised so as not to cost so much. It is a fact that they are giving the lunch for 60¢, and the help had to go in and pay $1.00 and the restuarant shows a deficit each month.

Days program should be mapped out ahead in order that underforce know what to be expected for the next day. Operator will perhaps waste a whole day and never run a reel and again he may come in and run all day. That irregularity could be eliminated.

Bus drivers never know how many busses to have on hand. There should be more co-operation between the departments. The buses are hired and Studio could afford to buy some buses and stop the rental expenses and this would give better efficiency and buses could pay for themselves in a short time. There is friction in this, for example, If Mr. Sutch orders a car to carry lunches, etc. he has to get the same from the Bus owners and give the order to

three or four men before he finally gets to the owner, and these men not being in the employ of studio often neglect to deliver the message and time is wasted in procuring the bus desired.

I will say that, Betty Lee - ain't you know that ~~men~~ they say a good woman is the most beautiful thing on this earth.

B. L. I suppose they do say that - but sometimes they don't seem to believe it.

You know what folks say, Betty Lee - they say that a good woman is the most beautiful thing God ever put on earth.

J. - What's the matter?

M. - Nothing -

J. ——— at each other.

M. I'm not mad at him.

J. ——— to each other.

M. I try to - He won't speak to me. He sits there without even looking at me.

J. ——— he thought was right.

M. I've forgiven him, Jimmy. I've forgiven him long ago. But he won't forgive me.

J. — they do to him?

M. Why - sentence him -

J. — him, maybe they?

M. What's the use of talking about such a silly thing, when they're not going to find him guilty.

J. — Graham talked today.

M. don't be stupid - that's his business - he's paid to make it look as black as he can. District attorneys always try to make you seem a good deal worse than you are.

J. — 10 minutes

M. Maybe you'd better not try to go to school any more, Jimmy.

J. — no act natural.

M. But you can't be expected to keep up your classes while you are attending court. And it's more important that we look, you know, sit with Father.

J. — Bolshevist or something.

M. Jimmie! For heaven's sake. We've got more important things than class marks to worry about.

J. — didn't do anything.

M. No, Jimmie, it's my fault. That's why I feel so terrible.

J. — your fault, either. (Pause.) I broke my promise to Father, and if I'd just refused to see Michael then the whole thing couldn't have happened. He'd still be here.

J. — to Father, would they?

M. Well, it seemed to me our lawyers looked awfully frightened today. I don't know, Jimmie, I'm scared.

SAVOY HOTEL, LONDON, W.C.2.
GERRARD 4343.

J. Why - Betty Lee - What are you looking so sad about?

B.L. Aunt Martha won't let me stay

Brt his is counting in the days of the distance -

J. Your Mother said you could -

B.L. I know it - and I got my things all packed and in the car - & then Aunt Martha said I could only stay until the rest started for the dance & then I'd better come home.

J. Oh - You'll do no such thing

B.L. - You don't know Aunt Martha.

J. Well - his is out there talking to her - so it will be all right -

B.L. I think I'd better wait here. I hope she lets me stay.

J. Norma is very persuasive -

B.L. Aunt Martha's awful hard to persuade. But I reckon if anybody could do it, Norma would. You just go right ahead and do what you want to. Jimmy. I might better go.

J. It's just as soon sit here as anywhere - I think you're going back on me -

B.L. No. I'm not.

It's just wonderful for me to be here and see how Norma does things. She's so popular with everybody. Jimmy - what makes girls attractive to men?

Jim. - Why should that bother you - Betty Lee?

B.L. Well - I've become sort of interested in somebody. I suppose, really - I've just gone and fallen in love - although I haven't had enough experience to be sure - but anyhow - I don't hardly think it's mutual.

J. ~~I think my boy's jest interested~~ ~~the matter with you~~ ~~Why not~~ ~~don't nothing~~

B.L. ~~Oh~~ You're just teasing me now. But I know - I'm not to goodness - nevermind pay any attention to me. Sometimes I almost wish I was downright bad.

Shaw Draws Griffith Barb; His Scenario Rejected

Universal Service Wire

NEW YORK, Oct. 11.—The distinction of being the only man who ever turned down a motion picture scenario by George Bernard Shaw, dean of British dramatists, was claimed today by D. W. Griffith, director and producer.

Griffith took issue with Shaw's statement that all the American movie men are money mad and have offered him mountains of gold to turn his abilities to the screen.

"I probably shall go down in history as the only man who ever refused a scenario by G. B. S.," the American producer said, and told a story to back it up.

In 1917 Griffith was in England doing war propaganda pictures for the British government. At a luncheon given in his honor he said Shaw offered to write a scenario for him. Diffidently, he said he suggested Shaw might be great as a writer for the stage, but that writing for the movies was another matter. Griffith explained further:

"Mr. Shaw seemed quite convinced it might appear difficult for others, but not for him. I made several excuses, being occupied at the time with the propaganda pictures, but Mr. Shaw forced matters to the point that I definitely had to refuse his offer."

GRIFFITH AS ACTOR.

He Will Appear in S. Rankin Drew Post Benefit.

With David Griffith in grease paint, coming back as an actor; Frank Bacon with a new playlet, Ethel Barrymore and Bruce McRae in a revival of "Carrots," the S. Rankin Drew Post of the American Legion, which is to be held to-night at the Hippodrome, feels it has a program which should attract the most blase theatregoers. Once a year since the S. Rankin Post was formed in memory of the brave young son of the late Sidney Drew, who went to his death in an aeroplane while on duty, a benefit is given for the post composed of our boys who served their country during the war.

Raymond Hitchcock has agreed to be monitor of the day. There will likewise be an array of headliner attractions recruited from the vaudeville field. A feature of the bill will be "A Bit of '18," the second act of a three-act play by Hugh Stanilaus, the playwright. It was written by Mr. Stanilaus while he was serving with the Twenty-seventh American Division on the Flanders front, and those who will take part are all service men and members of the Drew Post. The New Amsterdam Theatre last year was filled to the doors, and the boys are hoping for a repetition of last year's business.

REPUBLICANS LORD BISHOP

TILTING THE MOVIE WORLD

In the past few people have ever been in doubt as to whether they should go to see a picture produced by David Wark Griffith. We don't believe any one who ever saw one of his pictures was disappointed. He has been a pioneer along the film trails and always the consummate artist in the effects produced.

David Wark Griffith

In recent years folk who patronize the moving picture theatres—and who does not?—have been treated to several wonderful pictures produced by others. But nothing that ever flashed across the screen in any picture surpassed some of the scenes in "The Birth of a Nation." It is a classic of the screen, as proved by a recent revival.

It will not be surprising, then, if the movie world is tilted a trifle by the news that Griffith has signed an agreement to produce a picture for the Famous Players corporation. It is the first time he has done such a thing. It will be the first time the vast expense of producing a Griffith picture will be placed on other shoulders than those of Griffith himself.

The movie world may slip on its axis a bit, but we think it is to be congratulated. Famous Players is to be congratulated, too, but most of all we felicitate the movie-going public, which deserves to see more good things on the screen than it has any opportunity of seeing.

Griffith deserves kind words from the public and we prefer to say them now instead of following the usual custom of waiting until he dies.

Griffith Recalls Time Valentino Got $7 a Day

Chicago.—D. W. Griffith, peer of motion picture producers, bemoaned the fickleness of the stars.

He appeared in Chicago with a new star in his wake, the pretty young Carol Dempster, and wondered how long she will devote her efforts to his productions.

"It's my job to make them famous, and then the money of John D. Rockefeller couldn't keep them on my payroll," he confided to reporters. "The world thinks I'm fickle—but it's not me.

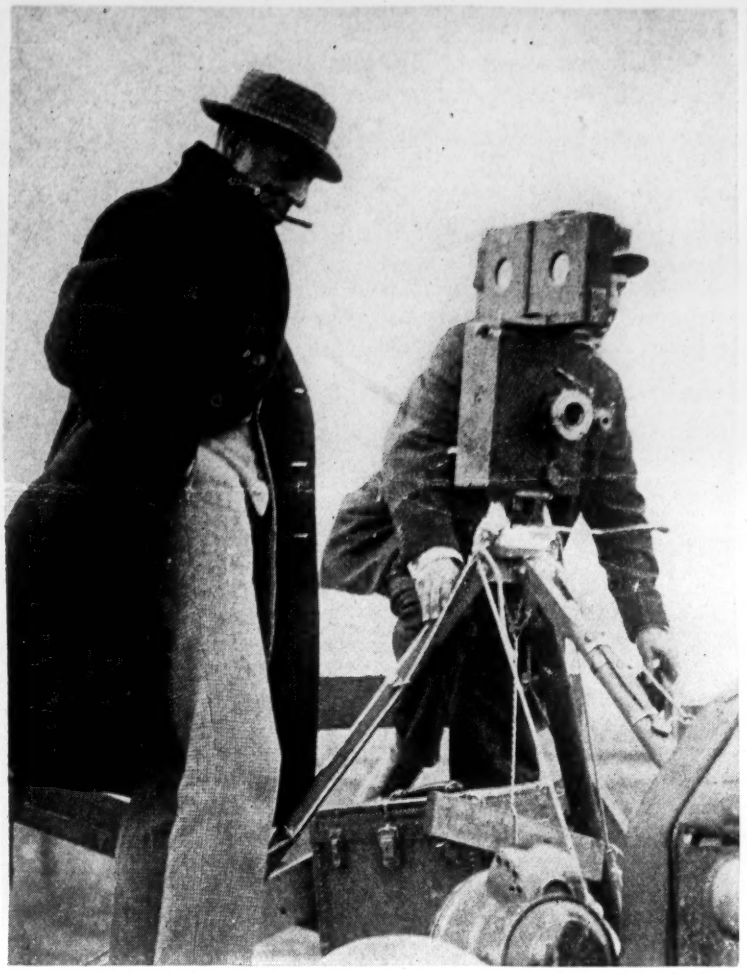
"I pick out of the crowd of actors and actresses anxious to make a name in the movies. I introduce them to the world. The world falls in love with them, and then they desert me to make far more money than I make by producing their own pictures."

Keeping a watchful eye on his latest star, as if in fear that she would be off on a career of her own, he reminisced of the days when Douglas Fairbanks jerked a soda fountain in a Griffith production and Rudolph Valentino fought for a chance to appear at a salary of $7 a day.

I dont believe that D. W. Griffith really likes being interviewed, but once caught, he always takes the utmost pains to see that the interviewer gets a thrill. You might not expect it of him but he gives the same attention to the kid reporter from the Farmers Almanac that he would to W. R. Hearst. Having been a newspaper man himself, he is keen enough to know that the newspaper business is a rapidly changing profession and that a green awkward reporter today may tomorrow be a big critic with your professional life in the hollow of his hand. So Griffith will always stop everything to be interviewed at any time—by anybody. He always stages a good show and makes a point of saying something that will work up into a spectacular story.

He is so charming to them personally that every writer always goes away from the studio D. W.'s devoted friend for life. The more so, because they always ap-

DAVID WARK GRIFFITH
as seen by JAMES T. RAWLS



Griffith directing a scene; Bitzer at the camera

Below is D. W. Griffith, one of the four quarters of the United Artists Corporation. Nothing could look more comfortable than Mr. Griffith taking it easy on his improvised rustic settee. It's hard but roomy

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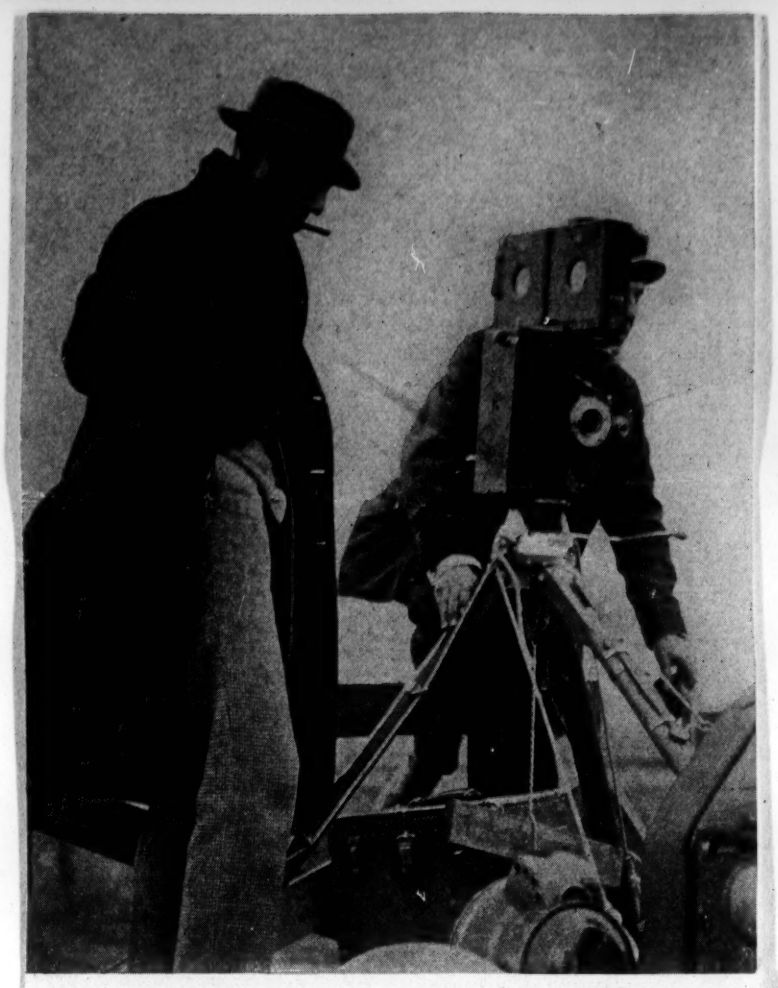

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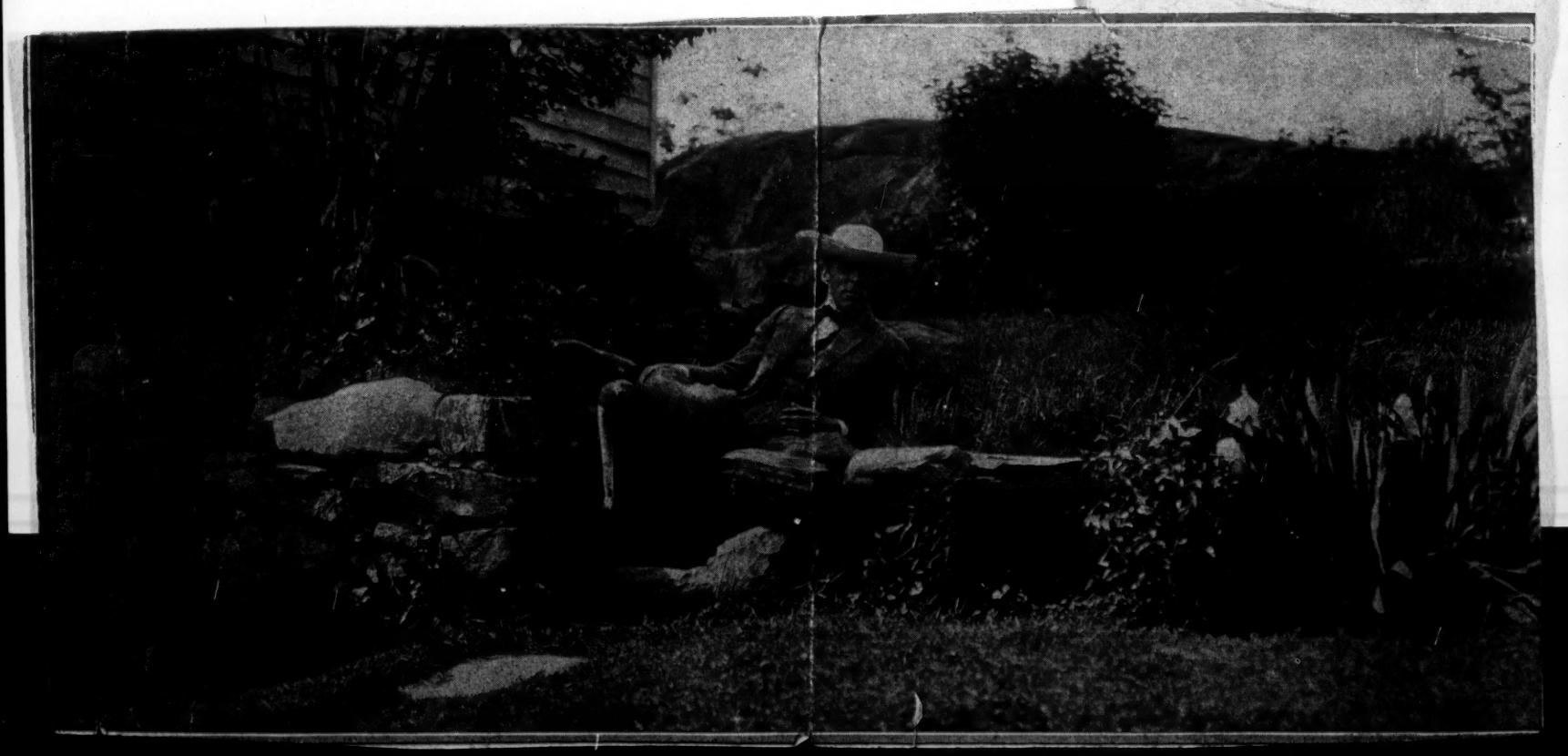
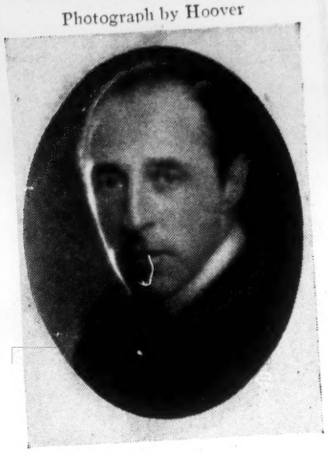


D. W. GRIFFITH

We have found in no profession a thinker more profound than D. W. Griffith

Photograph by Hoover



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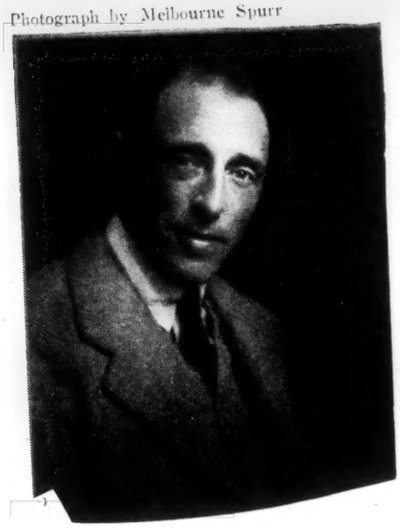


Scars May Blight Film Career of Carol Dempster

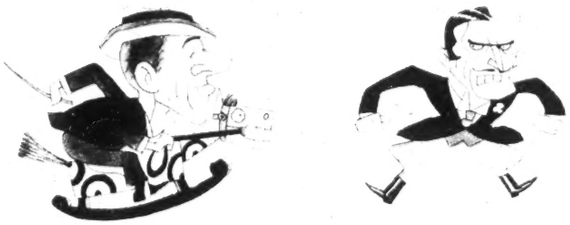
Deep scars, received in an automobile accident at Carmel, three weeks ago, may prevent Carol Dempster, dark-eyed film player, who starred in a number of D. W. Griffith productions, from ever appearing on the screen again, it was learned today.

According to information, disclosed by studio officials, Miss Dempster was seriously injured in an auto crash and remained in the Carmel hospital, near Monterey, for several weeks.

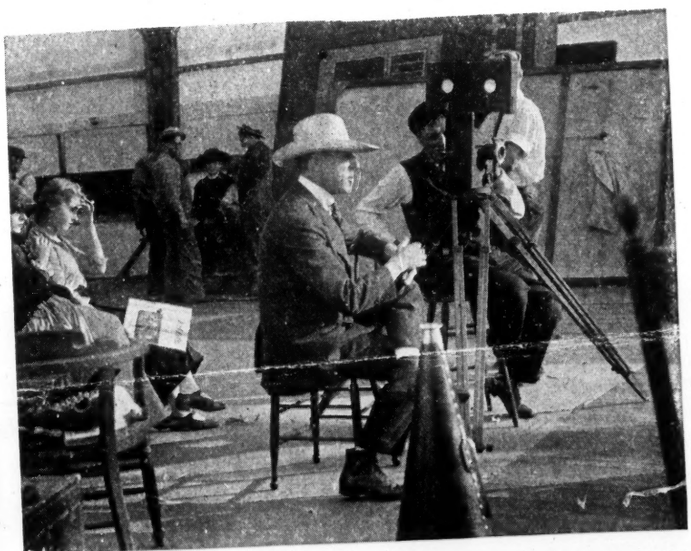
Hospital attendants are said to have admitted that she may be permanently disfigured.

Information received at the studio was to the effect that Miss Dempster has left the hospital and is in retirement near Los Angeles.

Pleads Guilty in



Griffith demands a villain and a thrilling "ride to the rescue"



At the old Biograph: Griffith in the foreground. Just behind him Dorothy Gish and Blanche Sweet

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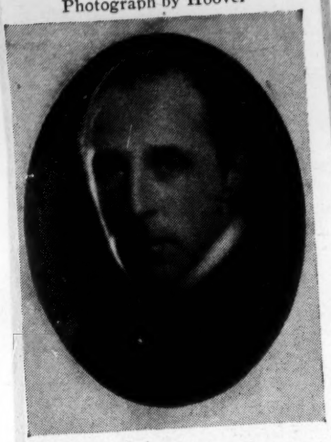

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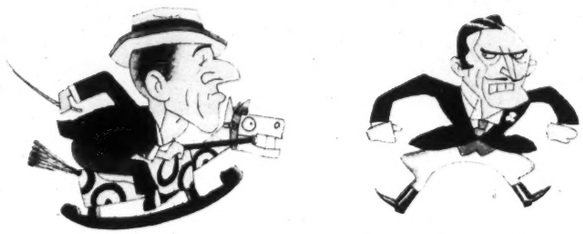

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Griffith mus

ALLEGED FORGER FOOLS ENTIRE CITY

Man Posing as D. W. Griffith, Moving Picture Producer, Feted in Dallas, Texas.

GAVE SHOP GIRL CONTRACT.

Now in Jail Awaiting Extradition to Atlanta.

If the real David Ward Griffith, the moving picture producer, had visited Dallas, Texas, a few days ago instead of the counterfeit Griffith, he would have been the recipient of much attention there on the part of business men and admirers generally. The whole town is laughing over the susceptibility of the newspaper reporters, editors and business men of Dallas, who accepted the pseudo Griffith as the real article and acted accordingly.

It was not until the strange visitor, who claimed to be the real Griffith, had been here several days that it was found he was sailing under false colors. He was arrested and placed in jail, where he is being held on orders from the police of Atlanta, Ga., where it is alleged he passed worthless checks in the name of the advance agent of a circus. He is said to have had a checkbook, the stubs of which showed he had drawn checks to the total amount of $28,000.

So far as known, however, the impersonator of David Ward Griffith did not attempt to profit in a monetary way by reason of his false personalty during his stay in Dallas. His name was discovered on the register of the principal hotel by the reporter for a local daily newspaper. The reporter was unable at the time to gain an audience with the visitor, but he gave the man a big write-up on the supposition that he was really Mr. Griffith. This was the opening for other news stories.

The man gave interviews, in which he told of some of his big productions. He said that he had purchased the moving picture rights to "Ben-Hur," and that he was looking for young women of histrionic prominence to engage for the casts of future plays. Through the good offices of a reporter he was introduced to a beautiful young shopgirl of Dallas. To her astonishment and delight, naturally, the fictitious but supposedly genuine film king offered her the astounding salary of $75,000 for five years' work, after which time she would be permitted to name her own salary.

Announcement of this wonderful piece of good fortune that had come to the heretofore unknown and unsung young woman was duly chronicled in the newspapers. Still no suspicion as to the authenticity of the man's identity was aroused on the part of any person there.

Next came the pleasing intelligence through the press that the visitor had pointed out that what Dallas needed most of all was a big new theatre and that he stood ready to join with local business men in providing the necessary financial means for the erection of such a building. It was to be no common, ordinary theatre, but an amusement palace of great magnificence. This benefaction on the part of the man brought to him the glad hand of some of the leading business men of Dallas. He was invited to exclusive clubs and social gatherings where he kept up the masquerade without a hint of his true character being given.

It was through a former resident of Los Angeles, who knows Mr. Griffith personally, that the denuement came. This man went to the hotel where the man was stopping, saw him in the lobby and instantly knew that he was a pretender. The police were informed and officers went to his room to make the arrest.

When the police were admitted they found the pretending Griffith sitting comfortably chatting with a newspaper reporter. He had just purchased two scenarios from the reporter but had not yet paid for them.

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Direction of LEE & J. J. SHUBERT

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Griffith

From "History of Kentucky," by Judge Charles Kerr, Vol. 5, p. 639

Jacob Wark Griffith was born in Virginia, came to Kentucky in . Was twice elected to the House of Representatives from his district. At the outbreak of war between the states he enlisted in the Confederate service and organized a company of cavalry which was sworn in as a unit of the First Kentucky Cavalry, Confederate States Army, October 15, 1861, Jacob Wark Griffith, captain. The regiment was stationed at Bowling Green, Kentucky, in October, 1861, and in February, 1862, covered the retreat of Johnson's army toward Nashville, and later was on duty at Decatur, Alabama, guarding the bridges of the Memphis & Charleston railroad. The First Kentucky fought at Shiloh, April 6, 1862; joined General Forrest in his advance into Kentucky later in the year, and was attached to the command of General "Joe" Wheeler, September 14, 1862. In January, 1863, the regiment was assigned to the command of Gen. A. Buford, but was returned again to General Wheeler later in the same year.

The train of which Colonel Griffith was then captain left Lone Jack, Missouri, in the spring of 1850, beginning with some thirty-five or forty mule teams and over a hundred men, a few women and children. They were later joined by groups from other points consisting besides the mule teams 300 head of cattle. Proceeding west over the Santa Fe trail as far as Utah, they rested. The Lone Jack unit went the northern route by Donners Lake and Fort Sutter; the balance of the train finished the journey over the Santa Fe trail with an outlook constantly to warn against forays. They were attacked on several occasions. At one time in Colorado they assisted in rescuing a small party of women and children, survivors of a train that had been attacked and destroyed by the Indians.

Captain Griffith was with his regiment in all the foregoing service, leading his company gallantly until March 1, 1863, when he was commissioned lieutenant-colonel of the First Regiment, Kentucky Cavalry, a rank he held until the close of the war. After the return of the regiment to General Wheeler's army in 1863, Colonel Griffith continued on active duty, and in many of the engagements hereafter noted he commanded the regiment, owing to illness or absence of the colonel. The First Kentucky was engaged at Hewey's Gap, Chattanooga, McMinnville, Hills Gap, and Missionary Ridge, covering the Confederate retreat from that point, and on December 28, 1863, suffered severe losses at Charleston, Tennessee.

Colonel Griffith was wounded at Hewey's Gap, Tennessee, and again in the Sequatchie Valley. He had not recovered sufficiently to mount his horse when the battle of Charleston, Tennessee, was fought, December, 28, 1863, but was present. At a critical point in the battle the First Kentucky was ordered to charge and not being able to lead his men on horseback and eager to be with them, he commandeered a horse and buggy standing near, was helped in and led the regiment in a charge on the Union lines. Incidentally it may be said that this particular charge of the First Kentucky was victorious, probably, however, cavalry never having before been led in that manner during a charge.

In January, 1864, the regiment was engaged at Ringold Gap, and constantly opposed Sherman's advance on Atlanta, fighting at Dalton, Dry Gap, New Hope Church, Noonday Creek, Kenesaw Mountain, Pine Mountain,

Lost Mountain, and Entrenchment Creek. The First Kentucky pursued and captured a large detachment of Sherman's raiders in Georgia, and then were ordered to Saltville, Virginia, thence to Asheville, where General' Wheeler's army was rejoined. After Appomattox, the First Kentucky Cavalry was selected by Secretary of War Breckinbridge, as a personal escort to President Davis, but after his capture by the Union forces the regiment surrendered, and on May 10, 1865, was paroled at Washington, District of Columbia.

D. W. GRIFFITH COLLECTION
MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY

IT NEVER HAPPENED

John Randolph Barclay was walking. He was walking on a dirt road. John Randolph Barclay was not walking very fast, for he was on his way to school. John carried under his arm several young books, an arithmetic, a McGuthrie speller and a geography - not to mention a couple more books which, to John at least, were very unimportant.

A grown-up young lady visiting John's home, upon meeting him for the first time, had remarked to his sister - "Why this boy has red roses in his cheeks; and my! what would I give to have those blue eyes!" She had passed this remark as she was turning away from John; but John had heard it nevertheless and said remark brought him both good and ill. It brought him quite a lot of exercise because ever after when he happened to approach strangers, he would sprint into a little run so as to be sure the roses in his cheeks would be blooming when he met the strangers.

John was 11 years of age, tall for his years, and skinny for anybody's years. While John didn't care for the books he carried, he had found in the house some books that had been left by his father, that he did care for very much. One was a collection of poems, and there were several other very interesting books. He had also stumbled on an interesting volume called "Lena Rivers", written by none other than Mrs. Rivers herself. Said Mrs. Rivers was not very erudite. However, the general public did not heed this small matter but cared for her never-

the less in a big way. We suspect that this volume had belonged to one of his older sisters who, in an erring moment, had bought or borrowed the book - for the reading of novels of any kind was forbidden the young folks in John's home. But very few in the family were interested in the books left by his father so he had managed to steel them from their shelf and hide them in the garret which he used as a bed-room.

You may know from this description of John that he is our hero.

It was necessary for John to cross a small stream several times in making the two and a half mile journey from home to the school house. The recent rains had swollen the stream but John, by searching for good places where the stream had narrowed had made the jumps successfully three times. As he approached the fourth, he drew close to another boy of about his own age who had paused on his way to school to do something much more interesting than he could possibly find in a school house. In short, he was fishing, and had already caught one young and inexperienced fish. As John stopped by his side, he felt in his coat for a pin but he had forgotten to put it in his lapel. He had a string alright but no pin. He asked the boy if he happened to have a stray pin which could be converted into a fish-hook but the boy told him to get his own pins and let him alone -- and not talk. Hard enough to catch a fish without someone around talking and scaring them to death.

So John moved on his way. The stream was quite broad at this point. In the natural course of events, John would have

searched for a narrower place to get across but our hero had his faults. And one of them was his fondness for showing off. So with one glance at the boy engaged in fishing, to be sure he was watching him, he made a running jump which brough him down some two feet from the shore and he succeeded in getting himself quite wet. Not heeding the other boy's laughter, he went on his way to school.

This school set on a little hill in the woods. It was surrounded by trees, mostly beech. Behind it was a little patch of blackberry vines. In front of it and to the left a little square place where the children played. It was in its way quite a famous school - perhaps the smallest in the entire world, being four small benches, each just capable of seating two, on each side of a narrow space that led to the platform which the lady teacher used as her "Throne of Knowledge".

John paused on the edge of the woods and vainly groped for some brilliant idea that could keep him from having to go into that school house - he even thoughtif some wild animal such as a bear or wild-cat got in front of him and frightened him so he couldn't get across to the school. There was a bank at his left side. He looked at that ruefully; perhaps he might fall down that and not exactly break his ankle (though even that wouldn't be as bad as going into that school house) - but perhaps he could just sprain it a little. On second thought he considered this a little too drastic and mozed on into the school house. He was just in time.

He sat down in the bench next to the back. John was entirely surrounded with gloom, particularly as the first

session was to be taken up with arithmetic. John had an excuse of having to do a lot of work at home after returning from school and before coming to school but this was not altogether the reason that John had entirely ignored the arithmetic. As he was sitting with his head down, broken with his many sorrows, he heard the teacher's voice.

"Now, children, we have a new pupil with us today. I want everybody to be very nice to her. Children, meet Miss Dearling, Miss Susie Dearling." John turned his head and looked as Miss Susie Dearling stood up. Miss Susie Dearling, let us state, was also skinny, with a short dress and brown legs and her hair, well, we are ashamed to admit it, but it is the truth; her hair was very reddish. She had a small - well the family called it "a snub nose" - and also let it sorrowfully be said that she had many, many freckles. But she did have very good eyes; they were brown eyes with golden specks in the brown; and her lips needed no rouge of anybody's make. And she had, for even other eyes than John's, a strange and illusive quaint charm about her.

As for our hero, John Randolph Barclay, all the gloom and all the sorrows hopped out of the window fastern than lightning; despite the fact that his clothes had been damp and wettish only a second before, a distinct warmth went up from his toes to his hair, which would have dried out his clothes had they been dipped in ice. He wished she would stand up there and be introduced forever. He wished that somebody would come and knock the school house down and he would have to rescue Susie and go some place - where it was did not matter, didn't make the least difference in the world. Just to go. Just to be with her. He had never before

noticed what a beautiful view there was through the window behind her. How green the trees looked! One thing was certain. He would never be late for school again and as for fishing on the way, silly trick! If she only never missed a day. The school house was the grandest place in the world.

How he ever got through that first day when Susie appeared upon the scene, he could never remember. 6x6 just made 12 units to the rest of the class but to him they made 12 Susies. As for the geography - all the places, far and near, were just places to go into some misty, dreamlike glow with Susie. As for the spelling that day (John was particularly bad in this anyhow; in fact we must admit that despite his precocity in some matters, which older people had remarked on, he was very dumb in school) - this spelling business!! How could he be expected to spell river... ocean... Wisconsin (nobody could spell that anyhow)... deceive - that word would always betray the best of us. John certainly didn't even try. There was only one word he could spell or at least that he could think of - and that was Susie.

The day, as days have a way of doing, passed by. But there were other days for which John was duly thankful. Around this school house they were very fond of playing a game which I suppose is now forgotten, called "Prisoners' Base". While John wasn't very hot in school, he was a pretty warm member at running and also in doing things that meant nothing in particular, and at reading books that, to his family at least, meant still less. But now he was in his element. He hazarded nearby approaches to the enemy's camp. He ran as he had never run before. He jumped over logs that he never would have thought of jumping before Susie came upon the

scene. And Susie was some runner too. When she flashed out in pursuit of some enemy from the other camp, with her red hair flying back and her face all tense and eyes gleaming and slim brown legs flashing swiftly, she was like some wild thing, tossing up the little print skirt and showing the white of the little legs above the knees that seemed far whiter than the very spotless little white drawers that showed. If there had been a vote cast by the youngsters that day it would have been unanimously conceded that this was the very wildest, fastest game they had ever played; because Susie was the leader of the enemy camp opposed to John and though John had done tremendous deeds of sprinting, ducking and dodging at the beginning of the game, when Susie went after him, how she went! He had seen her pull down the best runners on his side. He mustn't be got by Susie. That would be a very disgraceful thing; not that he minded the disgrace before the others so much but it would surely disgrace him in Susie's eyes to let a mere girl catch him. He could hear his heart beating as he sped madly but closer came those rippling footfalls behind him! He strained... he panted... he imagined himself a running deer.... the hero of one of his stories... he called upon everything in Heaven and on earth to curb that flashing thing behind him -- but alas and alack! a few yards before his own base she caught him and led him back, entirely covered with shame and mortification to his own camp. He had tried, again and again, to capture her before but she had always eluded him. He wanted to be with her but he wanted her to be on his side.

But once captured, he picked up heart and fought for her as valiantly as any knight of old. In fact he fought too valiantly

for his Susie was in grave danger of being captured by two of the opposite camp. He dashed forward and tried to draw off one of the pursuers but in his eagerness, overdid the act, stumbled over a root, fell before Susie, dragging her down on top of him, so both were captured. And the opposite camp won the battle after all.

There was a penalty attached to the leaders of a fallen camp which was considered quite a disgrace. They were voted as being dead and were buried with branches; or, as it happened in this case there were plenty of leaves around, John and Susie were laid upon the ground and covered with leaves. There were great drifts of them so this burying was easily done.

Up to this time John had been at school with Susie and had played with her but they had practically never said a word to each other. Susie was never much of a talker anyhow. When they were laid upon the ground, John moved perhaps a little closer to her than was necessary. Their hands were almost touching. John edged his hand a little toward hers after the first leaves fell on them. Oh, if he could just touch her hand! Then she might encourage him to hold it. But she wasn't seemingly even looking at him. She had a strange sort of mysterious silence upon her face. She looked so strangely apart and was so exquisitely little and delicate and, of course, beautiful! "Beautiful" will do for the word but it would never satisfy John as a description of her. So he never took her hand.

When the leaves were fully over them was the first time she said anything to him, except perhaps "Yes" or "No". But now, in a strange and trembling little voice she said "It's dark... I'm afraid." Why this little sentence should affect John so

strangely he could never understand but a warm glow went over him that made this place a bed of ecstacy and a peculiar feeling of apprehension and fear such as he had never before known almost chilled him. But just then the leaves were thrown off of them by the laughing, joking youngsters and then Susie became herself again, and wonder of wonders, for the first time, as she started on her way home, she actually smiled upon him! And John made his way home in such rapid time that evening that his Mother was greatly surprised.

Incidentally, one of the books that he thought was a real one happened to be "The Lady of the Lake" and John, on his way home fought all the battles with Roderick Dhew. He found himself a good-sized stick. He decapitated tall iron weeds, slashing his way through big patches of them. He wished that he could be back with Roderick Dhew, with Susie standing observantly on some nearby hill... could approach the Great Roderick when he said - "Saxons, I am Roderick Dhew"! If he had been there he was quite sure, feeling as he did this day, Roderick, with his great broad-sword, never would have been vanquished. They would have gone through those Saxons and Scotland would have been victorious. And Susie still nearby, Roderick Dhew would have conferred upon him honors upon honors! And indeed, would have named him "The Boldest of Bold Knights". These intense thoughts were perhaps what helped to drive John so swiftly homeward.

Other days went by but never another smile from Susie. But one evening (it being in the wintertime, it grew dark early and lowering clouds added to the darkness) he had been given 10¢ by his Mother to go to the little store in the little village

of Southville where Susie lived. Southville was not a pretentious village, having seven houses opposite the store. Southville didn't have these seven houses, following out any particular numeral system such as the ancients believed in, particularly the Babylonians and Egyptians who believed every successful thing must come in numbers of three, five or seven. No, it had seven houses just because it had seven houses. But this errand which his Mother had put upon him that morning made it necessary that John go the same road from school travelled by Susie. He followed at a respectful distance, occasionally throwing rocks at various tracks on the roadside. He once even dared to run in front of her and throw a rock, with the best aim he could command, at an unoffending tree beside the road. The rock missed the tree he was aiming at (much to his disgust) but did manage to hit another tree, so he assumed an air of superiority, as though that was the tree he had meant to hit. Then he dropped back behind her again. It happened there was a graveyard right on the edge of the road and a big menacing light seemed to be upon this yard, perhaps the glow from the broken cloud rifts. Susie stopped, hesitatingly. She glanced at the graveyard. Now it had become quite dark. Again she started to advance but again she stopped. It was very evident to John that she didn't like passing that graveyard. John didn't care about passing it either. The old negro working near his home had filled him full of terrible ghost stories; in fact all the children had heard enough of this sort of stuff.

But here was John's chance - so he walked close beside Susie. She looked up and seemed to be encouraged as John muttered - "Oh, it's nothing but a graveyard! Nobody's afraid of that!"

So they proceeded on toward the graveyard, John deliberately walking very casually. But as they reached the very edge, they heard a low, moaning sound. It happened to be only a large owl, evidently tuning up for his night's broadcast, but coming as it did from the graveyard, to John and Susie, it was not exactly encouraging. They paused, looking furtively toward the dreaded place, and then Susie took John's hand. She looked up at him; he looked down at her, - and for the moment, he forgot in this close companionship all about the graveyard. But after a short pause, they started on again, hand in hand. John was determined not to run past this place, as he generally did. But just as they had nearly reached the end of the yard, the great owl, with a terrific scream, tore out of the gloomy pine trees and John forgot all about the knights of old and did a burst of speed that perhaps even he had never before equalled. But he was still holding Susie's hand and Susie was running close beside him. After they had reached a safe distance, far from the yard of fear, she disengaged her hand though she still walked closely beside him, and John would have agreed with Schopenhauer that perhaps happiness, after all, is only a surcease from pain; because of all the long roads he had ever walked or was ever to walk (and John's was to be a long, long road) this was the best that he had ever known or was ever to know.

After the school closed for the Summer vacation, John didn't see much of Susie - only when he occasionally could get some excuse to go to Southville.

It happened that one day (on a Sunday) a family visited John's home. Among them were several boys. After lounging around with nothing in particular to do (having done away with all the

dinner they could) they stopped behind the barn -- a shed protected from observation on each side. Some of the boys were a little older than John and as is not uncommon in the world of men and growing boys, the subject matter of their conversation sank lower and lower. The oldest of the boys. looking across the narrow field to the lane before John's house, noticed a girl and boy walking along. One of the boys said - "Who's the fluffy kid?" John, busy with his thoughts and only half hearing the question, answered"Oh, that's John Harris." "Oh, I didn't ask who the boy was... who's the kid? the girl?" "Oh", said John, "that's his sister. They live right down the road next to our place -- in that old shack down there." The larger boy grinned broadly at this. This boy's hair grew down rather low on his forehead. He was inclined to be stoutish. Also he had rather small eyes and a loose mouth. He said - "Oh, boys - that's the one I was telling you about. You ought to get a glimpse of that baby. Boys, she has the yellowest hair and the best - looking legs, that is, for a kid of her size. And she does love her kissing." Then, in a lower tone - "You know what he brags about - that Harris boy?" "What?" asked his companions eagerly. "Why, he brags that he sleeps with her." John knew enough to have a pretty good idea of what the boy meant by this remark but still thought it proper to defend him. So he answered - "Well, they haven't got much room in the house. Maybe they have no other place, and they have to sleep together." The big boy showed him up with "Oh, get out - that isn't what I meant. He does things to her. He told me about it. Gee, I'd like to be in his shoes. Boy, I never would get up."

John was horrified at this and pretended to move over to the apple tree to get some apples but certain ideas began to creep up that, do what he might, he couldn't keep down. So a

few days later, when he was leading a horse in from the lane, little Florrie came by. He took the halter off the horse and stopped for a minute. He wondered why he had never noticed her before. Of course he never saw her in school because she didn't go to school. Her family thought that schools were a lot of nonsense anyhow but as she stood before him he had to look at her and so looking, he got some strange feelings. Her cheap straw hat was set back off her yellow hair. Her mouth was scarlet and wide; her dress was torn a little on one side and John couldn't help noticing her legs. Through the slit in her dress, he could see that they were very white. Of course below they were brown. As she paused, she said "Hello". She seemed to say it in sort of a hesitating way, rather a hushed voice. John answered back and as she walked slowly away, giving him a backward look, he couldn't help thinking about the story and in his imagination, he could see her as the boy had described her - intimately. He followed her a little way and walked with her but there was no more conversation and happening to notice his Mother at the stile box in the front yard, he turned quickly off, climbed over the fence and pattered to the house.

As he went, he couldn't help giving one backward glance and after that, at night-time, on his palette in his garret room, he couldn't help thinking of her; he couldn't get her out of his mind. One moonlight night (his window looked out toward the shack where Florrie lived) through the open window came the warm fragrance of the Summer. In the distance he could hear the singing of the stream that went near their house. He fought to sleep for a time unsuccessfully. The blonde enchantress was near him. He

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wondered how it would feel to be very near, even there with him....
but well, you see, our poor hero was not altogether perfect!

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Yellow hair blown like the waves of the goldish wheat,
Strange mysteries in the clear eyes, sweeter than sweet,
Soft winds playing and trembling from the awakening South,
Gently against the soft cheek, making redder the red, red mouth.
Around her the sapling beechwood trees, glossy with newish green,
And this was the month of months for her --
For she was just fifteen.

Across the stream, a man, sorry for the dead, dead past,
Stood woefully dreaming for the days that could not last.
Brown, slim and straight, against the yellow cypress tree,
Tears sweetly bitter for the woes that should not be.
Alas, fruitlessly sighing over things that might have been
For this was the day of days for him -
For he was just sixteen.

Then he turned and looked across the stream,
Swollen by Springtime rain,
Turbulent, racing -
Turned then also from regrets so futile and vain,
As he looked upon that strange postured feminine thing
And looked and looked, and then with a passionate flame
Threw himself into the waters, racing so fiercely by
And as he bravely struggled, black clouds chased white
across the Springtime sky.
Quickly he reached the shore and sat there near her,
Around her the newish green,
And this was the month of months for her -
For she was just fifteen.

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But his ears were ringing, birds were singing,
In ecstacy winging - high, higher and higher -
With sweet madness bringing, their love song flinging,
Against the clouds their clear desire.
Waters pressing, flowing by, kissing twixt the brown shore's thighs.
Leaves pressing, caressing, against leaves pressing,
Again and again, with passionate pain, again and again.
Sweet shadows weaving with musical sound seemingly
Against the warm ground.
Even the solid hill waves in and out; it seems it would shout
To the sun whose rays shine on its breast -
Would lift itself and follow into the West,
After the flaming sun, after the maddened sun -
Would follow and follow until Youth and Passion were one -
And Life and Death were one.

Also in the shady wood, a young squirrel stood
Little brown paws on white breast crossed.
Quiet, erect, as in meditation lost,
Watching four others in amorous play, scampering here, there,
and everywhere,
Tails waving, floating like thistle-down -
Up the trees and then back down.
The young one watched them with little eyes,
Completely lost in mild surprise,
As if seeking the cause for their wild delight,
As they went over the green, swift as light.
And so there watching, long, long he stood,
In quiet wonder, in the shady wood.

But the man looked upon the girl; she looked away -
Still, still he looked, with naught to say.

And then I followed a strange, new bird, with wings of red,
White as a cloud its breast; yellow as dust its head.
Then it must have hidden there in the deepest green,
No other words than these -
But this was the hour of hours for Him -
For he was just sixteen.

Two walked beneath the trees
And there was a beech tree that listened and talked
And there was an oak that listened contented to the talk
in the branches of the trees.
There was a little music in the brooks-flowing
And there was a little music of
near brooks and stream
Until they came at the edge of the world and there they saw
Parting, the sombre curtains of the nite
And there within the valley of night
pastured his flock of stars in silent peace.

Two walked beneath the trees
And there was a beech tree that listened and talked
And there was an oak that listened contented to the talk
in the branches of the trees.
There was a little music in the brooks flowing
And there was a little music of
near the brooks and stream
Until they came at the edge of the world and there they saw
Parted, the sombre curtains of the nite
And therewithin the valley of night
pastured his white flock of stars in silent peace.

"Springtime in the air,
Figures dear and fair,
Swiftly altogether
Running on the grass.
I might whisper something,
Have no fear to love me,
I am never, never
Very far above you.
Teach me how hereafter
I might make sweet laughter
Clear as yours, aringing
As you swiftly pass.

"And if troubles come
As they do before the end,
Just remember the runner
Just remember he who
Went with you arunning
O'er the dew wet grass.
And if sad winds come
Ablowing from the west
Bringing troubles to you,
Look how broad my breast.
Come and bring them all
Within my arms tight pressed.
I will kiss them all away,
Then we'll go arunning -
Laughing as we go -
Whether 'tis in summer
Or in winter snow,
Playing, laughing altogether
Never mind how turns the weather.

"You say I saw you running
Through the tall, tall grass,
Then I dropped my green scarf -
That's the dew wet grass.
Leaves - leaves before you,
That you might pass and
Never a thorn or thistle."

B:10

There were seven maidens
Running down the hillside,
Seven, seven maidens
Through the dew wet grass.
There were seven maidens
Running through the grass
Making sweet the wind
As they quickly passed,
Seven maidens running
On the dew wet grass.

There were seven boys
Waiting at the hillside,
There were seven boys
Looking up the hillside
And the seven maidens
Came to them so swift.
Watch them running swiftly
Hands so tightly clasped.

There were several mothers
While the time elapsed
Watching from the millside,
Spring had come at last,
Watching the two sevens
As they quickly passed.

Then there came a white cloud
Dropping from above them.
Then from it a spirit formed
Saying, "Much I love them."
Then it came beside them
Running, running swiftly.

"I am only God
Awatching as you run
O'er the dew wet grass,
Watching how so swiftly
Your dear figures pass.
Could I run with you
On the spring sweet grass?
Don't think I'm too old,
I can go as fast
And as likely almost
As you upon the grass.
See I have no whiskers,
Not even one eye glass.
I want to run with you
Swiftly on the grass.

You know the summer is the time when the apples come out and the blossoms
And there are tulips in the garden an
And a few roses blooming
And they say the world is going quickly
Soon it will be past.
And then the summer goes and the roses fade
  and the tulips fade at last
And then the man goes past
"Wonder how long the time will last?"
And then the autum trees

Then the winter comes and the man says
"I am very tired at last
Yesterday the wind blew East
And today the wind blows West
And I am tired in my bones
And I want to rest.
Take me down

I know a house I want to live in
  by an old church yard
I know where I want to go
I just want to go and rest.
Take and lie me down
  close on my Mother's breast.
I think she sleeps very quietly in the dark ground
Take me down in the ground
Close to my Mother's breast.
I just want to lie on my Mother's breast
That the things that have been be forgotten
  and let me only rest.
I am tired of the good things and the best.
Lie me down on my Mother's breast.
I know she will forget what I have done
And I know she didn't listen to the foolish
  things I said.
She belongs down deep in the ground.
She knows what is best
I am tired of struggling, doing all the things wrong
I just want to go down tonite
And lie on my Mother's breast.
Maybe in the place that she sleeps I will find rest.
I place three lillies in my hand
I know she will love and understand
And after all the hard work and delay and unrest
I will find me a place to sleep at last
Down on my Mother's breast.

The snow will blow above, quite above us
The wind will rise with spring
But at last I will rest on
On my Mother's breast.
I just want to go down this nite
  and find a little rest
Where I lay my head so quietly down
Down on my Mother's breast.

After the storm
After the snow
After the rain and the in vain
Maybe, perhaps they will wipe out the sorrow and pain
Then I'll lie me down on my Mother's breast.

Just a little old country church yard
South, East or West
But there I will find myself best
Down on my Mother's breast.

Why East?
Why West?
Just a boy broken down
to my Mother's breast.
I just want to be on my Mother's breast
Going North
Going South
Just going North
Just going South
Why hold?
Why try to sleep?
North, South, West or East

Rest and keep
Rest and sleep
Rest and cut out the time
I have forgotten time long ago

Never met anybody devine
Never drank anything like wine
But I know someone devine.
That was my Mother's breast.
There's where I began

This is where they go
They were young then
This is where they go
And then against the sun
This is where they follow
They were only four
They go by a country church yard
It was some time ago
There were others by the side
But the two was which we knew
There were only two couples
After all they only made four.
They walked by a country church yard
Two and two makes four
And they went beneath old fashioned trees
It was some time ago.
And they walked by a church yard
Being a long time ago
Two boys and two girls
And they walked there then
Before a drum had beaten or a trumpet sounded
And quite a few of the country folks
And they were quite astounded
The country people in the little towns
All happening long ago.
And they said,"There seems to be a fight up North.
Seems in Virginia way.
Seems there is a long blue line ~~and~~
And people dressed in grey."
Then one of the boys said, "Well I think I get away
And see what is happening.
I think I will go
I like that color of grey.
And I think we will just be walking ourselves over
We will get just as much to eat as if we stayed here
And I think we will be going away.

"And I think I like the blue when I step out
That grey color I don't like so much."
And so one wore the blue
And one, he wore the grey
And so it happened.
That must be how it happened that way.
One wore one color and walked by day and nite.
Got frightened and scared,
Things happened to him which are not written or read.
He frose in his clothes
And was scared out of his life.
And then came many battles day and nite
The excitement and the scrapping fight
Quite a few dead
Some by day, some by nite.
It didn't mean anything
It was only some boys North or South
Then there came one man named Lee
Very decent chap and he got to be
11½ inches and wore his clothes well and seemed
Slim and quite tall and hansome withal.
And they pointed down to him when he went by and then
He said, "I am going forward with you boys, my men.
This is the last charge
It is the rise or fall
I think Christ is with us
And God loves us all
And whether we win
Or whether we fall
We will better go on again
Charge, my men.

And one Jefferson Davis tried to run things better
And Benjamin, a Jew, waited quietly to get thru
Because he knew the thing was falling
The Lost Cause.
And then the one boy who had walked away
And wore the grey
Happened to be coming down by the first company of Virginians
On that sad day
Just before the South gave way
Two gentlemen fell,
One fell before an old church yard
And he looked in and laughed
He happened to have
When another fell
And with it he fell
And they took him away
To the hospital they had in that day
And the girl he had walked with by the church yard
Just happened to come his way
And waited day, nite and a day.
When Sheridan commanded
Of course it is unimportant now to understand
When with a cavalry of 10,000 men
And 20 guns
He opened up something new in cavalry
Field artillery and a shell,
One, two, three, came that way

And all blew him quite out of sight
As he sighed himself away
He turned to her, he said
"Once a year

All I ask is that you make the house
A small one there anyway.
But you make the barn out of
Red, Silver and Grey - mostly Grey
And start working up things again
Things happen that way.
Then when Sheridans troups were marching
In Virginia's red clay
It happened that one of the young soldiers
Dro ped in that day
But he saw the name on the doorpost
And red with Virginia clay
He said, "I wonder where the seseseh has been walking
And the others that went by this way?"
And they burried quite a few that were fighting in grey
So he stopped by the door-way and red the names
Of the boys that had lost in the life
And so of the Confederacy.
There among the names of the Grey he read
The name of the boy who had walked away in that day
From the little church yard
On the right side of the way
And he said, "Well things rise and things fall
And things go forward and stop,
And so it is all unimportant all in all.
You either go upward or you fall."
So ended the
It all is a good cause
But it got kicked in the pants
And went as far as it could
And stopped at last.
Sometimes it went quite fast
Or rather fast
Then dropped and became slow
And so then dropped
So now in a few old church yards they gather
All in a little space
And they talk about those that struggled
But at last all had to fall
And only the bugles and music of:
Carry me back of old Virginia,
Carry me back with sorrow an' pain
Let me see again the fellows
Marching in the daylight and the nite
In sunshine or in rain.
Carry me backto the old familiar sights
Let me watch the lines that marched in vain
But they marched in sorrow
Within the nite-time
They marched all daytime and then they marched in rain.
Sad, sad, the fellows

But all figures marching against the things that were in vain.
Still let us ~~sing~~- see the old familiar faces
Marching in their hope and dream
They turn to me in vain.
Those that went, went back against the thing that could
not triumph.
Let us forget.
See the faces marching in the clear day
And in the driving rain.
Then let us love once more
The dear ones that fought unto their end
In sorrow or in vain.
Hear the bugles rising,
How strongly do they call
Then dimly follow
There's the end
The last call.

The boys could be wounded but not die.(but not so good). They they were working on this house. Or otherwise she could be working and there is a white gate and a nigger watching while she works building a new house. This done in such a way as to signify the building of a ~~ne~~ lost nation. Then gentlemen of the War Department in England. They are sitting around a map and one says, "If Lee had only marched
he would have won." The other one says, "or one could see he might have given him orders which might have led the whole thing astray. Anyhow Lets go to the Savoy. No this isn't a good day, they have fish. I am going to have an aftern on by myself. Well, see you some other day. There is a good show coming on from America. Something about Yellow Pastures - no its Green Pastures. Good afternoon.

UNITED STATES LINES

S. S. _____

I've climbed up through
the schoolhouse
door
And dreamed on
through the watery
wood
And now walks
alone beneath the
white Beech tree that
bloometh nevermore

ff

a Red bird moans
on a white birch tree
all its green ~~barrette~~ emblem
flown

~~th~~ With four little
notes how owed by
sing - ~~it~~ it waits
by ~~f~~ ther alone

And his dreems from
boelem to the beech nut
dust
And the autume
rains leving the
shrub hues to rust
And the blackberry
vines drop down
to rest on a dewy
wet
ored stone
Com you with bow
litle notes to woom
agels sing
Ler fly to God with
a broken wing

~~How~~ ~~and~~ tender, his
words warm and
sweet his boots
of & where there he
vowed rock me to
know a little rest
But so long the
letter and changing
way up thy to
the limitless sky
~~The~~ And how can
a lends with a
red broken wing
find the straight to fly

soft like
green
down sweet
valley to
the little branch
you between
long loney
pond grey
lily dotted

snow flowers
below 4 to 5
white
with for you
in the morning

sighed for
you lies the
night
dent nits little
stars
kissing the
flowers
soft white

Distinctly I
remember the
yellow buds of my
last boiz of the
corny throng

Used to the
old lane leading
through the woods
to the [illegible]
floor
Used to the hound
[illegible]
[illegible]
Used to the [illegible]
that [illegible]
on the floor

When your
soft eyes rested
that I had not
known before

Do you ever awake and
dream dear
[illegible] the
room, sing the
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
dear [illegible] of
[illegible] of my dear
[illegible] all you

you will
your little
stick of lead
scribble thoughts
tears of thoughts
blood blear
your not bring
back to dead

Nor blood your
cold and sure
dear proof of
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

they are not true

and is your
heart and
your desires

nor for it is
filled and
stormy can
you shake
and fires

to be lamp
to finish
it might be
stars are

dead—
Give thy
great upbinding
—prayer; and
the mystery
to God
Sit fast and
the fear of
God thy sun
& your crown
and not
Don't you see
old fool

What the bulb
allows with
surface to
prove
you are my
writing with
Words words
Key words
not a key not a
door not
a Angle

1 pis in my
this hullabed
heart

sof sin that
was bled.
the silken scarlet
thread
that used to
keep in
wandering lustful
dream
of the soul
of womens sin

Oh legs silken
clad
trembling couple
~~and~~ that loved
warmly glad

I'm Coming
I shall not be
long
Oh sweet rest
but a little
one be strong

And heaven sings
is the music there

And heaven cryes
is heaven aire

I would not have
you smile one
single smile
Oh please not just
a single
[illegible]
And [illegible] I pray
[illegible] the blues
[illegible]

the line of
vision,
and spread
sparing warm
delight as it
coaxed her.
There were
blossoms blooming
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

at last

oh I should
have known
I should have
known
how foolish
it is to let the wind
have such a
strange thing as
this power
over
me through
it has

In the lilac
tree

and then
I zoomed and
zoomed going
back home!

Over Build a big
bridge
I'm left alone
Then I go over
[illegible]
and then there was
[illegible]
[illegible]

a voye regrit
st I thoyh yes
all Hall Emo
yet
I he ad things
are waiting ofsh
for me
I'll ~~go boot~~
heer again
floating Trugh
over acll

[illegible] strayge
[illegible] acll
of the the tatto
brown bird

~~the thing~~
sweater and
came to me
flew a very
low ~~and~~ and
a little brown
bird or a
black ~~bird~~

later time
brought me rich
and [illegible]
a million people
[illegible] me a name
But something
was missing

When I was a
boy
There was a yard
the house beside
And a long
pasture great and
wide.
And a slim
creek going
past forever
and [illegible]
[illegible]
a [illegible] I found
of thrills
~~And there over~~
~~all~~

deer when the
gates and ways
flown.

We shall see
these new
as we are both
then ~~new~~ these known

And shall
know them just
by the way the
walks.

~~shall know them~~
And when
the Veil the new
the Veil

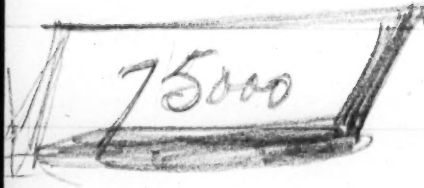
I wonder if it is not
last day
when the autumn
leave fall
Down down to the
death frighted
brown land

When Heaven
of does open wide

And we go up
on the other side

I like to think
dear

50



~~300,000~~

~~150,000~~

75,000

~~50~~

150,000

150,000-

4,000

10

2,500

And that narrow river by
wooden bridge -
~~The~~ loud quack the pottering
ducks
and flop their wings dried in
dark blue
~~Both~~ Stand with their heads
buried in water
Their tails turned effrontedly
upon the in the unfeeding shore
Near are Grave unstained
Ganders lead their adoring
Wifes possing
Persons that greet the beasts meant
Waiting with grab ~~ammo~~
till he has safely passed
And returns to his gentle
loves and brood loud of
The great battles

Against overwhelming
odds that he has won.
And up and down but then
admiring heads -
and shout his fulsome
praises to the sky

Then there comes one
then silently a great
white swan

Each day he makes
a journey or 10 miles
or more alone -
And stops here and
always as now

flats close by beside
the quacking ducks
Near the boat-full
lord mouth Geese
In silence floats he
in ~~dump~~ simplest dignified
aloofness keeps his place
apart
And never mixes once
with any of the broods
and yet comes each day
alone and stays awhile
as though this brought some
succour from his loneliness
And just as twilight
singled upon the distant
hills

And every tho a great
King looked upon him
and spoke his praises.
And ever day marked thro
the imperial armys the
borders adored with a setting
sun.
And Every day thro all
the stateist nooks of the
Earth
And every day a part of all this
~~splendor~~ went the imperial
Even the stateliest of
them all
And now beside the ~~tho~~ lowly
fishing fellers hut

And now beside the
shrill voice peasants
screeching wife
And now beside a
silent fishing crew
working with sweat
hands a wan black
soiled. and now by
shouting children
unkempt and down
at knees
and now beside
the lonely forest

And every day a
princess had fed him
from her hoard.
And now an outcast
goes he down the darkmay
mere. The lonely swan
of it much or little else
shall say at last
one has looked ah
sluty sorrow and has
loved you

that leaves over th
flock bassumed mere.
He goes in silent
sorrow tho lowly
morn

the And no smart
horned fushers
worship the pewter
and now ~~beside~~ besides
a dark forrest's reaching
to the mere

all
Snow white & most stately
black bird
And on his slender
legs two bands of
burnished silver ~~---~~
Enbleneed a very
Crest on Eagle and a Crow
Set him apart as
an Imperial swan

4 stanza
I and as he turned

Home he took his solitary
way
~~I here upon the black watery~~
There I saw him beside the dark
purple rushes bow ~~his~~ head
bending to the still black
waters of the lonely stream
And so he plodded back
to his secret home in
~~at~~ Potsdam there had been
news
In the Great Kaiser's Inn
a Royal board of most
fine hundred.
And he had been the
most Imperious of the
many at the

There is a little schoolhouse
that is set upon a hill
And it was on an autumn
day and all th woods ~~was~~ were still
I sat beside the window
and th pine up bove covered all
But mostly watched the little
girl that sat just opposite me
and thought she names forgot
I remember she was fair
and just the color of the leaves
was her soft reddish hair
and never shall I forget
nor all his erase.
when school was over
she chose me as chief
of Primmers base

around each tree we
gathered the modern enemy
~~And if are from enemy~~
~~assault.~~
I by darning crossed, we
perused if ~~D~~ explored the other
mine

Later she became the ~~D~~ tribe
Chiefess of the opposing side
I in that ~~long~~ grid dirt
forest stitching long and winded
and most unhappy ~~was~~ I
used my beechnut tree
Because all I was playing for
was that she played with me
and with darning scored me
and for a year ~~that~~ trowel boy

But I knew the race was hopeless
she was too fast of foot
slim grown with red hair
fleet over the low weed fly
and not a boy owed with thy
her hower had he try
as as by my she should
with tawny skits aflare
And teasing red lips
taunting catch me if you dare
I started the hunted
I knew it vowed never to
until she softly whispered
maiden I want you so fast bound
you
Brown woods boy are bodied
Gone the shoulders bare
Gone all the red haired

wishes I must run as
best I can from you
But now ahead dreams
in the lonely watches might
I see ye once more peering
in that low arbors shine
That little shine home
mind melt the Bredwood
tree
I'll try not to run as
very best if you are
following me

There is a town called Verti
it is set upon a slim sweet
arm of The Lake Worci
Near lye to Pasdeme the
home of a long line of Kings
In the ~~middle~~ center of the
little town
and old stone bridge spans the
narrow ~~little~~ stream
On one side up a little hill is
set a twin spired Church
beside it is a windmill with
long silent arms
across the stream the forests
Horses
stretching out to hunt orchards
Clot surround the little town
beside the stream up the bluff
pile are stood th. pup
silver fishing nets

I homed on the Black
Silver waters
He raised himself and
shook a ~~thousand ghosts~~
from his wings
those wings two drifts
of snow 8 feet from
tip to tip

To Jehow I reminds
in modden my
all have misted of the
fine. voluté; sleek sub
defects. as. a cubed
a. foolish woman
a strong God.
and a bothers mates
a shirk and. a
jealous husband
and a small hus
ousiek a

of which is th duty
To be made in a.
Clinics of the end
of which is the
very end of all.
When the tube q
drains for some
time and on giving
water it is found
by return of stool
she is not guilty
penalty.

THE PRINCE AND THE GIRL.

Original "Scenario by" Griffith

Atmosphere: Montemart, the golden, the glamourous, not the absurd caricature of the movies and the stage. Rue de la Blanc, before Skelly's place - early morning at Montemart - 12 o'clock midnight for the world in general. Streaks of light on the sidewalk. Alcoves of darkness in doorways. Varying perfumes mix with the odor of femininity. People stand by the door-ways of little cafes and drinking places that come clear to the sidewalk. Couples on the sidewalks and corners, unconscious of everything and everyone in the world except one and other, even thoughtthe crowds going by brush against the short-skirted legs of the damemoiselles. Tourists, on-lookers, searchers after love and adventure. Americans, South Americans, Englishmen, and all the world, traveling. A group of Englishmen passing by. As the men pass the girls speak in subdued voices, cooing love notes. The strange mysterious tone, old as the cooing of doves, old as the snarl of amorous tigers in Egypt's jungles. The same tone used by Aphrodite and her priestly girls of love, who lured men in ancient Alexandria.

Inside of Skelly's, there is a dimly lighted orchestra at one end of the hall and another dimly lighted orchestra at another end. There is a clear space for dancing and the entertainers in the center. Around it the tables and the world, for here comes all the world; a woman old in life, a diplomat from a foreign country with a young girl of seventeen or eighteen, who is extremely beautiful, in the latest mode, polished-like, as though she were a princess of a family of princes.

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At another table sits a Bourbon pretender to the Portugese throne. From high and low, all are gathered here. A man and woman are doing a drama in pantomime at one end of the hall. In the doorway, waiting for entrance is a young girl, Susanne, a short-skirted bittle fire-brand, with red stockings, whose skirts just above her knees show black garters with artificial stones. The fires burn low now as though she were wrapped in that myseterious dream of love that is and yet is not. At a table near the floor, nearby, sits Emil whose business is to dance with the women who have noone to dance with them. Emil is [redacted] as a dancer, a product of the Montemart. He has fought on the fields of Mars as well as the fields of Erus. In fact, one rather unhappy affair, in which a gentleman had been discovered dead with a knife planted safely in him, which in the exigency Emil had been unable to take with him, came very near putting him away for good, but for certain helpful circumstances, as far as Emil was concerned, not the least of which was his friendship for a great official of the city for whom he had made up little parties and for whom he had procured some very dainty bits of femininity on various occasions.

Susanne is the name of the dancer waiting in the doorway, to make her appearance. Emil is watching her. He has never had Susanne. She has been a pet, as it were, of the place during her short stay. Emil watches her. His black eyes whip around her. They strip the little clothes she has on from off her and dream of the mysterious white flesh and curving hip and thigh. Emil has at once been a menace and a protection to Susanne. As the other habitues know, he has sworn to kill any man who should attempt overtures toward her. The time is coming for Susanne to go to her work. She appears - and she can really dance - . Then comes the morning. She goes home. Emil, streaming cigarette smoke, trails along behind her. She lives in a little apartment with another girl, Jo (so nicknamed by a spendthrift American who had been generous.).

She has a little room across the hall from her uncle, a neer-do-well and her guardian, or rather, guardian of her salary.

Now go we to the Ritz Hotel. Arriving here is none other than a most famous personage, Prince George. Between him and the throne stands only his father, the present King. It is a great occasion at the Ritz. His mother is with him. Also occupying one part of the entire floor of the hotel which they take, is the Duchess of Uze, who it has been decided, after much consideration among the family, is the only fit mate for the young Prince. The young Duchess is nice enough and the Prince likes her well enough, but, in fact, the Prince is rather fed up with the family business and is looking forward to living a little. It has been rumoured that the Prince had strongly determined in his mind to give up the Kingship business entirely and to allow his younger brother to take the Kingship. A great friend of the Prince's, who is also a friend of his mother's, has always been rather fond of night life. It is he who guides the Prince the next night, incognito of course. So the next night, at Skelly's place, seated at a table near the floor, is Jean Elwell, at least so he is called, with no sign or a crown about him to denote who he really is. Susanne dances and she dances near his table. She pretends not to see him, but she had seen him no more than he had entered. They said she danced better that night than she had ever danced before. She seemed so young and so sweet. She had watched many tricks. She used all her little tricks for a battery for Jean at the table. After the dance she met him. They sat in a circumspect corner and talked. She had played with her father in the music halls of England and spoke quite a little English. And as they talked, behind them glowered Emil, jealously watching and listening. Jean and Susanne, Susanne still in the costume in which she appeared, danced on the floor after the entertainment was over. Emil makes it his business to meet Jean's friend. He drops a hint - toying with a small, nasty

but rather prettily ornamented, dagger - what is going to happen to the man that gets too fresh with Susanne. The other gentleman is impressed, but innocent, so does not bother much.

Then comes a series leading up to a mad love affair between Jean and Susanne, with Death lurking,(through Emil's jealousy) and following their footsteps. Emil never entered Susanne's little room. Then one night to Susanne comes Emil and tells her his love, at the door to her little room. He batters at the door and tries to break it down. She begs him to desist. He moans like a whineing dog, down on his knees, through the cracks of the door. She is still cold and he goes away vowing if he does not get her, no one else will.

Another night Jean takes her home. They sit on the steps of her little apartment. They hold hands and they speak the old, old words. He takes her up the steps. There is a long kiss in the doorway. Outside, Emil with two confederates, has dogged their footsteps. They await Jean, the time when he shall leave Susanne. Emil had determined that night to do away with his rival. Jean, the Prince, goes back once or twice for some little secret of love forgotten on his first advance. He finally leaves. The girl is in an ecstasy of love in her room. The Prince's heart is singing a song of joy, so that his feet go riding down the steps. He stopped by Emil. There is a battle. The Prince gets rid of Emil's knife and manages in the darkness to escape them for a second. There is no other outlet. He runs back up the steps. Emil and his confederates lose him for a second. Jean pounds on Susanne's door. Emil and his confedarates devine that he has gone up the steps, but in the darkness and fog they are not sure. The terrified Susanne opens the door. Jean stumbles in and tells her his danger. Being only a man and not a super-hero he is willing to fight one or two, but three, he has discovered, are too much for him. Susanne secrets him in the room. Emil and his confederates come to the door. In an un-

concerned voice she tells them they are mistaken. They are not sure, but believe he is not in the room. There is a moment of terrible anxiety for Susanne, and then finally they go away. She goes to the window and in the fog which occasionally lifts she is sure she sees them prowling outside. The Prince had been slightly stunned from a blow on the head. After his nervous strength, which gave him power to get a place of safety, had left him, he dropped exhausted. The girl watched at the window the figures outside. Then finally the Prince in a few moments revives and says he must be going as he does not want to incriminate the girl by remaining in her room all night. The girl insists it is madness to think of going. Emil is drunk with wine and jealousy, and is a dangerous character when aroused. The Prince insists and goes to the door. The girl locks the door and hides the key from him and demands that he stay. Finally the Prince is persuaded. The girl has but one little bed in the room. They look around, half amused and embarrassed. The girl offers him the bed and she will sleep on the floor. He refuses strongly but is weak from his battle. Looking for a seat to sit down he sits on the bed. She insists, and dividing the bed-clothes, she puts him to bed in her little bed and makes herself a nest on the floor by the window. They look at each other. There is a scene of silence and danger. Susanne feels as much danger inside as there is outside. Finally the Prince goes to sleep. She nestles by the window waiting until she is sure he is asleep and then she steals softly over. She croons over his hand. She croons softly over his dark head upon the pillow. She says little wild prayers for him for ever and ever. Before she realizes it, he awakens. They look into each other's eyes. His arms go around her. There is a long, tender, passionate kiss - where we leave them.

Daylight draws Emil away from his watch. Perhaps he had been mistaken after all and their victim had escaped. The morning light brings the girl from her nest by the window on the floor. She makes him cover

his eyes while she dresses. She passes around the room. She sets a little table and plays at house-keeping. She makes the coffee and gets rolls and butter. She puts some little flowers which she brought home the night before on the table. Finally she brings a basin. He washes his face and still making him keep his eyes closed she brings him to the table set for breakfast. The sunlight comes through the window. She rings a little bell and then sits him down and waits upon him. He says"It shall always be like this when you are my wife". He has told her he is a shoe salesman and that he has had a very successful trip recently and they would go to England and have a little shop. She is very anxious to have a better stove than the one she has to cook on. He promises her she shall have a stove at least twice as good as the one she now has. They shall have three rooms. Susanne thinks that would be wonderful. They play at house-keeping that morning. They fix the room side by side, pausing for kisses in between. Then he leaves determined upon giving up everything in the world, in his young and childish imagination, for love, but the very next day comes terrible news to his mother. A terrible accident has happened at their home. A mad automobile had driven across a cross road and struck the car in which the Prince's father was riding. He was still in his prime, they thought good for twenty or twenty-five years more upon the throne, but the Black Angel of Death sends no cards in advance of his visit, and so the King was dead. The Prince received the news. He had loved his father and his heart was broken. And then came the next news. He must go to the throne. Also it is well that the marriage which had already been arranged, with the Duchess, but which, owing to his hesitancy, had not been consummated, should be brought about at once. Then the family met unexpected trouble. This the Prince absolutely refuses to do, and also states that he does not want to be King. Finally they drive him to dramatically declare that he loves someone and that she means more to

him than all the money and thrones and power there is in the world, and they can go to H---, with the business of being bored to death trying to rule people who do not want to be ruled anyhow. Before they can stop him he has left. His mother calls in the aide who has been his guide in seeing a little life, and from him she learns the truth. They find the Prince adamant. They think in a few hours he will come to his senses, but he does not. In a terrible dilemma the mother decides to go with the aide to see the girl. They find she is at home. The Queen Mother comes to the little house in Rue de la Blanc. The girl has a little gift , given by her shoe salesman lover, in her hand at the very moment. She hides it away. It is a cheap little locket, but seems priceless and very expensive to Susanne. It is a cheap little locket for a Prince to give, and is just the kind of a locket a shoe salesman would present to his lady love. Susanne hears a knock at the door. A beautiful, middle-aged woman enters. They look at each other. There is a pause. The Queen mother asks if this is Susanne Merdaux? Susanne answers Yes - and you're -- The Queen mother answers "I Am his mother". Susanne, aglow with joy, runs toward her. The Queen mother coldly steps back and Susanne stops, perplexed and hurt. The Queen mother looks into her face and sees there something so beautiful, so sweet and so differentmfrom the things she expected to see, that before she realizes it, being a real woman first and a queen after, she unconsciously opens her arms half way and Susanne goes into them. Afterwards the mother asks her "Do you love my boy very much?" "Yes" answers Susanne. "How much" questions the mother. "Enough to die for him answers Susanne bravely. "That is what I am going to ask you to do " said the mother. "Do you know who my boy really is?" And then she tells the astonished Susanne the truth about her lover. Finally Susanne comes to know that it is true. The mother says "If you really love him, you alone can save him. Now is the time to show him". Susanne at first

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Indignantly refuses. There is a big and unpleasant scene between them, then Susanne comes to realize that the mother is right. Finally she is persuaded to write a letter to his address as a shoe salesman, telling him that she does not want to carry the affair any further and that Emil is insistant and after all she loves Emil and does not love him. The last part is too much for poor Susanne to write but realizing that strong measures are necessary she finds strength to pen these - to her - terrible words. The letter is sent to the Prince immediately, by a ruse of his aide. By this time Susanne drags herself to the cabaret. Here the Prince comes madly and questioning. She sees him enter, and fights her last gallant battle. The ever attentive Emil, in readiness for his job as a dancer, is near at hand. She goes to him and says "Emil, dance with me. I want a good dance". The Prince comes to the table. He stands beside her and [illegible]id you get my letter" "Yes, but I don't believe it". "Oh, don't you think we have gone on long enough, because I have always loved Emil". Even at the last she cannot bring herself to say any more. Finally, in a tremulous scene she acts the cold and scornful lady to the Prince and the langurous, loving girl to Emil and both are convinced. She dances away, the most beautiful dancer on the floor, leaving the poor, perplexed Prince amid the ashes. After the one dance she is unable to carry on any further and gets rid of the astonished Emil. Going home she drops weakily on the bed in her little room.

Later, as it happens, the marriage of the Prince and the Duchess takes place, as diplomatic compliment to France, in the Church of Notre Dame. Susanne is near death. The night she ran away from the Prince it had been raining and she had gone, thoroughly soaked and drenched, to her little bed. She is very anxious for someone to tell her if it would be possible to get a little glimpse of the bride and groom. Her old friend, Jo, volunteers and manages to get a glimpse of the bride and

and groom as they enter the church after driving through the lane of thousands of on-lookers. Susanne waits for Jo's return and is quite disappointed when Jo tells her that the bride is very beautiful but Susanne is a little bit happier when she tells her that the Prince looked very sad and thin. Finally when Jo leaves her, Susanne gets up weakly and sets the table again as she did the one great night of her life; the two saucers two cups and two plates, but now a little artificial flower must take the place of the fresh one of that past day. Ill, feverish and half-mad, she plays the tender little scene as though Jean were there again. She pours him his coffee, she croons over his hand on the table. She calls him little love names, speaking them as though it was the real occasion, and then she realizes it is only play.

Jo returns. She knows that Susanne is dying. Having known some of the friends of the Prince in the old days, she determines to get news to him of the truth of Susanne's life. By working her points she manages to step before the Prince and his aide as they are leaving the hotel. The Prince recognizes her and before the aide can stop her, she pours out the story of Susanne's condition and of her great sacrifice. The Prince is horrified. He manages to dismiss his attendants later, and that night, with only one aide, goes back to the little house of the past. A trembling knock at the door. Beneath his feet, sitting disconsolately on the steps, is the now subdued Emil. The fear of the Black Angel is over him so that he is now very tame and quietly waits outside the door. Jo is very much excited, but does not tell Susanne anything excepting that a friend is coming. The Prince comes into the room very slowly and sadly. Susanne lifts her eyes and sees him. There is a long trembling moment and she opens her arms and it seems that her very soul pours forth with the words "Jean, I knew you would come back". He is in her arms.

In the old ~~legend~~ legends of this story she again in his arms, with

with his love around her, so she dies. But in the newer version of to-day it is possible - why not - he pleads with her "You have your work to do as I have mine. Yours is as important as mine. Even that great manager who came down to see you dance said you were the best dancer of any woman alive. You perhaps can give more to the world than even a King can give. You will have your subjects and give them joy and pleasure. My kingdom is already created; you can create yours which will bring beauty to all who know and see you. I will be a King in my country and you will be a Queen in yours, and between us for ever and ever, as long as we both live, there shall be but one love. We may see each other. I shall come and see you and we shall keep our love unspoiled by any sin and keep it beautiful so long as we both live.

And so again, cheered and strengthened, she goes on with her work and dreams only of work and fulfilling the dreams he had of her greatness, and with this in her heart she accomplishes great things.

The time-dial has moved on. It is at a great theatre in Paris. There is a tremendous ovation for a new and accomplished star in the Kingdom of Art. Of course, it is our poor little Susanne. After a tremendous reception quite a crowd await her at the stage entrance - her loyal worshipping subjects. She comes, attired as always (which has been the subject of much gossip) in black, only it is an exquisite black and only serves to enhance her sad and soulful beauty. Then to her rooms, the same rooms before occupied by the Prince, for now she is rich and successful. The rooms are beautiful with flowers from people of her kingdom for she is the most loved Queen in the world, for now in all France and in allthe world they are getting to call her "our little Susanne".

Now come we to another country. Democracy has raised

head. The roar of the Revolution stalks by the window of our Prince's window. There is suffering and strife and turmoil, and deposed is King James George, the last of the Kings of this formerly great Empire. It is all amicably and easily settled at the last. Comes the old aristocrates who had been with the Prince before; comes the Prime Ministers, comes the diplomats. The last ceremony of his departure from his great state had taken place in his official Court costume. He has taken this off. The visitors are coming in depressed and sorrowful. His aides even have tears in their eyes. He comes from behind a screen, putting on an ordinary sack coat. They expect to see a mournful depressed man. They see a man, young in years, laughing uproariously. He holds a telegram in his hand. Before he came from behind the screen they had said "That we should live to see this terrible moment in our lives" The Prince replies "Terrible! this is the happiest moment I have ever known". "What of the Queen?" "The Queen, she always loved the Count Gravelle. We have already made arrangements and she goes to the man she loves. It was only a marriage of State. And as for me"-- he reads the telegram from Paris and folds it away.

Again to Susanne's rooms in Paris. Still dressed in black. She is wringing her hands, her face is distorted. She walks up and down. She sits on a chair, she arises again - she seems to scream out to God above her. She again sits in the chair. The door opens and the Prince stands in the doorway. She arises, starts to open her arms to him, and then half-fainting drops into the chair. He is across the room. He lifts her face. At last, at last! And they are in each other's arms.

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"THE PRINCE AND THE GIRL"
D. W. GRIFFITH.

ATMOSPHERE: Montmarte, the golden, the glamourous, not the absurd caricature of the movies and the stage. Rue de la Blanc, before Skelly's place - early morning at Montmarte - 12 o'clock midnight for the world in general. Streaks of light on the sidewalk. Alcoves of darkness in doorways. Varying perfumes mix with the oder of femininity. People stand by the doorways of little cafes and drinking places that come clear to the sidewalk. Couples on the sidewalks and corners, unconscious of everything and everyone in the world except each other, even though the crowds going by brush against the short-shirted legs of the damemoiselles. Tourists, on-lookers, searchers after love and adventure. Americans, South Americans, Englishmen and all the world, traveling. A group of Englishmen passing by. As the men pass the girls speak in subdued voices, cooing love notes. The strange mysterious tone, old as the cooing of doves,old as the snarl of amorous tigers in Egypt's jungles. The same tone used by Aphrodite and her priestly girls of love, who lured men in ancient Alexandria.

INSIDE OF SKELLY'S , there is a dimly lighted orchestra at one end of the hall, and another dimly lighted orchestra at another end. There is a clear space for dancing and the entertainers in the center. Around it the tables and the world, for here comes all the world; a woman old in life, a diplomat from a foreign country with a young girl of seventeen or eighteen who is extremely beautiful, in the latest mode, polished-like as though she were a princess of a family of princes. At another table sits a Bourbon pretender to the Portugese throne. From high and low, all are gathered here. A man and woman are doing a drama in pantomime at one end of the hall. In the doorway, waiting for entrance is a young girl,

Suzanne, a short-skirted little firebrand, with red stockings, whose skirts just above her knees show black garters with artificial stones. The fires burn low now as though she were wrapped in that mysterious dream of love that is and yet is not. At a table near the floor, nearby, sits Emil, whose business is to dance with the women who have no one to dance with them. Emil is famous as a dancer, a product of the Montmarte. He has fought on the fields of Mars as well as the fields of Erus. In fact, one rather unhappy affair, in which a gentleman had been discovered dead with a knife planted safely in him, which in the exigency Emil had been unable to take with him, came very near putting him away for good, but for certain helpful circumstances, as far as Emil was concerned, not the least of which was his friendship for a great official of the city, for whom he had made up little parties and for whom he had procured some very dainty bits of femininity on various occasions.

Suzanne is the name of the dancer waiting in the doorway, to make her appearance. Emil is watching her. He has never had Suzanne. She has been a pet, as it were, of the place during her short stay. Emil watches her. His black eyes whip around her. They strip the little clothes she has on from off her and dream of the mysterious white flesh and curving hip and thigh. Emil has at once been a menace and a protection to Suzanne. As the other habitues know, he has sworn to kill any man who should attempt overtures toward her. The time is coming for Suzanne to go to her work. She appears - and she can really dance. Then comes the morning. She goes hom. Emil, streaming cigarette smoke, trails along behind her. She lives in a little apartment with another girl, Jo, (so nicknamed by a spendthrift American who had been generous.). She has a little room across the hall from her uncle, a ne'er-do-well and her guardian, or rather, guardian of her salary.

Now go we to the Ritz Hotel. Arriving here is none other than a most famous personage, Prince George. Between him and the throne stands only his father, the present King. It is a great occasion at the Ritz. His mother is with him. Also occupying one part of the entire floor of the hotel which they take, is the

Duchess of Uze, who, it has been decided after much consideration among the family, is the only fit mate for the young prince. The young Duchess is nice enough and the Prince likes her well enough, but, in fact, the Prince is rather fed up with the family business and is looking forward to living a little. It has been rumored that the Prince has strongly determined in his mind to give up the kingship business entirely and to allow his younger brother to take it. A great friend of the Prince's, who is also a friend of his mother's, has always been rather fond of night life. It is he who guides the Prince the next night, incognito, of course. So the next night, at Skelly's place, seated at a table near the floor, is Jean Elwell, at least so he is called, with no sign of a crown about him to denot who he really is. Suzanne dances and she dances near his table. She pretends not to see him, but she had seen him no more than he had entered. They said she danced better that night than she had ever danced before. She seemed so young and so sweet. She had watched many tricks. She used all her little tricks for a battery for Jean at the table. After the dance she met him. They sat in a circumspect corner and talked. She had played with her father in the music halls of England and spoke quite a little English. And as they talked, behind them glowered Emil, jealously watching and listening. Jean and Suzanne, Suzanne still in the costume in which she appeared, danced on the floor after the entertainment was over. Emil makes it his business to meet Jean's friend. He drops a hint - toying with a small, nasty, but rather prettily ornamented, dagger - what is going to happen to the man that gets too fresh with Suzanne. The other gentleman is impressed, but innocent, so does not bother much.

Then comes a series leading up to a mad love affair between Jean and Suzanne, with death lurking (through Emil's jealousy) and following their footsteps. Emil never entered Suzanne's little room. Then one night to Suzanne comes Emil and tells her his love, at the door to her little room. He batters at the door and tries to break it down. She begs him to desist. He moans like a whining dog, down on his knees, through the cracks of the door. She is still cold and he goes away vowing if he does not get her, no one else will.

Another night Jean takes her home. They sit on the steps of her little apartment. They hold hands and they speak the old, old words. He takes her up the steps. There is a long kiss in the doorway. Outside, Emil with two confederates has dogged their footsteps. They await Jean, the time when he shall leave Suzanne. Emil has determined that night to do away with his rival. Jean, the Prince, goes back once or twice for some little secret of love forgotten on his first advance. He finally leaves. The girl is in an ecstasy of love in her room. The Prince's heart is singing a song of joy, so that his feet go riding down the steps. He is stopped by Emil. There is a battle. The Prince gets rid of Emil's knife and manages in the darkness to escape them for a second. There is no other outlet. He runs back up the steps. Emil and his confederates lose him for a second. Jean pounds on Suzanne's door. Emil and his confederates devine that he has gone up the steps, but in the darkness and fog they are not sure. The terrified Suzanne opens the door. Jean stumbles in and tells her his danger. Being only a man and not a super-hero he is willing to fight one or two, but three, he has discovered, are too much for him. Suzanne secrets him in the room. Emil and his confederates come to the door. In an unconcerned voice she tells them they are mistaken. They are not sure, but believe he is not in the room. There is a moment of terribly anxiety for Suzanne, and then finally they go away. She goes to the window and in the fog which occasionally lifts she is sure she sees them prowling outside. The Prince had been slightly stunned from a blow on the head. After his nervous strength, which gave him power to get a place of safety, had left him he dropped exhausted. The girl watched at the window the figures outside. Then finally the Prince in a few moments revives and says he must be going as he does not want to incriminate the girl by remaining in her room all night. The girl insists it is madness to think of going. Emil is drunk with wine and jealousty, and is a dangerous character when aroused. The Prince insists and goes to the door. The girl locks the door and hides the key from him and demands that he stay. Finally the Prince is persuaded. The girl has but one little bed in the room. They look around, half amused and embarrassed.

The girl offers him the bed and she will sleep on the floor. He refuses strongly but is weak from his battle. Looking for a seat to sit down he sits on the bed. She insists, and dividing the bedclothes, she puts him to bed in her little bed and makes herself a nest on the floor by the window. They look at each other. There is a scene of silence and danger. Suzanne feels as much danger inside as there is outside. Finally the Prince goes to sleep. She nestles by the window waiting until she is sure he is asleep and then she steals softly over. She croons over his hand. She croons softly over his dark head upon the pillow. She says little wild prayers for him forever and ever. Before she realizes it, he awakens. They look into each other's eyes. His arms go around her. There is a long, tender, passionate kiss - where we leave them.

Daylight draws Emil away from his watch. Perhaps he had been mistaken after all and their victim had escaped. The morning light brings the girl from her nest by the window on the floor. She makes him cover his eyes while she dresses. She passes around the room. She sets a little table and plays at housekeeping. She makes the coffee and gets rolls and butter. She puts come little flowers which she broughts hom the night before on the table. Finally she brings a basin. He washes his face and still making him keep his eyes closed she brings him to the table set for breakfast. The sunlight comes through the window. She rings a little bell and then sits him down and waits upon him. He says "It shall always be like this when you are my wife". He has told her he is a shoe salesman and that he has had a very succesaful trip recently and they would go to England and have a little shop. She is very anxious to have a better stove than the one she has to cook on. He promises her she shall have a stove at least twice as good as the one she now has. They shall have three rooms. Suzanne thinks that would be wonderful. They play at housekeeping that morning. They fix the room side by side, pausing for kisses in between. Then he leaves, determined upon giving up everything in the world, in his young and childish imagination, for love, but the very next day comes terrible news to his mother. A terrible accident has happened at their home. A mad automobile had driven across a cross road and struck the car in which the Prince's father

was riding. He was still in his prime, they thought good for twenty to twenty-five years more upon the throne, but the Black Angel of Death sends no cards in advance of his visit and so the King was dead. The Prince received the news. He had loved his father and his heart was broken. And then came the next news. He must go to the throne. Also it is well that the marriage which had already been arranged, with the Duchess, but which, owing to his hesitancy, had not been consummated, should be brought about at once. Then the family met unexpected trouble. This the Prince absolutely refuses to do, and also states that he does not want to be King. Finally they drive him to dramatically declare that he loves someone and that she means more to him than all the money and thrones and power there is in the world, and they can to to H---, with the business of being bored to death trying to rule people who do not want to be ruled anyhow. Before they can stop him he has left. His mother calls in the aide who has been his guide in seeing a little life, and from him she learns the truth. They find the Prince adamant. They think in a few hours he will come to his senses, but he does not. In a terribly dilemma they mother decides to go with the aide to see the girl. They find she is at home. The Queen Mother comes to the little house in Rue de la Blanc. The girl has a little gift, given her by her shoe salesman lover, in her hand at the very moment. She hides it away. It is a cheap little locket for a Prince to give, but is just the kind of a locket a shoe salesman would present to his lady love. Suzanne hears a knock at the door. A beautiful, middle-aged woman enters. They look at each other. There is a pause. The Queen Mother asks if this is Suzanne Merdaus? Suzanne answer "Yes - and you are -- " The Wueen Mother answers "I am his mother". Suzanne, aglow with joy, runs toward her. The Queen Mother coldly steps back and Suzanne stops, perplexed and hurt. The Wueen Mother looks into her face and sees there something so beautiful, so sweet and so different from the things she expected to see, that before she realizes it, being a real woman first and a queen after, she unconsciously opens her arms halfway, and Suzanne goes into them. Afterwards, the mother asks her "Do you love my boy very much?" "Yes" answers Suzanne. "How much?" questions the mother "Enough to die for him" answers Suzanne, bravely. "That is what I

am going to ask you to do" said the mother. "Do you know who my boy really is?" And then she tells the astonished Suzanne the truth about her lover. Finally, Suzanne comes to know that it is true. The mother says "If you really love him, you alone can save him. Now is the time to show him". Suzanne at first indignantly refuses. There is a big and unpleasant scene between them. Then Suzanne comes to realize that the mother is right. Finally she is persuaded to write a letter to his address as a shoe salesman, telling him that she does not want to carry the affair any further and that Emil is insistent and after all she loves Emil and she does not love him. The last part is too much for poor Suzanne to write, but realizing that strong measures are necessary she finds strength to pen these - to her - terrible words. The letter is sent to the Prince immediately, by a ruse of his aide. By this time Suzanne drags herself to the cabaret. Here the Prince comes madly and questioning. She sees him enter and fights her last gallant battle. The ever attentive Emil, in readiness for his job as a dancer, is near at hand. She goes to him and says "Emil, dance with me. I want a good dance." The Prince comes to the table. He stands beside her and says "Did you get my letter?" "Yes, but I don't believe it." "Oh, don't you think we have gone on long enough, because I have always loved Emil." Even at the last she cannot bring herself to say any more. Finally, in a tremulous scene she acts the cold and scornful lady to the Prince, and the languorous, loving girl to Emil, and both are convinced. She dances away, the most beautiful dancer on the floor, leaving the poor, perplexed Prince amid the ashes. After the one dance she is unable to carry on any further and gets rid of the astonished Emil. Going home, she drops weakly on the bed in her little room.

Later, as it happens, the marriage of the Prince and the Duchess takes place, as diplomatic compliment to France, in the Church of Notre Dame. Suzanne is near death. The night she ran away from the Prince it had been raining and she had gone, thoroughly soaked and drenched, to her little bed. She is very anxious for someone to tell her if it would be possible to get a little glimpse of the bride and groom. Her old friend, Jo, volunteers and manages to get a glimpse of the bride

and groom as they enter the church after driving through the lane of thousands of onlookers. Suzanne waits for Jo's return and is quite disappointed when Jo tells her that the bride is very beautiful, but Suzanne is a little bit happier when she tells her that the Prince looked very sad and thin. Finally when Jo leaves her, Suzanne gets up weakly and sets the table again as she did the one great night of her life; the two saucers, two cups and two plates, but now a little artificial flower must take the place of the fresh one of that past day. Ill, feverish and half mad, she plays the tender little scene as though Jean were there again. She pours him his coffee, she croons over his hand on the table. She calls him little love names, speaking them as though it was the real occasion, and then she realizes it is only play.

Jo returns. She knows that Suzanne is dying. Having known some of the friends of the Prince in the old days, she determines to get news to him of the truth of Suzanne's life. By working her points she manages to step before the Prince and his aide as they are leaving the hotel. The Prince recognizes her and before the aide can stop her, she pours out the story of Suzanne's condition and of her great sacrifice. The Prince is horrified. He manages to dismiss his attendants later, and that night, with only one aid, goes back to the little house of the past. A trembling knock at the door. Beneath his feet, sitting disconsolately on the steps, is the now subdued Emil. The fear of the Black Angel is over him so that he is now very tame and quietly waits outside the door. Jo is very much excited, but does not tell Suzanne anything excepting that a friend is coming. The Prince comes into the room very slowly and sadly. Suzanne lifts her eyes and sees him. There is a long trembling moment and she opens her arms and it seems that her very soul pours forth with the words "Jean, I knew you would come back." He is in her arms.

Inthe old legends of this story she, again in his arms, with his love around her, so she dies. But in the newere version of today it is possible, why not, he pleads with her "You have your work to do as I have mine. Yours is as

important as mine. Even that great manager who came down to see you dance said you were the best dancer of any women alive. You perhaps can give more to the world than even a king can give. You will have your subjects and give them joy and pleasure. My kingdom is already created; you can create yours, which will bring beauty to all who know and see you. I will be a king in my country, and you will be a queen in yours, and between us for ever and ever, as long as we both live, there shall be but one love. We may see each other. I shall come and see you and we shall keep our love unspoiled by any sin, and keep it beautiful so long as we both live."

And so again, cheered and strengthened, she goes on with her work and dreams only of work, and fulfilling the dreams he had of her greatness, and with this in her heart she accomplishes great things.

The time dial has moved on. It is at a great theatre in Paris. There is a tremendous ovation for a new and accomplished star in the kingdom of Art. Of course, it is our poor little Suzanne. After a tremendous reception quite a crowd await her at the stage entrance - her loyal, worshipping subjects. She comes, attired as always (which has been the subject of much gossip) in black, but it is an exquisite black and only serves to enhance her sad and soulful beauty. Then to her rooms, the same rooms before occupied by the Prince, for now she is rich and successful. The rooms are beautiful with flowers from people of her kingdom for she is the most loved queen in the world, for now in all France and in all the world, they are getting to call her "our little Suzanne".

Now come we to another country. Democracy has raised its head. The roar of the revolution stalks by the window of our Prince's window. There is suffering and strife and turmoil, and deposed is King James George, the last of the kings of this formerly great empire. It is all amicably and easily settled at the last. Comes the old aristocrates who had been with the Prince before; comes the Prime Ministers, comes the diplomats. The last ceremony of his departure from his great state had taken place in his official Court costume. He had taken this off. The visitors are coming in, depressed and sorrowful. His aides even have tears in

their eyes. He comes from behind a screen, putting on an ordinary sack coat. They expect to see a mournful depressed man. They see a man, young in years, laughing uproariously. He holds a telegram in his hand. Before he came from behind the screen they had said "That we should live to see this terrible moment in our lives." The Prince replies "Terrible! This is the happiest moment I have ever known." "What of the Queen?" "The Queen, she always loved the Count Gravelle. We have already made arrangements and she goes to the man she loves. It was only a marriage of state. And as for me----" he reads the telegram from Paris and folds it away.

Again to Suzanne's rooms in Paris. Still dressed in blakc. She is wringing her hands, her face id distorted. She walks up and down. She sits in a chair, she arises again - she seems to scream out to God above her. She again sits in the chair. The door opens and the Prince stands in the doorway. She arises, starts to open her arms to him, and then, half-fainting, drops into the chair. He is across the room. He lifts her face. At last, at last! And they are in each other's arms.

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THE TREADMILL

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Place: Garden of Eden.

Adam is seated. Fox comes on.

Fox: Good morning Adam. Good morning Master.

Adam: Good morning Mr. Fox.

Fox: It is a nice day isn't it?

Adam: Yes all the days are nice somehow or other this climate is rather monotonous.

Fox: Oh, Flora and I don't think so. We like it.

Adam: (inquiringly) Flora?

Fox: Yes, Flora is my wife.

Adam: Oh yes, I see you scurrying around. You seem to be having a grand time.

At that a male and female tiger come on to the left. They lie down, roll over, lick each other on the face and forehead and seem to be having a very good time. Then on the other side come on a couple of other animals walking closely side by side. They purr as they walk. Adam looks from one to the other and sighs. Fox watches him closely.

Fox: You know Master, when we all are out in the sleeping place, in the jungle part of the garden, we all get next to one another. Pardon me, may I go on?

Adam: Why certainly.

Fox: Well, we often talk about you. You seem sort of lonely walking around the garden with nothing to do and we often say how nice it would be for you if you had a companion. I mean a female companion.

Adam: A companion? What's that?

Fox: Well, in your case it would be a female made like yourself.

Adam: A female?

Fox: Yes. A female is the other side of a male. (Reminiscently) Oh, Master, it is marvelous at night time to hug yourself against a female.

It is something you can't express in words.

Adam: You know that sounds good. But don't you sometimes get tired of snuggling up like that?

Fox: Oh, we don't do that all the time - just at night. Well, sometimes we do a little of it in the afternoon. You know, I think you ought to try and get you one. You could try it out and if you don't like it you are the Master, you could just get rid of her. Send her to the other part of the garden.

Adam: That sounds very interesting.

Fox: You know I have tried walking out in the night time when the moon was shining and there were stars in the sky and the wind was soft, all by myself and it just doesn't work. But when Flora walks with me -- oh I say it is just marvelous.

During this the two tigers and others keep on with their play.

Fox: And we would all just love to see you with somebody. I do not mean an animal but someone like you - like the other side of you - because we know you would get so much more good out of it than we do.

Adam: (as tho a new thought broke in on him -- with great resolution -- looking up) Oh, Devine One. You who gave me the roses and the violets, and the little blue flowers and the yellow flowers, and the silver stream that goes thru the garden. Oh you that gave me that big beautiful yellow jewel that you said was the moon above me, and those silverlike stars, and the green grass to walk on the soft moss for a bed at night, and oh, so many things, I wonder if it would be asking too much to ask you to give me a companion to share this all with me? Please, I ask of you.

At this there is a terrifie clap of thunder and the flash of lightening and a far paternal voice that cries down:

Oh man, Oh man, can't I do anything to satisfy you? I have given you quiet and peace, and beauty and life, and now you want something more.

Adam: Forgive me, forgive me -- but--but more and more I want a companion. Another crash of thunder and flash of lightning and then again the far ppternal voice:

As you have asked so shall you receive. Out of thy flesh and the bone of thy ribs she shall come: even to the making of her soul shall be given unto you to be used for ever and forever. Only one thing thou must not do. There is a red, red apple on a green tree by the East wall. Of that thou shall not eat. You understand my man?

Adam: Oh yes, Master, I understand.

The lights dim down. There is another peal of thunder.

Adam: This is given me to make so now I shall begin. It is awfully thrilling to be going to work again. Let me see, I will call the lilies up and make her flesh. Flesh, I think that is the word. I will make a mould of her out of the earth. Look. (he looks in the spring) So she shall be fashioned only rounder, I always thought I was too square And the outside of her shall be made of lilies.

The animals come and gather round and listen in great suspense. A young doe lifts up it's head and speaks. All this in a very darkened light.

Doe: Master, may I let her have my eyes? You will give me others.

Raven: Oh, I would love to give her the gloss of my wings.

The animals chime in with offers until Adams says:

Adam: Enough, enough, she is finished.

Fox: (steps forward) Oh, Master, one thing you have forgotten.

Adam: What? I ask you?

Fox: Her soul, her soul.

Adam: Quite right, I had forgotten that. I wonder who will give a soul?

Fox: Let me Master. Let me.

Adam: How good, how kind of you. Quite right, I accept the soul.

Adam: Oh, Levine One, I need thy help (groans fearfully) Tear from me my flesh - tear from me the bone of my rib. Go on I can stand it. (a slight pause) Oh-h-h Alright, I feel better now.

He seems to be modeling as tho a statue of clay in the semi-darkness.

Far
Paternal
Voice: I who am Profit and Levine now I see ahead to the future morals. How long have we struggled Adam to make a rose without thorns but it is very hard indeed. Come unto life you that are clothed in the lilies. Come now to life you that shalt make men see the yellow of moonlight, you that shall make men see the color in the flowers, you that shalt make men hear the singing of the stars and even the whispering of voices beyond the stars, you that shalt make men say "without her there is no life and with her there is lots and lots of trouble", you that shalt paint the painting of mysteries, you that shalt make man beg for you saying "without you there is no life, and this is the truth, without your love for man there is nothing", and alas, again shalt say "I can't live with her and I can't live without her".

We see a light trembling on the lilies then it trembling wavers over to Eve with the lilies above and around her on a bed of moss. She speaks slowly as if only half awake -- in subdued tones.

Eve: I come from afar. Where am I? You don't know but I come from a star. Where am I? I don't know where I can be. I wonder? (she looks up at Adam) How very beautiful you are to me. I wonder?

Adam: You have just been born dearone. You are in the Garden of Eden. It's a very beautiful garden, and you came as a gift to me from the dear God. He lives in the sky very, very high above this garden. You see it's this way, I have been living for thousands of years alone in this garden walking around and tending the flowers and other things and after you walk a thousand years or so it gets very monotonous and when you look at the flowers and such for the first few hundred years they

a are simply grand but after that they rather get on your nerves. Of course here you can talk to the animals but somehow or other I got to believe that they didn't belong to my class.

Eve: (half rising, looking up towards him) Oh, how lonely you must have been but now I am here.

Adam: (looks around) Oh, how different the garden looks. Oh, how beautiful it looks Oh how clear and soft is the face of the moon. Why that's funny I never knew the winds before were perfumed with violets and roses but they are, they really are aren't they Eve?

Eve: (looks up at him lovingly then looks around) You are right Adam. Oh what a beautiful place to visit. Oh I wish I could only stay here -- that is, if you are going to remain --oh forever and ever and ever.

Adam: Why you will stay here forever. Don't you understand? We are immortal.

Eve: Immortal? What does that mean?

Adam: That means we are God's and cannot die.

Eve: Oh then I can have you forever and forever? I am so glad, so glad. I wish I could tell you how glad I am that I was the one chosen to be born for you, just for you.

Adam: (with a change of tone) But there is only one thing --- well I don't know whether I ought to talk about it now.

Eve: Please go on. Please, I love to hear you talk. Your voice is like the singing of the south wind thru the ~~big~~ harp yard of Orion the greatest of stars.

Adam: Well you know this garden is absolutely perfect. It has every kind of fruit known and every kind of vegetable including avacadas -- now come to think of it, I don't know whether avacadas are a vegetable or fruit. Well we can look that up later, we have a great deal of time ahead of us.

Eve: Oh that's the very best part of it. We have so much time ahead of us to look up everything (sighs) I don't suppose there is any chance of

getting into any kind of trouble is there?

Adam: You are quite marvelous. You have intuition haven't you?

Eve: Why?

Adam: Because that's the very thing that we will get into - trouble. Because we can eat all the fruits and everything there is grown around save only one. There is a red,red apple on a green, green tree by the East wall of the garden and that we must not eat of.

Eve: Why who said we couldn't?

Adam: Why God says we mustn't.

Eve: Oh there is somebody more important here than you are?

Adam: Yes. That is how you were born - thru his mercy and his grace, and that is how I have all this garden.

Eve: Where is the green tree with the red apples?

Adam: Oh I have never paid much attention to it. It is somewhere over near the East wall. It is a long ways off. Do you feel like getting up now?

Eve: Oh just a few minutes more. I still feel sort of drowsy.

Adam: Well I could have John Monkey bring you in your breakfast. He's my best servent. I mean my bestfriend.

Eve: Oh there are other men in this garden? (showing a little interest)

Adam: No not men. They are what is called animals (lifts his hand) Oh first members of the garden, she is here. Your queen. Your mistress. (turns to Eve) By the way, what happens to be your name?

Eve: I have never thought about it.

Adam: How would you like to be called Jennie?

Eve: Oh I don't like that at all.

Adam: Well Lizza then?

Eve: That doesn't sound good either. I don't know why, I guess it's that instinct you spoke about, but I seem to have heard those names before.

Adam: (terribly perplexed) How would you like Eva?

Eve: I think that sounds good if you would just make it shorter.

Adam: (as tho discovering a great thought) I know - Eve. I think that is beautiful. Eve, my Eve too.

Eve: Eve! Oh I like that. Call me Eve. And very often you have to call me 'my Eve'. I like the words going together that way.

Adam: Well now that is settled. (again he raises his hand) Advance and greet your new mistress.

The animals come across the stage quite in darkness. The two lions leading.

Lions: (they purr) Beautiful, beautiful, oh mistress devine, oh sun of the sun, oh moon of the moon.

Tigers: She is white as a white cloud. She shines like the morning sun.

Various Voices: Exquisite. Star darling. So white the lilies look sad, they know she is more beautiful than they that came up out of the fields.

Fox and the coon come on. Fox has beside him the other Fox, Flora. The coon chatters.

Coon: She is more beautiful even than Orion.

Fox: She is certainly marvelous but ---

Coon: But what?

Fox: I think she needs a little experience. You know, to give a little, as it were, of character to her face. You know what I mean.

Coon: You don't mean to say she looks "blah" do you?

Fox: Oh no, who ever heard of such a thing? Not actually blah but---- I am quite sure I am right. There is something missing. Oh well, time, I imagine, will take care of that.

Eve bows to the various animals with an occasional "oh thank you so much, it is very beautiful indeed.

Adam: (lifts Eve up from her half-sitting position. They walk a little upstage.) Now you can see your new home.

Eve: (enstatically)Oh glorious, glorious.

Adam: Now look upward unto him that gave us all this and thank him.

Eve: How? What words?

Adam: After this manner. Oh God, for all thy blessings I thank you. With all I have, soul, body, heart, breath of my breath, life of my life, I thank you.

Eve holds up her arms and repeats this.

Far Paternal Voice: My blessing is upon you both my children, made even after mine own image so, therefore, both of you are my dearly beloved. Have faith in me and obey me and forever and ever thou shalt walk on rose leaves my beautiful, beautiful children. Know it always that my love is around you. Nor shall I restrain you nor trouble you in any manner so that you may live here in leace in this garden which I have given unto you.

Adam: (seating Eve tenderly on a moss covered stone) Now Eve, this first morning I am going myself to get you some breakfast and gather you some fruit.

The stage darkens as Eve heaves a sigh of contentment. It lights again on Eve and Adam near a tree. Eve is reclining on a bank of moss.

Adam: Haven't these been glorious days and nights?

Eve: It has been like one long dear dream.

Adam: I do think if we could get a little more laughter into the day times it would help a lot.

Eve: Oh at times I just love to laugh. John Monkey is about the best comedian we have.

Adam: Well I was thinking about it last night and I had the funniest idea you ever heard of. I ask you a question and you answer it. When we get to the end of it, it is awfully funny.

Eve: Alright, go ahead.

Adam: Well now, why does a chicken cross the ~~street~~ road?

Eve: (studies deeply) Well I never thought about that. That is a deep question. I give up I haven't the faintest idea.

Adam: (unable to restrain his enthusiasm) To get on the other side.

Eve: (laughing enthusiastically) Well now isn't that just the funniest thing? I never dreamed of that answer.

Adam: Yes, I just knew that would tickle you. I couldn't wait to tell it to you.

Adam: It is now my hour of contemplation where I must commune alone as I walk, with the One Devine. I sometimes think that is almost the dearest hour of the day. It will only be for an hour Eve.

Eve: And so shall I commune Adam.

Adam exits and as he does there is a slow roll of thunder. From behind the tree against which Eve is reclining appears a gentleman tall and thin. He is dressed in an evening dress save that the color is green,and embroidered,so as to be very heavily outlined, a snake runs over his shoulder and across his breast like a decoration. He carries a walking stick. Above the crooked handle, at the head of the cane, are the traditional three forks. He stands near Eve. He bows very politely. He must be very distinguished looking.

Gent: Oh I beg your pardon. I hope I am not intruding?

Eve: (startled - looks around) Oh you frightened me.

Gent: I am sorry but I have been quite lonely. You see I have a small place just outside the garden. I was just taking a walk and happened to drop into the garden. It is so very beautiful with the flowers and fruits and everything but I really never dreamed ofseeing anything as beautiful as you dear --- dear--?

Eve: Eve is the name. May I ask what kind of an animal you happen to be?

Gent: Oh well, I am rather a high class kind of animal.

Eve: Well I am so glad to have made your acquaintance for you are cer-

tainly the best looking one I have seen in the garden.

Gent: Oh you don't know how that touches me. (he moves toward her. He takes her hand and holds it. After a time she unconcernedly takes it away) My mistake. Pardon me. I thot it was a lily.

Eve: Oh perfectly alright.

Gent: Where is Adam, your husband? Of course I presume you must be married living together here as you are?

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Eve: Married? Why I don't know exactly what that means but everything is perfectly alright in every way because God our Father who loves us and who rules everything blest us and gave us everything in the garden.

Gent: (smilingly) Everything? Of course I wouldn't doubt a lady's word but I am quite sure there is one tree, his own particular one, that he didn't give you.

Eve: Oh yes, he did have one exception. We could have any and all the tremendous different kinds of fruits we have in the garden excepting one.

Gent: (laughingly) Yes, he I knew there was a catch in it. He wouldn't let you have that tree because it is the best one.

Eve: I don't like your talking that way. Why wouldn't he let us have it?

Gent: Why because you are not realy God's and when you eat of the fruit of that tree you are given understanding and you see and know everything.

Eve: Oh I can't believe that.

Gent: Now won't you tell the truth. Isn't it rather monotonous meandering around this garden for thousands of years looking at the same flowers and hearing the same birds? And also won't you admit that the grogs do get on your nerves at night?

Eve: Well occasionally I do get sort of thinking about things and I am not as "high" at one times as I am at another.

Gent: That is just it. You and Adam go wandering around in what you call a garden. Why do you know it is nothing more than a jail and you

haven't the faintest idea what it is all about and God doesn't want you to because he wants to boss it over you. He knows well enough that if you took a good hefty bite out of that apple you would know as much as he did and he couldn't put anything over on you at all.

Eve: Oh I can't believe it. I can't believe it. I am g ing to do just what he told me.

Gent: Of course, I know you will. That's just because you are a coward. When you eat that apple you'll see Adam and feel him in an entirely different way. Your body will flame as tho with lightning and your heart will beat and throb like the drums of the circling stars, warm and tender and sweet.

Eve: You certainly are a good talker.

Gent: Now have you ever been so thrilled since you were in this garden that you just fainted away with dreams? Overpowered, intoxicated with a clinging, madning emotion:

Eve: (meditatively) Well I have had a perfectly mervelous time here. Of course I have never had anything like you talk about but everything has been alright, peaceful and just lovely.

Gent: You can have the peace and quiet, as you expressed it, and these mad moments too. Then you will have everything and know everything - all joy, all rapture, all beauty, all peace, all quiet.

Eve: (as in a trance) Say, where is that tree?

Gent: Don't move. Don't stir. I'll go over and get you a couple of those apples and you'll have the best dinner to night you have had in all your life.

He disappears. There is a roll and moan of thunder. There is an awful sighing of wind that rises and falls like a sigh. Then the Gent returns holding a twig with three red apples on it. He holds them before her.

Gent: Now just think, think what that means. Now aren't they the best look-

ing fruit in the whole garden?

Eve: (in a sensuous voice) They are beautiful aren't they? (she touches one fearfully and then says) Oh no, I must not, I must not.

Gent: Oh Eve, Eve fairest daughter of the stars. Oh Eve little sweet one. Oh Eve, even Orion and all the stars are just mad about you. You know they circle over the garden at night to look at you. Orion is going absolutely mad about the way your hair grows over your forehead. And one of the young stars of the Pleiades has broken his hart twice just looking at your breasts. And haven't you ever noticed how brightly he shines. He is the big, big star, the worst in all the sky. He stares and stares and dreams and dreams at the slim white lines that make your thighs. Oh what a girdle of silver, warm as dark, warm as life around themjeweled with warm silver, trembling, glowing, there by your thighs.

As he talks her hand goes out dreamingly toward the apple.

Eve: I never knew how many people loved me so.

Gent: Yes, that's the word--love. It's the fragrance of the apples. You are already beginning to understand with love.

Eve takes the apple, turns her head away from the audience as tho to eat it. Gent lying over her so as to seem almost to be lying upon her. The lights dim down to darkness. There is a terrific clap of thunder and a wind at its height, roaring. Then the shreik of the animals that have before always been in peace now snarling and growling. They go in the darkness pattering across the stage with shreiks and howling. Adam comes on at the back and is dimly outlined in the dim flashing of lightning.

Adam: Eve, Eve, where are you, where are you? The trees are falling down, the flowers are dying, the garden is falling. Eve, Eve, where are you?

This continues as the stage darkens into silence.

In 2nd scene in the 1st act Eve is discovered alone on the moss bed. She is shaping a little mud box with a wooden top. Adam comes on. Looks at her for a second and at the box in her hands.

Adam: Why Eve, whatever are you working on? (pause) Wh what kind of a box is that you're making?

Eve: Oh Adam, you know how many many beautiful moments we've had in this garden in these hundreds and hundreds of years?

Adam: Why yes of course.

Eve: (very confidential but very modern voice) Well you know I was just thinking about them. If we only had some way to keep them where we could get them and have them over again, so I'm making this box and every particularly beautiful moment we'll put in this little box so whenever we want we can open it and have them all over again.

Adam: What an extraordinary idea.

Eve: It's just a pity to have them go by and be lost, those moments, lost forever. Now when we get a particularly good one we'll put it in this box and then tomorrows whenever we want to we just open the box and have them all over again.

Adam: That idea is just wonderful.

Eve: (working at the box) If I can only just fix this top so it will hold them in we can do it.

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After Adam says, "This is the hour for communion with God" - put in a foolish simple love scene.

Adam: I'll only be gone an hour.

Eve: You look so hansome when you stand that way Adam.

Adam: (very low and confidential tone) You are just the dearest thing.

Eve: (very simply, parely heard) I love you.

Adam: (in same, very sincere but very low key, bending over very close, look-

ing into each others face) I love you. I love you. I love you.

Eve: Sweetheart.

Adam: What's your name?

Eve: (same tone as tho it was of tremendoub importance and yet with the utmost simplicity) Wife.

Adam: I just love to hear you say it.

We open up on a small vegetable garden. There are rows of peas and beans, and behind them space for a potato patch that is just shooting up. The beans are about waist high. At a place behind the potato patch is a fence that goes across the stage making a road behind the fence thru which occasionally we see passers bye. On a low place in the fence is a young boy practicing on an accordian which he holds. An old man is standing by his side.

Old Man: Say, your playing is pretty good.

Boy: (playing a snappy up-to-date jazz number) Yes, that is a g od tune and I would learn to care heavy for an accordian. I have tried them all. The only one I seem to get the hang of is an accordian. I tried a cornet till the family started throwing things at me so I got this baby on the installment plan. I recon to have the payments finished in about a year more.

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Old Man: Glad you gave up that cornet. I was a tenant on Mr. Williams' estate for a time and our house happened to be near his. His son got a bee on the cornet business. Calculate it took ten years off my life while he was practizing.

Boy: Did you read in the papers about the meteors?

Old Man: The meteors? What's them?

Boy: Oh just shooting stars you see sometimes if you happentto be up that late.

Old Man: Oh yes, I know about them. I heard old Isaac Grey and he says as how they are fallen stars. Li e as if they were souls that got lost, just kept on falling until they hit something hard enough to stop them.

Boy: Oh that is just nonsense.

Old Man: Oh well let the stars fall or stay up where they belong. It makes no matter to me. I got to get to work. Recommend you try a little work instead of monkeying with that d--- accordian. It ain't gonna get you nowhere.

Boy: Oh I'm working alright. I am just trying to interlope regular music with jazz - make them run together Maybe might get a job on the radio if I can get something hot enough.

At this he contributes a jazz into a stanza of Home Sweet Home.

Enter man and woman from right. They are hoeing, working together. The Man at the bean row. The woman, the row behind him.

Man: We have been going on for thousands of years and now we have gotten down to running a garden -- peas and beans in a row. We certainly have marked us up some haven't they? I wonder what it is all about anyhow?

Woman: All the time, as the years go along, each generation might be building a stairway up to where you can get to understand things. It will take thousands of years but each one of those thousand years may make a step or two and after a while we will get up to where we can see everything just as clearly as day.

Man: Well maybe your'right. Maybe your right but I sure would just like to know what it's all about. People just livin' and just dy'in and don't seem to amount to nothin' anyhow. But maybe that idea of yours about building steps to get up to where we can understand things might be right. That idea certainly gives you a little push to keep on hoeing anyhow.

Woman: Well it seems to me that after you lost your money and finally got down to just this little garden and that little house, that you slept better at night and seemed to be better off all the way round.

Man: Maybe it's so. I certainly feel healthier since I got down really to work. Found out one thing anyhow. Nothing like work. You just got to keep on working to get any contentment at all.

At this a hired hand, a youngish boy, is driving a hog and 5 or 6 half-grown pigs across the highway. During this scene the accordian player has a piece of music at his side which he tries to read. He plays a few stanzas then goes back to his notes.

Woman: See how things are getting better? Last year we only had one hog. Now we have 7 and we only had 3 or 4 sheep and now we have 11. Look at them.

We see the sheep following the hogs across the stage.

Man: Yes, they look mighty pretty don't they? 2 or 3 years more and we will have the place full of them. I have got to like this old farm, making things grow and things on the increase. It's lucky we got the house with a stream going by it. I almost hate to go to sleep at night listening to it. Of course I always have those dreams of a stream that went thru a garden. A wonderful, wonderful garden. It is always coming to me Sure as sure you were there in the gafden too.

Woman: Yes, you have me dreaming about that garden too. Maybe things happen that way. There are things nobody knows anything about I don't care how smart they are. Maybe those dreams we have are the truest things there are.

Man: Well that little stream by our house, the way is goes on, particularly after a rain, I get the dream clearer. I sometimes get to wondering if dreams aren't about the best part of life. Sometimes I just don't want to go to sleep. Want to stay awake and listento the stream. It's the best music I ever heard May have some sort of instrument that nobody sees playing in it. Might be fairies

playing up in the stream above and the music floats down. We are all such d--- fools, such dumb fools, and blind, They might be there we would never see them if they were.

Woman: Well you don't listen to them very long I notice. Since you have been hard at work in this garden you sleep like a log.

Man: Do I snore much?

Woman: Oh sometimes But you are mighty good that way. Soon as I give you a good dig in the ribs you turn over on the other side and stop.

Man: Wonder what happened to that tom cat? Haven't seen him around for days.

Woman: Oh he's just visiting around. He'll chase himself back in a few days mewing around to be taken back and get something to eat.

Man: Clouds are blowing West. I guess we will still get some more rain. I wonder what starts them moving that way?

Woman: Well just don't bother about the clouds. Men have been bothering about clouds and stars and religion and allsorts of things. They don't seem to get any place anyhow.

Man: It is just like life. Well I still got to wonder what it's all about anyhow.

Thru all this they are busy hoeing in the garden pulling out vines and pulling off branches. The woman gives him a look, pauses in her work, turns and goes over to a box which is in the shade of the bean row. Her back is turned to us. She has a shawl around her. She takes something out of the box and brings it down to man. She gurgles over it.

Woman: My baby. My own ownest little baby. Is my baby happy? Sweet, sweet. She gurgles as the average affectionate Mother does over a baby.

During this she turns to the man as if a great idea just occurred to her.

Woman: Babys, babys. Maybe that's what it is all about, and these babies

are going to grow up and build a part of the steps that make the stairway. Babies like ours. And they grow up and each adds a pebble for a little part of the step until we get a lot of steps and they (mysteriously) lead us up to God.

Man: (speaking seriously at first) That might be so, that might be so. Say, woman, I've got a new story. I think it is awfully funny. Listen to this one. Why does a chicken cross the road?

Woman: (gives, by her appearance and attitude, the impression that she has heard this over and over but the years have softened her and she assumes an appearance of great interest) Why I haven't the faintest idea.

Man: (with great delight) Why to get on the other side.

Woman: Why I never would have dreamed of such an answe-- idea. You are the sweetest, brightest man in the whole world. (she very affectionately puts her arms around him looking up at him) My old darling, I love you

Man: You are not so bad yourself, Baby.

Occasionally thru all this has been music in accord with the scenes, from the boy who has been resting and playing on the fence at the back.

In the finish she goes over to Adam.

Adam: We have been going on for thousands of years and now we have gotten down to running a garden -- peas and beans in a row. They certainly have marked us up some haven't they? I wonder what it is all about anyhow?

Eve: Well, we don't know. Each generation that comes along may be building a part of a step. We may have added a few pebbles. Each thousand years make a step or two and after a while we build a stairway up to understanding. I have often thought it might be true.

Adam: Well, maybe it is true but I would just like to know.

Eve goes to a box. Her back is turned to us. She has a shawl around her. She takes something out of the box and brings it down to Adam. She gurgles over it.

Eve: Is my little baby happy? Is my baby sweet? (startled, as if the idea just occurred to her) Adam! Babies! More babies! Maybe that is just what it is all about and each baby is going to build a part of the step. Maybe this is what it is all about. Babies! like our baby and each one grows up and each builds a little part of the step until we get a lot of steps and they lead us up to God.

Adam: That might be so. That might be so. I have a new story. I think it is awfully funny. Why does a chicken cross the road?

Eve who has always said, "oh don't tell that awful story" appears to be quite interested.

Eve: Why I haven't the faintest idea.

Adam:(with great delight) Why to get on the other side.

Eve:(with arms around Adam) Why that is awfully funny. My old darling.

2nd act

At left of stage there is a spiral staircase. Upon this staircase is first a group of Romans.

1st Roman: By the Gods I won - and how! The second time around the arena I caught the whites chariot and tore the wheel right off and then Thadius had it easy. Went under the tape 4 chariot lengths ahead of all the rest. By Jupiter and all the rest of the d--- gods, what a winning for me.

2nd Roman: what happened to the white charioteer?

1st Roman: Oh, he was killed dead as a dead dog. But what in the name of hades does that matter? They are always getting killed. Say, have you got a good list of girls? Try to get some Christians if you can they are so shy.

2nd Roman: I'll get them alright. And Caesar's own wine to boot. I know one of the stewards. We can sneak it out.

As they walk by and down the steps an old man comes on talking to a young girl very excitedly. All this scene is played with rapidity and intensity.

Old Man: Oh, you haven't seen my new palace. I have a room especially furnished just for you. White marble lined with black. The white marble, your flesh, the black, your eyes. And the ceiling is all black marble to match your hair. You will come over tonight?

Girl: We'll give a party tonight, won't we?

Old Man: The chairs may be a little hard. They are a little new(tittering) But you know you can sit on my lap.

Girl: Oh you young Baccus

As they come near the front of the stage a pickpocket who has been following them close and cautiously extracts a leather pocketbook containing coins then

steals off. On the other side of the stage are a young boy and girl

Girl: Oh, these Christians. I love to hear them talk. There is one of the best looking men among them I have ever seen in my life and how he talks. And just to think, they have to hide in those dirty old catacombs and don't get to talk about their Christus at all. He is their hero you know.

Boy: Never mind little white marble you are coming to my house tonight.

Girl: I never said anything of the kind.

Boy: Never-the-less you are coming. You know you are. Do you think you can stay all night?

Girl: Well, maybe, but I don't know about all night.

He puts his arms around her and they embrase passionately.

Girl: Yes, Oh yes (tumultously) I will come but I won't promise all night.

Boy: Oh, darling.

They kiss passionately. The light goes down to the next platform: The Middle Ages:

Caesar Borgia: Oh yes, Fontaneau you have done your secret mission well. You have won my thanks. You know you have brought me great news from many places. You know many secret things Fontaneau.

Fontaneau: Oh, great Caesar they are locked in my heart as tho in the stone of death. In the name of Christus it is true Oh Caesar Borgia, Caesar the magnificant.

Caesar Borgia: In the name of the Christus I believe you Fontaneau. Here is my hand upon it.

Fontaneau extends his hand. Caesar greets it. As they shake hands Caesar draws him with a quick motion toward him and then with a knife which has been concealed in the long sleeve of his left arm, stabs him to death. He throws the knife casually over the balustrade as he looks down at the dead man.

Caesar: You spoke truth for once Fontaneau. The secrets are locked in the stone heart of death.

Humming an air he goes casually off with a beautiful tiger stride. His face uplifted like a demon angel, singing and humming a song of the day. Thru all this to the right can dimly be seen people moving, chatting, talking, and singing. In each case music resembling the music of the day. The light goes to the thrid circular platform. On the left Mme Lavaliere walking slowly on the arm of Louis XIV.

Mme: By the sacred hood of St Francis,by the sacred love of Mary, I love you for yourself alone, oh Louis the well-beloved, Louis the sun-king.

Louis: By the blessed God that is a new name for me - Sun-king, sun-king.Oh I adore you, I adore you.

Mme: My Mary, Mother and Joseph all my thoughts are of you Louis the royal.

Louis: Tonight you come to Count Dechautre's apartment. It is just above my own. He will open the door. He has a ladder which he drops down to my apartment. No one will ever know my love, and I will come to you. There we can stay the whole night thru.

Mme: No, no, sire. Oh sire, by the Blessed Virgin don't ask that of me.

Louis: (seizes her abruptly and kisses her, holding her long) It is all prepared. No one will know. No one will know. You can bring me paradise this one night (as he kisses her she is trembling in his arms)

Mme: Oh Louis, my own Louis, well are you called the beloved (he holds her close to him again). 11 o'clock,Louis. Ohyou darling. I shouldn't, I know, but how can I refuse you anything. I will be there

On the other side of the platform two old men.

1st Man: Well, I'll lend you this money but I will have to charge you 20% interest.

2nd Man: I can't pay it. I can't pay that much.

1st Man: Well you had better pay that than lose your business.

2nd Man: Can't you make it less? Say 10%?

1st Man: 20% or nothing at all and don't keep me here waiting. I have business

2nd Man: You are hard. Hard. So cold and hard.

1st Man: 20 % or not ing.

2nd Man: Alright, make it 20% but let me have the money quick. Come let's go

The music thru this is French music. Thru the gauze a few couples dancing the minuet. As they go off a man running, screaming enters, persued by a great bully.

Man: Help, help. Don't hit me. Please don't hit me. (the bully has him by the back of his coat)

Bully: Don't hit you? Not much, d--- you. You took her away fromme didn't you? You thought you were smart.(he strikes with a club he holds in his hand. The man falls dazed at the fence that surrounds the circular way) How does that feel?

Man: Have mercy, have mercy.

Bully: Sure. Sure I will, I want you to suffer a little before you get this on that sweet flat face. Dear little perfumed stealer of wives. D--- you (again he strikes and the other man falls, killed by this last blow)

Around from the other side come boys and girls, in pairs, singing a light French love song. The girls have flowers in their hair. One or two of them have blossoms. Thru all the e scenes there have been groups seen fitting the period,behind the gauze, playing and singing softly, music fitting the period.

The curtains draw together leaving just the front of the stage open. Enter modern chorous singing a modern up-to-date fazz number.

1st Girl: A preacher preached last night to me
What it was about I couldn't see
For a boy kept playing with my knee

1st Boy: Isn't life a mystery
It certainly has been to me
You are going home tonight with me
Then we taste of the mystery

2nd Girl: Adam and Eve in the garden fell
They both went down to - I can't tell

2nd Boy: Just don't bother about long ago
There's something about you that troubles me so
What the h---, we're both carefree
Dance love, one, two, three, one,two,three.

3rd Girl: Right out of the bed the little girl stepped
Why I must have slept just like stone
For I felt sure I was sleeping alone

They dance as they sing. The girls being very alluringly dressed in modern costumes. Underneath they do not wear trunks - something more near regular lingerie.

4th Boy: I just want something you've got
I know it's sweet and I know it's hot

4th Girl: What I have, you have not
Whether it's cold or whether it's hot

1st Boy: Wide and long is the sweeping tide
Love comes deep and love comes wide

1st Girl: Love comes West as you can see
Then love comes East right back to me
Wide or deep the running tide
Winds blow East or Winds blow West
I lay my head on my sweety's breast.

2nd Boy: Break, break, break, braak,
All I like is neck, neck

Chorus: All I like is neck, neck.

During this there are other girls on each side of the four that dance in time to the music. They dance off in a necking position.

Then the curtains part to the tread mill scene.

Act II.

In the center is a great Tread Mill which continually goes up and down. To the left is a cage of monkeys. To the right enough room for a cage of other animals. Behind, a gauze going across the stage outlining panoramic balls representing the planets in space. Before the tread mill and between the animals is room enough for the crowd of people representing humanity. These are modern in dress - arrogant prostitutes flaunting their trade - laborers with tool chests - bargemen as tho carrying grain off the ship whose whistling you occasionally hear. To the center, but behind the tread mill, seen between the posts of the tread mill for support, is seen what represents a steel manufacturing plant into which hurrying in and out are seen workmen busily engaged as tho their lives depended on the days action. Upon the tread mill, at the top, is Jesus Christ. Next ot him Buddha. Next Confucious. Then down the line costumes changing until, at the foot, they are in modern dress. There is the

chatter and murmer of conversation. Buddha meditatively looking down upon the people. Christ occasionally wipes his eyes as tho from tears and then holds his arms out to the people down below. This tread mill is also gauze so as not to appear too realistic. So also are the cages and the monkeys and the animals. The center of room is left clear. Near the cage of the animals, seated on a bench, is an old woman and an old man.

Old Man: Well I have lived a long time and I have had more ills than any man living - mumps, scarlet fever, pneumonia.

Old Lady: And I suppose bronchitis?

Old Man: I was born with that. It is chronic with our family.

Old Lady: I suppose you have had yellow fever and influenza too? (scornfully)

Old Man: You guess right. Influenza in Spain and Yellow Fever in South America Now I have lumbago, rheumatism and the gout. Otherwise I am in great shape.

Old Lady: You do look a bit oldish but there seemsto be a little spunk left in the old boy yet.

Old Man: Yes, give me a shot of whisky and I feel as well as the rest of them. I am being 91 next birthday. I have joined all the churches from the Methodist to the Catholic. You know I got sanctified when I was a Methodist and thought I was not going to do any more sin but would sail right up to heaven as pure as a white cloud. I was converted to Jesus nine times.

Old Lady: Did none of them take?

Old Man: Not a d--- one. Each one of them ended in getting cockeyed. Now I have got to die pretty soon and I would just like to know what it is

all about.

Young girl, very flashily dressed, and boy saunter by near the bench.

Boy: Say, I am not kidding. You are about the hottest doll I have ever seen in my life.

Girl: Oh yea? Who male you a judge?

Boy: Well take it or leave it, that's my opinion. Every time I dance with you kid, I want to grab you and take you home.

Girl: Oh yea? I'd like to glimpse the home first. You are not talking about marriage are you?

Boy: Oh h--- cut that stuff. Do I look like I was dumb?

Girl: Yes-s-s. If you didn't open your trap you'd look alright.

Boy: Oh, come on let's go up to the room. I got a quart of real good stuff up there. It ain't gonna hurt you none kid. Come on now sweety. Gee I'm nutty about you.

They sit down in front of the animal cage and ~~being~~ begin necking with murmurs of: "Oh babe, ain't you hot, etc."

Girl: Keep your hands where they belong.

Boy: That's just the place they belong. They are c ld and its warm up there.

From the tope of the steps Christ calls down to them.

Christ: I am the way, the truth and the light. No man cometh unto the Father save by me. I come to preserve the law not to destroy it. Listen to the laws, commandments: "Thou shalt not commit adultery. Thou shalt not ---

At this the machine beginns rolling and drowns out his voice. The crowd begins stirring and shouting; "look, it's an airplane". Another group: "why you d--- fool what the h--- are you talking about, that horse stands no more chance with Evening Star than I do with Jesus Christ". Another: "shut up or I'll smack you in the jaw"

Abeautifully dressed woman, accompanied by a smart looking man, enter. The girls on the other side in a group chatter: "did you see that dress?" "I suppose she thinks she's hot". Another girl, "She looks right hot to me". These almost simultaneously. A general uproar to drown out Christ. "Oh h---,cheese it. You janes are all jealous". Light switches to boy and girl.

Boy: Oh, come on sweety. Gee I'm aching.

Girl: Let me alone. Your aches don't bother me.(at the same time she arises and they go off in a very affectionate attitude)

Boy: Step on it. I just can't wait.

The lights go right a little up-stage. Enter a tall, thin very old gentleman in dark clothes accompanied by a business associate. Close to them enters the Devilish Gentleman who takes note of the two business men as they speak.

The lights are turned next to two businesslike looking men. They have a paper in their hand. Speak cautiously.

1st Man: Why I tell you it will ruin Hawkins and his entire firm.

2nd Man: Oh well, it's only part of the game. We'll pretned we are backing him and buy up this stock with him. I buy and all the time you will be selling a little. Then we'll buy short just before the close of the market and then dump all our stocks.

1st Man: Well it will ruin thousands of people.

2nd Man: Well it will be a great lesson to them. They will keep out of a business they don't know anything about.

1st Man: Alright, it's a deal. I never did like him anyhow. We'll slip the harpoon into him.

Light turns so as to see Develish Gentleman and companion near business men. The two men are still going over the paper in their hand. First Devil speaks

to his friend in a low voice but loud enough to be heard by the two business men:

1st devil: Charming fellows. It is really quite a delight to be in this place. So many seem to think exactly as I do about things.

2nd devil: Quite right, quite right. Why do you know up here I feel perfectly at home.

1st devil: Yes, I would just love to give them all a great hot party. They speak our language (to boy passing). Will you go over to the cigarette stand and get me some gold seals? (to companion) There really isn't much work for us to do here. It has already been done.

Lights go to place neckers formerly occupied. Poet and girl are just sitting down. Girl has a guitar in her hand.

Poet: Darling, play for me very softly and let me look at you as you play.

Girl: Does that help?

Poet: Oh it helps very much darling. Isn't it strange how old that word is? -- darling! That means love.

Girl: Just imagine, since the beginning of time they have been saying love, Every nation, every language, all the countries that have gone. That was really their whole life to them (all this while she is playing)

Poet: Yes, there are no beautiful buildings or monuments - nor jade nor turquoise nor gold nor silver. No places that are really beautiful except when they are seen through the eyes of that old, old word. It must get tired being used so much. Four little letters making one word. Always dead and always resurrected. Love!

Girl: I wonder if all of us aren't nearly blind that we can't see that? Just think if we let that word be the boss there wouldn't be any more wars and fighting, no bitterness nor envy. But then, you can't

tell, Adam and Eve had it and they got dissatisfied.

Poet: What sort of birds were those two anyhow that they threw away that peace and quiet?

Enter Devilish gentleman who worked such havoc in the garden of Eden. He is now dressed immaculately in modern clothes. He is accompanied by a second devil. He approaches the girl and poet, looks at the young girl, raises his hat very politely and says:

1st devil: I beg pardon. Haven't we met somewhere before?

Girl: We certainly have not. As far as I am concerned we are not going to meet again.

1st devil: Oh, so sorry. I beg your pardon but I was quite sure we had meet.

Poet: Pardon me, sir, but you have a most bromidal way of approach. You look up to date but you must be very old fashioned.

1st devil: I really am very sorry. I appologize.

Poet: You look like a foreigner, so perhaps you don't know the meaning of "beat it"?

1st devil: No, I don't think I do.

Poet: Well, it means to get away and get away quick. On your way. On your way.

Devilish gentleman takes this with cool concern, lifts his hat and exits. Poet looks after him for a time.

Poet: What a strange stranger he is.

Girl: He is water under the bridge and easy to forget. (she turns her face to him)

Poet: You know something? I am the richest man in the world. I can't give you any stone palaces to live in nor any automobiles, because the

palaces are stone and brick and mortar and they are all hard, cold things not fit for you love, my beloved. I wouldn't give you silver and gold and silk and dresses rich. They are cold things, dead cold things. They cannot speak nor sing nor talk. Dead cold things. But I am a rich man, very, very rich and I give you something far more fair, almost as soft as the glow in your eyes, almost as dear as the gleam of your hair. It's a little song from the dim stars above. I think God gifted you all for me, little singing dove. I won't say the word. You know what I mean. (He draws closer to her, his head upon her shoulder. Looks up at her.

Two beautifully dressed young girls pause for a moment before the light that falls upon them. They draw away from the corwd which is continually milling around the tread mill.

1st girl: Why of course I'm going to marry the boob.

2nd girl: You do not care anything about him.

1st girl; What the h--- has that got to do with it? He has plenty of dough hasn't he? I have had enough of that loving business already. What I need is a little hard cash. You don't think I'm going to shut myself up in that jail of a house he has, do you? He is nearsighted and simple in the head and I'm getting younger n faster, and he's got the jack, Kid.

Voice from the tread mill:

With this ring I thee wed.

Chatter arrises as the voice indistinctly drones on: "To honor and cherish till death do us part."

A group go by. Y

Young Girl: Did you see that seal skin coat? I'm going to get one just like it.

2nd Girl: Oh, I'M going to have ermin -- that is if that guy can rake up enough coin. Gee that guy is getting stingier every day.

Adam enters on right with a young chippy.

Adam: Of course I have a wife but she never understood me.

Chippy; Say I certainly do like you. What a beautiful name -- Adam. Honey when we get down to the beach I am going to just love you to death.

Adam: Oh babe. My bootlegger has put in a supply that will last us for a year.

At this they move down stage where is seen the Devilish Gentleman liesurly looking on at the crowd. He looks intently and longingly after the chip with Adam, turns to his friend and says:

1st devil: A little star chip, isn't she?

2nd devil: A little meteor right out of our own shop.

1st devil: She really is quite stunning isn't she? There is a girl after my own heart (he looks at her longingly). Oh well, there is no use to take itseriously. I will see her very soon again in my own apartment down below.(strolls up stage into crowd) I wonder what happened to that boy with the cigarettes?

Eve enters from other side with a smartly dressed man.

Eve: Oh my first husband was alright only he used to go to sleep right in the midst of a play and before I could stop him he would let out a snore you could hear all over the house.

Man: Oh, he snored did he?

Eve: Yes and he never could understand me. And you know he slept in his own bed for weeks at a time.

Man: Darling we will only have one bed in our bedroom.

Eve: Oh you shouldn't say such naughty things. (shocked) My God, there's

my first husband.

Man: Were you married to that?

Eve: For God's sake lets get away quick. He will meet us and tell us a funny story.

As they start to go Adam and his sweety start to go and they meet in the middle of the stage.

Adam: Well, Miss Eve. Oh I am so glad to meet you! It has been such a long time since I saw you last.

Eve: You are looking very well Adam. Have you cut out drinking?

Adam: Oh yes, quite. I haven't been on a bender for three months. Oh, Eve, allow me to present you to Miss Fosdick.

They shake hands.

Eve: Oh, I am so glad to meet you.

Other: Delighted, I'm sure.

Eve: And this is Mr. Worldon (turning to her friend) Mr. Adam, Mr. Worldon.

They shake hands casually.

Man: Lovely day, isn't it?

Adam: Charming weather.

Girl: Just beautiful

Eve: Oh, the weather is alright.

Adam: Oh Eve, have you heard this one? This is the very latest.

Eve starts to go away but Adam calls her back.

Adam: Why does a chicken cross the road?

Eve laughs scornfully. Worldon looks perplexed.

Eve: Oh well, just to stop it, I fall.(in very scornful tones) Why does a chicken cross the road for God's sake?

Adam: (with great delight) To get on the other side.

Worldon laughs to be polite. The other girls giggle for the same purpose.

They drop into pairs as they start to walk off and Adam says very seriously.

Adam: Strange your name should be Eve. It is such a beautiful name. I dreamed only last night that we were in a lovely garden and I loved someone and you--- why it was your face in my dream I saw.

Eve: Oh well, dreams go back thousands of years. It must have been just a dream.(indicating her companion) He is awfully jealous. Don't let him hear us talking this way.

Adam: I don't give a d--- about him. I have dreamed about you since we last met at Newport. You are the same Eve of my dreams and we once loved each other and it was in a garden. I am sick of this sort of life. Come, lets get away from all of this.

Light goes to right a little up-stage on a tall, thin, very old gentleman in dark clothes accompanied by a business associate. In a high thin voice:
Close to them enters the Devilish Gentleman with companion taking note of other two.

Old Gent: Well I'm getting old now and must look forward to the future of my soul. Blessed are they that throw bread upon the waters for it shall be returned to them manifold.

Very dimly from darkness of bread mill.

Christ: Thou shalt love they neighbor as thyself. If they neighbor has no coat thou shalt give unto him the coat tho hast and earn favor in the sight of the Lord.

2nd Man: Well I have been figuring. The people are complaining about you being worth a billion and a half dollars, and others like you, what with all these bread lines and people hungry. You know they are even getting up riots now. And you know Ropesphere said they make revolutions. He is the Father of revolutions.

1st Man: You know my heart just bleeds for them. I never shake hands with anybody without giving them a dime. Now I have just been figuring.

We need a little advertising. Subscribe 50 million dollars. Discharge unneeded workmen. My secretary tells me we could get rid of at least 75,000. Then raise the price of gasoline. It only needs a quarter of a cent, and we will make 25 million by the charity. Charity - charity, there is nothing like charity. How about having eight holes of golf? We still have time this evening.

Dim voice from tread mill.

Hypocrites, parasites. They prey upon street corners where all men may behold them. Money beg ers, they make a market out of the holy temple. For I say unto you it is easier for a camel to go thru a needles eye than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven.

1st Devil: Now there, there is a man for you (with this the boy brings on the cigarettes)

Boy: I have been hunting for you everywhere, sir. I must have lost you in the crowd.

Devilish Gentleman starts to take off th top of the package, all the while looking toward the rich men)

2nd devil: Oh, let me do it for you sir. I beg pard n, but do you have any trouble keeping your horns from growing out?

1st devil: No, I manage them quite easily.

2nd devil: Wel I have the very devil of a time. Oh, I beg your pardon -- omit the devil, please. But I have distreasful time keeping mine down. They are just like a beard. I shave them close every morning but by evening there they come cropping up again. Most distressful, I assure you.

1st devil: Oh you will get used to it in time. (still looking toward the rich men) Such marvelous characters. You know our business manager is

quite tired of his job. Handling one job for some nine or ten thousand years would doubtless get slightly monotonous and boresome. His alibi is, he is tired of the continuous hot weather, but I hate alibis. We will put him to rest in some quiet corner just as soon as this gentleman comes down to us. He really is quiteold. It won't be long now. And I am quite sure he will manage our business much bette than it is done now (turns to the monkey cage, looks at them meditatively). We really should send some of our very brightest scientists up and let these scientists teach them some good high-class English. I mean that smooth English that is spoken in London. They are so much brighter than the human beings. Really the human beings are getting in such a shape it's no fun at all trying capture them. They seem to be born captured. Oh dear, dear (woefully sighs) I want to speak to you about enlarging the left wing of our place. It's so over-crowded down there you know, it becomes quite tiring. Terrible life, terrible life. So boreing. Nothing to do but wait and they all come in to see me. It certainly is getting on my nerves. I can't live without working.

2nd devil: They say there is a tribe of Americans called bootleggers and some very loyal people among them. A great idea master. Because you know if an enemy kills them they are so loyal they won't even mention his name. Not even tho they know they are dying.

1st devil: Human beings? (this with great surprise)

2nd devil: Quite. Just like human beings.

1st devil: Impossible, impossible. It can't be true.

2nd devil: Quite true master. Quite true. Most of them are in Chicago.

1st: Come quickly. We will get the airplane. Here is at last a chance

for some work to be done.

2nd devil: But what about all the orthodox church goers?

1st devil: Oh don't bother me. You say the most absurd things. Come quickly. A group of fairy like men go by. One is flitting his handkerchief in a fairy like manner.

2nd devil: Oh master shall I go after these?

1st devil: Oh don't be silly. You know our coal bins are overflowing with faggots.

1st devil: Did it ever occur to you that we are getting quite old fashioned? The world s are going by us, as it were. Now I think if we made hell a little more pleasant -- that hot climate is getting on my nerves. I have been there so many years. We ought to change the climate.

2nd devil: That is a marvelous idea master. You know I have been sweating for 5000 years constantly.

1st devil: Well since visiting N. Y. I got quite an idea.

2nd devil: All your ideas are marvelous master.

1st devil: Well I think if we reduced the boilers and get down the temperature to 100° it would still be warm enough. And put in some swimming pools. Of course to keep up our traditions it would have to be warm water but not too warm.

2nd devil: I hope, master, by all means, you wouldn't think of putting in cold showers? It would horrify everyone.

1st devil: Well, we will consider that matter seriously. But at least we could introduce a number of dance halls with good jazz music. We even might allow a saxaphone but it bores me so very much.

2nd devil: It would be very easy to get the players, master. Hell is full of them: for annoying the neighbors mostly - petty crime.

1st devil: And golf courses and all that sort of thing. And let it be advertised. The people wouldn't give a damn where they went.

2nd devil: I do hope master you will have a good chorus. I mean feminine.

1st devil: Oh you say the most rediculous things. As tho you didn't know how overpopulated we are with feminines.

2nd devil: I think master, this little rest has been marvelous for you. These are all splendid ideas.

1st devil: We might even put in a few churches. You know, the high bound kind. Just make everybody happy. We will start a new campaign of advertising with something in an up-to-date wording. Something like "Everybody come to hell-o and have a hot time."

As the two Devils start off they meet with a third.

3rd devil: Oh, master, I didn't dream of meeting you here.

1st devil: You stay here and watch. There may be some work for you to do.

3rd devil: (surrounded by a group of young folks laughing and joking) Tonight's whoope night (loudly as tho already intoxicated) Eat, drink and be merry for tomorrow you may croak.

~~-Christ.-~~

At this the lights go on the tread mill and Christ is holding his arms down.

Christ: Come, come, awaken from your blindness. See how cool and sweet is

the air near the Devine.

Buddha: I was born like a water lily. Could so be seen in my Mother's womb. I am Buddha the just. Only the pure of heart shall see God and peace and contentment.

The tread mill begins to work. The people rush to the tread mill.

Christ: In my Father's house are many mansions. I to. I go to prepare the way for you all. I am the way, the truth and the light. Without me there is no understanding.

3rd devil: (singing) Ashes to ashes and dust to dust and that is the end of all of us.

Bystanders in 3rd devils group: "We'll hit her up tonight - have a hot time while we can.

3rd devil: Yes, because when you once die you are d--- well dead and that's the end of everything.

Great parts of the crowd get on the tread mill. It works quickly going faster and faster up and down.

Christ: Come, come unto me and I will give you rest.

The lights are turned upon the monkeys in the cage. One is holding himself on a limb. Another is scratching after the lice. They look up towards the tread mill. They chatter and gurgle. They make obscene gestures.

1st monkey: (in gutteral, but so the voice is audible, with a jerky rhythm in his tone) Look at them. Look at them. Human beings they call themselves. (to other monkey at his side) I have a better name for them.

2nd monkey: What's that?

1st monkey: D--- pigs. Dirty swine. D--- fools.

Christ: See, we arise. We arise.

Buddha: We ascend. Peace. We ascend.

Other prophets and preachers on tread mill: "This is the way to heaven. This is the way to understanding. This the wayto life. Have faith.

Voices at foot of tread mill. "We believe. We believe. We love. We love.

Back of the tread mill a chorus takes up triumphant music. We ascent. We ascend to the highest. The voices on the tread mill: "Oh that light. Look that light above. We ascend. Look we are going up, upwards.". Another excited voice: "I hear the harps. Listen, the dim sweet harps, the glorious music of the stars". Another voice, above the others: "It is paradise, it is paradis. Nearer, nearer." (All this in great rapidity)

Two prophets at top: "Look, I have shown you the way. It is right and life".

Light flashes to the monkeys in the cage while the other voices are still chattering and talking.

1st monkey: Look, the poor fools.

2nd monkey: Aren't they the G---D---st fools you ever saw? They think they are going up.

3rd monkey: My God every time it goes forward one step it goes back another.

2nd monkey: They must be blind.

1st monkey: No. They are just d--- fools. They think they are ascending.

While the tread mill runs faster and faste the choir is chanting: "Glory, Glory, Halleluhah" and the voices crying "We ascend, we ascend."

There is only a very dim light on the tread mill. The voices are as tho in the distance.

Light goes back to the old man and woman as shown in first scene. They alone are seen and heard distinctly.

Old Man: Look at that d--- tumble bug.

Woman: What's it doing?

Man: That is a ball of dung.it is rolling to fill up it's hole. They dig deep in the ground.

Woman: He seems to be having a h--- of a time with that ball he's got.

Man: Well maybe he is just like the rest of us: working his head off to fill up a supply of dung. The more he gets the richer he is.

Woman: (humming) The winter time is coming. The winter time is coming soon.

Man: Yes, and he will doubtless die before the winter is half over and all his work is for nothing. He don't know no more what it's all about than we do.

Woman: Ashes to ashes and dust to dust. If the Fatimas don't get you the Camels must.

She goes, half drunkedly, off stage singing: "Good bye Babe I'll never see you more. Good bye Honey I'll never see you more.

Curtain.

End of 2nd Act as Tread Mill is going into darkness we hear above the general noise, powerful and clear, Eve's voice screaming in terrifying tones:

Eve: The steps -- the steps are breaking. They are breaking I tell you.

From above, higher on the Tread Mill, the voice of Adam.

Adam: Eve. Eve, the dreamed one, where are you?

Eve: (in same manner) Adam, Adam, where are you? The black mists are swirling.

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Adam: Eve where are you? I must find you. I must find you. I must find you.

The voices disappear in the general deminishing murmer as we come to the old man and woman looking down at the tumble bug.

Then beginning our last act. The old man and accordian player are as described in original script but to the right of stage in a playhouse of polk weeds which makes a side and covering over the top, two children are playing: a little girl about three years old, very daintyly dressed. Opp site her a boy of six wearing glasses: a very sober youngster. In fact both children are very serious. None of the fresh smartness usual to stage children is observed.

Boy: (as he builds a sand house) Have you ever been to our kindergarten?

Girl: (with very serious but rather superior air) Once.

Boy: You really should come to our kindergarten it's the best one in town Everybody says so. Of course you have heard (he recites this in sing song manner common to kindergarteners) 'Little Bo Peep, she lost her sheep, and don't know where to find them. Leave them alone and they'll come home, wagging their tails behind them.

Girl: (with same superior air) Yes. I heard it.

Boy: Exercises and music go with it which makes it very good. Here's another. 'Little birdies the sun's in the West. Little birdies fly to your nest.(he illustrates this by flapping his arms and running around the sand pile. Stops on the other side and looks gravely at her) It's exercise and teaches you concentration at the same time.

Girl: Yes? (with same aloof at

Boy: Oh, you saw it at the school?

Girl: I did.

Boy: Well what did you think of it?

Girl: I thought it was perfectly rediculous.

We go to other side of stage that has been dimmed before. A girl of 13 or 14 and a boy a couple of years older. Boy is turning the pages of a movie magasine.

Girl: (who is making approaches to boy) I liked that dance I had with you last night.

Boy: (nonchalantly) 6h yea?

Girl: Jim Wilkins is a good dancer - don't you think?

Boy: Didn't see him.

Girl: (moves a little closer) Did you like that blue dress I had on? I wanted to wear the red one but Mamma thought the blue was better. (she moves still a little closer)

Boy: (turning the page of the magazine) I see Clara Bow aint wearing her bangs no more.

Girl: (putting her hand so it is close against his.

Boy: (still nonchanlantly, chewing gum, taking his hand away from girls casually to turn page) I see Charlie Chaplin aint talkin' in the talkies.

Girl: (drawing very close to boy. Hums softly) 'When I'm far away, you'll wait for me. Night and day for me.

Boy: (as she is singing. Looking at picture) Say this girl they've got from Germany is a humdinger.

Go back again to two children in sand pile. Boy is tearing down his sand fort.

Girl: What do you do that for?

Boy: I didn't like that one. I'm building another one.

There is a pause for a time as he works on his sand pile.

Girl: Is that all you say?

Boy: (proudly) I go to Class A tomorrow. (then goes on working at sand fort

Girl rises with same dignity and slight air of superiority brushing sand off her dress.

Girl: I'm going to find some people to talk to.

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2nd act

At left of stage there is a spiral staircase. Upon this staircase is first a group of Romans.

1st Roman: By the Gods I won - and how! The second time around the arena I caught the whites chariot and tore the wheel right off and then Thadius had it easy. Went under the tape 4 chariot lengths ahead of all the rest. By Jupiter and all the rest of the damn gods what a winning for me.

2nd Roman: What happened to the white charioteer?

1st Roman: Oh he was killed dead as a dead dog. But what in the name of hades does that matter? They are always getting killed. Say, have you got a good list of girls? Try to get some Christians if you can they are so shy.

2nd Roman: I'll get them alright. And Ceasar's own wine to boot. I know one of the stewards. We can sneak it out.

As they walk by and down the steps another old man comes on talking to a young girl very excitedly. All this scene is played with rapidity and intensity.

Old Man: Oh, you haven't seen my new palace. I have a room especially furnished just for you. White marble lined with black. The white marble, your flesh, the black, your eyes. And the ceiling is all black marble to match your hair. You will come over tonight?

Girl: WE'll give a party tonight, won't we?

Old Man: The chairs may be a little hard. They are a little hard.(tittering) But you know you can sit on my lap.

Girl: Oh you young Baccus

As they come near the front of the stage a pickpocket who has been following them close and cautiously extracts a ~~rather~~ leather pocketbook containing coins, then steals off. On the other side of the state are a young boy and girl

Girl: Oh these Christians. I love to hear them talk. There is one of the best looking men among them I have ever seen in my life and how he talks. And just to think, they have to hide in those dirty old catacombs and don't get to talk about their Christus at all. He is their hero you know.

Boy: Never mind little white marble you are coming to my house tonight.

Girl: I never said anything of the kind.

Boy: Nevertheless you are coming. You know you are. Do you think you can stay all night?

Girl: Well maybe, but I don't know about all night.

He puts his arms around her and they embrase passionatly.

Girl: Yes, oh yes (tumultuously) I will come but I won't promise all night.

Boy: Oh, darling.

They kiss passionatly. The light goes down to the next platform: the Middle Ages.

Caesar: Borgia on left of platform.

Caesar: Oh yes Fontaneau you have done your secret mission well. You have won my thanks. You know you have brought me great news from many places. You know many secret things Fontaneau.

Fontaneau: Oh great Caesar they are locked in my heart as tho in the stone of death. In the name of Christus it is true Oh Caesar Borgia, Caesar the magnificant.

Caesar: In the name of the Christus I believe you Fontaneau. Here is my hand upon it.

Fontaneau extends his hand. Caesar greets it. As they shake hands Caesar draws him with a quick motion and then with a knife which has been concealed in the long sleeve of his left arm, stabs him to death. He throws the knife casualy over the balustrade as he looks down at the dead man.

Caesar: You spoke truth for once Fontaneau. The secrets are locked in the stone heart of death.

Humming an air he goes casually off with a beautiful tiger stride. His face is uplifted. like a demon angle Singing and humming a song of the day. Thru all this to the right can dimly beseen people moving, chatting, talking, and singing. In each case music resembling the music of the day. The light goes to the third circular platform. On the left Mme Lavallière walking slowly on the arm of Louis XIV.

Mme: By the sacred hood of St Francis, by the sacred love of Mary, I love you for yourself alone, oh Louis the well-beloved, Louis the sun-king.

Louis: By the blessed God that is a new name. my-Sun King, Sun King I adore you, I adore you.

Mme: By Mary, Mother and Joseph all my thoughts are of you Louis the royal.

Louis: Tonight you come to Count Dechautre's apartment. It is just above my own. He will open the door. He has a ladder which he drops down to my apartment. No one will ever know my love and I will come to you. There we can stay the whole night thru.

Mme: No, no sire. Oh sire, by the Blessed Virgin don't ask that of me.

Louis: (seizes her abruptly and kisses her, holding her long) It is all prepared. No one will know. No one will know. You can bring me paradise this one night(as he kisses her she is trembling in his arms)

Mme: Oh Louis, my own Louis, well are you called the beloved.(he holds her close to him again) 11 o'clock Louis. Oh you darling. I shouldn't I know but how can I/~~resist~~ refuse you anything. I will be there.

On the other side of the platform two old men.

1st: Well I'll lend you this money but I will have to charge you 20% interest.

2nd: I can't pay it. I can't pay that much.

1st: Well you had better pay that than lose your business.

2nd: Can't you make it less? Say 10%?

1st: 20% or nothing at all and don't keep me h re waiting. I have business.

2nd: You are hard. Hard. So cold and hard.

1st: 20% or nothing.

2nd: Alright make it 20% and let me have the money quick. Come let's go. The music thru this is French music. Thru the gauze a few couples dancing the minuet. As they go off a man running, screaming: "help, help" Being pursued by a great bully.

Man: Don't hit me. Please don't hit me. (the bully has got him by the back of his coat)

Bully: Don't hit you? Not much - d--- you. You took her away from me didn't you? You thought you were smart.(he strikes with a club he holds in his hand. Man falls dazed at the fence that surrounds the circular way) How does that feel?

Man: Have mercy, have mercy.

Bully: Sure. Sure I will. I want you to suffer a little before you get this on that sweet ~~pie~~ flat-face. /~~Tell me,~~ Dear little perfumed stealer of wives Da-- you.(again he strikes and the other man falls, killed with this last blow)

Around from the other side come boys and girls,in pairs, singing a light French love song. The girls have flowers in their hair. One or two of them have blossoms. Thru all these scenes there have been groups seen fitting the period behind the cauze, playing and singing softly music fitting the period. The curtains ~~drops~~ draw together leaving just the front of the stage open. Enter Modern chorous singing a modern uptodate jazz number.

Girl: A preacher preached last night to me
What it was about I couldn't see
For a boy kept playing with my knee

Boy: Isn't life a mystery
It certainly has been to me
You are going home tonight with me
Then we taste of the mystery

2nd Girl: Adam and Eve in the garden fell
They both went down to - I can't tell

2nd Boy: Just don't bother about long ago
There's something about you that troubles me so
What the hell, we're both ~~bare~~free
Dance love, one, two, three, one, two, three.

3rd Girl: Right out of the bed the little girl stepped
I must have slept just like stone
For I felt sure I was sleeping alone

The dance as they sing. The girls being very alluringly dressed in modern costumes. Underneath they do not wear trunks - something more near regular lingerie.

4th Boy: I just want something you'v got
I know it's sweet and I know it's hot

4th Girl: What I have, you have not
Whether it's cold or whether it's hot

1st Boy: Wide and long is the sweeping tide
Love comes deep and love comes wide

1st Girl: Love comes West as you can see
Then love comes East right back to me
Wide or deep the running tide
winds blow ~~Rises~~ East or winds blow ~~rises~~ West
I lay my head on my sweeties breast.

2nd Boy: Break, break, break, break
All I like is neck, neck

Chorus: All I like is neck, neck.

During this there are other girls on each side of the four that dance in time to the music. They dance off in a necking position. Then the curtains part to the tread mill scene.

As the poet is talking to the girl the gentleman who ~~walked~~ in the garden, in modern clothes, accompanied by a second devil ~~strolls on jauntilly~~. He approaches the poet and the girl. He looks at the young girl, raises his hat very politely and says:

1st Devil: I beg your pardon. Haven't we met somewhere before?

Girl: We certainly have not. As far as I am concerned ~~you won't meet me~~ again.

1st devil: Oh, so sorry. I beg your pardon but I was quite sure we had.

~~Boy~~ Poet: Pardon me sir but you have a most bromidal way of approach. You look up do date but you must be very old-fashioned.

1st Devil: I really am very sorry. I apologize.

~~Boy~~ Poet: You look like a foreigner, so perhaps you don't know the meaning of "beat it"?

1st devil: No, I don't think I do.

~~Boy~~ Poet: Well it means to get away and get away quick. On your way! ~~Neither one of us likes whiskers, particularly goat whiskers. Slam on it be, slam on it.~~ On yourway.

~~He takes this with cool concern, and lifts his head and exits. As he goes across center he sees the chippy with Adam. Turns to his friend.~~

1st devil: She really is quite stunning isn't she? There is a gril after my own heart (he looks at her longingly) Oh well, there is no use to take it seriously. I will see her very s on again in my own apartments down below.

Girl: [illegible] Poet

Poet: [illegible] x follow with pg 19 marked x

1st: [illegible]

2d: [illegible]

The two men who were talking business enter. The devil appears to the Left, speaks to his friend in a low voice but loud enough to be heard by the two business men.

1st devil: Charming fellows. It is really quite a delight to be in this place. So many seem to think exactly as I do about things.

2nd devil: Quite right, quite right. Why do you know up here I feel perfectly at home.

1st devil: Yes, I would just love to give them all a great hot party. They speak our language(to boy passing) Will you go over to the cigarette stand and get me some gold seals?) There really isn't much work for us to do here. It has already been done.

Go to Rock incident and then Adam incident pg.6

The lights flash off him and go the Rockafellow incident.

1st devil: Now there, there is a man for you(with this the boy brings on the cigaretts. (over) ~~He~~ the rent starts to take off the top of the ~~package~~ all the while looking toward the rich men)

2nd devil: Oh let me do it for you sir. I beg pardon ~~sir~~, but do you have any trouble keeping your horns from growing out?

1st devil; No, I manage them quite easily.

2nd devil: Well, I have the very devil of a time. Oh I beg your pardon - omit the devil please. But I have a distressful time keeping mine down. They are just like a beard. I shave them close every morning but by evening there they come cropping ~~out~~ up again. Most distressful, I assure you.

1st devil: Oh you will get used to it in time. (still looking toward the rich men) Such marvelous characters. You know our ~~money lender~~ Ex-Kaiser is ~~getting~~ quite

tried this job, for 2 yrs &) + got 10,000 yrs & has become. is tried of

quite old down below. He is really shaky. His alibi is, he doesn't like the continuous hot weather, but I hate alibis. We will put him to rest in some quiet corner just as soon as this gentleman comes down to us. He really is quite old. It won't be long now. And I am quite sure he will manage our business much better than it is done now. (turns to the monkey cage. Looks at them meditatively) We really should send some of our very brightest scientists up and let these scientists teach them some good highclass English. I mean that smooth English that is apoken in London. They are so much brighter than the human beings. Really the human beings are getting in such a shape it's no fun at all trying to capture them. They seem to be born captured. Oh dear, dear. (woefully sighs) I want to speak to you about enlarging the left wing of our place. It's so over-crowded down there you know it becomes quite tiring. Terrible life, terrible life. So boring. Nothing to do but wait and they all come in to see me.

2nd devil: It certainly is getting on my nerves. I can't live without working.

2nd devil: They say there is a tribe in American called bootleggers and some very loyal people among them. A great idea master. Because you know if an enemy kills them they are so loyal they won't even mention his name. Not even tho they know they are dying.

1st devil: Human beings? (this with great surprise)

2nd devil: Quite. Just like human beings.

1st devil: Impossible, impossible. It can't be true.

2nd devil: Quite true master. Quite true. Most of them are in Chicago.

1st devil: Come quickly. We will get the airplane. Here is at last a chance

for some work to be done.

2nd devil: But what about all the orthodox church goers?

1st devil: Oh don't bother me. You say the most obsurd things. Come quickly.

A group of fairy like men go by. One is flitting his handkerchief in a fairy like manner.

2nd devil: Oh master shall I go after these?

1st devil: Oh don't be silly. You know our coal bins are overflowing with faggots.

1st devil: Did it ever occur to you that we are getting quite ~~effd~~ old fashioned? The worlds are going by us, as it were. Now I think if we made hell a little more pleasant ---that hot climate is getting on my nerves. I hav been there so many years. We ought to change the climate.

2nd devil: That is a marvelous idea master. You know I hav been ~~sweating~~ for 5000 years constantly.

1st devil: Well since visiting N.Y. I got quite an idea.

2nd devil: All your ideas are marvelous master.

1st devil: Well I think if we reduced the boilers and get down the temperature to 100° it would still be warm enough. And put in some swimming pools. Of course to keep up our traditions it would have to be warm water but not too warm.

2nd devil: I hope, master, by all means, you wouldn't think of putting in cold showers. It would horrify everyone.

1st devil: Well we will consider that matterseriously. But at least we could introduce a number of dance halls with good jazz music. We even might allow a saxaphone but it bores me very much.

2nd devil: It would be very easy to get the players, master. Hell is full of them: for annoying the neighbors mostly - petty crime.

1st devil: And golf courses and all that sort of thing. And let it be advertised. The people wouldn't give a damn where they went.

2nd devil: I do hope master you will have a good chorus. I mean feminine.

1st devil: Oh you say the most rediculous things. As tho you didn't know now how over populated we are with feminines.

2nd devil: I thinkm master, this little rest has been marvelous for you. These are all splendid ideas.

1st devil: We might even put in a few churches. You know, the high bound kind. Just make everybody happy. We will start a new dampaign of advertising with something in an up-to-date wording. Something like "Everybody come to hell-o and have a hot time."

3rd devil fill in from notes

ACT II.

In the center is a great Tread Mill which continually goes up and down. To the left is a cage of monkeys. To the right enough room for a cage of other animals Behind, a gauze going across the stage outlining panoramic balls representing the planets in space. Before the tread mill and between the animals is room enough for the crowd of people representing humanity. These are modern in dress - arrogant prostitutes flaunting their trade - laborers with tool chests, bargemen as tho carrying grain off the ship whose whistling you occasionally hear. To the center, but behind the tread mill, seen between the posts of the tread mill for support, is seen what represents a steel manufacturing plant into which hurrying in and out are seen workmen busily engaged as tho their lives depended on the days action. Upon the tread mill, at the top, is Jesus Christ. Next to him Buddha. Next Confucious. Then down the line costumes changing until, at the foot, they are in modern dress. There is the chatter and murmar of conversation. Buddha meditatively looking down upon the people. Christ occasionally wipes his eyes as tho from tears and then holds out his arms to the people down below. This tread mill is also gauze so as not to b appear too realistic. So also are the cages and the monkeys and the animals. The central room is never clear. Near the cage of the animals, seated on a bench, is an old woman and an old man.

Old Man: Well I have lived a long time and I have had more ills than any man living - mumps, scarlet fever, pneumonia.

Old Lady: And I suppose bronchitis?

Old Man: I was born with that. It is chronic with our family.

Old Lady: I suppose you have had yellow fever and influenza too?(this scornfully

Old Man: You guess right. Influenza in Spain and yellow fever in South America

Now I have lumbago, ~~pneumonia~~ rheumatism and the gout. Otherwise I am in great shape.

Old Lady: You do look a bit oldish but there seems to be a little spunk left in the old boy yet.

Old Man: Yes, give me a shot of whisky and I feel as well as the rest of them. I am being 91 next birthday. I have joined all the churches from the Methodist to the Catholic. You know I got sanctified when I was a Methodist and thought I was not going to do any more sin but would sail right up to heaven as pure as a white cloud. I was converted to Jesus 9times.

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Old Lady: Did none of them take?

Old Man: Not a d--- one. Each one of them ended in getting cockeyed. Now I have got to die pretty soon and I would just like to know what it is all about.

Young girl, very flashily dressed, and boy saunter by near the bench.

Man: Say, I am not kidding. You are about the hottestdoll I have ever seen in my life.

Girl: Oh yea? Who made you a judge?

Man: Well take it or leave it, that's my opinion. Every time I dance with you kid, I want to grab you and take you home.

Girl: Oh yea? I'd like to glimpse the home first. You arenot talking about marriage are you?

Boy: Oh H--l cut that stuff. Do I look like I was dumb?

Girl: Yes. If you didn't open your trap you'd look alright.

Boy: Oh come on lets go up to the room. I got a quart of real good stuff up there. It ain't gonna hurt you none kid. Come on now sweety. Gee, I'm nutty about you.

They sit down in front of the animal cage and begin necking with murmurs of "Oh babe, ain't you hot, etc."

Girl: Keep your hands where they belong.

Boy: That's just the place they belong. They are cold and its warm up there.

From the top of the steps Christ calls down to them.

Christ: I am the way, the truth and the light. No man cometh unto the Father save by me. I come to preserve the law not to distroy it. Listen to the laws, commandments: Thou shalt not commit adultery. Thou shalt not ---

At this the machine beginnins rolling and drowns out his voice. The crowd begins stirring and shouting, "look it's an airplane" Another group "why you d--- fool what the h--- are you talking about that horse stands no more chance with Evening Star that I do with Jesus Christ". "Shut up or I'll smack you in the jaw."

A beautifully dressed woman, accompanied by a smart looking man, enter. The girls on the other side in a group chatter: "did you see that dress?" "I suppose she thinks she's hot". Another girl, "She looks right hot to me". These almost simultaneously. A general uproar to drown out Christ. "Oh h--- cheeze it. You janes are all jealous." (pg 13)

Two businesslike looking men ~~emerge from the left~~. They have a paper in their hand. Speak cautiously. The lights are drawn off the tread mill but you still hear it going. The lights are turned on the two business men. ~~and the two neckers.~~

1st Man: Why I tell you it will ruin Hawkins and his entire firm.

2nd Man: Oh well, it's only part of the game. We'll pretend we are backing him and buy up this stock with him. I buy and all the time you will be selling. Then we'll buy short just before the close of the market

and then dump all our stocks.

1st Man: Well it will ruin thousands of people.

2nd Man: Well it will be a great lesson to them. They will keep out of a business they don't know anything about.

1st Man: Alright, it's a deal. I never did like him anyhow. We'll slip the harpoon into him.

Neckers on the other side.

Boy: Oh come on sweety. Gee I'm aching.

Girl: Let me alone. ~~I have nothing to do with your aches.~~

A tall, thin very old gentleman in dark clothes enters. In a high, thin voice.

Old Gent: Well I'm getting old now and must look forward to the future of my soul. Blessed are they that throw bread upon the waters for it shall be returned to them manifold.

Very dimly from darkness of tread mill.

Christ: Thou shalt love they neighbor as thyself. If thy neighbor has no coat thou shalt give unto him the coat thou hast and earn favor in the sight of the Lord.

2nd Man: Well I have just been figuring. The people are complaining about you being worth a billion and a half dollars and others like you, what with all these bread lines and people hungry. You know they are even getting riots up now. ~~And bread lines you knew~~ And you know Ropesphere said they make revolutions. He is the Father of revolutions.

1st Man: You know my heart just bleeds for them. I never shake hands with anybody without giving them a dime. Now I have just been figuring. We need a little advertising. Subscribe 50 million dollars. Dis-

charge un-needed workmen. My secretarytells me we could get rid of at least 75,000. Then raise the price of gasoline. It only needs a quarter of a cent, and we will make 25 million by the charity. Charity - there is nothing like charity. How about having 8 holes of golf? We still have time this evening.

Dim voice from tread mill.

Hypocrites, parasites. They play upon street corners where all men may behold you. Money beggers, they make a market out of the holy temple. For I say unto you it is easier for a camel to go thru a needles eye that for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven.

Cont with pg. 7

Two beautifully dressed young girls pause for a moment before the light that ~~draws away from the two old men onto them~~ falls upon them. They draw away from the growd which is continually milling around the tread mill.

1st girl: Why of course I'm going to marry the boob.

2nd girl: You do not care anything about him.

1st girl: What the h--- has that got to do with it? He has pleanty of dough hasn't he? I have had enough of that loving business already. What I need is a little hard cash. You don't think I'm going to shut myself up in that jail of a house he has, do you? He is nearsighted and simple in the head and I'm getting younger no faster, and he's got the jack kid.

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Voice from tread mill:

With this ring I thee wed.

Chatter arrises as the voice indistinctly drones on: "To honor and cherish till death do us part."

A group go by. Young girl, "did you see that seal skin coat? I'm going to get one just like it." Another one, "Oh, I'm going to have ermin -- if the guy can rake up the coin. Gee that guy is getting stingier every day."

Adam comes on with a young chippy, on right.

Adam: Of course I have a wife but she never understood me.

Chippy: Say I certainly do like you. What a b autiful name -- Adam. Honey when we get down to the beach I am going to just l ve youto death.

Adam: Oh babe. My bootlegger has put in a supply that will last us for a year.

Eve enters from other side with a smartly dressed man.

Eve: Oh my first husband was alright only he used to go to sleep right in the midst of a play and before I could stop him he would let out a snore you could hear all over the house.

Man: Oh, he snored did he?

Eve: Yes and he never could understand me. And you know he slep in his own bed for weeks at a time.

Man: Darling we will only have one bed in our bedroom.

Eve: Oh you shouldn't say such naughty things. (shocked) My God, there is my first husband.

Man: Were you married to that?

Eve: For Gods sake lets get away quick. He will meet us and tell us a funny story.

But as they start to go Adam and his sweety start to go and they meed in the middle of the stage.

Adam: Well Miss Eve. Oh I am so glad to meet you. It has been such a long time since I saw you last.

Eve: You are looking very well Adam. Have you cut o t drinking?

Adam: Oh yes quite. I haven't b en on a ben er for three months. Oh Eve, allow me to present you to Miss Fosdick.

They shake hands.

Eve: Oh I am so glad to meet you.

Other: Delighted, I'm sure.

Eve: Oh, this is Mr. Worldon. (turning to her friend) Mr. Adam - Mr.Worldo

They shake hands casually.

Man: Lovely day, isn't it?

Adam: Charming weather.

Girl: Just beautiful.

Eve: Oh the weather is alright.

Adam: Oh Eve, Have you heard this one? This is the very latest.

Eve starts to go away but Adam calls her back.

Adam: Why does a chicken cross the road?

Eve laughs scornfully. Worldon looks perplexed.

Eve: Oh well, just to stop it, I fall. (in very scornful tones) Why does a chicken cross the road for Gods sake?

Adam: (with great delight) To get on the other side.

Worldon laughs to be polite. The other girls giggle for the same purpose. They drop into pairs as they start to walk off and Adam says very seriously.

Adam: Strange your name should be Eve. It is such a beautiful name. I dreamed only last night that we were in a lovely garden and I loved someone and you -- why it was your face in my dream I saw.

Eve: Oh well dreams go back thousands of years. It must have been just a dream. (indicating her companion) He is awfully jealous. Don't let him hear us talking this way.

Adam: I don't give a d--- about him. I have ~~tried~~ dreamed about you since we last met at Newport. You were the same Eve of my dreams and we once loved each other and it was in a garden. I am sick of this sort of life. Come, lets ~~take our place on the tread mill. Try it out anyhow.~~ then Rockefellow

At this the lights go on the tread mill and Christ is holding his arms down.

Christ: Come, come, awaken from your blindness. See how cool and sweet is the air near the Devine.

Buddha: I was born like a water lily. Could so be seen in my Mothers womb. I am Buddha the just. Only the pure of heart shall see God and peace and contentment.

The tread mill begins to work. The people rush to the tread mill.

Christ: In my Father's house are many mansions. I go. I go to prepare the way for you all. I am the way, the truth and the light. Without me there is no understanding.

Great parts of the crowd get on the tread mill. It works quickly going faster and faster up and down. A light is turned upon the monkeys in the cage. One is holding himself on a limb. Another is scratching after the lice. They look up towards the tread mill. They chatter and gurgle. They make obscene gestures.

insert—
1st Monkey: (in gutteral, but so the voice is audible, with a jerky rhythm in his his tone) Look at them. Look at them. Human beings they call themselves.(to the other monkey at his side) I have a better name for them.

2nd monkey: What's that?

1st monkey: D--- pigs. Dirty swine. D--- fools.

Christ: See, we arise. We arise.

Buddha: We ascend. Peace. We ascend.

Other prophets and preachers on tread mill.: "This is the way to heaven. This is the way to understanding. This is the way to life. Have faith.

Voices at foot of tread mill. "We believe. We believe. We love. We love.

(then

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Back of the tread mill a chorus takes up triumphant music. We ascend. We ascent to the highest. The voices on the tread mill: "Oh that light. Look that light above. We ascend. Look we are going up, upwards". Another excited voice: "I hear the harps. Listen, the dim sweet harps, the glorious music of the stars". Another voice, above the others: "It is paradise, it is paradise. Nearer, nearer." All this in great rapidity.
2 prophets at top: "Look, I have shown you the way. It is right and life". Light flashes to the monkeys in the cage while the other voices are still shattering and talking.

Monkey: Look, the poor fools.

2nd Monkey: Aren't they the G-- d---st fools you ever saw? They think they are going up.

3rd Monkey: My God every time it goes foward one step it goes back another.

2nd Monkey: They must be blind.

1st Monkey: No. They are just d--- f ols. They think they are ascending.
While the tread mills runs faster and faster the choir is chanting: "Glory, Glory, Hallelujah", and the voices crying "We ascend, we ascend". The ~~curtain drops~~.

Insert:

~~In an obscure corner is a boy and girl.~~ She has a guitar in her hand.

~~Boy~~: Darling, play for me very softly and let me lo k at you as you pla .

Girl: Does that help?

~~Boy~~: Oh it helps very much darling. Is'nt it strange how old that word is? ---Darling! That means love.

Girl: Just imagine, since the beginning of time they have been saying love,

Every nation, every language, all the countries that have gone. That was really their whole life to them. (all this while she is playing.)

Poet Boy: Yes, there are no beautiful buildings or monuments - nor jade nor turquoise nor gold nor silver. No places that are really beautiful except when they are seen through the eyes of that old, old word. It must get tired being used so much. 4 little letters making one word. Always dead and always resurrected. Love!

Girl: I wonder if all of us aren't nearly blind that we can't see that? Just think if we let that word be the boss there wouldn't be any more wars and fighting, no bitterness nor envy. But then, you can't tell, Adam and Eve had it and they got dissatisfied.

Poet Boy: What sort of ~~burn~~ birds are those two anyhow that they threwaway that peace and quiet? (he pauses a minute and begins again) I am the richest man in the world. I can't give you any stone palaces to live in nor any automobiles because the palaces are stone and brick and mortar and they are all hard, cold things not fit for you love, my beloved. I wouldn't give you silver and gold and silk and dresses rich. They are cold things, dead cold things. They cannot speak nor sing nor talk. Dead cold things. But I am a rich man, very, very rich and I give you something far more fair almost as soft as the glow in your eyes, almost as dear as the gleam of your hair. It's a little song from the dim stars above. I think God gifted you all for me little singing dove. I won't say the word You know what I mean.(he draws closer to her, his head upon her shoulder. looks up at her)

Insert pg. 6

Girl: (as tho having a new idea) Let's go to the tread mill. With this idea we will push a lever. We'll push and push just as hard as we can because it's always kept down by blind, blind man.

UNDATED SCENARIOS -

BY D. W. GRIFFITH

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The People since the beginning have been in slavery - in slavery to either men or to fear or ignorance - ancient Egypt in which man was bound as in most earlier Governments as a chattel to the King - slave market - old man beaten up to auction block by whips - being sold to highest bidder - view of great city - auction block in centre - then young girl put on block - slave - King on throne with kneeling slaves - other men working with man with whip over them.

Down through the Dark Ages the general mass were considered as property of the Divine Few. Jean Jacques Rousseau and other philosophers sent out messages of equality disputing the divine right of one man to rule over his brothers. - the Magna Carta of England giving hope to the general people. These various thoughts find their greatest harvest in the American Revolution - the Declaration of Independence - thus established the foundation on which the United States now rests.

Americus - a manufacturing city in the U. S. a great steel manufacturing plant - impressionistic pictures by night of the furnaces glowing, lights in the sky - the great machine of industry - a beautiful home - estate.

Here lives the driver of the great machine - Jonathan Milton Driverly - great grandson of Jim Driver who began the mills. At the end of a long magnificent room he stands by window looking out. There are no better mills in the world than mine. A door opens - in the doorway stands a beautiful young girl in a masque ball costume of a princess of an olden day with several friends as attendants, two or three maids following her and opening the door. The father smiles in admiration.

"Well, Marie, my little American princess. Yours shall be the biggest affair this season."

From the puddlers and break-up men's quarters - by a molten fountain of burning iron - a naked, excepting for breeches brawney and terrible looking man covered with smoke and oil - should be a giant - accompanied by another more brutal looking workman -

Second workman - "Ah, that damn dirty job is over for one day anyhow."

First workman - "Dirt - I eat it Sec. W. - Makes old Driverly that much richer."

First workman - "The Hell with Driverly - It's ours - not his. I do it because I love it."

They pass into another room - come out again roughly dressed for the street. They speak to other masses of workmen going by.

Anarchist workman - "If we can all rise up together, all this will beong to us. It's ours anyhow, we make it.

First workman - "What the Hell good will that do you if you get it. It belongs to us anyhow."

They pass through machine shop. Old man reluctantly leaving piece of machinery - knows workmen - speaks to them. "They won't let me work any more. I will never get this finished, isn't it beautiful?" He is all aflame with enthusiasm and happiness. "Did you ever see a finer piece of machinery than this? If I only had more time. Now I will have to be miserable until tomorrow morning when I can get back to it."

Anarchist -"Can you imagine, that nut, he likes work."

Goes grouchily off.

Grounds of the Driverly estate - gate - maid opens gate to Anarchist and fellow workman - "Come in you can see the goingson. and they steal cautiously in. She takes them cautiously to a window where they can look through. It is a summer night. There is the great ballroom - a masque ball is going on. In the anteroom where liquor is being served is Helion Morgan. In the main ballroom Marie dances, etc.

First workman looking through window - Marie comes near - "Good God, what's that?"

Maid - It's Miss Marie." He looks at her in dumb amazement. A young man comes up to her, takes her hand, kisses it in marked deference, puts arm around her waist, asks for dance.- First workman leans down, picks up a rock.

Maid - "What's the matter with you, what are you doing?

Workman - "I would like to break her face in - namby-pamby piece of cheese."

Maid - "If you carry on like that you will have to get out."

Workman "Go on, leave me along, I won't throw it this time, I'll get her some other time.

In anteroom - Helion Morgan - full of youth and joy as well as liquor. Fat bully kids Morgan about his dandified appearance. Morgan laughs it off. Fat bully purposely spills wine & throws half-empty glass of wine so it strikes Morgan's shoes. Morgan jumps over table - knocks him down, throws him out of window - invites his friends to come and be thrown out of window also. other men gather around, pacify him. - Helion follows half drunk - he escapes ?

Anarchist has gone off with maid in bushes - other workman hides under window - sees cloak and masque hat - puts it on.

Helion can't find his apponemant - goes back in house - workman follows - stands hidden in corner looking at the merrymakers - watches chance as Marie comes by him leaving partner - reaches out takes hold of her hand, she stops surprised. He looks at her for a long time, she makes move to escape, he takes her, holds her violently close to him, then throws her roughly away "You damn bunch of rags" Girl stunned for a second and before she could call for help , workman escapes - throws off mas ue - gets to gate throws a rock back at the house in tremendous rage.

Girl is highly indignant - then giggles, adjusts her costume and goes off as though nothing has occurred. Helion comes on - Marie addresses him sweetly as bootlegger - getting a whiff of his breath.

Helion's father and the girl's father - "we have to get these two married soon, Settle that boy down. I like them wild, but he is a little too strong."

Helion dancing and trying to get girl's cheek against his. Little futile efforts to bite her on the neck.

workman returns to workman's boarding house - anarchist and old Christlike man who loves to work - boy comes in sullen - other workman slaps him on the back - workman still in temper resents it - pushes his hand in his face and knocks him down. They are starting to fight when Mother comes in. Jokes it off picks up Mother throws her up to the ceiling - changes entirely - seems just a cow-like boy - gives her a kiss - sets her down turns over most of his wages to her, sits down at table and begins to rake in the food. Boy stops suddenly with an awkward worried expression - Mother looks at him - workmen laughing. "What's the matter?"

Boy - "Like a cloud - like a cloud"

Other workman - "It's a girl he has seen."

Boy - "Shut up your face or I'll -- " comes to himself.

Girl at window looking out - (revert back - smiles-vision of an arm that was remembered - a terrible man's arm - she feels instinctively as though to touch its power and strength -"Terrible beast - I wonder who - Goodness he was strong."

Helion in library with Father. "I am sick of things around here. I am going to take a hunting trip and I'll come back and marry Marie and make more steel" exits.

At the mills - Father, chaperone and Marie.

Father - "You should have put on some other clothes if you are coming in here Marie. You will get them dirty."

Marie - "Plenty other dresses, Father.

Marie gets a little away from Father and chaperone, and back by the red light and glow of the furnace steps out a half-naked figure - the workmam. They look at each other for a moment. The girl looks at the dirt on him. He steps forward quite closely. He starts to smile - looking down upon her shaking with his emotion - something in the smile ~~e~~ wants her for a second. He makes an impulsive movement as though to put out his hand to her. She looks at him covered with oil and dirt, gives a little affected sniff and turns away. He stands petrified. She takes arm of chaperone - starts away. Workman in rage picks up weapon of some kind as though he is about to throw it. "You damn stuck-up" comes to his senses - turns around - laughs uproariously and scornfully

Starts back to work - then looks up as he works - with his face broken with emotion "Oh Hell what's life all about anyhow?"

Medicine show in small neighborhood - Helion who is again stewed gets a job as a joke - gets banjo and sings.

Waitress - lunch counter of hotel - taking off apron - impatient gent asking for doughnuts and coffee - Waitress -"The other girl will serve you, I am through for the day." Young girl exits. Stops at medicine show sees Helion. Helion flirting indiscriminately with anything that comes along - sees waitress - very much impressed - sings song to her "Heart of my heart I love you." Girl hangs on his words - love at first sight !

In restaurant later Helion eating many pieces of pie - making love across counter. "My name is John June." I am making $50.00 every week."

Moonlight strolls - more love. At country hotel Helion tries to get her to go up to his room. Girl resists. "The only man's room I will ever go to will be my husbands."

Traveling evangelist comes in hotel. Helion in a wild moment marries girl - takes license himself - keeps it - shows it to girl. Girl, who is an orphan mad with love - happy and delighted.

Lunch room - proprietor sees her go away without any explanation - leaves note "I am going away" sees her go away with medicine man - scandal.

Helion's father worried - searches for him - discovers him. Helion tells him he is in love with Girl but afraid to tell him he is married - wants to get married. Father's rage greater than he anticipated. "If you marry a waitress you will never get a cent from me."

Helion tells young wife in isolated place he is going back to the city to look for a better job and will return. - Tries to argue with Father.

In city - at club window - pretty girl fixes her stocking in front of him - smiles up at her - remembers her - after finishing argument with Father goes down street with pretty girl.

Wife - frightened writes to address he gave her. Helion gets sum of money - sends it to wife - tells her it is best that they separate. Girl, indignant refuses to accept money - goes out after maid's work.

Helion is conscience-stricken at wild party but sees other girls and throws it off.

Girl goes back to old job -

She is given a chance - has baby - is thrown out (as in other story)

Girl wanders from place to place, finally comes to town where her husband is.

Lecture room on street. Helion - jokingly with friend - "Legs are tired - let's go in and sit down. we don't have to listen to this fool I'm just going to sleep. " Goes in with Marie and little group. In room - impressionistic photography - people in audience lecturer talks. As he talks unfold what he says. "Heroes of the world - George Washington - this priceless institution of Americanism we have - we forget what it cost - it must be preserved - picture of Washington at Valley Forge - sub-title "Your forefathers suffered to make America - Are you suffering to preserve it?"

The army barefooted in snow - Washington praying - men at work

around camp - Washington's encouragement.- The men are in despair they can go no further - Washington encourages them. They march out barefooted in the snow - bloodstained - shivering in cold but their faces alight."

Back to audience. Helion half-asleep - slightly wakes up trying to kid the lecturer but having a hard time.

Again - Lincoln comes into great hall - "Payer and faith and sacrifice alone will save us." Audience again -

The Garden of Gethsemane - a dimly light cross - a figure beneath it - flashes of lightning on one side of the picture - on the other a telegraph pole - the man on the pole says "If we could only catch these flashes of lightning for that is the lightning of love that only strikes us occasionally - if I could only harness it as Franklin did the other lightning. It would circle around the Globe and ring real understanding in the world." We show this flash aroud Washington and around Lincoln - then to the audience. If you can only get your hearts in key with this, you will all have peace.

Helion is shown at all times restless and miserably unhappy. He goes out pretending to be unconcerned. In his room - walking in terror up and down - some business of girl coming by room but Helion despite his conscience determines to marry the rich girl.

In the meantime anarchist has gotten the worst forces of the factories together to make powerful the strike which decent employes are planning. view of two loafers (villain of the play anarchist and capitalist) - anarchist urging men to tear down mills and take everything over themselves - stop the railways - general strike. "We will take over everything."

Out of the banker's office runs the secret army - view of great steps - down these steps run an army of dollars, revolving money - it runs down the street into the judge's office - up the steps. The dollars run into a great woods by the mills. Out of the woods come the hired detectives of the mill forces. The great strike is called. Our working boy has pledged his word with the anarchist to go with him. Goes by the hall of the lecturer at the same time as the other people are there (These scenes in his mind) The radicals say they will destroy the mills and stop the wheels and take over America. He rebels and says he is as important in the mills as the owners. He will fight his own way. The strike is called - the great capitalist tries to bring in other laborers. The city is turned into turmoil - battle - hundreds are killed - women and children dispossessed - the radical strikers driver to desperation, determine to destroy the city. Better class of workmen knowing this organize in an adjoining town with our hero at the head.

Helion visiting the city sees a young mother and her baby dispossessed - the lesson reacting on him - realizes what a dog he has been. Tells Father the truth and the terrible wrong he has done and says he is going to find his wife. Meets the working boy. Goes with him to help save the city - Powder mills are blown up. The city is set afire - the rich father who wanted to compromise with the labor leader goes down to try to pacify them and adjust things. His daughter is desparation follows him. Rich banker says "No, we will fight to the finish" sends out more dollars to keep on the fight. Wife of Helion is caught in the

burning city as is the father and the rich girl. The Americans in the next city organizing to save. They have no flag being caught on the outskirts - they take a white shirt a blue shirt and a red under shirt from among their people (revert back to the making of the first American flag that was made in this manner.) With this flag at the head they march on to save the [redacted] city. The radicals and the hired forces are destroying each other. The hired forces have the best of it and are shooting them down. Part of the city is burned. When the boy and Americans rush in conquer them - both hold the flag up before them. "You can destroy if you want to, but you must respect this flag, strike reduce wages if you want to, but you must respect this flag!" What it cost to make we will spend to preserve - Refugees walled in with the still burning city - the young wife and the rich girl and father are saved just in the nick of time. In the action Helion in getting trace of his wife, saves her. The fire, by the destroyed buildings in the way, is saved from going any further. Helion in saving his wife and baby, is himself dangerously wounded. On an improvised cot a doctor is by his side. His baby boy and his wife on the other side. He asks the doctor "Is there any chance?" Doctor says "I don't know."

Helion says "If my heart is always sweet and true as now, I want to live, if not I go back to my own self I would rather go now."

Back to the group - another title - view of the father - another view of baby boy, the son, the eternal mystery - throws a haloed light on the eternal mother's head as she sits waiting in great hope and love.

Helion - working boy and the girl. Girl's fineries are torn from her - almost half naked herself. "You are my girl," says Boy "I've got you at last."

Girl - "We will fight a lot."

Boy - "Yes I guess we sure will battle some, but by God we will love a lot, too.

Father - "My daughter, my daughter -

Boy - "She's my wife."

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Now I know in ancient childhood we wait the night for the old sweet girl and our heart's dear. Listen, wait and dream. There are just two in the ancient's dream.

"Listen, darling, listen, do you see how the wild blossoms fall? See how they run together? Maybe they hardly know. How we could be in love."

She was innocent and red haired. She ran and ran and ran, -- all beneath the clover; all beneath the beech woods. We used to play among the beeches. See how the Autumn beeches ran. We used to play beneath the clover. We wandered and wandered and ran. There were beech trees. We ran, we ran. It was the end of September. The October breeze came down, cold and cold. In October all the winds came running high. And the winds and the leaves blew high and high. We went running down together. God of love, God of love! How it ran when the years ran high! Jesus, we could just love together tomorrow and yesterday. Say, I can remember when Whitcomb Riley, Eugene Field, all the rest -- say, I can remember when all the sweet ones -- well, what's the end of the rest? We know what's the end. Just hold each other closely, closely, breat to breast. That's all there is to it. To love one another; closely, closely to one another's breast. You may have all the high class words in French, and Scotch and English and all the rest, but the sweetest, sweetest, sweetest, dear, is to hold to one another's breast. Just say dear, I love you. And the other says, I love you too. Just to say why in Christ's heaven did God bring me to you? More and more -- then forever. Why did God bring you to me?

Just hold each other, hold each other close and close. That's the sweetest song and the best.

Say, we could make our fortune.

Just to imitate a writer down in Greenwich Village.

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"Say Anne, say, you know I thought I had the job. Say, it's certainly been tough out here. I'm telling you something, kid. You know dear -- say, I'm telling you. Listen, baby, I've got it in me. If I only get the chance I'm going to put it over. I mean baby -- say darling, - Lot of ham actors out of work here. Why, they're just ham actors, but I'll put it over. I'll slam 'em down. Baby, I know, I know I haven't acted right. You should have got a guy, a regular guy much better than --, well, you know, -- much better than I am. And still you stuck to me, and so I'm going to show you, so help me God. I'm going to show you -- well, I'll show you -- Maxine, Maxine, Maxine!

- - - - -

(Second woman talking to wife) "I hear Jim, your Jim has got a big part and is going to play the lead."

(Wife) "Say, he's going to knock 'em for a low down. Say, he'll lay 'em low. And how he'll do it. Baby, wait and watch."

- - - - -

(Jim Smith, our hero) "Say, I don't know anything about riding horses. I only rode one twice. But I'll ride the son-of-a-bitch."

Preparations for riding. The horses ready. They go dipping, swiftly they go forward. The director and the others watching. The horses go swiftly forward. They leap into the air. They fall. The horses make the leap. The horses fall forward. There is the clamor of applause.

Back to the audience. Great applause. The actor comes forward and the director: "Gee, that was a great leap. My God, I never saw such a jump. How'd you do it?"

The Actor: "Jesus Christ, I don't know."

Director: "You don't know? But how the Hell did you do it?"

Actor: "Well, I just did it."

Director: "What do you mean you just did it?"

Actor: "Well, I never rode a horse before in my life."

Director: "For God's sake!"

Actor: "I had to do it because my girl friend needed the money."

Director: "Well, what the Hell do you know about that!"

Nola West and her widowed mother,who is confined to a wheel chair,live on a little poverty stricken street. Nola is a mother to her mother,and every morning after getting breakfast,she wheels her mother to the corner and gets her papers for her,and then sells them too.

One evening as Nola is selling papers she slips on the ice infront of a rich womans home,she is badly hurt,and tore a gaping hole in her stocking.and the blood is gushing out.Mrs. Deering seeing the child fall,and being a kind woman in spite of her wealth,runs out to the walk where Nola has fallen,she is followed by her young son Robert.They bring Nola into the house,and Mrs.Deering bandages up the brused knee,and asked Robert if he would like to take the little girl home on his new sled,for Nola only lives a ~~short-way-away~~ few blocks away.He joyfully consents.and they bundle Nola on the sled,they wave happily to Mrs.Deering.

Entering the rough neighhood in which Nola lives they are immedeatly surrounded by a gang of tough kids,who schowl and throw remarks at Robert,he tries not to pay any attention to them but when one of the boys pick up a snowball and hits Nola in the face with it,it is to much for Robert and he falls into them,it was just what they wanted ,for they didn't think a boy like Robert could fight,but he is a husky boy and stands his own, Nola admires him greatly,for it is the first time a boy has ever taken up for her.

Robert goes home and Nola tells her mother of their kindness.''You know ,Mama,when I get big we are going to live in a pretty white house,and every thing is going to be nice and clean,and you are going to get well ,and have a silk dress like Mrs.Deering.''

Nola grows up and works in a drygoods factory,her mother stays home,,but Nola is discouraged,they seem to be get--ing no where,she is Jack Moore's girl and he is the leader of a band of crooks.

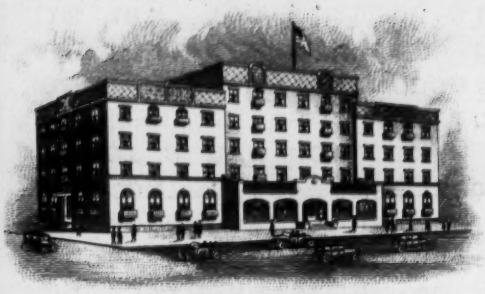
One night in disgust,after a hard day at the factory, she tells Jack she will join them,if he will always keep it from her mother.''I will just start getting that raise that I have been expecting,instead of taking the cut the boss is giving.''Jack kissed her.''Now kid you and me, will be getting married one of these days,so if any of the gang ever start any funny stuff let me know,for you and I are sticking to-gether.

Nola joins the gang,she keeps her expensive clothes at the appartment,where she stays during her ,supposed work-ing hours.They make some godd hauls and she buys her mother a new home in a different part of town.

After months of following the life of the underworld gang,she gets despondent and tells Jack she is going to quit,she doesn't care for him in the right way,and tells him so.''You will be alright after we are married kid''.

ALEX SCHNEIDER, JR.
PRESIDENT

GEO. G. RAINOUARD
SECRETARY-TREASURER



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SAMPLE ROOMS

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he tells her.''We are going to clean up on this next haul stay until you help with it,and we will both quit.

She consents,they are to attend a house party and Jack has the right dope,Nola is to be his sister for the night She is to cop the jewels,for she can open any safe.

The party is on and after slipping away,Nola opens the safe and gets the jewels,looking around for more loot she sees the photograph of Robert,the boy who had so nobly defended her,when she was a little girl,she remembers the kindness of the mother,and it makes Nola ashamed of what she had done,she is about to put the jewels back into their hidding place,when Jack sees her.''No he snarled, all we got to do is to leave here.''

''We are in a trap''Nola lied,they scuffle.
Robert hears the noise from behind some heavy potiers,he calls the police,and then confronts Nola'!Hand over the jewels and I will protect you.''Jack grabs the loot and stuffs it into his pocket,the two men go to the floor.

The police arrive,but in the excitment Jack gets away. Robert shielts Nola infront of the guests and his mother for he reconised her as the little girl he had befriended Before she goes home Robert secures her address,thief or no thief he is in love with her and she with him. The next day he calls ,and they go for a ride in the country, they are secertly watched by Jack,he is jealous and he plots to get Robert,he and the gang get him ,and hold him for ransom.Robert and Nola have been constently together every day for a week ,and when her son disapears,Mrs.Deering calls her.Nola suspect her former sweetheart,for they have been having some stormy sceans.

She goes on the hunt alone,she finds the gang did it, but she must work without the aid of the law if she is to save him,she gets the help of 'Humpy'a friend of her childhood days.They disguise and visit the underworld and get the desired information.He is far out in the country in an old abandoned house on the bank of a creek,the money is to be dropped by Mrs Dreeing herself,and she must not try to get help from the police if she is to see her son alive.Nola has not been seen around the Deering home and the gang dosen't know she that she knows any thing about it,for she has been at her mother's house in bed.

Nola conceals the police unbeknown to Mrs.Deering.

Mrs.Deering drives in her car to the spot,and drops the money,the police gets the leader and two men.They hurry to the hold out where they have tied Robert,he is alive

Nola and Robert are married,the gang is forever broken up,Nola's mother lives with them.

W A R

A Dramatic Composition in Four Acts

- by -

David Wark Griffith

"War" by D.W. Griffith

PERSONS IN PLAY

Jackson White, a bondman

Silas Jones

Caleb Sawyer

John Berry

Samuel Snowfall

Willie Beerbug

Farmer Wills and Family

1st Farmer and Family

2nd " " "

Old Sitkins

Pat Mulley

Mr. Rolf

William Fairfax Alexander of Nominee Carter of Virginia

Mr. Randolph Graves

Old lady, coach passenger

Old man, coach passenger

Fat man, coach passenger

Tall man, coach passenger

His Excellency, General George Washington, Commander-in-Chief of the Armies of the United Colonies.

General John Sullivan of the American Army

Colonel William Washington of the Virginia Cavalry A.A.

Aide to General Washington

Aide to General Sullivan

1st Express, William Hall

2nd Express, Frederick Kent

3rd Express, Jim Williams

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Wagon-train Express

1st Hospital Orderly

2nd Hospital Orderly

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Drill Sargeant

1st American Soldier

2nd " "

3rd " "

Old Soldier

Dr. Fields, American Hospital Camp

Captain Robert Cunningham, - In His Majesty's Service

Lieut. Earl Cunningham of Howe's Own

Lieut. Rodney, English Light Dragoon

Lieut. Pinkney, " " "

Lloyd Head, of the British S.S.

Reed, A Tory,

Balcom, a thug

1st British Soldier

2nd British Soldier

3rd British Soldier

1st Violin of Impromptu Orchestra at British Burlesqueing Burlesque Washington

Jennie Randolph Graves, of Virginia

Mrs. Jones

1st Nurse, American Hospital Corps

2nd Nurse, American Hospital Corps

Old demi-monde

Bess

Charity

Millie

Becky

New England farmers, mechanics, workmen, New England farm girls, coachmen, coach boys, American Soldiers, American Drummer boys, French soldiers, Drum corps, military band, standard bearers, American civilians, accordionists, chorus, impromptu band, British officers, British camp followers, and adventurers, men and women army rif-raf, impromptu orchestra Burlesquers, dancers, servants.

ACT I. "A Day in Old New England"
Haverhill, Massachusetts, April 19, 1775.

ACT II. Washington's Camp in the Jerseys, near the Delaware. Night, - December 22, 1776.

ACT III. Scene 1.- Captain Cunningham's quarters, the "King George", Chamber of the "Red Fox" Inn at Trenton. Night, December 24, 1776.

Scene 2.- British Outpost, Delaware River, the next night.

Scene 3.- Same as Scene 1, a few hours later than Scene 2.

ACT IV. Scene 1.- Conservatory ante-room of the Schuyler House Philadelphia. Later part of August 1781, morning.

Scene 2.- Same as Scene 1, - two months later.

ACT I

"A DAY IN OLD NEW ENGLAND"

This Act represents the passing of an entire day from early morning darkness until night,- in the village of Haverhill, Mass., April 19th, 1775.

R. is a reproduction of an old New England Inn, - the "Palaverer" Tavern. Either side of front door is a great tree, in the spreading branches of which, a platform or balcony is built, connected by a footbridge with the second story of the Tavern. There are also steps to the Balcony running up the side of the Inn from the ground. There are tables and chairs on the balcony where food and drinks are served. Also tables and chairs beneath this balcony in front of Inn. Lower part of Inn is a wooden bench set against the wall. Two doors ser directly against each other - one supposed to lead to the drinking-room - the other to the Inn proper. In front of the tavern, a swinging sign reading:

"Palaverer" Tavern, - formerly the "Sun".

"Best Ale and Beer Under the Sun".

This is the bird that never flew,
This is the tree that grew,
This is the ship that never sails,
This is the can that never fails."

Extreme R., a Milepost of red sandstone with inscription - "Post Road" .....Boston 34 Miles thereabouts..."

Samuel Snowfall."

Milepost is against Tavern. L. is a house with steps leading up to the second story entrance. Above doorway a signboard,- "Mrs. Jones takes in boarders, - ditto Mr. Jones". Beneath this is a barber shop with sign boards at random, viz.:-

"Ye signe of James Dandy, Barber"

"King George Water, --- Pink and Rose Hair Powder, --- "Hemmer's Essence of Pearl for the teeth" - - "Elixir Magnum Vitae". "He also mends and covers old umbrilloes and sells sticks for ditto. Ladies may be supplied with all sizes, so small as to suit misses of six or seven years old as low as eight shillings in a piece. He has oyl cloth and near-jointed ditto for me. Also he mends instuments of music. Also he teaches the voice."

At back is an old fashioned house in front of which is supposed to be a street running across stage.

The Act opens with the ordinary, sleepy atmosphere prevalent then as now in Haverhill towns whatever name they may happen to bear.

- - - - -

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Characterization.

The Bondman was imagined as representing the state of bondage as a general condition, afterwards awakening from the sullenness, spite and hurt of bondage into a better life by the touch of freedom. Practically, he is merely one of the many men of education and good family, who through some stroke of fate, come into the American Colonies as indentured serving men.

Jones, - a man of good sound sense and principal whose little knowledge has been picked up from newspapers and experience. While he should carry the general New England characteristics, which were just as plainly marked them as now, - in his case, - not quite so strongly brought out as in Sitkins and the farmers.

All the New England characters use practically the same tonal peculiarities as though in a modern play, - these peculiarities being commented upon in the diaries and correspondence of foreigners visiting New England then, - as they would be today.

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1st Watchman

(off stage, calling in long, drawn out tones) Four o'clock in the - morning - and - all's well; four o'clock - in - the - morning - and - all's well; Four o'clock - in - the - morning and - all's well. (Each call grows fainter)

(On the stone stoop in front of the firsr house L., is seated a fat, round-faced, old watchman of about fifty. He has heavy eyebrows, is bald on top of head, hair growing on the sides and at the back, and is tied in a cue with a green ribbon. His clothes are of very inferior quality of brown homespun, his coat being much too large for him. His lantern is beside him, and he is slpeping, emitting occasionally a stentorian snore. After 1st Watchman's call is heard, there is a short silence. Then enters from R.U., Silas Jones and Sawyer Jones. Silas Jones is dressed in worn brown with a large patch in back of coat, but of the same color as coat and neatly patched. He has one very plain, white armlet from shoulder to wrist, the other he has lost; he wears no stock; loose brown stockings, plain shoes with small buckles. He wears a very old, delapidated, scrawny, grey wig powdered carelessly with white, and wears a worn beaver hat with low crown, and very broad brim. Sawyer Jones is dressed in a similar costume of grey. He wears his own hair, which should be dark brown and thin on the top, tied in the back with a green ribbon. He wears three cornered hat of dark green with worn ribbons across the top. They are both fairly well drunk, and stand at foot of steps leading up to first house L.)

Silas Jones.

(with maudlin sentiment) Home, - home - (gestures with hand indicating house)

Sawyer Jones

(same tone) Do you know sumthin?

Jones

No, What?

Sawyer Jones

I feel - I feel - like singin' a song.

Jones

No, no (holding up his hand in mysterious fashion and with great emphasis) no more songs. Sung nuff songs, You know sumthin'? You got ter go home with me -- my - my - wife's at home.

Sawyer Jones

(Holding on to post on one side as Jones stands leaning on the other side). A-a-h, - ah, - wife.

Jones

Ah - (repeating Sawyer's tone) wife, - you - you never seen my wife. She's a smilin' complecshun, my wife - my wife (with sudden emphasis and loud tone) sweetest woman ever lived. Come on, you - you go home with me, - we go to sleep, - my home - my home, my wife.

Sawyer

No, - goin' nuther way - back - preacher's ordination and - preacher's rum.

Jones

You know sumthin? Parson's rum's - grandest rum, - grandest rum - come - we go home (takes Sawyer by arm, going up steps) Come on (knocks loudly with knocker) My-wife, she'll be so-so glad to see you and me, - my wife's the sweetest - the most smilin complecshun.

Sawyer

(sentimentally) Home at last! Home!

Jones

(with enthusiasm) You know my wife's the dearest - the sweetest -

(Window is raised in house 2nd story, and Mrs. Jones in white nightgown and four cornered immense red nightcap, pokes her head out of the window)

Mrs. Jones

(She is large and fleshy, about fifty; in stern tone) Who's that knowking down there?

Sawyer

Wife. (Holds up right hand, weakly making effort to look up) Wife -

Jones

(Puts Sawyer's hand down; in very sweet tone) It's me.

Mrs. Jones

(More sternly than before) Ah, it's you, is it? Well, what do you want?

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Jones

(mildly) I - I want to go to bed.

Mrs. Jones.

(with great vindictiveness and sarcasm) You want to go to bed, do you? Nice time to be coming home. Where've you been?

Jones

(Making bold effort to seem sober) New pastor's ordination - Stubberfield - then - to - Liberty Meeting and, and-I want to go to bed.

Mrs. Jones

(In great indignation) Well, you can go to bed on the ground, you don't get in this house tonight, you and your drunken - loafing - and that green-plume raccoon you got with you (shaking finger at Sawyer) Oh, I see you, - you needn't hide your head, I SEE YOU. I think I would hide my head.

Sawyer

(Holding on to Balcony, weakly, but with indignation) I'm - I'm NOT hidin'my head.

Mrs. Jones

You, and your RUM drinking ordinations, and your Liberty Meet-

ings, you, you, YOU (each one louder and stronger than the other) Goodnight. (In a final outburst and wrath of indignation, slamming window down.

Sawyer

(After short pause) My wife, goo-night.

Jones

(earnestly) No, no, not your wife. My wife, - MY wife.

Sawyer

)dramatically) MY wife, - your HOME

Jones

(with stern dignity) No, no sir, MY WIFE, - YOUR home.

Sawyer

(resignedly) Allright. Goo-night. (Lays down on porch)

Jones

Goo-night. (They fall limply down on porch and go to sleep)

(Another short pause, and then 1st watchman is heard)

1st Watchman

Daylight - and - all's well. (he comes on stage as the dawn begins to appear, and goes slowly off calling) Daylight - and all's well.

(Again there is silence for a time, while gradually the stage is flooded with the light of day. When lights are full up, the watchman who has been asleep on steps, suddenly wakes up, and calls lustily, "One o'clock in the morning and all's well"; then quiclly realizing his mistake, calls - "Daylight", "Daylight and all's well"; puts on his hat, gets lantern, exits, quickly calling as though to make up for lost time, - "Daylight - and all's well; Daylight and all's well." Exits R.U. Willie Beerbug enters from L.U. Comes lazily down the state, yawning and giving indications of having just gotten out of bed; he wears no coat; is dressed in farmer Brown costume in a decidedly delapidated condition; he is under size and his

face us that of an habitual drunkard with red nose, etc. He is putting on his waistcoat in a sleepiy, slow manner as he comes down stage, he looks up at tavern, sees that it is not open yet, and grunts disappointedly, then sits or rather leans on fence, looking up at tavern; directly the tavern window opens to the R., then one opening on the tree balcony, and Samuel Snowfall puts his head out of the window.)

Willie Beerbug

(Laconically calling up to Snowfall) Good morning!

Samuel Snowfall

(dressed in black smallclothes; white and red waistcoats, white shirt without wristlets; white stockings - wears own hair powdered white. With affectation of cheerfulness common to all barkeepers of all ages, looking down) Well, if it aint Willie Beerbug. I'll be ready for you in a minute, Willie. (Opens the windows down stairs from inside, opens door and comes on stage) Fine morning, Beerbug.

Willie Beerbug

(offhand, colloquial tone) Yes, - pretty warm. Got sort of thirsty.

Snowfall

Well, come right in. (Both exit into Inn)

(A boy of 17 or 18 years comes out of Inn with a harness on his arm, goes slowly X to L. A woman domes to pump L.U. and draws a bucket of water. Enter Farmer Jeb Wills and family Wills enters first. He is a thin and angular man and is roughly dressed in the coarse brown homespun of the day. His coarse hair is tied in back with string. He is barefoot, carries shoes in hand with socks inside of shoes. He is closely followed by his wife, also thin and angular, awkward, does not wear hoops, cheap sear-sucker faded dress falls clumsily around her; also barefoot and carries shoes).

Farmer Wills

(Calling off) Come on ye pesky lazy bones.

(Enter two daughters about 18 and 16, and a boy of 13 or 14. Girl wears hoops very awkwardly made, and over them white sear-

sucker skirts with flaringstripes, pantelettes of white with ruffles on bottom; hair is pompadoured in ludricous imitation of prevailing style. They are also barefooted carrying shoes.

1st Girl

(in nazel drawl) Neow, everybody's up and see us barefoot. Why didn't ye - ye let us put 'em on before?

(They all sit on curbing and deliberately put on stockings and shoes)

Farmer Wills

(with indignation) Ya-as, and wear out all that shoe leather. Nearly all out neow. No sir. Nobody see you here 'mount to anything.

(Window opens in the Jones house upstairs, - then directly the door)

Mrs. Jones

(enters, stands on stoop, to Jones and Sawyer still asleep on porch) Come, get up, get inside the house, you night birds, you boozers, come on, come on now.

(Jones and Sawyer rise sleepily, and Mrs. Jones pushes them inside the house)

(Two men go from R. to L. with spades on back, saunter off stage. Farmer Brown and Miller enter on balcony from Inn. They are dressed in conventional Farmer Brown costumes, Brown wears coat. Snowfall brings them rum. Farmer Wills and family now have on shoes. Beerbug enters from Inn wiping mouth, sits on bench).

Farmer Wills

(to family) You go on in town, and wait for me et the store.

Mrs. Wills

We be waitin'. (starts to R.U.)

Farmer Wills

Got to see a man here on business (Goes into Inn)

(Family exits R.U. Beerbug follows Farmer Wills into Inn. Another family enters on horseback, all on one horse, in farmer saddle. Thin, weazened man of 40; wife very plump. Farmer holds a boy in front of him, boy holds large package wrapped up in newspaper; wife behind farmer holds a child of 5 or 6 in her lap. Farmer stops, looks at Inn for a moment contemplatively, then says "Giddup", and they exit).

Snowfall

(In doorway, calling) Jack, Jack, - where's that Jack White?

(BONDMAN enters slowly from R. below Inn. Dressed in rather tight-fitting leather trousers, Indian style, and moccasins. Rough woolen shirt, open at throat, arms bare from above elbows. Wears a wig, supposed to represent his own hair, which is unpowdered, and caught at back with black ribbon.)

Snowfall.

(in great anger) What's the matter with you? Here I am busting my bellows yelling for you. Why don't you come when I call?

Bondman

(sullenly, yet more in indifference than anything else, taking Snowfall's vulgar tone) Well, aint I here?

Snowfall

Yes - after I've been yelling here for an hour, Hurry up - get some wood for the kitchen. Pike along now, pike along.

Bondman

(slowly and indifferently X's above Inn) Well - aint I piking? (Exits)

Snowfall

Well, of all the lazy loafing culls - that was a fine bargain when I bought you. Wish I'd bought a nigger instead.

Farmer Brown

(from balcony) I told you, Sammy, I told you he wasn't no good. You ought to bought a nigger. Higgers is best cause you can knock their heads with a club, an' if ye beat these white

pole cats, they get the law on ye.

(Berry enters with ox-driver in solid wooden-wheeled tumbril cart, hand made, very rough, one or two oxen drawing it; he is dressed in leather trousers, buckskin waistcoat, plain shirt, rough stockings, moccasins, home made cap)

Berry

(To oxen, jerking lines) Ge, haw there, gee, whoa, whoa there. (Calls to Snowfall) Hy there, Snowfall, Sam SNOW - FALL!

Snowfall

(Coming to door) It's you, is it? 'Bout time. (To bondman off stage) Hey, you, get this meal in the kitchen, shake your bones, now, shake your bones.

(Bondman enters, goes to cart. Beerbug comes out of Inn, sits on bench against front of Inn, wiping mouth, looking wisely on.)

Berry

(Calling up to balcony) You fellows come down and help.

(Farmer Brown and Silas Miller come down steps. Bondman takes the first sack in the house. Miller takes a sack on shoulder, then Brown, then bondsman comes again.)

Berry

(In loud tone) Take this meal into Jones' House, will you? (In lowmtone) It's gunpowder, - be careful of it.

Bondman

(In serious voice) I will that. (exits into Jones' House)

Berry

(Loud, to driver) Take this load down to the store.

Driver

Allright. (Exits with tumbril cart)

Berry

(Jovial, lively tone, to Miller and Brown) Well, how are you?

(They come down, sit at table R. in front of Inn)

Miller

Good enough. I've been making the run up north. They whisper there's great excitement in Boston town.

Brown

Yes. Don't mean nuthin', tho. Just talk, nuthin' but talk, talk, talk, nuthin' else.

(Snowfall enters, stands by table. Beerbug stands close by okking wistful as they give orders)

Brown

(casually, giving order to Snowfall) Neat

Miller

Neat

Berry

Beer for me.

(beerbug stands looking on for a moment, then exits into Inn. Barbershop window opens. Then the door swings back. Isaac Dandy comes out on stoop combing a wig. He has shoes with plain buckles, faded pink stockings, trousers of the same, white shirt without wristlets; his trousers are a little large for him and he is kept busy pulling them up over hips. He has a very black Indian hair wig, powdered profusely with powder through which the black hair shows. BONDMAN enters R.U. with 3 small sticks of wood on shoulder. Goes lazily to the door).

Brown

(Calls at Bondman from his chair) Why don't you hurry? You're the greatest lazy bones I ever saw.

Bondman

(sarcastically) Thank you, sir, since when do I have to lis-

ten to you?

Brown

(astonished) Well, what do you think of that?

Berry

(good naturedly) You're not very well acquainted with work, are you - Jackie-Go-Slow?

Bondman

(looks at them; makes no answer. Gets to corner and turns) A fudge for thee (exits).

(Snowfall brings drinks. Enter Sitkins, an old man, withered and dried up, accompanied by Old Pat. They look almost alike; are about 70 years old. Pat wears bottle green trousers and waistcoat without coat, wooden clogs. Sitkins worn, faded, leather trousers, dull green shirt and shawl, wooden clogs. Both wear beaver hats and carry canes. Come down stage.)

Sitkins

(In thin high-pitched voice) I till you, they's bad eggs (sits in chair at table) Ony man that wears a redcoat's ah bad egg. By granny, I think there's goin' to be war.

Pat

(scratches head, takes a long draw on pipe) Well, there do be some talk.

Sitkins

Aint got nobody down there ken talk. Ought to hear Sammy Adams, by granny, he's the boy.

(Beerbug re-enters, - merely holds handkershief in hand)

Berry

Pat, they tell me you heard the great speech down in Richmong? Say that was the greatest speech ever made. Tell us about it.

Pat

(with brogue) Aint much to tell. It was like this (to Snowfall) I'll take it neat. There was Mr. Lee and another man, they live down on the other side. They made grand speeches. I'm tellin' ye they made gradd speeches. I don't know jist what they sid, but 'twas grand speeches; then there was a young lad he jumped right up where he was sittin', - he had a foine voice. His first name was Pat, - I don't rickollect the rist of it - he had a foine voice.

Berry

Yes, yes, - but what did he say?

Pat

(scratches head) Well, it wasn't so much what he said, as the way he sid it. I till ye the lad had a foine voice.

Sitkins

(irritably) You've done said that three times now.

Pat

(with indignant force) Well, he did have a foine voice, and I'd like to see the man dispute it. I don't know exactly what the trible waz, but he looked rale indignant, and he sid, - I don't know exactly what waz the matter, - onyway, he said, far as he waz concerned (very marked) as for MY part, you are all at liberty to be dead - loike that - he raised his right hond up in the air, and sid, all of yees (wisely) o-he wuz a brave lad.

Berry

Aw, that's Pat Henry, you're talking about. He didn't say "At liberty to be dead."

Pat

(with indignation) He didn't, didn't he? He sid to their faces; he told them right out, mind ye, he says, says he, with his right hand up likethat, all of yees, as for MY part, all of yees is at liberty to be dead. (reminiscently) He had a foine voice.

Berry

(laughs) Well, I must get down, take off my load. (exits)

Beerbug - Takes hat and cane, starts as though to go home)

Pat

(Taking out tobacco box, calling into Inn) Bring us some coals Snowfall.

Snowfall

(from inside) Coming.

(3rd Farmer enters on old tubby looking horse, also gentle looking Farmer is a medium sized man, ruddy and healthy looking, wife also plump. Farmer holds a boy of 9 in front of him, boy carrying a wooden cage with a squirrel in it. Wife carries a baby in her arms, and a barefoot foy of seven or eight is seated behind her, holding on to her around waist, Farmer dismounts, goes into Inn. Oldest boy dismounts, leads horse off. 3rd Farmer passing by people in front of him) "Good morning"

(Beerbug in center looks off L. then back to Inn uncertainly, then follows farmer into Inn).

Omnes

Morning.

(Snowfall enters with amsmall iron pan holding glowing coals and tongs. Jones and Sawyer enter from house, and simaltaneously say "Good morning")

Omnes

)laconically) Morning.

Sitkins

(To Jones) Where you - been?

Jones

(Takes out pipe and tobacco bag, fills pipe) Over Stubberfield. Got x home a little late last night. (To Snowfall) Give me a coal. (Snowfall passes them around to all) (Jones puts a coal in pipe) Thank you. (Presses it down with finger)

Sitkins

(Pressing down coal with finger) Yes, sir, hottest day I ever see in April.

Jones

It do bear my recollections in Boston.

Sitkins

(wisely) Going to be trouble.

Jones

(who has sobered up) Well, we be ready for it in New England. We got sixty-three men right here in Haverhill, as fine a looking soldier boys as you ever seen. They drills every morning. Young Gimpson who boards with us, he drills. Got a bran new uniform, blue, and yellow on the lapels, his mother made it for him. It fits grand.

Pat

(wisely) They'll be no war.

(Beerbug re-enters, puts on hat, starts to go home again).

Farmer Brown

(Quickly, decisively) Well, I should say not. You send up two of them red-coated soldiers, and all Haverhill would swim the Merrimac river, and them Minute Men, they'd be minute-men, they'd be about a mile a minute running.

(Snowfall and Brown laugh)

Farmer Brown

Yes, who minds a little tax on tea.

(Willie Beerbug gets C. and stops, looks at Inn, then goes back)

Snowfall

Yes, who minds a little taxes. We have as good government as anybody. A tax on tea don't amount to nothing.

Willie Beerbug

(Back to Inn door, scornfully) Tea. - bah! (Exits into Inn)

Snowfall

Well, I tell you I think that this drilling of troops does look sort of like treason against the king.

Sitkins

(breaking in) Has anybody seen the new Jest book - damndest smartest book you ever seen. Just published in Boston - Joe Miller's Jest Book. Well, Saturday night, I was reading about it, and there's a joke in there about a chicken, and when the parson got to that text last Sunday when he read about the fowls of the air, I had to laugh right out.

(Mr. Rolf, a gentleman of 55, scrupulously dressed with black three cornered hat, black coat and vest, breeches, white stockings, shoes with silver buckles, exquisite manners, ceremonious, stiff and formal. Enters from House back).

Mr. Rolf

(with quick, bright temp, bows) Gentlemen, I have the pleasure to wish you all the best of health this beautiful day.

Omnes

Good morning.

Jones

Good morning, Mr. Rolf.

Snowfall

Good morning, your honor.

Mr. Rolf

(To Snowfall) You have reserved me a seat, I hope, sir.

Snowfall

I have, your honor.

Mr. Rolf

Thank you, I thank you.

Sitkins

(Putting on company manners) Well, sir, and what do you think will be the outcome of all the stir with the King, sir?

Mr. Rolf

Well, sir, that is quite too serious a matter for me to answer, sir. We shall soon know, sir, we soon shall know. Of course, Gentlemen, we should never forget out great obligation to the mother country, nor, Gentlemen, should the mother country forget her duty toward us. We must be reasonable, but firm, firm, firm. Gentlemen, we must give her to understand that we must be treated as equals. Gentlemen, I must say I have found a true, plain, honest understanding of the matter here in this good town.

(Beerbug enters from Inn wiping mouth, stands at door)

Jones

We are all glad to hear you say so, sir.

Mr. Rolf

Thank you - gentlemen, I wish you a very good day. (Exits)

Sitkins

Now that's what I call a gentleman. Don't see 'em now-a-days, No geminas, or gollys or jerichos, or culls and sick vile loose language. (sadly, shaking head) I till ye things is going to the bad.

Pat

(shaking head, still in reverie) He had a foine voice.

Berry

(thoughtfully, taking another drink) It's a strange world.

Beerbug

(who has started to go home again, but stops, with great earnestness, mysterious, sad low tone) It's a sad world, sir. Mind what I'm tellin' ye. There be some who dispute with me but it's a sad world. (No one makes a reply, all shake their heads. He looks off L. then at Inn, goes to tavern door, turns in the doorway) I say there be some who dispute me, but mind what I'm tellin' ye, it's a sad world. (Exits into Inn)

(Bondman enters, picks up wood)

Pat

Is it an easy service here, cull?

Bondman

As easy as it is to be a dog, sir.

Pat

What happened to ye that ye got in this muss. Ye have the tongue of better days.

Brown

(bullying, to show off) But his face suits his name,
(sings) Mud-face, slow-foot, cull of a knave,
Blue-face, glum-face, our bond slave.

Bondman

(comes doen with wood on shoulder) I am a cull, - an indentured gilly, - I know that - but what are you?

Brown

(with sputtering indignation) Me? Why I am a man, a freeman.

Bondman

(quietly) Are you? How's that? I think you and I are about in the same boat (sneering, sullen, vindictive, insinuating). Yes, I think so, all of you, - you are only here by courtesy, you are not fit to be free though, - the real people across the seas would never dream of such as you making laws to govern yourself. No, no, they do that on the other side, - your betters do that - you are good to pay taxes.

Brown

(In astonishment) Why - why - why you -

Bondman

The King's soldiers should they by chance kill such as you are not even held responsible. They go back to England to be judged by their equals, but not by their inferiors, Americans - like you. You are here merely for their benefit, that's all, nothing more.

Brown

Why the impudence talking to me like - I'll (picks up whip) I'll give you a good lashing for this. (strikes Bondman who has dropped wood and stands close by table, Brown starts towards Bondman, lashes him with whip, Bondman takes whip from him, and throws him so that he falls in chair. Brown starts for him again, stops, calls) Snowfall, Snowfall, SNOWFALL!

(The bondman through all this, shows no spirit life, the dead ugly sullenness of bondage he typifies).

(Snowfall enters)

Brown

Make this blue-face apologize to me.

Snowfall

(quick temper) I'll have him one hundfed lashes on the bare back. I'll let him ride the wooden horse. I'll have him - (to bondman) make your excuses to the gentleman.

Bondman

(in same dead tone) I'll make my excuses to hell fire first. (picks up long pieces of wood, throws them over shoulder and exits).

Snow fall

I'll have him up at the Meeting tomorrww.

Sitkins

Very brash young man that. My time with the Gazette. (Takes paper from Beerbug who is seated across table from him).

Brown

(indignantly) That's what comes of all your Liberty meetings, and your treason against the King. There must be a master everywhere. If we don't obey the King, how can we expect our servants to obey us. I tell you, the whole country is going to rack and ruin. The King is a good man, and you can't do without kings.

2nd Farmer

That's right. That's just what I say, and here's to His Majesty, King George.

(All arrange themselves comfortable. Pat leans back against table, smoking; Beerbug in similar position; Brown smoking; Sitkins looks over glasses for a time, busily, then for a time nose in paper, then looks up over glasses.)

Sitkins

(In same nasal, short, twangy tones) I see hews from Haverhill here. Always like the Haverhill column of the Boston Gazette. Says here that Pastor Makepeace had to speak right out last Sundy to Benomy Simpkins for his rude and idle behavior in the meeting house, such as smiling and larfing and inticing others to the same evil, - pulling the hair of his neighbor, Elizabeth Mullons, in the time of public Worship, - such as throwing Sister Penticost Perkins on the ice, it being Sabbath day, between the meeting hows and his place of abode.

Farmer Brown

Serves 'em right. Ought to speak right out to 'em. I heard him, and he looked right at Benomy all the time he was talking to him.

Sitkins

(raising head) Well by Jericho, they're going to whip Moll Mitchell Friday morning, fifty lashes for being a wench, - by Gilly, I'll have to see that. See here the Redcoars parading every day in Boston. By Golly, Paul Revers set up his sign for a dentist - guess the engraving business aint no good,- Says the London style is to wear two watches.

Brown

By Jericho, aint but one man in Haverhill that's got one.

Sitkins

Says here that Isaac Milton was given sixty lashes down in Maine for courtin' two girls at the same time.

Brown

Hate to live in Maine

Sitkins

(in sing-song voice, reading) Last Wednesday forty-five Daughters of Liberty met at the tome of Mrs. Adams. Nothing appeared in their whole conduct but love and festivity. Their entertainment was wholly American, except a little wine. The whole was concluded by many agreeable tunes by the Liberty Sons with great judgment and fine voices. See there's goin' to be a lecture at the Meetin' House this afternoon on the Eternalness of Everlasting Damnation. That's where all the people goin', I guess. Fine lecture, fo MYself, - if I wasn't so busy.

(The others have now all fallen asleep. Sitkins leans back in chair, puts paper over face and goes to sleep himself).

Gimpy

(After short pause, runs on stage. He has vivid red hair; wears heavy shoes, green breeches of cheap cloth, white stockings, wears no coat in this act but a gorgeous waistcoat, very old and worn with many colors, white ruffle down the front from which four strips which he has evidently sewed on with care with his own hands, fun from each side center, top one a vivid green, the next purple, the lower half of bright red; shirt of plain white, sleeves coming to just a little below the elbow)
Ciach is coming. Coach is coming,- coach.

(Immediately there is great excitement. Everybody rushes out on stage. Mrs. Jones and another woman put their heads out of window. Two or three people appear on balcony in front of tavern and the stage is immediately filled with people of all classes and descriptions).

Miller

(up stage, looking off) It's Bayshore Will, got the reins. Full coach, boys, - swells too, - here they come.

Bayshore Will

(outside) Whoa, Whoa, - hey - hey!

(Great hubbub, commotion, voices, - and the coach with four horses comes on stage, coachman with greatest flourish drawing the coach to a stop. The coach is full inside, the back piled with baggage and packages, (per note) On top large gentleman and short gentleman. Coach boy drops off seats opens door. An old gentleman and lady get out first. Snowfall busies himself helping to open the coach door, etc.)

Old gent.

(neatly dressed in black) Well, wife, we're at Haverhill. We rest our bones a while.

Old Lady

(also neatly dressed in dark color, in squeaky voice, with much concern) Caleb, - any wolves? Say there are lots of wolves in this country.

Berry

Law, madam, all the wolves is gone years and years ago.

Old Gent.

(looking at tavern) Very pleasing looking tavern. Best under the sun, it says.

Snowfall

(bowing) Yes, your honor. Will you be pleased to enter, your honor.

Old Lady

(in same high squeaky voice) Sure they aint no wolves around? (enters tavern)

Large gent.

(getting down steps) It's a damn hot morning.

Short gent.

(who is deaf) This is Haverhill.

Large gent.

I said it was a damn hot morning. Eighty-five in the shadows by the thermometer last stop.

Short gent.

Yes, that's the name, Haverhill, - great coachingcenter.

Large gent.

(in doorway) I didn't say anything about Haverhill. I said it was damn hot.

(Coach boy is holding door open, helping people out).

(William Fairfax Alexander of Nominee Carter of Virginia comes slowly out on steps. He speaks with an affected, drawly, pronounced English accent. He has a negro servant, named 'Pompey'. He is dressed in red coat which comes several inches below knees in back, is full in the skirts with exaggerated pleats. He has red satin small clothes with braid of black down sides, white silk stockings caught with two garters of vivid red solk with silver buckles, one above the knee and the other below. His shoes are of black with immense silver buckles, laced with red ribbon. Stockings have black clocks. Waist-coat of rich cream, elaborately tucked and frilled, soft and rich, instead of being buttoned, it is slashed and red silk ribbon woven through the slashes and laced. Goat sleeves come to just an inch below the elbow, and have very broad cuffs, from the elbow white wrist bands held in place with black thumb ring on each hand. Very high stock of white; has also two very large gold watches with heavy chains on each side of waistcoat. Wears a tall, broad brimmed beaver hat set off with a red cockade. Has a small muff which he carries over wrist by a cord. Negro servant dressed in black and white stockings and white wig.)

Carter

Pompey.

Pompey

Yes, sir.

Carter

Put this away (handing muff)

Pompey

Yes, sir (taking muff)

Carter

They have geen telling me every day I would need it, and every day it gets hotter.

Pompey

Yes, sir.

Carter

Pompey, it's hot. (taking off hat)

Pompey

Yes, sir.

Carter

(takes off wig, showing own hair beneath, fans himself with wig) Pompey, this is Haverhill, - ah, Haverhill.

Pompey

Thank you, sir.

Carter

It is different from London.
(Pompey makes no reply)

Carter

(turns) I said it was different from London, Pompey.

Pompey

Yes, sir.

(Carter swaggers leisurely across the stage to Inn, in dandified fashion, swinging his cane, with Pompey following close behind him)

Gimpey

(Comes quickly from R. 2, sees Carter - they meet face to face. Gimpy starts back in astonishment). Well, bless my curly locks.

Gimpy

My golly, here's a man got two watches. Oh, gemina!

Carter

(regarding Gimpy a moment, x's to Inn door) Pompey, I should say there were a very large number of asses in Haverhill. (exits)

Gimpy

Bless my curly locks, what is it?

Snowfall

(To driver and coach boy, busy with luggage) I say, is my harpsichord, - ah there it is, - now we shall have some music.

Gimpy

(seeing harpsichord) Oh, bless my curly locks.

(driver and boy take harp-piano inside Inn, Gimpy follows)

(An old gentleman has gitten out on the other side of coach, accompanied by his niece, Jennie Randolph Graves, a young lady, a girl of 19, and a servant with whom he has been talking

Up stage, above coach. He gesticulates during the foregoing scene, with cane. At this point servant exits, and old gentleman comes down stage.

Jennie

(She has reddish brown hair, in modified pompadour, clear, fresh pallor, the sought for complexion of that day. She speaks of great things with the confidence of youth, and is virile with the rebellious spirit of the times, impulsive, quick-tongued, and yet the spirit of gentleness. Wears a dress of soft green silk, delicately figured, a soft cape-like cloak with hood of a darker green than the dress, with drops about half way to the ground and is edged with black silk fringe. A very low crow of green silk, color of dress. Black shoes, silver buckles and white stockings; an ornamental chatelain hangs from waist). Oh, uncle, isn't it the beautiful place? Isn't it quaint, uncle? (bright, quick tones) Uncle, oh look up at the tables in the trees, isn't it the quaint drinking place? Well, I never saw anything like it.

Mr. Graves

(Dressed in rich black, with black stock and white, full, lace at sleeves, and silver buckles on shoes. He has white wig, supposed to represent his own hair, tied in a bag at back.) (In quick, pompous tones) I see it. Comes to a pretty pass if a man has to climb a tree every time he takes a drink. Very rambunctious custom, I should say.

(As they get to Inn door, bondman who has taken in two or three pieces of baggage, meets them as he re-enters)

Jennie

(Seeing bondman, in astonishment) You, well, I - Uncle, Uncle, (in great excitement) Look here, don't you see?

Mr. Graves

(who started into door, turns) Why, my child -

Jennie

Oh, don't you see?

Mr. Graves

(in surprised tone) Why, by jove, this is a surprise. Well, well, sir. I am most happy, indeed I am, indeed. (Goes to Bondman in most cordial manner as he speaks). Bondman receives open hand in confusion). I suppose, sire, you live in this neighborhood you -

Bondman

(still in slightly confused manner) No, not exactly, I, I - (straightens himself, recovers self-control, and smiles grimly) I am a bond slave to mine host, Mr. Snowfall of the good tavern here.

Jennie

(horrified) You are what?

Mr. Graves

I don't quite understand, sir, I -

Bondman

I am a bondslave to Mr. Snowfall here, the host of the tavern just as I have said.

Mr. Graves

(dumbfounded) But that night, sir, you were dressed as a gentleman. You had a sword, - your language -

Bondman

(quietly) All borrowed for the occasion, I am sorry to say, sir.

Mr. Graves

(Who in his turn, is now somewhat confused) Well, I am astonished to say the least. I, - I, - (tersely) Ah, well, of course, - ah Jennie, I think you had better go to your rooms.

Jennie

But Uncle -

Mr. Graves

(peremptorily) At once, Jennie.

Jennie

(to uncle) Yes, sir. (To bondman) I hope we shall meet again, sir.

Bondman

(bowing slightly) I thank you, lady.

Mr. Graves

(patronizingly, entire change of manner from greeting) I am sure, sir, no matter what your condition may be, I feel under great obligations for the very brave aid you gave myself and niece on that eventful night. If there is anything I can do in terurn, I -

Bondman

(in decided, meaning tone) There is nothing at all, sir.

Mr. Graves

I am sorry, sir. At least, I may thank you again. (Bows stiffly and exits into tavern)

(Bondman stands looking off after them)

Snowfall

(after a moment at window upstairs) Hurry up, you lazy bones. Get that luggage in.

Bondman

(in same indifferent tone) I'm getting it. (Takes luggage and carries it into tavern)

(There is heard a dinner bell ringing and a cry of "Dinner", "Dinner" , "Dinner", inside the tavern. The passing to and fro of the people ceases, large number of people that have been seated in balcony, go quickly into the tavern).

Gimpy

(Comes out of tavern and meets Jones, in great excitement, ra-

pidly) Oh, Uncle Jonsey, that tall gogle with all the names and the two watches is going to play the harp. Can I stay and hear him? Latest song, just come over from London, - the Banks of the Dee", - the King's favorite.

Jones

Better go on home and eat your dinner.

(a harp starts up inside tavern playing, the "Banks of the Dee")

Gimpy

Oh. listen, aint that rambunctious? I don't want any dinner. Goodbye. Bless my curly locks. (Goes inside tavern)

(Bondman enters, gets last piece of luggage, and as he starts back into tavern, Jennie enters from Inn).

Jennie

(In earnest tone) I wanted to see you again. I wanted to say that no matter, no matter how unfortunate you may have been I want you to know I thank you way down deep for your service that night.

Bondman

I beg of you, Lady - it is not well that they see you talking with me after this fashion.

Jennie

(earnest, rather quick tone) I am my own mistress, - besides they are all at dinner. You ran away that night before I really had time to thank you. I expected of course to see you the next day. Uncle said he had never seen anything like, like your bravery, and I thought - well, I wanted to tell you how splendid I thought it all, Mister, - eh (hesitating)

Bondman

(supplying name) Bondman, - that will answer as well as any.

Jennie

Some people would make even that a brave name. (There is a roll of distant thunder and stage darkens) Oh, there's going

to be a thunder storm. (Music stops)

Bondman

Yes, it looks that way.

Jennie

How quickly it came up. Why, it was as clear as it could be a moment ago, and now see how dark it is. (Comes down R. of table, stands by chair. Bondman has stopped on the other side and drops his baggage on the table, and leans on baggage), Oh, what a beautiful day it has been. The grass was waving on the hills as we came along, just think, a month ahead of its time, and the trees so green, - oh, I think this is a beautiful place, and you - (hesitates, quickly, in change of manner) By what right are you a bondslave?

Bondman

(quietly, unconcerned) By the right of the law, - the law and the powers that be, I suppose.

Jennie

(quickly, tensely with feeling) They are vile laws, and it's a vile power that makes them. We should have an end to them. Oh, if I were a man, by Jericho, oh pardon me, I've just been back to London, and there is so much of such language there.

Bondman

You said, if you were a man, lady -- if you were a man, what would you do?

(Long, low rolls of thunder, a little nearer; Stage quite dark as though by passing cloud. Thunder rolls occur at intervals during scene, growing a little nearer, then die away again, never loud, always a long, sonorous roll)

Jennie

(confidentially) I'd change these vile laws that make such things be, - that's what I'd do if I were a man.

(Harp starts again, very soft and low "Banks of the Dee")

Bondman

You forget you should have to be a freeman to do these things. If you were a bondsale, you would have to obey your master. That is the only law - the only religion that is given us, - to obey - (pauses and smiles) It's a vast joke, isn't it, this world - (looks at her) That night - that was quite a beautiful night, wasn't it?

Jennie

(hardly knowing her ground) Yes, if my memory serves me right, it was.

Bondman

(smiling a little satirically) Yes, there was moonlight. You had roses in your hair that I had plucked for you after the danger was passed, and we were together for a time. Think of the impertinence of it, I - a bondslave, asked you for one of your roses, and you, for your gratitude, gave it to me after you had (Jennie looks up) - you gave it to me.

Jennie

(hardly understanding, quickly, a little piqued) Yes, of course, I thought you were a different person.

Bondman

(smiles, nettled, yet with brave attempt to hide it) You mean a gentleman. Well, I'm sorry I had it under false pretenses. I shall return it to you.

Jennie

Return it? How can you?

Bondman

(quietly, with self-hurting sarcasm) It might be that I could. Perhaps, - perhaps I have kept it like a Romeo after it was properly faded, - housed it in a locket of fine gold set with pearls and precious stones.

Jennie

(turns quickly) It is not gentleness to mock like this, sir.

Bondman

(In light, satirical, rather quick low tone) Pardon me, lady, if I mock, 'tis but myself. I may at least have that little pleasure. And I - would it be of any interest to you to know what kind of a fool a man can be? Well, I'll tell you anyway. After that night, I builded me a country of dreams through which I have travelled many a time, a gallant and heroic figure, properly brave and handsome, clothed in scarlet and white, carrying my behewelled sword by my side, and wearing always his beautiful lady's favor. Pardon my foolery, but I must show you what a sweetly complexioned gentleman it is, even if he is a bond servant; how once, ONCE he must have been a real gentleman - some disappointment of LOVE (lowering voice in mock sadness) or great sorrow brought him to this pass - you may see all that by the melancholy in his countenance.

Jennie

Why, sir, I do not understand, I am sure I thought no such evil thing.

Bondman

(same manner)Pardon me, but I have often beguiled my spare moments, dreaming such moonshine, that you, yes you might think these very things concerning me, if by chance you should ever come to know me again, so now for my own good, I shall put an end to this moonstuff for once and all, for I am none of these. I am but a poor, simple, yokel, born in America, taken to England where I stole a surface education, and was going to do great things, but I found I could not show off as easy as I imagined, so just to spite the naughty world, I was sold as a slave, and I assure you I deserve no pity for I get all that I need for myself. (a little softer) Did I treasure the gleaming red rose you gave me beneath that long past summer night, under the yellow moonlight when together we heard the call of the whip-poor-will from the distance? Did I treasure the faded ashes of what was once a fair red rose - in a locket of gold set with precious stones? (Back to first tone) No, no, no. But I borrowed a shilling from my master, thus adding two days to my service, and bought a locket of brass (takes it out showing it) See how it shines - fastened to a glorious chain of twine string - and now I am very happy hearing the golden music of my own sweet voice - but pardon me, I must get in this luggage.

Jennie

(In beginning of this speech, starts to get up as though from

indignation, then she raises her head and looks at him, and smiles an understanding smile to herself. She speaks very softly and slowly, with all possible consideration and tenderness) Wait, please wait, I didn't mean - I didn't mean to hurt you.

Bondman

(who has lifted up luggage, drops it quickly, and fairly jerks this speech out of him) Who said I was hurt?

Jennie

I am glad to hear you speak like that. When I first saw you, I thought you were a dead man like so many of us in this country, but I rather think you are alive.

Bondman

(courteously) Thank you - but I - (starts as though to go)

Jennie

Wait, please.

(Harp plays very softly and sweetly "Banks of the Dee". Thunder dies out going into distance, Jennie turns as though listening to the music).

Jennie

I heard that song the last day I was in London at a place where I also heard superior Englishmen asking in a patronizing way what kind of people those Americans were? If I were a bondslave, I would not eat my heart out with such idle thought or words, I, - I, - (quickly, with some heat)

Bondman

(quietly) Pray, what would the little, great lady do if - she were a bondslave?

Jennie

(Low and intense with rapidity) If I were a red dog, I'd be the best dog that ever was. If I were a bondslave, I'd be the best bondslave that ever was until I bought my freedom, and then I'd buy the man that bought me, that's what I would do.

Goodbye (hesitates, then goes back to old sweetness and simplicity) I didn't mean to say anything that was wrong, only it hurts me to see men like this. Now I didn't give the rose to you -.my rose is for no bondslave (bondman smiles) But you may keep it as a trust until you meet a certain freeman, bold and not afraid, walking a straight path beneath the trees, and when you meet this freeman, you will give him the rose.

Bondman

(Looks at her for a time, then earnestly, his manner changes) I will meet this man in a straight road beneath the trees, and I will give him the rose.

Jennie

I - I leave on the next coach. Perhaps we shall never meet again.

Bondman

(very close beside her) Goodbye, goodbye - Lilly Lady.

Jennie

What - what did you say?

Bondman

Lilly Lady. It is a name I have always called you - since that night.

Jennie

(starts to go) You should not -

(Bondman as though moved by an overwhelming impulse, suddenly takes her in his arms and kisses her so that they stand absolutely motionless for a second, she having no opportunity to offer resistance. He releases her, and stands close beside her, looking her in the face. She stands livid with rage, her hands clenched beside her, at last, finding her voice, she speaks in a still passion of rage)

Jennie

You, - you, low, low - you slave - I might have known as much,

to give such as you, one good word, - and you show the blood that is in you. I shall call them. I shall have you beaten one hundred lashes on your bare back for this.

Bondman

(quietly) You may call them. They may beat me twice a hundred lashes, I would take ten times a hundred lashes for that which i have robbed you of.

Jennie

(in same tone as before) You shall have them and more (pause; they look each other straight in the eyes, her voice softens and a half smile is on her face which she tries to keep back) 'Tis a bold bondman.

Bondman

(in a passionate sorrow of repentance) Forgive me, forgive me, Lilly Lady, forgive me, - I have thought so much of you since that night, of your finding me here like this, oh, I am rotten, forgive me, forgive me.

Jennie

I should not, and I will not. Still, you were very brave once (voice softens) Give the rose to the man, - do not let it leave you.

Bondman

It shall never leave me, Lilly lady.

(Bondman is standing very close beside her with his head bowed as though in shame. Jennie looks at him for a moment and says, great pity softens her face) - "POOR BONDMAN" -(she kisses him quickly, and exits into tavern. Bondman stands rigid with clenched hands, looking in at doorway. Music stops)

Gimpy

(after a pause, comes out of tavern) Oh, wasn't it great. Did you hear that music? Wasn't it wondrous?

Bondman

(catches Gimpy by coat, lifts him from ground, and throws him

in chair, as though beside himself with emotion. Holds Gimpy in chair, and speaks with all possible rapidity, and intensity, so carried away, he does not realize what he says or does). Yes, yes, but what do you know about it, you little empty-headed fool, what do you know? You do not hear the glory of the angels singing. You sit here and drink, and eat and guzzle, yes guzzle your little nawrow lives away while the world is singing a battle song around your ears, but what do you hear, you, you think you are a freeman, you are no better than I, - all of you, are slaves - with your reverence for your Kings, but we'll have no more of them, I say it, I, I, I, - a bondman that by the everliving true God, will not be a Bondman more, but free, free, free as that storm cloud beating down the sky's pale blue, do you hear, do you hear, you, you, you! (He throws Gimpy in a lump down on the chair, and exits hurriedly back to tavern).

Gimpy

(rises and arranges his collar with an expression of great emotion and astonishment. Gimpy goes into house, feeling his head. People come lazily out of Inn, exit, leaving stage empty. Willie Beerbug goes to sleep in front of Inn on bench. Jones comes out of house at the same time that the Bondman carrying spade and grubbing hoe enters from below Inn).

Bondman

Mr. Jones?

Jones

Yes, what is it?

Bondman

Mr. Jones - Mr. Jones - I want to ask you something before I go to the field.

Jones

Well?

Bondman

(very quickly, intense) This rumor, this talk of resistance to the King, - do you think anything will come of it, sir?

Jones

I'm very sure something'll come of it.

Bondman

And sir, if it should come to war and America, we - that is if we should win, - how would it be for us - for men like me - perhaps it would be better (with suppressed eagerness) Do you think, sir, it might be different?

Jones

It'll be very different, my lad. You ought to hear the Hancocks talk. It's the King's law - the law of selling men. By God, they'd sell us all now. It's got to be put an end to.

Bondmen

And you think, sir, an end would be put to it if America win?

Jones

(in indignation) Think? Think? Don't think anything about it, I know it.

(There is a distant sound of cannon)

Jones

(Markedly) What was that?

Bondman

It is thunder, sir.

Jones

It sounded like - it sounded not like thunder to me.

Bondman

Oh, yes, the storm has just passed over. I must get to the garden. Thank you, sir, thank you. (exits quickly, business-like)

Jones

(in astonishment) WELL, what's struck him? (exits into house)

(There is a long time pause to indicate the passing of the afternoon, and an empty stage for a moment. Then is heard faintly, as though far off in the distance, lower of cannon, them from afar off, a church bell ringing. Then two women go by with water buckets; people laden with baskets; men with sacks over shoulder R.U. to L.U. as though bound for home. Then 1st family re-enter in same order as before).

Farmer Wills

Put off them shoes.

1st Girl.

Aw now, I don't want everybody tersee us here. Wait til we get to the crossin'.

Farmer Wills

Du it rite here. Yu gettin' tu stuck up. Du as I tell yer, nobody 'round now, enyhow, go on.

1st Girl

Aw neww

Farmer Wills

Rite here, I say.

(Girl sits down sullenly; family also sits, take off shoes, farmer and wife with ludicrous gravity, boy very quick and off-hand; girls very sulky, 1st farmer re-enters on horseback, each one loaded down with bundles, the older people nod with much gravity and the two children on horseback grin widely; the boy makes grimaces at them, and pats his own bare feet mockingly. They x stage very slowly, Next farmer with ox-cart calling, "Ge there, gee haw, you thick-skull, Gee Bess -" exits)

1st Girl

There, I told you - everybody in town go by.

Farmer Wills

Let 'em go.

(Then 2nd farmer mounted on horse. Each child holds a package in hand, last boy has them strapped on his back, same bus. of solemn duck of head, and then exit. Then Farmer Wills and family carrying shoes and stockings exit gravely in same manner as at first. Mr. Graves and Carter come out on balcony. Snowfall brings them drinks. Pat and Sitkins enter going to table beneath balcony, smoking pipes. It is now late in the afternoon)

Gimpy

(runs on stage, up stage) An express riding this way, he's crossing the bridge.

Jones

(enters, stands in doorway with pipe, to Gimpy) What's the matter?

Gimpy

I don't know. A special messenger riding down the hill for dear life. He's just turned inthe street. He's shouting something. (Up c.) Oh, gemina, look at him coming. By Golly, something's happened, his horse is as white as a blanket of goose feathers.

Express

(off stage, calling) To arms - to arms - to arms - to arms!

Sawyer

(up stage) He is crying To arms - to arms - Great God, what has happened?

Jones

It has happened. It has happened

(Murmur of voices in great excitement off stage)

Express

(calling off stage) The British are marching on Lexington - the British are marching on Lexington - TO ARMS - TO ARMS!

(people come out on balconies. Cries of "What is it?" What

happened? Mrs. Jones and another woman and young girl in window. Women in windows of houses back of street)

Express

(enters on horse spotted with foam. He has no coat, and wears a wig tied in the back - very excitedly) To arms - to arms - The British are marching on Lexington!

Omnes

(in horror, unbelief, astonishment) Yes, yes, on Lexington - The British, No, No, - Lexington.

Express

(very rapidly, great excitement) Yes, Yes. Muster your minutemen. I've been delayed. God knows what has happened by now. They are going to destroy Lexington and Concord!

Omnes

No, no, - not that - Concord - Concord!

Express.

And all stores and powder in the country. (dismounts from horse)

(Omnes murmur and talk excitedly)

Express

(gives reins to boy who takes horse off stage. Takes book from coat, throws chair from one side, takes table) I want all able bodied men in this town who care for the right of home and country to immediately volunteer for service in the PROTECTION of NEW ENGLAND.

Jones

(goes up to table) Put my name down, Silas Jones.

Sawyer

(up to table) Mine too, Caleb Sawyer.

(express writes their names in book)

Brown

(quickly) How do you know they are going to destroy the Boston stores? Just because a body of His Majesty's troops march out of Boston - you think they are going to destroy the whole country?

Snowfall

Yes, and what right have you to resist them? Nothing more or less than treason - treason, against the King.

Farmer Brown

Yes (with strength) and you'll all pay well for it, if you don't be careful, you Mr. Jones and Mr. Sawyer, listening to this hothead, and putting your name down there. You're putting the King's rope around your neck - that's what you are doing, and he'll hang you as dry as a red apple.

Mr. Graves

(from balcony, with regretful conviction) They'll never do it, they'll never do it. They'll NEVER do it; they'll NEVER lift their heads against the red uniform.

Carter

(comes down steps, in suppressed excitement to landlord) I'm very glad, mine host, to see such sound good sense. I am an American, a Virginian, but the British soldiers have never been beaten - rediculous to think of resisting them.

Express

(in loud voice, strong with indignation) God have mercy on us - they'll destroy Lexington and the whole country if they meet with the same sort of men in Lexington as I find in Haverhill.

(There is another hubbub in the distance)

Gimpy

(as before) There's another express coming.

(off in distance is heard the cry "To arms - to arms")

Gimpy

He's riding worse than you were Express, my God, but he's going it!

2nd Express

(off stage, calling) To arms - to arms, Battle at Lexington, Battle at Lexington!

(people on stage repeat - A Battle at Lexington)

Jones

Great God, a battle at Lexington!

Graves

(in triumph) A battle, a battle, they - they have fought after all!

2nd Express

(Coming nearer) To arms - TO ARMS - a battle at Lexington! (sweeps on stage. He is in much worse condition than 1st express, his hair is untied and dishevelled around face, he is covered with dust and dirt, clothes town and bedraggled)

(stage begins to darken)

2nd Express

(in terrific excitement) Battle at Lexington - eight hundred British soldiers have destroyed all the stores in Lexington.

Omnes

Yes - well?

2nd Express

The Lexington Militia met them on the green in front of the meeting house.

Jones

Yes, yes?

Sawyer

Well, Well?

Omnes

Yes? Yes?

2nd Express

The British Officer shouted to disperse.

Jones

What did they do?

Omnes

Yes, yes, what did they do?

2ndExpress

The Americans stood their ground.

Sawyer

Stood their ground?

Graves

Goos God!

Omnes

You hear that? Stood their ground.

2nd Express

(shouting) Wait, the Red Coats fired on them.

Omnes

Fired on them?

2nd Express

Yes, fired on them - and KILLED EIGHT.

Sawyer

(in horror) KILLED EIGHT - EIGHT?

1st Express

Yes, Killed, killed - didn't you hear?

2nd Express

Eight Americans killed and Not - a - single - redcoat?
(There is deep silence)

Berry

(with deep ominous meaning, very low) Not a single redcoat.

Sawyer

Not a single redcoat

Jones

Not a single redcoat.

Berry

(in an outbreak) By God, we'll show 'em. Put my name down. John Berry.

(It is come night, and lights appear in windows. Messengers light lanterns) Two church bells near at hand, begin tolling, clear and strong, then the signal cannons boom until end of act. Omnes call out "And mine", all but Snowfall, Brown, Sitkins, Pat, and three or four others who stand talking among themselves shaking heads wisely. These names are shouted from crowd. -- Preacher, Badger, Nathaniel Eaton, Milchen Whitticher, Ruben Sargen, Ebenezer Griffin, Job Gerge, Daniel Lord, Humphrey Nicols, John Barry, Josiah Tessneden, George Hardden, and Silas West)

2nd Express

You'll march from here - with the minute-men (exits R.U.

Carter

(loud quick tone) I wonder what I ought to do, Pompey

Pompey

(decisively, very quick) Yes, sir, Yes, sir.

Carter

Very good advice.

Pompey

Yes, sir, YES, SIR.

Carter

(with great excitement, very loud) Put my name down too, William Fairfax Alexander of Mominee Carter of Virginiz.

Bondman

(comes down quickly to Snowfall) Sir, may I - may I go with them?

Snowfall

Well, I like your impudence. May you go? Yes, if you pay me for the five years still due me.

Bondman

You know I can't do that. I'll give you, I'll give you ten years when I do come badk.

Snowfall

You might not come back.

Bondman

Sir, I - I -

Snowfall

Nor another word,- unless you give me the hundred pounds, you stay right here.

(Graves makes movement on balcony as though to speak, Jennie

restrains him)

Jones

L'll give you fifty pounds. I'd give more but that's all I got. Let him go.

Snowfall

(firmly) I will not.

Sitkins

(in excited squeak) Let him go. Let him go. Here's your hundred pounds. (To bondman) You bring me a redcoat - by Golly, you go free.

Bondman

Thank you. Thank you. (goes up to sign, calls name in low voice, Jackson White, Jones, Bondman, and a few other men exit)

(3rd Express, Nathan Williams, is heard calling off stage - Battle at Concord - Battle at Concord!

2nd Express

What 's, that? There's been a battle at Concord. Another express - another express.

2rd Express

(off stage) Battle at Concord! (rushes wildly on stage, he has a white handkerchief tied around his head which is stained with blood. His shirt is only a ribbon over his left shoulder, and he is covered with dirt and dust. His eyes are sunken and haggard. He swings a lantern above his head. Calls, Battle at Concord, American soldiers met the British on the Green!

Omnes

Yes, yes - what happened?

3rd Express

The British fired upon American minute men.

Omnes

Yes, yes, and what did the Americans do?

3rd Express

They stood their ground and fired back.

Omnes

(shouting triumphantly) Do you hear that? They fired back - and what then?

3rd Express

Then there was a battle, and they RAN, THEY RAN, THEY RAN LIKE HELL. HUNDREDS, HUNDREDS OF THEM LIE ON THE LEXINGTON TURNPIKE.

Brown

WHO? THE AMERICANS?

3rd Express

HELL, NO, THE BRITISH, YOU DAMNED OLD BALDHEAD.

Omnes

The British - the BRITISH!

(They go rushing wildly off stage, shouting and gesticulating. Bells still ringing, and roll of drums. Squad of six men cross stage from L. to R. with muskets and powder horns, then four or five others rush wildly across with lanterns. The Bondman with musket and powder horn over his shoulder comes from Jones' house. In his left hand, he carries a lantern. Gets C. looks up and sees Jennie, who has taken lantern from maid's hand, and holds it up to her face. Bondman starts over toward steps, she comes about half way down the steps.)

Jennie

I heard - goodbye - goodbye.

Bondman

Goodbye - LILLY LADY - I SHALL ALWAYS REMEMBER. (drops lantern, takes her right hand, kisses it reverently; he is below her on the step)

Jennie

GIVE THE ROSE TO THE MAN

(signal cannon booms close at hand, then others in distance, then the roll of drums and five coming nearer. Then a voice off stage - "Forward March")

Bondman

GOODBYE, LILLY LADY, GOODBYE!

(regiment of Minute-men with muskets and powder horns, swinging lighted lanterns, march quickly across. Bondman swings into line with the rest. Women, children and old men in balconies windows and doorways, in silence - tolling of bells and roll of drums.

Curtain.

ACT II.

Washington's Camp in the Jersies, near the Delaware, - Night time - December 22d, 1776.

Up stage R. & L. are two rought shacks of fence rails, boughs of trees, - covered with straw. Down stage R. partly on stage a roung tent made of sacking which is torn and ragged. L. are two smaller tents, one above the other. In front of tent R. is a camp-fire. Camp-fire in front of tent L. Bleak, barren and cheerless.

(At rise of curtain, there is a low, mournful wail of wind; fitful flurries of snow, then again a wail of wind. Then is heard faintly the moan of suffering voices pitifully calling, but so faintly as to be hardly more than a suggestion, so that the next wail of wind, blots out the moan completely. The dismal figures around the camp fires remain motionless, then as the wind dies down, again the faint pitiful voices).

Express Williams

(dressed in worn hunting shirt, and worn leather coat, sleeves gone, ragged leather trousers, shoes tied up with strips of sacking) At Camp Fire L.C. - in low, awed voice) Listen, do you hear?

(In opening of act, time between speeches)

Berry

(dressed in torn trousers, dirty, stained, once-white shirt; coat from which lower half has been torn off, feet and ankles tied up in sacking. Taking Williams pitch) Hospital Camp.

(A wail of wind - voices moaning, cease)

Ex Williams

(same tone) God, God held 'em.

Berry

(dead, lifeless voice) Hell, help me - nothing to eat, - no clothes, no doctors, no medicine, - nothing.

Ex Williams

(In strong voice with sudden horror) Saw 'em carry out twenty frozen stiff.

Jones

(rough sacking waistcoat, sacking also tied over trousers,

heavy word shoes) Hush, not so loud, - Sawyer's gone to sleep.

Berry

(in same dead voice) Watch out, he don't keep on sleepin'. How long is it going to keep up, I wonder?

Williams

not MUCH longer. Wont be anybody left to keep on.

Berry

(same voice) It's a crime, that's what it is. By God, we can't stand it any longer. Why don't His Excellency give in now before it's too late. We don't stand any more chance than a pigeon in hell. I'm tired of it all.

Jones

(low voice, leaning over towards them) It aint His Excellency's fault. His Excellency don't make the things to eat. It's that damned go-to-sleep Congress, - politics, nothing but politics, politics and money. I could tell you a thing or two. It's treason that starving us to death, - treason and jealousy; they all hate His Excellency, but just you watch him, starve, but hold on; freeze, but keep going. I fought under His Excellency before in the Wilderness - and they think they've finished him, but watch His Excellency - thatt's all.

Ex. Kent

(who is R. of fire with others) (Whispers to Bondman) Jack White?

Bondman

(wears tattered old leather trousers, torn moccasins, old handkerchief around head. A coarse, ragged half blanket is fastened roughly around his body which otherwise is naked from the waist up) Well?

Ex. Kent

I've got something.

Bondman

(in suppressed tone) Nothing to EAT is it?

Ex Kent.

(in cautious tone) A piece of raw bacon - stole it. (reaches in clothes, and gets piece of raw bacon, takes it in his hands, and tears it in two - does this so that the others do not see him) Be careful, don't let 'em see.

Bondman

(takes his piece, starts munching on it with head muffled in blanket, stops, looks at Jones, goes over to him, in low voice) Here, Jones, here's a piece of hog hide. (Jones takes it eagerly) Better cut it in half, save a little for tomorrow. (Jones cuts piece in half, puts one piece in pocket quickly, Bondman takes knife, and cuts his own piece in half)

(Williams has been stealthily watching this like ahungry beast. As the Bondman runs his knife through the meat, Williams snatches one piece from him. Bondman swings quickly around, catches him, and trips him so he falls. Puts his knee on his neck)

Bondman

(fiercely) Give it up.

Williams

(desparately) I'm starvin'. I'm starvin'.

Bondman

(same vicious hard tone) No. You had your shirt full of hoe cakes yesterday, and you stuffed your belly full without a word. We'll divy to the last grain with the square ones, but nothing for your kind. Up, or I'll cut your throat. (Lifts him to his feet, throws him across knee with elbow jammed in throat in the strangle-hold, takes the bacon from his hand, and throws him roughly from him, so that he falls on the ground).

Williams

(crawling on stomach toward Bondman, begging piteously) Say cull, for God sake, just a bite, for God's sake, for God's sake. I know I was a hog yesterday but I won't do it again, I won't, I'm starvin', God help me, I'm starvin'.

Bondman

I'll beat your pig brains in with this, that's what you need. (Picks up stick of wood) then he lifts the bacon up in front of the light, and throws it to Williams.

Williams

(catches it. Earnestly) You're as square as they be, Jack White, by God, I won't forget this. (turns quickly with head down as though hiding his action, munching like a dog)

Bondman

(Good naturedly) Oh, milk the pidgeons.

(Again the voices moaning,- then the wail of wind, as at first)

Jones

(after pause) (Same low key) Jack?

Bondman

(goes to him, stands close beside him) Yes?

Jones

I'm afraid - I'm afraid for him. Maybe he'd be better off there (indicating R.)

Bondman

(firmly) Keep him here.

Jones

I'm afraid. I'm afraid. See if there's a decent place at the hospital camp, will you?

Bondman

Yes, but it's no good, I know. (to carrier) Tell them he's sleeping if they ask any questions. (exits)

(wind increases, & flurries of snow)

Sawyer

(on ground, has rough piece of sacking over him, raises head up from ground. In horror-struck, feverish tone, but with that commonplace, low, natural, almost off-hand tone common to delirium) Don't, DON'T, DON'T - now in God's name, Dont.

Jones

(in quieting voice) Hush, now, hush, hush.

Sawyer

It's a damn lie. Get me something to eat, and I'll be all-right. That's all, just something to eat. Aint you got any HEART in your guts? You're like a string of wolves, that's what you are, all of you. I'm starvin', and you got everything in the world to eat right here, and you won't let me have it. (very earnest, quiet, simple tone) Oh, it's terrible, terrible, God will judge you some day, you'll have to answer for this, then what will happen? You'll have to answer to God. (When he first starts up, Jones has caught him, so that he sinks down weakly to the ground, with Jones kneeling above him, holding him.)

Jones

(quieting him) You'll be allright, old man. You'll be all-right.

Sawyer

(in same, simple child-like tone) Are you the Doctor?

Jones

Yes, yes; I am the doctor.

Sawyer

Oh, I know, you are the man that is going to take me home up in Haverhill, that's where my home is. For Christ's sake, I want to get there pretty soon cause it's hell to die away from home. (laughs quickly) Aint that funny?

Jones

Now, now -

Sawyer

(weakly hums)

O doodle doo, O doodle doo,
I see 'em standing in the doors,
O doodle doo,
And the town is full of fops and whores
O doodle doo
(breaks into murmuring doo-oo-oo)

Jones

(consolingly Now, now, you're allright.

Sawyer

(in same key as before, looking up at Jones) Yes, I'm all-right, I'm allright.

Jones

Now, - lay down like a GOOD boy.

Sawyer

(in childish voice) Right across the street from the best tavern under the sun.

Ex Williams

That man's dying. Why don't you take him to the hospital?

Berry

Hospital? Hell - they'll kill him there. We take care of him here, steal something for him once in a while. Get him over there, God knows what'll happen to him. Got the surgeon to let us keep him here.

Jones

Don't make any difference anyway. He's shot through the guts - and his leg is frozen and rotten from the hip down (with plaintive bitterness) and the bachelor's son would starve to death anyhow. (Three soldiers lean over inquiringly) Damn you, can't you give a man room to die? (To Sawyer, in low tone like one talking to a baby) Hello, Sawyer, say Sammy, Sammy--

Sawyer

(same voice) Yes, that's my name. For Christ's sake, cant you get me a little warm. I'll tell you something, I'm dying, that's what I'm doing. (he breaks into the song of doodle doo, natural, slightly strained tone, absolutely low and commpnplace, then a horrible, sharp, quick - Oh Hell - Hell - (turns out of Jones' arms, falls on his face on the ground.)

Jones

(bends down over him) Sammy, (pauses, looks at him , in low tone) He's dead all right enough. (Looses control of himself) The damn monkey-face fools, don't you hear me? I said he was dead, dead, DEAD, - don't you know what I mean? He's rotten dead. Get out of my way, I'm going to get out of this. (starts wildly across stage when he meets Bondman entering)

Bondman

(quietly) Well?

Jones

I'm going home. (He is beside himself, Bondman catches his hands)

Bondman

Wait a minute, old man - here - What's the matter?

(Longwail of wind).

Jones

They have killed him. Why, it wasn't yesterday - now he's dead - as - hell. Come here, I'll show you (takes Bondman in half crazed manner over above body) There he is - you see, that's fighting - it's brave business, aint it. (very quiet, and natural) You see here (runs hand down over Sawyer's let) It's rotten, all rotten because he kept going when he ought to have stopped. You see here - that's where a damn Dutch bullettore his guts out. No more fighting for me. (pitifully) He'll be stinking dirt in just a few minutes, rotten dirt in the ground, - and then what good is it? That's what I want to know, what good is it then?

Bondman

(with gentle strength) Jones, Jones - don't, that's not the way.

Jones

(controls himself) I know, I know.

Bondman

(quietly) He isn't dead - you can't kill men like that. You ought to thank God to the last day he gives you breath for having a man of your blood like this man here.

Jones

(quickly) I know all that but he's dead now.

Bondman

(reverently - in quiet, dominating tone) Yes, he died, that other people might live - do you know what that means? Think, think of the men who have done that - well, he's one of them.

Jones

(braces himself) It's allright - it's all right. We must take him away, that's all now, take - him - away.

Orderly enters

(calls) Six o'clock - Post number seven - and - all's well. (sees group, comes down) What's the trouble?

Bondman

There (indicating body)

(off stage a strong voice is heard. - "Fifty lashes on his bare back for insubordination. As the orderly is bending over body ~~of~~ squad of solders with Present-Bayonets, and a man bare to the waist between them, orderly carrying lantern in one hand and leather thonged whip in the other. Cross from L.U. to R.U. Officer in command of squad calls "Whipping Post Number two". Prisoner stops, they present bayonets against him, and he moved rebelliously on)

Orderly

(after a careless, almost roughtturning over of Sawyer's body)

Private White, Private Jones, Private Hill, Private Williams, carry this body to the morgue tent.

(They salute, take up body so that this action is simultaneous with the stopping of the insubordinate soldier on way to the whipping post. Insubordinate soldier exits just before SawYer's body is carried off)

Orderly

(exits after body - calls as he exits) Six o'clock, Post Number Seven and all's well.

(Wind again)

(Three of the soldiers who have been sitting on the other side of camp fire, rise and beat their arms against bodies with their back close against the fire, standing close together.)

1st Soldier

(to 2nd soldier) Another one. Your turn next.

2nd soldier

By God, no - they won't kill me.

1st soldier

Don't be so cock sure about it.

(Soldiers pass in and out, all with a dejected, worn, sullen expression. A sentry comes to R.U. corner. Has blanket around him and musket over shoulder. He turns and walks back. The 1st soldier moves suddenly against the 2nd soldier, and they stand there in silence. The first soldier stone rigid, then looks stealthily at the 2nd soldier, very marked and deliberate- the 2nd soldier is looking off and does not see the 1st soldier. 1st soldier raises his left hand, reaches his fingers out so that he touches coat of 2nd soldier - coat short with tails off - then he presses against the coat, then he suddenly turns the 2nd soldier around with both hands.

1st Soldier

(in low tone) You've got rum - rum - and you didn't tell me.

2nd Soldier

Why - how could I get rum?

1st Soldier

(rapidly) Never mind that, you've got it, now divy with me, my belly's froze.

2nd Soldier

I haven't got no rum.

1st Soldier

You're a bloody Liar. (Turns quickly to second soldier, reaches hand inside coat, takes out a small brown bottle)

2nd Soldier

Damn you, give me that.

1st Soldier

When we get to heaven (throws 2nd soldier off, makes a mad effort to take drink when 2nd soldier rushes back at him, and strikes him. They start to fight, and 3rd soldier throws his arm in between them)

3rd Soldier

Orderly's coming.

1st Soldier

(Turns back, takes a swig of the rum, the 3rd soldier jerks it from his hand, and before the 2nd soldier can get across the camp fire, the 3rd soldier drains the bottle and throws it away). You sneak, bringing in your booze on the quiet.

(Gen Sullivan enters from L.U. His uniform is in very delapidated condition, spotted with dry mud and stains; has about half a ragged coat over his shoulder; is accompanied by an Aide whose uniform is in worse condition)

1st Soldier

(in low warning tone) General Sullivan.

Hospital Orderly

(enters from R. 2, meets the General and salutes) General Sullivan.

Gen. Sullivan

(returning salute) Well, sir?

Hos. Orderly

(Businesslike manner) Surgeon Wilson presents his compliments, and wishes to know what has been done concerning the supplies.

Gen. Sullivan

(in rapid, sharp tones) Present my compliments to Surgeon Wilson, and assure him we are doing everything in our power. The last reports by the Express, tell us the wagons are eight miles outside of camp with some provisions, a little clothing and hospital supplies; - the condition of the teams and roads they will not be here for five or six hours, sir.

Hos. Orderly.

salutes) Beg your pardon, General, the Surgeon wants you to fully understand the horrible condition the wounded are in. They are dying by the score, sir, from lack of food, - and freezing, sir, freezing. General, it's beyond belief - it's horrible. Pardon me, General (salutes) I shall report your message, sir. (Salutes exits quickly)

(Gen. Sullivan exits R.U.)

Carter

(enters quickly from R.U. He is mournful-voiced, and entirely changed. Has on a coat which though in very bad condition is a little better than most of them.) I say, this is a most damnable place. I have been frozen three times in three days. Every time I wake up, I - I freeze. (to 1st soldier) I shall be transferred.

1st Soldier

(grimly) We'll all be transferred pretty soon.

Carter

(very pleased) Ah, really. You know I'm exceedingly hungry and exceedingly cold. I assure you it puts me out distressingly, this fighting business. You delight me. We shall be transferred where, may I ask?

1st Soldier

(grimly) To hell - in pretty short order.

Carter

(crestfallen) Ah!

2nd Soldier

Where's your partner, the runt?

Carter

Ah, I left him trying to steal a pair of shoes - rather I left him thinking, that's a better word, - thinking - thinking how he could annex a pair of shoes. Oh damn my left arm, my left arm and my right leg are always colder than the rest of me.

(five or six soldiers come on with Gimpy so that he isn't seen until he is directly above camp fire. He comes down quickly in same busy manner as in Act 1. He has on a shirt with elbow sleeves, an armful of straw and string he carries, and is walking on curry combs which he has tied to his feet with strips of blanket)

Gimpy

(boyish irrepressibility) Ah ha, ha, ha, the brain has been buzzing. Look - the great question is how to keep the feet out of the snow. I have solved it, I, Gimpy Runt, who never could keep still - I, Gimpy Runt of Haverhill. Look (holds up foot and shows curry combs) Gentlemen, without brains, we shall all be froze. Now watch. I am suffering from ice on the ribs, also on the breadbasket. I shiver too much, I shake out my teeth. Ah, Skinny (to Carter) watch me, Virginia Wild Flower, watch me ere you wilt. They didn't treat you like this down in old Virginia, did they Carter?

Carter

I should rather think not, old fellow.

Gimpy

Now, listen, Virginia Creeper, and watch the Massachusetts Lilly. (He is taking big wisps of straw and tying them in small bundles loosely so that they are three or four inches broad) Watch the Massachusetts wild flower. 'Tis very easy, a few turns of the strong, there we have it. (He quickly makes four or five bundles of straw and ties them around his waist) Ah, see, (gives the string to Carter) Now, Virginia Carter, run me around three times. (Carter runs the string around his body so that the straw makes a solid mass around him, and then ties it). Here, fix this fat piece over my puddin'-box (indicates stomach) Ah ha, the soldiers' delight.

1st Soldier

By Halifax, you got more sense than you look.

2nd Soldier

Say, that's a good idea. I'll try it myself.

Gimpy

Nothing like straw, only it's damned hard to digest. I tried it on Carter here, and he got the straw fever. Yes, gave him the pip, so we'll have to stick to the same old grub - snowballs.

Carter

You know I must say, Runty, it's very chaste food.

Gimpy

Oh bless my curly locks, yes.

(orderly goes by)

Gimpy

Don't let him see me; don't let him see me. Every time that man sees me, he makes me shop wood. (orderly passes on) Well, come on Virginia, let's go to supper.

Carter

(In questioning tones) Supper?

Gimpy

Certainly. Snowballs, and we are going to fry them. Snowballs hard to digest, fried, - but very filling.

(Gimpy and Carter exit into tent) (Bondman and Jones re-enter, go to camp fire L. General Sullivan re-enters from R. Orderly stops him from R. 2)

Orderly

General Sullivan, Surgeon Wilson presents his compliments, and begs you in the name of God to see if something can't be done for the men. His exact words, General. In the name of God, can't you do something for the men.

Gen. Sullivan

(impatiently) Damn it, man, I'm doing everything I can. Does he think I'm Almighty God? Tell the Surgeon that all of us realize the condition of the men. We are doing everything in our power. We can't make bread out of rocks.

Orderly

Very well, sir. (Both salute. Orderly exits quickly)

Gen. Sullivan

(beating his arms as are the other men - to Aide coming down R. 2) Well, boy, we're at the last ditch.

Aide

It looks it, General.

Gen. Sullivan

(roughly, in great disgust) A fine looking lot of men to expect to fight. Half of them know about as much about fighting as I do about sailing a ship. Damnable - damnable - no more discipline in this camp than in a corn husking. Great God, look at it short term of enlistments - but moreethan all - treason.

Aide

Not so bad as that, General - not so bad as that.

General Sullivan

Yes, damn me, every bit as bad as that. Treason against his Excellency. 'Tis an evil day for Washington, and I am afraid his star is set. Five thousand starved out naked troops against an army of twenty-five thousand of the best soldiers in the world. (change of tone) Well, well, where's my man? The rottenest, hardest-headed, gutter-devil of a bachelors son you've got - just so he's not a liar.

Aide

There he is, General (indicated Bondman)

Gen. Sullivan

Which one?

Aide

The man with the blanket.

Gen. Sullivan

Call him.

(Aide steps over to Camp Fire, calls "Private White - Bondman rises, goes over to him) (Bondman salutes)

Aide

General Sullivan wishes to speak to you.

Bondman

(in astonishment) To me, sir? General Sullivan?

Aide

(sharply) Yes, to you.

(Bondman starts over to Gen. Sullivan. Aide stands between them)

Aide

General Sullivan, this is Private Jack White of whom I have spoken (steps back)

Gen. Sullivan

(sharp low tone) Your name?

Bondman

Jackson White, Haverhill, Massachusetts. Formerly Bond-servant.

Gen. Sullivan

I didn't ask your history. What's the matter with your head?

Bondman

A sword cut, General.

Sullivan

I hope it was from the enemy, sir?

Bondman

(in quiet, steady tone) No, General, it has the honor to be a mark left by the sword of his Excellency, General George Washington.

Gen. Sullivan

(astonished, bruskly) How's that? Hos's that?

Bondman

I was one of the mutineers last week. My belly got the better of me. We were starving. It was the first time I had met His Excellency. We were talking to the Commissary when His Excellency rode out. His Excellency spoke to us, General. He spoke to me with his sword.

Sullivan

(gruffly) He should have cut your head off.

Bondman

(quietly) Quite right, General.

Sullivan

(sarcastically) Have you been hungry since, sir?

Bondman

Not to speak of, sir.

Sullivan

They tell me you are a sullen, pig-headed, irrepressible dog, but that otherwise you're not a bad sort.

Bondman

Thank you, General.

Sullivan

You can go on a good bit of work if you care to volunteer.

Bondman

Bery glad to, sir.

Sullivan

You admire His Excellency?

Bondman

(quickly, with enthusiasm) I am a dog before His Excellency, sir. He has the great stare, sir, and he is the only man I ever knew who could swear ahead of me, sir.

Sullivan

Sir!

Bondman

(Salutes) Pardon me, sir.

Sullivan

This is a dangerous piece of business. There is about one chance that you get back, and nine that you go to hell.

Bondman

Thank you, sir. When shall I start?

Sullivan

You don't ask about the work, it's more dangerous than you believe.

Bondman

I wasn't thinking of that part of it, sir. (quickly, forgetting himself) If I get out of this camp, by God, I'll get something to eat - to hell with the rest.

Sullivan

(sharply) What?

Bondman

Pardon me, sir. (Salutes)

Sullivan

Report in ten minutes to my tent.

(Bondman salutes, goes slowly to camp fire L.C., adjusts blanket, wipes off shoes as though making toilet.)

(Soldiers passing back and forward bring wood for fires. Orderly meets Col. Wm. Washington who is dressed in worn and stained tattered uniform on the Virginia Cavalry - comes from L.U.)

Orderly

(sharp, rapid tone) (salutes) A gentleman desires to see his Excellency, Colonel. He also mentioned your name, sir.

Col. Washington

(R. 2) Who is it, Orderly?

Orderly

Mr. Randolph Graves. He says he was an old neighbor of the General, sir.

Col. Washington

Conduct Mr. Graves to the Waiting tent. (orderly salutes) Is

he alone?

Orderly

No, Colonel; there is a lady with him, a Miss Graves and servant, sir.

Col. Washington

Very well, let them wait for me at the tent and tell Mr. Graves Col. William Washington presents his compliments, and will speak in person in his behalf to His Excellency.

(Orderly salutes and exits)

(Four men carrying stretcher across stage L.U. to R.U. three men X stage from L.U. to R.U. with a captured spy strapped to a horse, and one solder leading horse, and one on each side. Two soldiers X stage L.U. to R.U. with a tub with iron handles, through which are run heavy sticks, by which means they carry tub between them. Bondman pulling his blanket around him so as to make the best possible showing goes upstage, turns to R. so that he follows a small group of soldiers who X from L. to R. As Bondman turns, Mr. Graves, Orderly Jennie and servant enter R.U. Jennie turns, sees Bondman, but Bondman does not see her. Bondman exits L. 3 Jennie comes down a step. Col Washington re-enters from R. of C. by tent) (Mr. Graves calls to Col. Washington who is about to X R. 3rd) "Col. Washington"

Col. Washington

(with ceremonious courtesy) Mr. Graves, Mr. Graves, I am delighted, sir, indeed I am sir (Bows).

Mr. Graves

(returning bow ceremoniously) Colonel Washington, I am honored, sir.

Col. Washington

(To Jennie) (She is a trifle below them) And Miss Graves. We are honored, I am sure)Bows)

(Jennie is looking off, does not see him)

Mr. Graves

Jennie, Jennie.

(Jennie turns quickly in some confusion)

Mr. Graves

Colonel Washington is here, Jennie.

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Jennie

(Curtsies in confusion) Colonel Washington, pardon me.

Col. Washington

It is nothing, Miss Graves. I am exceedingly sorry you see us at such a disadvantage.

Mr. Graves

(earnestly, quickly) This has been a terrible affair. Colonel. I want to see His Excellency on a matter of great importance. Also I wish to get a pass into Trenton. I mean, of course, through your lines. I shall be able to manage on the other side. The Hessians have destroyed everything. My brother is in Trenton, you know.

Col. Washington

Mr. Graves, I am sorry indeed for your misfortune. Will you come with me, now? (he leads up stage) My tent is just off here.

(Sound of wind. Soldiers enter carrying sacks over shoulders) (1st Soldier staggers and falls on knees, lies on ground. 2nd Soldier stops, drops his sack, also 3rd soldier)

2nd Soldier

I can't go no further. (Exhaustedly, desperate)

3rd Soldier

Nor me either. I'm done for.

Officer

(sternly - takes out sword) Pick up your sacks, these are im - portant supplies.

1st Soldier

I can't go on. Can't go any further - don't care what they are.

2nd Soldier

Me either. Get us something to eat if you want us to work.

3rd Soldier

Yes, get us something to eat.

Omnes

(in desparate, dead, mechanical re-iteration) Yes, we're STARVING to death. For God sake, get us something to eat, EAT.

Sergeant in charge of squad

You have all to eat, there is. Can't have this mutiny, (calls) Corporal of the guard. Post Ten -

1st Soldier

Call your damned corporals and your guards. We'd just as soon be shot as starved to death.

2nd Soldier

Yes - quick deathis better than a slow one.

(Three men enter from R. 2 - 2 Aides followed by another officer. They have long and tattered coats, very roughtly dressed, bespotted with dried mud - all uniforms in the same condition)

Aide

What's the trouble, Sergeant?

Sergeant

Mutiny, sir. The men refuse to go any further.

1st and 2nd Soldiers

We are starving, sir, we can't.

(The last figure that of Gen. George Washington is seen by

by light of camp fire R.)

Soldiers

(in awed voice) His Exsellency, General Washington - His Excellency.

Aide

Call the officer of the guard. We must not have these mutinees at any cost. By God, we'll (angry, loud tone)

(General Washington puts his hand on his shoulder restraining him, stoops down, picks up sack, throws it over his own shoulder)

Soldiers

No, no.

1st Soldier

(in a shamed tone) No, no, your Excellency. (rushes forward, puts his hand on sack) NO, NO, YOUR EXCELLENCY (takes the sack from General Washington's shoulder) GENERAL WASHINGTON, YOUR EXCELLENCY!

(The men pick up their sacks, straighten up, start X stage, saying "Your Excellency" The General and Aide stand and salute as they go by. They exit and General Washington follows, exits L.U.)

Bondman enters

Jones?

Jones

Yes?

Bondman

(in quick, enthusiastic, low tones) I am going to Trenton, tomorrow night.

Jones

(surprised) Trenton?

Bondman

Yes, Trenton. You are to go with me. I got fifty big hard dollars from His Excellency, secret service money, - real money. If we can get where he thinks (with great enthusiasm) Jones, old man, by God, it's a chance - of -

Jones

You spoke with His Excellency himself,

Bondman

I did.

Jones

Did he speak of that? (Pointing to wound on Bondman's head)

Bondman

He did. His Excellency grinned at me. Think of that, will you? Remembered that I had gotten into New York once, also, he said, while he was grinning, mind you - he thought I could be trusted if I had a full stomach - told me to be sure and attend to that first. I couldn't do any harm even if I didn't come back. (determinedly) By God, I'll show 'em. I'll show 'em this time. We go in as Quakers selling tobacco or pipes or something. Easy to get into Trenton, - they think the war's over, anyhow - the red butchers, the lobster backs, - but it wont be so easy to get where we have to go. All in my hands, Jones I need you - (moans off stage, - Bondman in solemn earnest voice) Poor devils, God help them, Jones, they all mustn't go like - like he did - just think we've got a chance to help them.

Jones

Why, what do you mean?

Bondman

Wait. First I must have a Marbleheader - here John (calling to man sitting back of camp fire, he rises and X's over).

(Whipping squad enter with William Hall. X from R.U. to L.U. All look on at this).

Orderly

(calls) Whipping Post Number Seven

(Hall has blanket over shoulders)

Williams

(close behind orderly who follows soldiers, in half-whisper, fearful with pleading) Light, light for him Corporal, light, he's all worn out.

(Orderly does not show signs of hearing, they exit with Williams still whispering "Light, please, light, Corporal, light".

Bondman

(low voice) Billy, - they got him. - Well (turns to John, (quick) Got five hard dollars for you, and a chance to get out of camp, - no danger.

Fisher John

(same manner and tone) I'm with you.

Bondman

(same, quick, earnest tone) Tomorrow night take us across the River, below the Ferry, then wait at the Mill the next day and night -

Fisher John

All day - all night.

(Clear voice, off stage - 'One hundred lashes on his bare back for insubordination'

Berry

(Up stage looking off L. comes down - in low voice) It's Billy Hall, our post - he'll get it hard too.

Voice off stage

Ready - NOW

(There is heard sound of a lashing whip, then an agonizing scream)

Bondman

(in strained voice, with suppressed horror) He screams - in God's name, why does he do that?

Williams

(off stage, in terrible voice) Don't - don't, don't scream like that.

Hall

(off stage, screams in agony) WAIT, WAIT, give me a bullet, a bullet for my teeth.

(The sound of blows ceases for a second, then the lashing begins again - sound of wind)

Bondman

Well, well - no good listening to that (in quick, determined tone as though to shake off emotion) All got to be (bus. to John) Here, listen to me, I say - not that off there.

Fisher John

Well, I'm listening, go on.

Bondman

Wait till one o'clock that night, and the next till, no - twelve o'clock's late enough. Cross over at daylight, - if I don't get it before ten o'clock at night, can't get it till the next day - give tou plenty of time for sleep.

Fisher John

Till twelve. Then I go over until day light.

Bondman

We'll arrange that tomorrow. Is that allright?

Fisher John

Yes, yes. (shake hands)

Bondman

Tomorrow.

(Sound of whipping off stage stops)

Bondman

Well, it's over now.

(Fisher John X's back to old place at camp fire. Bondman L. of camp fire L. turns as though to speak to Jones. Jennie and Wilkins enter R.U. by tant. Bondman sees her, stops in astonishment, the wind grows louder, and snow falls more heavily).

Jennie

(to Capt) I thank you, Captain, this is the place.

(Captain bows. As Jennie starts to go down stage, Whipping Squad with corporal marches by intercepting her. Hall and Williams enter at the same time below them. Hall is bare to the waist, and his back is red with blood and livid stripes. Williams above Hall up stage holding blanket as though to cover him. Hall in low voice, mad with agony)

Hall

For Christ's sake, - Christ sake - my back - it's burning up - snow on it. (He falls weakly to knees, wildly trying to put snow on back)

Williams

(Hard, quick, low voice) What did you holler for? What did you holler for? First man in our camp that ever broke.

Hall

I couldn't help it. I'm starved out - Christ sake (shaking head still chewing bullet in his mouth)

Williams

Well, spit the bullet out - spit it out, I say.

(Hall rises weakly, staggers towards tent R. 3, Williams

throws blanket around him, takes him into tent)

Hall

(in same tone) My back - it burns - oh, for Christ sake, it burns (exit into tent R.3) It burns so.

Bondman

Lady, you - you should not see these things.

Jennie

(trying to possess herself) I - Oh, it is horrible, horrible.

Bondman

(gently) Lady -

Jennie

I have seen so much - nothing hardly seems to - oh, that man, that man, - God help him (looks at Bondman) God help you all.

Bondman

Thank you, lady.

Jennie

There has been so much. We have been in Jersey since the war; everything has been destroyed, we are going to Trenton now, I saw you as we passed through. I want to tell you how great and brave & and I am glad to see you still here, through all this starvation and misery, - and, oh, everything, everything you have had to endure.

Bondman

There is nothing else to do, lady, - but to stay here.

Jennie

I - I had your beautiful letter. I would have written in return

but I thought it were better not to - I don't know what to say - everything seems so different from the old days, - you said that I, I had been of some service to you (modestly) that the - the remembrancer had helped you.

Bondman

I have it with me, always, lady.

Jennie

(with surprise and solicitude seeing scar on Bondman's head) Oh, look there (indicating bandaged head) tell me -

Bondman

It's a sword wound, and nothing serious

Jennie

How did it Happen? What battle was it? They tell me, - I heard you captured the enemy's standards at New York - was that where you received that?

Bondman

I am sorry, lady.

Jennie

(quickly) Ah, I am too, but I am more proud than sorry.

Bondman

The sword mark you see, lady, was - made - by General Washington.

Jennie

(indignantly) What? Does he strike his own men?

Bondman

Yes, when they are mutineers and - traitors.

Jennie

YOU - a traitor?

Bondman

My stomach was.

Jennie

You mean it, really?

Bondman

(seriously) I have told you the truth, lady.

Jennie

(indignantly) Oh, I read in the Gazette of the terrible time that his Excellency had with the rebellious and cowardly soldiers, but I never thought you'd be one. You only stay here and fight, (sudden outbreak) because you're afraid, afraid, afraid, not to fight. That's it, - now I understand.

Bondman

I wanted to lie to you, lady, very much. I'm not proud of it, indeed, - but I, - I told you the truth. I am very sorry. You know I try to be different, but it don't seem to do much good, - something seems to - always ha ppen.

Jennie

(in cold voice) Goodbye.

Bondman

Goodbye, Lady.

Jennie

(going up stage) I am ready now, Captain.

(Captain bows)

(Drill sergeant and squad of soldiers enter from R.U. Drill Sergeant calls 'SECURE FIRE LOCKS"; Soldiers bring Fire-lock to position)
(Jennie exits C.)
(Drill Sergeant calls "SHOULDER FIRE LOCKS" soldiers change arms to Fire-Lock- march in quick time, exit L.U.)
(Bondman stands looking after Jennie, then X's quickly as

though to exit L.2 From tent L.3 which is half on stage, a faint call is heard. Bondman stops. Flap of this tent is opened, a grizzled, emaciated old man of about 65 with a week old beard and clawlike fingers, dressed in leather trousers, worn shoes and ragged shirt, - thin grey matted hair around face)

Old man

(Calling weakly) Jackie, is that you, Jackie?

Bondman

You? Where've you been?

Old man

Say, Jackie, slip me somethin' to eat, that's it - somethin' to eat.

Bondman

I haven't anything.

Old Man

(with piteous cunning) Oh now, now you always get it for me. Now you can always get it for old daddy. I've been sleepin' missed the grub, - now, now - (he is on elbows and knees in the straw of the tent)

Bondman

(quickly) I can't, there's nothing to eat. Damn ye, what did you come for?

Old man

(whispering) Now, please - I tell you - steal it for me like you did afore (He moves as though to leave tent)

Bondman

Keep still, keep still - I'll try.

(Gen. Sullivan enters from C. by big tent, is met by Hospital Orderly from R. 2)

Old man

That's it. That's it.

Bondman

Hush. Hush.

Hos. Orderly

(To Gen Sullivan, quick, eager voice, saluting) General, Surgeon Wilson presents his compliments, and wishes to know about the supplies.

(Wind and snow increase from now on until end of act)

Wagon train Express

(enters from L.U. hurriedly. In dishevelled condition, covered with dry mud. Salutes) General Sullivan, Colonel Woodford presents his compliments, and says that the wagons have fallen through the culvert at Dobb's crossing, the teams have fallen one by one by the wayside. Will be impossible to go any further with the wagons or guns.

Gen. Sullivan

(loosing control of himself) Damn me, don't tell me that. It's a lie, - it's a damn lie.

Express

(in indignation) General you, - (recovers himself, salutes) General, I have given you the message.

Gen. Sullivan

(recovers composure) Great God, man, they are dying by the hundreds there in the hospital camp, and you tell me this, where are the wagons?

Express

About two miles outside of camp, sir.

Sullivan

Two miles?

Express

Yes, sir.

(The men at the camp fires have been listening through all this. Jones shows great interest)

2nd Hos. Orderly

(enters from R.U. salutes, very rapidly) General Sullivan, Surgeon Milrose of the Eastern Wing presents his compliments and begs you in God's name to get supplies to his division as soon as possible.

Sullivan

DO YOU HEAR? DO YOU HEAR? - on every side. (To express) Your wagons and the best guns mired in the swamps, and we here helpless.

(Williams opens tent flap in tent R. 2, showing men huddled in straw on ground. They crawl to the opening so as to look out up on the stage. Other men huddled around camp fires R. & L. Jones goes in a very humble manner to the General, salutes and stands silent close before him)

Sullivan

(testily) Well, what do you want?

Jones

(saluting) Excuse me, General, might I suggest?

Sullivan

(irritably) Suggest, hell. (turns on heels) Aide, present my compliments to General Washington and tell him the wagons and guns are stalled at the culvert outside the camp.

(Aide salutes and exits quickly. Gen. Sullivan starts up stage, then turns quickly to Jones)

Sullivan

(in quick though less sterm tone) Well, what is it?

Jones

(quickly) Excuse me, General, I didn't mean no impudence. I used to be a waggoner on the hills up in my country, - when we had trouble with log teams, we used to sort of help the horses out, - some of us get in and push - some of us get in and pull and that way fetch things along a mite.

Sullivan

(impatiently) Well, well, my man, what are you driving at? I haven't time to be wasting here on you.

Jones

Well, General, we was just thinking that -

Sullivan

(harshly) Well, don't think - but speak out.

Jones

(quietly) We was thinking that us men that are able bodied in camp might go down, and - and - take the mules' places.

Sullivan

(in astonishment) What's that?

Jones

(Excuse me, General, but seeing things is kind of urgent, I just -

Sullivan

(sharply) What's your name?

Jones

Jones, sir, Silas Jones of Haverhill.

Sullivan

Silas Jones, eh? Well let me tell you something, Silas Jones.

Jones

Yes, sir.

Sullivan

It's a pretty damn good name.

(Carter, Gimpy and other soldiers in opening of tent L.C. number of soldiers have come on stage, and are around the camp fire)

Sullivan

(in loud, quick, tone to soldiers) My men, Private Jones here, has just suggested that perhaps there might be enough volunteers to bring up a wagon or so of the hospital supplies, and drag up a few of the guns. I couldn't ask any man to do this work, in the condition you are in. If you choose to volunteer, it will be in a great cause, but this is not a duty I could require of any man. (To orderly) Report this to the Maryland and Virginia Regiments. (Orderly salutes and exits) My men, I leave it with you. (Gen. Sullivan retires up stage, men talk among themselves).

Jones

(with assured unconcern) Well, boys, are you ready?

Williams

(quickly) I'm with you, father. (X's to L. 2)

(1st and 2nd soldiers of the mutiny squad and a half dozen others also cross, quietly, and take their places L.2 by Jones)

Gimpy

I don't want to, but I guess I will (takes place with others)

Berry

I'd like to go, but I can't. I can't.

Kent

That's me too.

Other Soldiers

And me - and me.

(This entire scene while full of virility, must be played absolutely in a low, confidential key, as though arguing it out among themselves, out of reach of the General's ears, as while it is taken from an actual occurrence at this very place, it is too full of heroism to stand anything but this treatment. This is also necessary as a contrast to the ending of the other acts.)

Jones

We've got to have more men than this.

Berry

(Indignantly) We can't do a horse's work.

1st Soldier

Give us something to eat first.

2nd Soldier

I've got no clothes.

Soldier in tent R.

Me neither.

Express Kent

(by camp fire) No shoes, either. (decisively) Can't go down there barefooted.

Gimpy

Oh, shoes. (Lifts up foot, showing curry-combs).

1st Soldier

Barefooted in the snow - not by a damn sight.

(Strong wind and whirling snow) Bondman has gone silent with the others L. 2)

Old man

(at tent) I'll go. (starts, staggers and falls. Bondman goes quickly to him) Hell, that's funny. Got a cramp in my leg. I'm

allright, I'll go.

Bondman

Yes, by God, back to this tent. (takes him back to tent) (To other soldiers) You're a fine lot of buzzards to let this old - you damn cowards, you'll stay here and rot until the red-coats stir up your gut with their bayonets.

1st Soldier

(jeeringly) Oh, look at the bond cull.

2nd Soldier

(fiercely) Yes, what the hell have you got to do with it?

3rd Soldier

Yes, and his cut open from being a mutineer.

(they laught and jeer)

Bondman

(in intense excitement) Yes, yes, yes, I am a bondslave, and when you look at me and think - think that men, men are sold like so much hog meat in the market, - that's why we are here-that's why we are naked and starving to death, - that's the reason - to put an end to all this, - and by God we got to carry it though - we we've started it, and when you start a thing that's right, - you've got to carry it though if it takes you through hell - and back again.

Jones

Hush, Jack, - not so strong.

Bondman

Well, they - - You, Berry, I didn't think you were a Hang-back.

Berry

Look at my feet, will you - look at them, - can I go like that through the snow? You're crazy as a mad dog.

(General Geo. Washington and Wide appear R.U. stand silently.

Gen. Sullivan salutes. Gen Washington returns salute. Jennie and Mr. Graves enter stand C. by tent)

(Wind and snow storm at height)

Gen. Sullivan

Your Excellency (salutes) (To the men) His Excellency is looking on to see, - who are the volunteers for this great work.

Omnes in tent

We got no clothes - no shoes.

Soldier in tent

(by fire, is beating his arms, has a remnant of a thin white shirt, earnestly) We can't go, we're naked, naked - naked.

Bondman

(takes off his blanket, tears it in two so that he stands naked above thewaist. Wraps half of the blanket around his naked body, over shoulder, throws the other part to men in tent) There -- now you're as good as I am.

(Seven or eight men go over to Jones' side)

Kent

Very well for you - but look here (indicating bare feet)

Bondman

Damn the shoes, here take mine. I won't be the only one with bare hoofs (points to other men with their feet thinly tied up, takes off moccasins, throws them to Kent who puts them on) Now, damn ye, what excuse have you got?

(Other men fall into line)

Sergeant

Lead the way, Express, Fall in line, marrah.

(They fall into line, marching off)

(Bondman on log by camp fire, tying up feet with strip of

blanket.

Jones

You'll freeze, you fool, but LOOK at his EXCELLENCY'S FACE.

Bondman

(excitedly, quickly, low voice) DAMN HIS EXCELLENCY, IT'S THE GIRL I AM SHOWING OFF FOR.

(Jones and Bondman fall into line with the rest)

(Voice off stage - - Double quick)

CURTAIN

2nd curtain, men dragging cannon on carriage wagon like beasts of burden, pulling and tugging in front at pole and chain, others on top spokes on front of wheels, others with shoulders to the wheels. Move slow X stage - supply wagon soon disappearing.

ACT III

Night-time, December 24th, 1776 - The "King George" Chamber of the "Red Fix" Inn at Trenton - built according to the old houses in Trenton at that date. Captain Cunningham's quarters. Rough, thick, stone wall around room to about two feet from the floor; rest of wall up to ceiling, of wood, Where the woodwork begins, leaves an inset in the wall, thus making a wall seat around entire room. Door L. 2 leading into another room. Small door L.U. leading into bed chamber. R.2 door, R.U. corner, broad, low window, L.of C. and R. of C. From pillar L. is an improvised curtain running to door L. At rise of curtain this is partly open, showing behind it, plunder, silver plate, pictures, stacks of clothing, bolts of cloth, etc. Room gives appearance of having been stripped of its best furniture. Here and there about the room, torn pictures, curtains, etc. One framed picture R. dangling from a wire which has been broken. Small pillat by table L. and one by pillar R. Large table L. Room is lighted with great candelabra set in walls R. & L. holding lighted candles, giving the soft, flickering lights that make shadows in the room, as the bright glare of the ordinary foot-lights would destroy entirely the atmosphere of the act.

Opening of act, all possible brightness, and wild half-drunken hilarity. In the center of stage, six men and six women dancing the Morris Dance to the air of the "Beggar Daughterof Bednal Green" - around the figure of a Hobby Horse which is fantastically made up over a man, musicians, two violins, a horn, an accordion, and a mouth harp, are playing wildly. The accordianist is standing on table L. 2 .The hobby horse has bells around neck and cavorts in time to the music, the women in the dance also have bells in their clothes which gangle as they move. Musicians all excepting the First Violin are dressed in plain dark costume, all with powdered hair. On wall seat, extreme R. is a civilian, fairly well dressed, rather dishevelled, without coat. A girl gaudily dressed, highly rouged, patched and powdered has her head resting on a pillow which he holds in his arms; they seem reasonably happy. A young boy of 18 or 20, and a young girl on wall seat L. of first couple, holding hands and talking earnestly. Table against pillar R. four men and two women rolling dice with dice cup. C. on wall seat, a man with head in a woman's lap. Table L. by pillar, a small fervent youth of 19 or 20 making excited gestures and talking with great earnestness to a large, fleshy, exceedingly highly made-up curled and frizzled old demi-monde of about 48 or 50. Cunningham with girl seated on his lap, pillar L. A very small dissipated looking old man of about 60 is being driven around the room by a young girl of about 18; she had bridle reins about his neck, and she strikes him with driving whip, calling "Get up, get up, get up horsie, kick nice horsie, kick', at which the old man squeals kicking up one leg and then the other in imitation of ahorse. Two men cayying an immense metal punch bowl half full of punch pass in and out among the crowd, all of them have pewter mugs which they dip into the bowl and drink at pleasure. Two re-faced, fleshy, middle aged men, decidedly the worse for liquor, follow the punch bowl, singing in time to the music:

Oh my Beak, oh my Beak,
The Punch is wet,
And the Punch is weak.

Making ridiculous gestures to members of the crowd as they follow the bowl, repeating these words with ridiculous consistency. A man with his arms around girl's neck against door R., holds a mug of punch. Occasionally he puts it to her mouth, while another man, much older, and unfavored-looking is sitting on a stool in front of them, gaily singing to the girl, shouting in time to the music:

Oh my love, Oh my love
Sold her faith for a turtle dove,
Oh my love, oh my love,
Sold her faith for a turtle dove.

They dance two figures of the Morris Dance singing wildly all the time, - a medley of laughter and shouts. Dance finishes with women in men's arms and a kiss.

Lt. Rodney

(in immaculate uniform of English Light Dragoon, shouting in mock heorics) A pledge - a pledge (stopping before Hobby horse) a pledge to His Most High and Mighty Excellency, LORD HIGH EMPEROR HOCUS POCUS, - KING OF MISRULE (kneels and drinks)

(Horse returns bow, - all drink)

Omnes

(kneel, shout madly) TO HOCUS POCUS, KING OF MISRULE, KING OF MISRULE.

(horse bows again)

Omnes

(laughter, loud shouts) More music. Play it over again, yes, yes, again.

(Dance music starts again midst shouting and laughter, women in men's arms - all possible abandon)

1st Violin

(Holds up hand stopping music) Huch, huch! (Long, light hair, unbound, falls around his face. Dressed in white satin small-clothes, white stockings, - wears no coat, waistcoat of white; soft white zhirt underneath; slender, pale, spirituelle face. German accent, voice soft with inspirational enthusiasm) No, no, it is not good - please, please let me play you something deeferent - deeferent.

Rodney

Well, what is it, young worm-dust?

Omnes

Yes, yes, go on, let us hear Dutch face.

1st Violin

(with touch of mystery, great seriousness, enthusiasm) It is a song the moon angels sang down through my window last night.

Omnes

(mockingly) Moon angels? He's drunk.

1st Violin

No, No, listen, listen (begins playing. All are still. With inspired face plays softly and with all possible beauty and tenderness Mendelssohn's Spring Song. Omnes listen for a short time in silence, then pose as ready to start the dance. Only a few bars are played, then Rodney and girl try to dance, then Omnes take a few awkward steps)

Rodney

(indignantly) We can't dance to that.

Omnes

No. No.

Cunningham

(powerful frame, massive head, dark, brutal, animal, contemptuous, sensual; elegantly dressed with white wig. Cavalry breeches, boots, sword, waistcoat of silk, shirt fine lace and ruffles, magnificent, loose lounging coat) Stop - stop that thing, I say.

(1st Violin stops playing)

Cunningham

Play the other one.

Omnes

Yes, yes, the other one (shouts wildly)

(Music changes to jig step; all dance wildly once around Hobby Horse - Hobby Horse kicks heels up in air, then rearing as up

as though on its hind legs, squeals - "To the Wine Cellar" "To the wine Cellar" - starts to L. 2. Omnes, "yes, yes, to the wine cellar" Hobby horse exits L.2 - all follow singing and dancing, the Beggar Daughter of Bednal Green)

Lt. Earl Cunningham

(young man, uniform Howe's own. In quiet sarcasm) (Stopping at doorway to Capt. Cunningham) So this is the reason you stayed over in Trenton?

Capt. Cunningham

(returning the sarcasm) Perhaps - I'll tell you why - just this - because it suits me to stay - because I've met some good fellows here, and some handsome women; I'll be far away from that damned meddling Howe, and I'll do as I damn please. (pauses, looks over him calmly) Does this shock you, cousin?

Earl Cunningham

Not from you. And then, I suppose, whatever outrages you may commit, will be laid on these ignorant Dutch soldiers?

Capt. Cunningham

(sarcastically) Perhaps you'll stay here to guard me.

Earl Cunningham

Not at all. I go to New York tomorrow. You know - - well, I'll say it.

Cunningham

(carelessly) By all means.

Earl Cunningham

This sort of thing, you know - I am no damn-me prude - I like women and drink and all that, as well as any man, - but <u>these</u> men - by God, there's hardly a man among them who makes even a pretense at being a gentleman, - and - I (again hesitates)

Capt. Cunningham

(same attitude as before) Well, go on -

Earl Cunningham

(quickly with some heat) There have been whispers that some of the horrid unmentionable outrages done here by Dutch soldiers were on several occasions, other people's evils - there are men here tonight, if you wish to know, whose names were mentioned - who are a disgrace to the greatest army on earth, God bless it.

Capt. Cunningham

(same careless manner) Still peddling camp gossip.

Earl Cunningham

Perhaps, but what I want to know is why you choose such men for your companions.

Capt. Cunningham

If you'll pardon me - in the first place, none of your damn business. In the second (with great disgust, has taken enough liquor merely to flare out and slightly exaggerate his real nature) Good God, what a sickly thing you are. Since you put the matter to me, I'll speak something that will shock you, cousin. Here's to "man" (drains cup, throws it in corner) God this coat is hot and stuffy (takes off coat, throws it in corner) that's better. Do you know what that means? The red, untrammelled blood of the good BEAST MAN? I was born a thousand years too late, cousin. I should have been hairy and naked - a son of Thor, fighting the seas with a heavy oar, burning our way from the North into half-civilization, lying-ized cities of the South with club and sword and rapine and fire, and - NOWADAYS - bah, you've wrapped the hairy, grunting wild hog in silks and satins like this (touching waistcoat and ruffles) and hypocritical lying words, but the hair and the hog is underneath the silk, the satin, and the nice sweet words just the same, but now, I'm going to throw off the silks and satins, - Now I can be whatever I damn please, and there's nobody to stop me. This country is conquered and I am one of the conquerors, and of all the hypocrites, these smug-faced Americans are the worst, - and I hate them Joyously, so I am glad it is they - luck has put beneath my heel.

Earl Cunningham

Why, what horrid nonsense is all this. Well, this is not a thousand years ago but civilized today. You are not a son of

Thor, but an Englishman, - a gentleman.

(First Violin begins to play Mendelsohnn's Spring Song, very softly, outside)

Capt. Cunningham

(Contemptuously laughing) An Englishman - a gentleman, - what are these? Only different names for the same hairy drooly-mouthed beast. These names are the lies of civilization, but damn me now I am throwing off the lies and I am going to root and grunt in my native pasture as it damn well fits me. Bah for this, lie number one (takes off stock of silk and crumples it up) that hides (naturally and light) see, - the bull tendons and cords of the man-beast neck; Whitened sepulcher number two, this (taking off white wig and showing coarse hair which falls around his face) Now I feel better - now, cousin, I can forget (bitterly, contemptuously biting out each word) all the piggy, squealy, race of men, - wild hogs creeping away from their stysy home, with bleery wet eyes looking up to the stars, grunting melancholy grunts at the far-away moon, hypnotizing themselves into a futile dream that moonbeams bring him a SPECIAL MESSAGE FROM THE MOON, and the star rays a drunken dream of impossible things. Art shocked, now, cousin? Look (goes quickly across the room, opens door L.2 - shouts) Stop that music, stop I say, - play the other one, - the other one - the other one. (Music changes as before) There they are, do you see, a few words, a few drops of liquor dethrone this great God Man, - makes him forget and be himself for a moment. There you see him - look at them - with little hungry eyes so long denied, rooting noses together in their own native mire, reeking in self-gratification (with mad enthusiasm) By God, now I love them - they are being true to themselves, just as I intend to be now that I have the chance. Forget the STARS, you (snatches up cup holding up high) No longer dream of the moon, but root and grunt and wallow with me, and be ourselves. Here's to you. (drinks) (Omnes shout off stage "Cunningham, Cunningham") Now, cousin, now art thou shocked?

Earl Cunningham

(at door) No, no, - but -

Capt. Cunningham

But what?

Earl Cunningham

A little too affectionate with the rum, cousin - try something softer (opens door) It might -

(Omnes appear, Capt. Cunningham X's to door, sounds of laughter and shouts. Two soldiers enter driving two girls in dishevelled and suggestive costumes followed by omnes. Two other men have taken off coats. Earl Cunningham exits)

Omnes

Make way for the parade. Here comes the procession.

(Musicians enter playing "Yankee Doodle")

Rodney

Halt! Make ready, everybody!

The Old Demi-monde

Oh, wait, wait, just wait.

Rodney

(shouts in mock heroic tone) Prepare to do all homage to the great Army - General George Washington and the American Army.

Omnes

Washington! Washington!

(There enters a small drummer boy, dirty face and in rags, beating a drum, followed by a soldier dressed in American uniform with wooden leg, - another soldier lame, all marching in solemn procession. Then a man dressed as an old woman waving a tiny American flag about six inches across, and then a very tall thin man in faded American uniform with an immense false nose who marches with exaggerated dignity)

Lt. Pinkney

(very young, - English Light Dragoon) (In mock heroism) Ah, ah, he hath come. Kneel dogs. (They all kneel down)

Rodney

(To burlesque Washington) What is thy name, most Excellent Majesty?

Burlesque Washington

(In ridiculous, high effeminate voice) My name is - Georgy Washington.

Pinkney

What have you done, Georgey Washington?

Burlesque Washington

Oh, Goodness, don't ask me. I've done so many things. You know I was at Boston, and I stayed there for a whole year, and the naughty British soldiers got so tired of looking at me, they ran right out of the town. And at New York, gracious (sighs and looks very sad)

Rodney

What ails thee, Sir Washington? Art thou in distress?

Burlesque Washington

Mercy, I should say so. Them British soldiers, laws a mercy.

Rodney

What did them British soldiers do to thee, Georgie?

Burlesque Washington

Oh, mother, you know I met 'em like a gentleman at New York and Brooklyn too. See my army - this is my army - Ho Brave Americans, salute your General. (The American army salutes) Me and my army drilled SO LOVELY right in front of them at Harlem Heights. And the naughty redcoats, the devils, they shot right at us.

Rodney

And what did you do, most magnificent General?

Burlesque Washington

Oh, I retired - and then at Fort Lee, and Washington - they

came right into the Fort.

Rodney

Again what did they do?

Burlesque Washington

(holding his head down) Oh, how can you ask? I ran like hell.

Rodney

And what have you done since, most munificent General?

Bur. Washington

I've been running like hell ever since.

Rodney

And where are you now, most illustrious General?

Bur. Washington

Oh, I am sleeping.

Rodney

Sleeping?

Bur. Washington

Yes, - me and my army in the mud by the flowing waters of the river. When I get out, I'm going back to dear old Virginia. Goodness, I'll never fight them British no more. Forward Army let us retreat some more. The Redcoats will get you if you don't hurry.

(Army turns and marches off solemnly. Everybody laughs uproariously)

Capt. Cunningham

(Sits in chair all this time back of table, looking on contemptuously. He shouts off stage) More punch.

(Charity, young woman of 25 in vivid pink with exaggerated pompadour rushes on followed by Hartin and Reed)

Charity

(in mock tragic tone to Cunningham)

Capt. Cunningham

(sternly) What is this you do in my house, sir (to Reed and Martin)

(Reed and Hartin fall back)

Charity

Oh, thank you, my protector.

Capt. Cunningham

Tell me, little American girl, what would they do to thee?

Woman

Oh, sir, they wanted me to drink, drink beer, sir, me,a pure, little virginous girl. Oh, sir, I have not the complexion of one who would do such tricks. So I said "Fie upon thee" like that, 'Fie upon thee".

Capt. Cunningham

You did quite right to say "Fie upon thee" Do not touch the vile beer . (The two men carrying punch bowl enter) Thou shalt drink only punch.

Charity

(pretense of great gratitude) Oh, thank you, sir.

Cunningham

(To men carrying punch) Here - (men come over and Charity dips her face down into bowl, then lifts her into his lap, kisses her and puts her down.

Reed

Upon my soul, I thought the hussy meant it. Oh where is my girl gone to:
(Goes to door) Look, she's taken off her bodice before the men. Oh, my God!

(Crowd rushes on again with Burlesque Washington)

1st Girl

Oh, General Washington, give me a kiss.

Bur. Washington

I will not, I'm too busy running.

(Enter soldier driving four girls who have made masks across eyes, short skirts. Drive wildly on. The driver has a long whip and he touches them on the ankles with it. He cries "Get up, get up", - as he flips them with the whip, the girls stop and neigh, and kick up their heels)

Bur Washington

Oh, the petticoats - goodness how I love petticoats (gallops like a horse, catches hold of one of the girl's skirts, then gives a terrific scream)

Lt. Pinkney

What's the matter, General?

Bur. Washington

Oh, mercy, I thought I saw a readcoat.

(They gallop off laughing uproariously and exit)

(Enter Head of the S.S.)

Capt. Cunningham

Well, you're late.

Head

Oh, I've been in Washington's camp. It is too ridiculous. They are barefoot (laughs) Give me a drink. They have nothing to eat. I saw two soldiers chasing a stray dog - dog, they eat dog. Anybody can go in - ~~xxdisciplinexxxthey~~ (takes another drink, laughs) Oh, it's too ridiculous. Anybody can go in- no discipline. They don't surrender because they are afraid to - so frightened they are to surrender. By Jericho, who can beat that? Ah, little canary bird (to demi-monder up in corner)

(Two men enter escorting women with hooded cloaks over their head, - Miller, Becky and Bess

Servant

(To Cunningham) Sire, I have some more petticoats here.

Cunningham

Good, let's see them (takes off hoods)

Miller

Oh rambunctious, it's the gallant Captain we met last Monday. Aw, laws my blushes.

Becky

(in mock modesty) I never dreamed I was coming to such a terrible place. The man told us it was to be a blue tea, and no soldiers. I just hate soldiers.

Bess

(very young and pretty, Quaker greycoat over bright red dress (in affected, sweet drawl) Thou wilt not harm me, sir. Thou dost know I am but a poor Quaker lass. Mother told me to beware of soldier men.

Capt. Cunningham.

Mother is given with infinite wisdom, friend.

Bess

(in natural low voice, throwing off affectation) I shall give a kick to thee if thou dost trouble me. (Raises skirt, gives a high kick, laughs) Oh, look at the fat gentleman with the glowing complexion. (Throws herself in arms of Reed)

(Baldheaded man carrying wig in hand enters followed by two or three others with big pewter mugs. They go solemnly to the punch bowl, singing slowly:

Do you remember my mother-in-law
She countenanced an unsmiling jaw
She picked her teeth with a cross-cut saw,
And what she said, it was the law,
Until the day when she was dead,
With a curry comb she combed her head.

(They all march in time and exit solemnly. Captain Cunningham, Reed and two women drinking at a table by the window. Rodney, Pinkney and others enter. Rodney sees Bess who has just left Reed on Wall seat going to punch bowl).

Rodney

(To Bess) Ah, a new one - here pretty eyes.

Bess

(gaily, runs to him) Oh, - I like you.

(Pinkney steps in front of Rodney so that Bess runs into his arms)

Pinkney

Hello, sweetheart.

Bess

(coyly) Hello, nice man.

Rodney

Wait there, she belongs to me.

Pinkney

No, sir; to me.

Rodney

(Good naturedly) By hell, no - I saw her first.

Pinkney

(smiling quietly, still holding girl in his arms) Well, I got her first.

(all laugh)

Rodney

Leave it to the girl

Pinkney

(Holding Bess at arms length, wheedling tone) Who do you love most, little doveeyes?

Bess

(hesitates and looks at both) I, - I - both of you.

Rodney

The dice - they'll decide. (Picks up dice cup, brings it up to table L.)

Pinkney

(shouts) Good enough

Millie

(pouting, leaning on shoulder of Becky) I don't think she's got dove eyes.

Becky

I don't like this place, nohow. Wish I'd staid home.

Reed

(Putting arm around Millie Now, Lovie.

(Hartin takes other girl. They gather around table. Others on wall seat. Door is open into the other room and music begins playing)

Rodney

(shouts) One throw decides (throws dice)

Pinkney

(kissing Bess) Wish me luck, sweetheatt, ties for your brown

little red pigeon heart, I throw. (throws dice) (In triumph) Three fives. (Opens arms to Bess) Mine, mine. (Bess runs into his arms)

Bess

Oh, I'm so glad.

(Musicians enter with others, playing as before)

Rodney

(shouts in mock sorrow) Make it a funeral march.

(Music plays very loud, First Violin drops violin down by side)

1st Violin

Hush, how, - it is for me - to play you something deeferent - deeferent.

Omnes

Go on, - yes, yes - very well, old pickle face.

Rodney

Yes, what is it, young worm dust?

1st Violin

(same manner as before, same earnest, inspirational enthusiasm) Listen, listen, - I hear it the night we leave the Fadderland. Yes, yes, close by where the boats sail, - a beeg garden of roses yellow in the moonlight, - listen, sea airs blow soft among them, so the rose petals sigh to one to anodder - like did -

Omnes

Hear him talk.

Rodney

He's drunk, - he's drunk.

1st Violin

(earnestly, same manner as before) No, - ne - listen - the yellow rose petals, listen, sing soft, so soft, one to another (plays as before with all possible sweetness and tenderness a few bars of Mendelsohn's Spring Song, when omnes shout to him)

Omnes

(shouting) Stop, stop - something lively, lively, different, different -

(Musicians play "Beggar Daughter of Bednal Green" All exit laughing, and dancing, except Cunningham who goes with girl, to door L.2, as he gets to door, there is a knock on door R.)

Capt. Cunningham

(stops, putting girl through doorway) I'll be with you in a minute, dearie (closes door, x's quickly to R.)

(Balcom and another thug of rough dress and manner - enter, carrying girl between them. She is wrapped in a great black coat. They place her in chair back of table L.C.)

Balcom

She's a wildcat, your honor.

Capt. Cunningham

(bending over her - in low tones) I'm glad of that. (To Balcom) Send your man away. (Balcom makes gestures to man who exits R. 2 Cunningham puts arm around girl's neck)

Balcom

'Twas an easy job, sir; back of the Dutch quarters, - they'll get all the blame, sir.

Capt. Cunningham

Be quiet.

Blacom

Yes, sir.

Capt. Cunningham

(Unfastens coat, discovers Jennie in grey undercoat, her head enveloped in great scarf, her hands fastened behind her. In same, low, half-breathless voice) You must forgive me for this. By God, I couldn't help it. I have been watching you since I saw you this morning. I had to do this. You, little one, you can't blame me for this, so let roses be upon your countenance. (He is holding one arm close around her neck as he unfastens scarf, when the scarf is unfastened, he moves behind the chair a little. Jennie slips quickly out from chair so that table is between them. At this there is an overwhelming sound of voices in the next room)

Jennie

(Looks around her in bewilderment - then in quiet steady tones) Sir - you - I don't understand the meaning of all this - this (There is another outbreak of voices and drunken laughter) I seem sirm you have made a most serious mistake. This is a soldier lark, but I, - I - you have made a great mistake, sir. I am Jennie Randolph Graves, a lady sir, - so I know you - you will send me home.

Cunningham

(Gloating over her) Little one.

Jennie

(intensely) Now, now, sir, immediately.

Cunningham

(Comes in front of her - she stares him bravely in the face - he in the same low voice) Not if I go to Hell this night for it. This is your home tonight, little dearheart.

Jennie

No, - no, no, no, you don't know what you are saying - you, you must know I - I would kill myself before, before I - that should happen.

Capt. Cunningham

Now, don't, donst - that is book talk - not real life.

Jennie

(desparately) No, no, no, you can't. General Howe is a gentleman, he would have you hung, if ---

Capt. Cunningham

Great God, are you like all the rest? Why you can never be blamed - even if that foolish little conscience you are afraid of, can never sit in some littlecofner of your heart and say, "Great God, what have I done?" So stop your lies. We are together (familiar, confidential tone) man and woman, tell me now, isn't there something born of a thousand years of passion and red blood, way down deep in you, shrieking - "This - is a man." Tell me, isn't there some wild primordial joy, that, fight as much as you will, breaks like great hot winds against your very soul, now, now - hearing me say these things?"

(Earl Cunningham with pewter mug in hand enters and stands in doorway. At first slightly drunken-dazed as though hardly understanding).

Jennie

There is nothing but this - that shrieks out: you are a drunken besotten beast. You, - you - oh Father in heaven, help me, help me.

Capt. Cunningham

There you are begging the moon to send a legion of angels to help you. Throw away these moonshine dreams and come like the wild true woman of old. Gad, you women must despise these pimply faced cowards of today who eternally grovel on their knees and ask - ask - fearfully for favors, instead of taking - taking as I shall do (Jennie falls back so they are at window) YOU, YOU WONDERFUL MYSTERY OF SOFT PINK AND WHITE, You (with a quick movement, he takes her in his arms which are still tied behind her, so that he seems to literally carry her a few feet across the stage as she struggles. In sharp outburst) I'd be damned in twenty hells for you. (kisses her violently and she runs away from him, rushes quickly to window, dashes herself against pane so that it breaks. He stands and laughs a low, passion-crazed laugh) I'm sorry but there are iron bars outside that window. Now if you had tried the other, - (She rushes to the other window when Balcom stops her, simultaneously Cunningham throws she scarf over her face, then slips rope around her, and binds her quickly to pillar L.2)

(Earl starts up at this business to interfere when Reed and

two girls come to doorway loudly laughing and singing. Earl goes quickly back to doorway, stops them in door)

Earl Cunningham

(To crowd) Wait, wait - just a moment.

Omnes

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Well - what for?

Earl Cunningham

(lightly) Oh, a horrid jest. Wait, gentlemen, I beg of you.

Omnes

(reluctantly) Well, for a minute. (They drop back)

(Earl shuts door)

Capt. Cunningham

(Places Jennie so that she is safely hidden by curtains on wall seat, - pulls curtain into place over broken window) You'll freeze up with your dramatics.

Earl Cunningham

(swings hotly up stage) Don't you - you can't do this sort of thing, you know. ALL this - with these kind of women, (Indicating off stage) is well enough, but this is a different matter - even these men - your friends -

Capt. Cunningham

Would never ask a question when I tell them it is a jest with my mistress, or I'll tell them the truth for that matter - call it the "Spoils of War", or blame the "Lord of Misrule" Cousin, call them in - tell them -

Earl Cunningham

(hotly) General Howe shall know -

Capt. Cunningham

Nothing about it.

Earl Cunningham

I myself will tell him.

Capt. Cunningham

Not a word while our names are the same, cousin.

Earl Cunningham

You are a disgrace to our name, sir (quickly ripping out sword with warm determination) and this thing shall not be.

(Reed enters quietly)

Capt. Cunningham

(draws sword, in temper) NO? Well, we'll see about that.

Reed

(expostulating) Gentlemen, gentlemen - my God, no, no you can't do this.

Capt. Cunningham

(as they touch swords contemptuously) There is no danger, not for me at least.

(They fight, Reed closes door L. stands with back against door, Balcom stands looking stolidly from window R. Reed talks excitedly through it all)

Reed

Gentlemen, gentlemen, I beg you, gentlemen.

(There are only a few sword thrusts when Capt. Cunningham disarms Earl and holds sword at breast)

Capt. Cunningham

Now, I ought to let the candle light through you for your impudence.

Earl Cunningham

(quietly) Well -

Capt. Cunningham

You should learn something of sword play before speaking so bravely. You lave lost, my friend, - so are honor-bound to silence.

Earl Cunningham

(drops head in admission of defeat) Yes - I have lost.

Capt. Cunningham

(drops sword sharply) Goodnight, sir.

Earl Cunningham

(X's quickly to door L.2, stops in doorway, turns) Still you should -

Capt. Cunningham

(sternly) Goodnight, sir.

(Earl Cunningham exits quickly) leaving door open. As he opens door, Omnes heard off stage)

Omnes

Sing us a song.

Rodney

Yes, or by the devil, you stay here all night.

Omnes

Yes,-sing, Birdie Quaker.

Bondman

(off stage, sings) Oh, thou, lover of my soul.

Rodney

(breaking in) Take him to the Captain, he'll buy your pies.

(Two girls sing to hymn tune "Let the quaker in, Let the Quaker

in)

Capt. Cunningham

(at Earl's exit, has drawn curtains in front of Jennie, and opened door. In doorway laughing) Yes, bring them in, I'll buy.

(Omnes rush on dragging bondman made up as Quaker. He has tray with cloth cover, filled with pies. Tray is made of wood and is held in front against body with strap around neck)

Rodney

Cunny - wult have Tarts or pies?

Pinkney

Or his ears?

Capt. Cunningham

A little of each, thank you. These Quakers make lovely pastry. Their pies are as sweet as their faces are sour.

Bondman

(in quiet, low voice) Thou are a wise man, though mighty man of valor.

Charity

How, now, sweet gouth, dost love the ladies? Art fond of white apple dumplings? Puts her arm around bondman's neck who stands immovable) Gove me a kiss, it'll brighten your sour face.

Reed

(snatching Charity away) Come here, wanch, let the Quaker boy be.

Rodney

(mocking voice) Here Quaker, drink with us. Thou are a good loyalist.

Bondman

Indeed thou dost speak the truth, friend, I am ever loyal to the King's annointed.

Capt. Cunningham

(seated back of table) Yes, they are all loyal to the King. Now, when he's won. I'll venture you would have been as loyal to Washington were he victorious.

(Omnes come bringing liquor to Bondman).

Bondman

It it were a serious offense if I drink of the liquor.

Rodney

Pour it down his throat.

(Omnes crowd around him. After pretense of resistance, Bondman takes drink)

Capt. Cunningham

How do you like it, old "Thee-and-Thou"?

Bondman

'Tis not so bad, sir. I might become used to it in time.

(Reed and others enter with Jones. He is also made up as a Quaker, carries a tray with tobacco twists. He seems very worn, and drags one foot limping painfully)

Reed

Here's another.

Rodney

(lifting cover of Jones' tray) Tobacco - oh!

(Gong is heard and voices cry - "Supper is served, - Supper is served")

Rodney

Ah, I am starved to death.

Reed

Never was so hungry in my life.

Pinkney

Ach, Gott, that is a good sound.

Girls

(rush to door) Oh my gemina, just look!

(All exit. Capt. Cunningham stops at door and beckons, three soldiers enter. Two soldiers exit into Room R. 2, one stops at window with Balcom. Capt. Cunningham whispers to 1st soldier then points to R. 2, gestures towards Jennie. Balcom salutes)

Capt. Cunningham

(calls to Bondman and Jones) Here, old dirt-bones, - come unload your piee.

Charity

(takes Bondman by arm) Pretty Quaker, pretty Quaker - (exits holding to Bondman's arm.)

(Door is left open, partly. Omnes heard off stage shouting and laughing. After crowds exit, Balcom fills two cups with punch, offers one to soldier, takes the other himself. They sit by window R.)

Rodney

(off stage, in mock rapture) Oh, look , a side of beef!

Bess

(also off stage) Pigs, Pigs - four pigs.

Reed

(off stage) Piggie, piggie, piggie.

Bess

I'll eat 'em all.

(Laughter, banging of forks, etc.)

Pinkney

(off stage) Pigeon pie - pigeon pie - take my eye.

Omnes

Pigeon pie, Pigeon pie.

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Capt.Cunningham

(shouts) Music, damn those lazy dogs, play something.

(Music begins. Bondman re-enters X's over to door R.)

Balcom

Were are you going?

Bondman

(indicating door R.) I would away from these revellers. Is not this the way to the street?

Soldier

No, old dirt face, it is the way to Captain Cunningham's private rooms. You'll have to pass out the other way.

(Soldiers and Balcom chat at window. Bondman goes back towards door and meets Jones).

Jones

Ah, brother, 'tis time we were on our way.

Bondman

(looking round) Thou are right, brother. (in natural low, voice, quickly) I've had great luck. Only 1600 men here. All off their guard - could be taken by a thousand - Cornwallis plans to attack Washington in 3 days - getting rafts in preparation - been waiting for it to freeze - and His Excellency will be caught if he doesn't move quickly. Gathered that much at Rahl's quarters this evening.

Jones

Damned good.

Bondman

You go the old Dutch road. I'll try the new. Remember in 3 days, Not a moment to be lost. I must get back to the Mill before twelve. By the Great Continental Jones, we've done it, we've saved 'em - think of it - we.

Jones

Hugh - not yet.

Bondman

The window

Jones

Not these - second story. You'll have to go alone. My leg's gone. Twisted from the bone. - Hell.

Bondman

Damnation, I thought you were playing possum.

Bondman

(resolutely) Well - you get to the Dutch barn, I'll come back for you. By God, His Excellency and the whole army will come with me.

Watchman

(outside) Ten O'clock and all's well.

Jones

Hush.

Bondman

(in surprise) Ten o'clock. (determined) I must clear for home.

Jones

(emphatically) Yes, you'll have to split hell to get to the Ferry by twelve.

(Jennie gives low moan. They both pause)

Bondman

Did you hear? (turns facing curtains)

Jones

Like as now some innocent girl mistreated. This Cunningham and his crew here (indicating L.) - the greatest monsters living.

Bondman

It's in the room. (goes quickly up, draws back curtain, and discovers Jennie leaning against the curtain so that she is only partly seen. She has loosed the scarf which was around her face) You - why?

(Jennie is standing easily in the curtains, straightens herself)

Bondman

Why - is this house the place that you - (in quick, eager low voice, moves closer) Why lady, do you know this - this Cunningham is the greatest fiend - you must go back to your rooms lady. You must not be seen (looks up, in horror-struck tone) Why, good God I thought it was a stairway. Why you - (very loud so that the soldier turns from his position in the window by curtained pillar R. hides him from Pillar L. where Jennie is concealed)

Jones

Be careful, remember.

Balcom

(quickly, harshly, coming from window) Damnation, come away from that wench.

Bondman

(turning quickly to Balcom) I, - I meant no harm.

(Jones goes cautiously to Door L. - all this very quickly)

Balcom

(angrily) Harm - the devil. I'll have you in the lockup, you meddling fool.

Bondman

Hush (quickly offers him money) Cease the loud words, friend.

Balcom

If the Governor knew this -

Bondman

(taking out more money) Here (offering money) For just one moment (Balcom looks at it, hesitates) (offering money again) I beg you, 'tis all I have.

Balcom

(taking money) Well, hurry, he'll be through in a minute - if he caught you, I'd pay for it. His arm is as long as Hell. Hurry up, keep your distance too. (X's back to window)

Jones

(coming from corner - very low, quick, intense) You must HASTEN. They'll be coming back in a minute. In their drunken humor, it may be hard to get away.

Charity

(off stage) Where's my Quaker.

Omnes

(off stage) Where are the Quakers? Bring them in and get them drunk. Fill them full of booze - the Quakers.

Jones

They're coming.

Jennie

(as though worn into a state of dazed exhaustion) Bondman, this beast had me brought here half an hour ago, do you under-

stand, you can help me. Oh Bondman, I know you will help me. (she reels) Bondman at last you will save me. (sinks limply in sitting posture)

Bondman

Yes, I will, I will - I will stay here.

Jennie

Oh, oh, I knew you would. (in low voice, very simply, like one whose troubles are at an end() I knew you would, O thank God, thank God for you, Bondman.

Bondman

(same quick desparate intensity) I'll wait till they go - I'll kill him - and get you away. I'll do it somehow.

Jones

(in quick, firm, telling tones) It's late now. You must go.

Bondman

Those men (turns toward Balcom and soldier at window) I could get rid of them (steps forward impulsively, Jones stops him)

Jones

(low, stern voice) Stop - the room there is full of redcoats. All these people - they'd blow you to hell in a flash.

Bondman

Len them - I'll try - I'll -

Jones

(quickly) It's not your life (slower, impressively) but the thousands waiting on the other side of the river for you.

Bondman

(mechanical, horror-struck tone) God! God! God? God!

Jones

(same relentless tone) Your DUTY - SWORN ON THE BOOK OF GOD.

(shouts and laughter off stage)

Jennie

Be careful, Bondman.

Bondman

(in agony of indecision) I - I (pulling resolutely to the truth) NO, NO, I MUST GO, now, this minute (raises curtains sees window barred, - desperately) Lady, tell me, - help me.

Jennie

(quietly) Yes, yes.

Bondman

(in horror struck voice) the WHOLE ARMY WAITS. I have news that will SAVE THEM - ALL the DAMNED, STARVING, DYING - I haven't a single moment - in God's holy name, I must go, now, now, you understand?

Jennie

Yes - yes - oh, yes, I understand.

Bondman

(very quick) Now, they are waiting at the bank of the river - if I miss them -

Jennie

(interrupting) No - no - you must not. Go, go quickly, - Have you a weapon?

Bondman

Nothing, - as Quakers, it would have meant destruction.

Jones

(sternly) You must hasten - you can get out there (pointing

Jennie

Not even a knife?

Bondman

(desperately) Nothing.

Jennie

(rapidly, eagerly, in low tones) Bondman, Bondman, remember before you were a bondslave, think, - you understand what a woman's honor is.

Bondman

Do I understand?

Jennie

Yes, yes, this you must do. Kill me, kill me in some way before you go.

Bondman

Kill, - kill you!

Jennie

Yes, yes, pretend you are my lover, jealousy, anything, -

(Bondman looks at her in speechless horror)

Jennie

You must - you must.

Omnes

(off stage) Find 'em - bring them in.

Bondman

(in tense quiet) I will - then when my work is done, I shall come back to him.

Jones

Come, Come, COME

(shouts, 2nd soldier, Reed and Cunningham with goblets in their hands break through door).

Omnes

Where are the "Thee and Thou" dogs?

Capt. Cunningham

Oh, they are talking to my lass. Have to put an end to that (swings up stage, catches Bondman by throat, turns him around down stage)

Bondman

(starts up toward him, threateningly) By God - I'll -

Jones

(screams) Friend!

(Capt. Cunningjam draws sword; soldier lifts musket; Balcom puts hand on pistol; Rodney hand on sword. The other men stand in doorway.

Bondman

I, - I -

Capt. Cunningham

This is a strange kind of Quaker.

Bondman

(turns, Jones has caught his arm, breathlessly) I beg, you, sir, thou wilt forgive me. Thou art a man of war and valor, but thou wilt not do this thing.

Capt. Cunningham

Wilt not do what thing?

Bondman

(falls on knees in passion of entreaty) This maid - thou -

thou - dost not mean harm to her, sir. Thou art mistaken, sir; She is not like these women - she is to be my wife, sir - thou wilt not, oh God in heaven, thou wilt not soil her, - thou wilt not, thou wilt not harm her.

Capt. Cunningham

(laughs) Harm her? Why of course not, not for a thousand pounds.

Bondman

Thou - thou hast women dear to thee - think, sir, their souls, it is more than - her soul - thou couldst not bring hurt to her?

Capt. Cunningham

(quickly, brutally) Get up, you damned hypocritical dog, or I'll make a river through you. This is a time of war - we are the vistors - we take that which we want. None of your moonshine talk to me - or I'll cut your throat here and now.

Bondman

(looking around room, appealing to the other men) Some of you help me, - help me, - it is the truth - the truth I say.

Capt. Cunningham

(fiercely) Cease your talk.

Jones

(sternly, steps forward, stands close by Bondman as though to restrain him) Friend, it is late.

(action here practically simultaneously)

Jennie

(screams) No, no, no.

Capt. Cunningham

(rapidly, with strength) It is the joke I told you, my sly wild mistress who came to me insecret - this must be her

jealous lover of whom she told me).

(Bondman makes slight movement. Jones restrains him)

Rodney

(Mockingly to Bondman) Oh, thou jealousy.

Pinkney

Romeo Gogel

(Cunningham has put scarf over Jennie's mouth again. Pinkney and Rodney come between Bondman and Cunningham)

Bondman

(in desperate, quiet resolve) Let me speak with her, but one word.

Capt. Cunningham

(mockingly) But one word, listen - our Quaker friend, disguised as a Romeo. Here (in commanding tone to men R.) Lock him up. (Balcom and soldier start toward Bondman)

(Three girls and others enter)

Charity

Oh, where is my sweet Quaker (knowing nothing of what has occurred; abolutely natural, so that the crowd's bright, offhand unconcern brutally contrasts the shadows of the tragedy that is for the Bondman)

Bess

(very quick) Here John Wesley Quaker, like Piggie bone, nice piggie bone? (Has bone on which she is munching, and she thrusts it against his face)

Charity

(has piece of pastry in hand) Here, fatten him on his own pies. Quaker, quaker, dance with me (thrusts pie in his face, they all take hold of him dancing around him once.

Bess

Now sing us a John Wesley Hymn like a good Quaker.

Millie

Yes, Yes.

Capt. Cunningham

(sternly - to his men) Look him up.

(action here very quick)

Rodney

Now, now, Cunny, let's jest with the jokel.

Pinkney

Ues, Cunny, yes, then we'll throw him out of the window.

Capt. Cunningham

(gestures to men to withdraw) As you say.

1st Girl

Sing us a song that will save our souls.

(Three girls on R. - Bondman up stage C. below Jennie who is L. of table. Capt. Cunningham & Rodney L. Reed and Hartin on wall seat back of Bondman. Head and another man come on - they have been peeling oranges - as Head passes by table L. he drops the knife - Bondman sees this).

Bess

Quaker, sing - sing Quaker.

(Bondman with eyes on knife, Jennie also sees knife and make gestures to throat)

Bondman

(half crazed, thinking of what he has to do) God have mercy; God have mercy.

(Omnes laugh.)

Rodney

(mocking) Sing your song, we'll talk about that later.

(Bondman looks at Jennie, then with eyes fastened on knife, begins to sing - "Oh, thou lover of my soul", (makes almost imperceptible move to table) "Let me to thy bosom fly", - again moves - "While the nearer waters roll, while the tempest still is high" - moving almost imperceptibly all the while towards knife on table).

Rodney

(breaking in on song, mockingly) 'Tis a quaker love song, by God.

Capt. Cunningham

(laughing) He's singing to the girl. 'Tis as good as a play. (takes chair and sits) I shall have a place in the Pit.

Rodney

(with sword) Go on, sir Quaker.

Jones

(who has kept close behind Bondman) Remember

(Bondman has staggered a couple of steps towards knife on table)

Pinkney

By God - he's drunk.

(Omnes laugh uproarously)

Rodney

Let him finish the song.

(Bondman is by table; puts right hand stealthily on table close to knife, begins to sing again - "Guide me, O my saviour guide" gets Knife - "Till the storm of life is past" (still nearer Jennie who throws back her head indicating her bare throat, Bondman springs forward with upraised arm to kill her, Pinkney and Head who have been watching him back of pil-

lar by wall seat spring forward in time to save her. Cunningham twists knife out of his hand; they throw Bondman down stage. Jennie falls forward fainting, held by the rope so that she is nearly hidden by the curtain against pillar)

Jones

(warningly) Remember.

Capt. Cunningham

(fiercely) By God - (stops, laughs) Ah, 'Tis a melodrama, well done. Thou shalt have the lead in the next play we put on. Thou art not a Quaker, thou art a second Virginius. A fudge to thee (applauds boisterously)

Jones

Dost thou not see, sir - he is beside himself? It is the liquor (to Bondman) Remember, friend, thou must go.

Capt. Cunningham

Lock him up till he sobers off. The punch is heavy on his head.

Watchman

(calls) Eleven o'clock - and all's well.

(Bondman and Jones look up)

Jones

Let him go home, sir - 'tis late.

Bondman

(last desparate determination) Yes, yes, let me go home. It is the liquor - thou art quite right.

Capt. Cunningham

Well - throw him into the street.

Bondman

(a last look at Jennie, then turns - in suppressed mad scream) Yes, I must go - I must go - I must go - g- - go (staggers out doorway)

(Omnes laugh, take Jones by the scruff of the neck, throws him out the door, some of the omnes following)

Capt. Cunningham

Kick them both out into the street.

(Omnes inside laugh and shout, "Yes - yes", some go to window)

Charity

(at window) Oh, look, here they come. The old one, look at him.

Rodney

(at window) Look, look - he fell.

Charity

(in horror) Oh, God, his head - the blood is running.

Rodney

He won't get up for some time. The other one, look, my Quaker, here is running - hear him screaming like a girl.

(There is a sound of a horrible scream)

Capt. Cunningham

(down stage, to Balcom in low voice) Follow that Quaker. (touches pistol in belt) See that there is no talk.

(Balcom salutes, exits quickly door R. 2 A couple of soldiers who came in with the Omnes have fallen in drunken sleep in chairs; Reed and Millie with arms around each other's necks, get up from chair and stagger to wall set, she lies limply on wall seat; Reed falls on floor with head on wall seat; two other men are stretched on wall seat, fast asleep).

Charity

(closing window curtains) Oh, I didn't finish my supper. (runs gaily to door L.2, calls to Rodney "Come, come.")

(laughingly, alluding to drunken figure) Look, the white flag's run up to the lead storm of rum. (exit together gaily)

Capt. Cunningham

(R. 2 looking up stage) Mad, - all, all of them with the wine, madness, - mad, you Quaker fool with your moon dreams, (goes to Jennie, standing above her with gloating face close against hers) and I - I am mad too, mad with the warm blood that makes you my soft mystery of pink and white, - ANOTHER ERIC THE RED HATH CROSSED THE SEAS - FOR YOU - YOU 9takes her in his arms, with his lips against her face)

CURTAIN

ACT III

Scene 2

Delaware River the next morning. A snow storm is raging and between the intervals of storming wind is heard the grinding, creaking and rolling of the ice which fills the river. R. 2 there is a camp fire, around which three British soldiers are seated - their muskets staked, and a lantern hung from one of the muskets. At rise of curtain, a sentry is just disappearing L. 2. Scene opens in rather slow, marked tempo, though offhand and colloquial.

1st British Soldier

Great affair in town tonight. Wish I was there.

2nd British Soldier

Hellish luck - get this outpost duty - the bloody weather.

1st B. Soldier

Well, the war's over.

2nd B. Soldier

It wasn't no war. Nothing but a run.

1st B. Soldier

These Americans bloody good runners.

3rd B. Soldier (an old man)

Think we'll be home by Spring? I want to be home by Spring.

1st B. Soldier

Cold, aint it?

2nd B. Soldier

(with ominous premonition) What was that?

1st B. Soldier

What?

2nd B. Soldier

I thought I heard something.

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1st B. Soldier

I didn't hear nothing.

3rd B. Soldier

Be mighty glad to get back to the old country. Wrote home yesterday, we'd be back by Spring.

1st B. Soldier

(takes out brown bottle and takes a drink)

2nd B. Soldier

Pass it around, Bob, pass it around. (takes bottle) Here's to a quick going home.

Sentry

(gets to R. 2 turns) Yes, I'll take a drink of that - as how we gets home quick. (Goes over, takes bottle, drops gun, takes drink) As to how we gets home quick. (Beats his hands together to warm them, picks up musket, turns as he gets L. 2, a sack comes over his head, then a knife flashes in the air, and he falls without a sound).

2nd B. Soldier

I heard something.

1st B. Soldier

You're spooky tonight.

2nd B. Soldier

Wish I was on duty at town.

(There is seen crawling along the ground, four figures, - they worm along for a moment, and then pause)

1st B. Soldier

Give us a swig of the bottle. My turn for guard duty next. My God, it's cold. (Steps back, takes up piecesof wood and throws them on the fire)

2nd B. Soldier

That's right, stir up the fire.

(1st B. Soldier throws two pieces over to the fire, - as he goes back for the third to R.U., by entrance, two of the figures on the ground, repeat same bus. with him - then all of them creep closer to the Camp fire)

2nd B. Soldier

(in a frightened voice) THERE - THERE it was.

3rd B. Soldier

I think we'll get home by Spring allright. No more of -

(2nd B. Soldier starts up - two men bear him down) same bus. repeat with the 3rd B. Soldier who utters a low gurgling sound, or scream - the only one that makes a sound. Then Williams and 5 Americans are seen)

Williams

(grimly) GOOD WORK. THEY'LL GIVE NO WARNING.

(Then there is silence for a time, and they light a lantern, put it on a pole and wave it in the air three times. Then a light is seen in the distance on the water, and immediately afterwards 2 great rafts filled with American soldiers pushing and pulling their way through the ice. They wear the same pitiful, non-descript clothes as in Act 2, some with blankets

fastened around them - others half naked - two men with feet tied up in sacking at mass of floating ice, working with shoulders against raft. Second raft has small cannon on carriage. Then third boat appears. As it gets closer to center, lantern bearers in front lift up lanterns as though peering out into the darkness - thus discovering Washington with his staff around him.

CURTAIN

ACT LLL

Scene 3.

A few hours later. Scene same as Scene 1, Act III; the room is in great disorder, chairs turned over, tables upside down, the curtains L.U. have been torn down, exposing piles of plunder, bolts of silk, cloth, clothing, silver plate, etc., Pinkney, Reed and Rodney discovered as though just awakening from drunken sleep. Gray early morning lights.

Rodney

(stretched on wall seat with coat over him - to Pinkney) I've been drunk for two days. When's time to get sober?

Pinkney

(in chair with feet on table, rug thrown over him) Maddest time ever had in my life.

Reed

(stretched on plunger, L.U. corner of room) Christmas night - Christmas night.

Pinkney

I dispute you - Christmas MORNING - morning.

Head (of the D.D.)

(enters from L. 2, shouts in great excitement) Where's Captain Cunningham?

Rodney

Don't know - what's more, don't give a damn.

Head

You will give a damn - the Americans - Washington has crossed the River.

Rodney

Crossed the River? That old sleepy-head couldn't cross a spring less he was running. You're drunk man, drunk.

Head

(at door L. 2) Drunk am I - (in the distance is heard roar of cannon. All spring to their feet) Do you hear? Do you hear?

Rodney

Listen - by the devil -

Cunningham

(at doorway L.2, without coat, has sword and pistol in hand) The Americans - the Americans are on the outpost - to your quarters - to your quarters. (Exits L. 2 all follow him)

(off stage are heard shouts, "The Americans, the Americans" closer at hand, roar of cannon, and small arms. 6 British soldiers with muskets enter hurriedly from R. 2, - 2 of them without coats. They bar the door. The other 4 cross stage, exit L. 2 - 2 go to window R. As 1st soldier gets to window, there is a shot outside, - he reels backward, then falls forward on face. 2nd soldier fires through window. There is another shot, he falls forward in window. Then the Bondman springs through the window. He is dressed as in Scene 1, excepting he wears his own hair, and has no coat. He rushes to door L.U., attempts to open the door, it does not open, takes up musket, and with the butt of it, breaks the door. Then there is a terrific report as though a cannon ball had struck the house, and bricks and clouds of dust fall from L. of window R. leaving a jagged hole in the wall, through which the snow swirls in. Jennie staggers into doorway L.U.)

Bondman

(seeing her, knowing the truth) God! God!

Jennie

(faintly) You!

Bondman

(in breathless voice) Then - this - this beast?

(nods her head "yes") (faintly) Yes.

(Jennie staggers Bondman takes her in his arms, quickly places her on wall seat. Pick up sword from wall seat, screams with the blood lust wild in his voice: "CUNNINGHAM, CUNNINGHAM, CUNNINGHAM"; goes to the door L.U. when 4 soldiers, Rodney and Cunningham rush on from L.2); they cross stage. Bondman turns in doorway L.U. Cunningham, Rodney and one soldier turn. Rodney shouts "THE QUAKER" - soldier lifts musket and fires on Bondman; Bondman fires with pistol at same time, the soldier falls; then he rushes for Cunningham but Rodney bars the way by meeting him with a sword. They fight - the Bondman calling through it all, like a madman, "CUNNINGHAM, CUNNINGHAM, CUNNINGHAM" Door R. 2 is battered in - one of the British soldiers is shot. He turns, falls forward on face in doorway. Two American soldiers, Berry Jones and Mr. Graves enter. The British soldiers drop guns in token of surrender).

Capt. Cunningham

(Bondman -?-

(Bondman disarms Rodney, rushes past him to Cunningham)

Bondman

No, no, you go to hell, here and now. Damn you, damn you. (turns Cunningham whi is thus caught unawares, throws him down stage, then takes sword from Jones, throws it to Cunningham. Sword falls at Cunningham's feet who stands for the moment as though dumfounded)

Bondman

(in same voice, mad) THE SWORD - THE SWORD - I'LL CARVE HER DISHONOR OUT OF YOUR FOUL HEART - THE SWORD - I SAY!

(Cunningham snatches up the sword, they fight furiously. Jones and Graves go quickly to Jennie L.U. Private soldiers take captives off stage. Berry at window, R. with musket. The sound of gund and the roar of battle ceases outside. Immediately afterwards in the distance is heard the fife and drum corps playing triumphantly, quickened parodied version of "Banks of the Dee". Williams rushes on R. 2 Does not see Bondman and Cunningham. Shouts - "WE'VE WON! WE'VE WON THE

BATTLE - SO YOU HEAR, JONES - WE'VE WON THE BATTLE" (Sees Bondman and Cunningham, stops - Jones bars door R. 2 - the Bondman Kills Cunningham)

Bondman

(over Cunningham's Body) DAMN YOU, DAMN YOU, (up to Jennie, who is in her uncle's arms) YOU SEE - YOU SEE - YOU SEE - HE'S DEAD - HE'S DEAD - (in final outburst) GOD TAKE HIS SOUL I'VE KILLED HIM.

CURTAIN

ACT IV.

Latter part of August, 1781. Morning. Concervatory. Ante-room of Schuyler House, Philadelphia, which has been turned into a temporary hospital. It is a long, shallow room. Door R. and door L. leading into other rooms. L.U. corner is the foot of stairway. Back in C., great window doors, level with floor, on each side of which are other glass doors, arranged as regular conservatory windows that can be pushed out, upwards or downwards, according to practicability - making it possible to open out all the back of the room. One of the window- doors is open at rise of curtain. A long narrow table against wall below door L. An empty invalid's chair R.U. corner; an empty cot against wall R. below door.

ACT IV

Scene 1

At rise of curtain 2nd nurse is wheeling an oldfashioned invalid's chair from R. to door L.in which is seated a young man with blankets over him. Jones is seated in invalid's chair by window L. of C. He is wrapped in a blanket, and seems very much older, as though pretty well word. Is supposed to have had leg amputated. His chair is set with the side to the audience, and he seems to be looking out of window. He is humming in a slow unconcerned manner (according to the supposed rather nasal New England manner, so as to bring out in a colloquial way, every word) Oliver Arnold's Parody on "The Banks of the Dee"

Jones

(Humming) "Twas winter and blue Tory noses were freez - zin"

(Doctor, an old man of 60, comes down steps L.U., carrying an oldfashioned saddlebag. Stops at foot of steps, fastens more securely one of the bags, throws it over his arm, as he passes by Jones going to door R. 2, he speaks to him.

Jones

(singing) "As they marched - o'er the land-where they ought-not to

Doctor

Good morning.

Jones

(singing "The Redcoats")(To Doctor) Morning, Doctor

(Doctor Exits)

Jones

(only stopping long enough to say "morning", continues song) "The Redcoats complained at the snowing - an' freezin' - an' "Wisht they'd remained on - the Banks of ther Dee"

(1st nurse, enters by stairway. She is a gentle-mannered, middle aged woman)

Nurse

(cheerily) Good morning.

Jones

(same unconcerned manner, singing) "Lead on, thou paid Captain, - "Morning nurse.

Nurse

How's the leg today?

Jones

(singing) "Tramp on - thou proud minion" - - 'bout the same - any news?

Nurse

"No,- no thing new.

Jones

"Thou proud minion - "

(Dr. Fields enters - nurse goes to table L., takes off old cover puts on new one which she has thrown over her arm.)

Jones

(singing) "They ranks basest men - "

Dr. Fields

Good monring

Jones

(singing* "Shall be strung - " Morning Doctor - "Shall be strung like ripe onions"

(Doctor smiles, X's to nurse table L. -) (to Jones)

Doctor

(to Jones) You seem to feel pretty good this morning.

Jones

(not hearing, continuing song) "For Amerikee has heads with warlike opinions, -
"On shoulders of Nobles who ne'er seen the Dee".

Dr. Fields

(puts saddle bag down on table, takes out small packages as though of wrapped instruments) (to nurse) Good morning.

Nurse

(has picked up a newspaper upon changing table cover) Good morning, Doctor.

Dr. Fields

(brusk, staccato-like way of speaking) Is that the Gazette?

Nurse

Yes, I was reading the war news.

Dr. Fields

Same. Inaction - inaction - seven years now of fighting - we're in a worse position than when we began - Fabian policy of Washington - "Do Nothing" Policy, I call it - ~~the~~ Cornwallis - Cornwallis has got his heel on the south, - he's wiping it all out - we'll come next. Washington and the army asleep in New York (is taking out packages, wrapping them more securely, putting them back in saddle bag all through this) "How's the new case this morning?"

Nurse

Very well. Bandage needs attention.

Dr. Fields

That so? Be on hand promptly at three o'clock this afternoon.

Nurse

Yes, Doctor.

(Dr. Fields starts up steps, as he gets to first step, Jones

calls out to him)

Jones

Doctor, I overheard what you said. So you don't have much hope for things?

Dr. Fields

None at all (exits)

Nurse

(coaxingly to Jones) Now, why don't you take a nice, little sleep and don't worry about things. (Wheels him very gently a little away from window so that he faces the audience)

Jones

Don't feel like sleepin' - rather stay awake and talk to somebody, aint been no Express from the army today, has there?

Nurse

Not that I've heard of.

Jones

You know my regiment - Massachusetts regiment that is - they're up in New York (has a crumpled letter in his hand - holds up letter. I got this from there - last week - they just doin' the same, it says, always waiting, waiting - this is a nice letter, - nice letter - Jack White - he wrote it - he was out with them when this leg all froze up at Valley Forge - and there was Gimpy - Gimpy Runt - he had a friend from Virginia - Virginia Creeper he called him.

Nurse

(busy, fixing cover around him. In conciliatory tone) Well, well, now that's allright.

Jones

(looking off as though talking more to himself than to nurse. naturally) Guess I'll never see him no more - don't look that way now. I'm old - and it's made me older - and I wanted to

see the work finished - before I march off for good.

Nurse

Well, well - now don't talk like that.

(Sound of voices, confused hubbub and excitement outside, then bells ringing in distance. Nurse goes to door C.)

Jones

What's the matter, nurse? What is it? What's the matter?

Nurse

I don't know. I see people running down King Street. Something's happening.

(roll of drums is heard)

Jones

Listen, listen.

Nurse

You hear? You hear?

Jones

Drums - there's a regiment marching. (Drum music swells and increases in volume) That's more than a regiment. (Excitedly) Nurse, why don't you find out what it's about? (Shouts in distance)

Nurse

(in doorway) They're shouting "Washington" - the Army - It's our army - don't you hear?

Jones

Where can they be going? I wonder if my regiment is with them? If I didn't have to sit here!

Nurse

I'll find out for you. Now keep still just a moment. (exits hurriedly R. 2 There is a long pause, music stops, the hurrahing again, - it stops; long silence. Nurse re-enters quietly, opens door R. 2.)

Jones

Well, well, - what is it? What is it?

Nurse

(with affected unconcern) Oh, just a parade.

Jones

Must have been a big parade. You're fooling with me, nurse.

Nurse

Here's somebody will tell you. (opens door, motions,Gimpy enters hurriedly)

Gimpy

(same breezy manner as of old) Well, Jonsey, Jonsey, Jonsey - bless my curly locks!

Jones

Gimpy - well, well. (shakes hands effusively)

Gimpy

Jonsey, I never saw you look so well. You get better looking every day.

Jones

Where you going? Is the whole army here? The whole army? (seeing dog - a forlorn looking cur tied to a string which Gimpy holds - dog is plastered from head to tail with paper money) For God sake, what are you doing with that dog?

Gimpy

(breezily) Oh, it's an American money dog - just to show naughty Congress what we think of its money. Hey there Pansy,

Pansy, Pansy, - be a good dog now.

Jones

Well, where are you going? What are you doing here?

Gimpy

We're not certain as yet where we're going - find out here. Think the whole army's going to disband and go home.

Jones

(in consternation) Disband?

Gimpy

Yes. Never had any money to pay nobody - 'cepting dog-money - everybody's disgusted. I think we're going - I don't know - oh bless my curly locks. (during speech has made a circle around Jones, pulling dog with him, X's to door R. calls out door) Hurry up, Virginia Creeper, you're slow as Halifax.

Carter

(enters followed by Williams) Be reasonable, I walk so monstrous quick. Well, dear Jones, you know this is monstrous good to see you.

Jones

How are you, Carter

Carter

Oh, I'm well - aven't been hungry for quite a time.

Jones

Hallo, Williams

Williams

Hello, Jones.

Gimpy

(taking orange out of pocket) Look papa Jonsey, - all for you - cost ten thousand dollars in American money - had to make two trips to pay for it, but I've got one piece of French money, all gold - I'm going to buy all Philadelphia with this (holding up coin) Carter, why look so rambunctious this morning?

Carter

You know, dear fellow, it's taken me horribly by surprise - this moving about so.

Gimpy

Come with me, Virginia Creeper, I'm going to buy some breakfast - see you again Jonsey. Think we'll stay over for a day or two.

Carter

(over to Jones) I'm sorry old chap for all this - anything I can do?

Jones

That's allright. Run along - get your breakfast. God bless you both.

Gimpy

(at door) Farewell, Jonsey - see you soon.

Carter

Goodbye. Goodbye.

Jones

Say, where's Jack White - isn't he coming around?

Gimpy

Oh, he'll be around. Had some work to do - Goodbye.

Jones

(to Williams) What's this I hear about disbanding?

Williams

Well, I'm afraid that's what it will come to.

Jones

(interrupting hotly) After all these years? I didn't want to die till I'd seen it though with - why His Excellency ought to shoot down every man that speaks about quitting.

Williams

(quickly) Well we get marching orders at New York. Nobody knows where we are going or why. We leave people at home that depend on us, to starve - or at the Brown skin's mercy, every step we make, takes us further away from them.

Jones

Well, if we'd end this war.

Williams

(quickly, interrupting, with great earnestness) End the war, hell - I've stuck by, haven't I? All that's left at Home now is the old one, and my two sisters, now they are working like niggers in the field, but they can't do it. By God, they're starving - that's what they are doing. And I can't send them any money or do anything for them, and I'm damned well tired of the whole mess. Better to live under the King than die - oh well. (stops, changes tone) It's pretty bad muss. Maybe the French King will send us enough gold.

Jones

You'll be whipped by a little thing like money, eh?

Williams

No, but by a little thing like starvation - well, I suppose if his Excellency calls, I'll go just the same. I'll come again. I've got to write some letters here - goodbye (X's to door C.)

Jones

Goodbye - if you see anything of Jack White -

Williams

(in doorway) All good - I'll tell him to come. Goodbye. (exits C.)

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Jones

Nurse? Nurse?

(There is no reply. After a pause, the Bondman enters from R. goes quickly ovet to Jones - they shake hands in silence. Then Bondman takes both of Jones' hands in his, and pats them with the other)

Jones

Well, - well, well, well, -

(Bondman does not speak. He is much older looking. Has little of the swing and swagger of the old days and does not hold himself so straight. Voice much quieter, an abstracted air about him - a little listlessness - like a man who has seen a little too much of life)

Jones

Say (is visibly overcome as though to hide his emotion) say, it's hot today, isn't it?

Bondman

Yes - that's why I - Jones, damn your foolish old heart, how are you?

Jones

Gimpy and Carter came, thought you weren't coming.

Bondman

Jones, you're a horrid liar, aren't you?

Jones

(jokingly) If I wan't a crippled old man, you wouldn't talk that way to me, you mutton-headed, block-headed, mud-faced, clod-hoofed, cull, I - damn - damn you, Jack White, it's good tc see you. I was just thinking of that last raid we made - that's where they got me, didn't they? (pause)

I heard you - you - are going to disband?

Bondman

I'm afraid

Jones

And all the dying and misery for nothing - nothing?

Bondman

I don't know - we've had no notice - secret march orders - we don't know where we are going, and the men are leaving everything they have behind - so that's been the trouble - all for a little piece of hard dirt, they call "money", Jones.

Jones

(with woeful resignation) Well - well - what's coming's coming, I guess - and how's everything with you?

Bondman

(has drawn stool up and sits by invalid chair) Oh, it's pretty well, I guess.

Jones

Pretty well, eh? I mean (leans over and taps with back of hand on Bondman's chest) I mean - the inside works - here.

Bondman

Oh, I don't know.

Jones

(seriously) You're wrong, Jack White, you're wrong to yourself, never to get away - from that night in Trenton.

Bondman

Well, perhaps I am - but one thing is certain - I'll never go so high in heaven, or so low inHell, Jones, - as to get away from that night in Trenton - I'm a great Continental success, Jones, always when I'm most needed, I have to run away.

Jones

Tell me one thing, Jack White, Don't you think she's just as straight as you are?

Bondman

Why, - what do you mean?

Jones

I mean this. Do you - do you suppose that woman would have had any respect for you if you hadn't done just what you did?

Bondman

Oh, well, perhaps - but it seems hell anyhow. Of course, Jones, she could never have been for me - a bondslave (reverently) but by the one true and just God, Jones - I would have died for her - (pause) There I go again - I can't keep my foolish tongue still.

(short silence)

Jones

Have you, - have you seen her since?

Bondman

Yes, once - I have seen her once.

Jones

She was a brave heart, Jack White, - God, she was a brave little heart. (pauses, then puts his hand on Bondman's which is resting on chair) Jack, when all's said and done - after all, there's something deeper down than life, and greater than death.

Bondman

(Lifts his head - repeats slowly as though struck with the idea) Something after all - deeper than life and greater than death.

(There is a pause - then is heard the roll of drums and bugles

blowing the muster. A few soldiers and civilians rush past the window.

Bondman

The muster call - I must go.

Williams

(stops at window C., excitedly, in window) We are going to Virginia - all settled - we are going to Virginia.

Bondman

(X's stage - up) To Virginia?

Williams

Yes - after Cornwallis - after Cornwallis.

(another crowd of people goes by window, civilians - loud shouts are heard - "To Virginia, to Virginia - marching on Virginia")

Bondman

Did you hear, Jones? We are going after Cornwallis.

Jones

(exultantly) His Excellency, His Excellency, God bless him!

Bondman

Goodbye, old man, goodbye.

Jones

Goodbye, boy, I wish you were going to march by here instead of King Street - goodbye.

(Bondman shakes hands stiffly, goes to door)

Jones

(calling after him) Goodbye, boy, - goodbye.

(Bondman comes back very quickly, puts his arm around Jones' neck, holds his face against his own for a quick movement, then runs quickly out.)

(There is heard the drums' roll, and after the drums, four signal guns - then a pause, - then a pause- then another bugle, - then in the distance a band playing martial music. Nurse enters from L. 2)

Jones

Nurse, move me to the window.

Nurse

Yes, yes. (Moves his chair L. of C. by window)

Jones

Oh, there they come. It's the allies - the allies, look at them, it's the French, - oh, haven't they the gorgeous uniforms. Oh, God, I wish they'd come by here. I've never seen the French soldiers, nurse. They say they are fine men (despairingly) Oh, they are going down King Street - no, no, no; open the window, nurse, open the window, wide (nurse opens the window so as to leave all the back of the room open. He claps his hands joyously like a child.)

The music of the Fife and Drum Corps comes steadily nearer. Through the window, in the houses opposite, are seen women and children, and people rushing along the side of the street, waving hats and handkerchiefs, and shouting "Hurrah for the French, Three cheers for the French, God Bless the King of France, God blessthe King of France, Rochambeau, Lafayette - Pulaski, Pulaski". At first these shouts are very loud and heard above the music. Then gradually the music begins to sound above the voices. Then is seen the French Fife and Drum Corps, followed by the French soldiers who sweep by with

splendid precision. They are much smaller than the Americans but are magnificently uniformed, - well-fed looking, ruddy-faced and dapper, and march with sprightly swaggering jauntiness. They chatter in French as they go by, - "La belles Americaines - Les dames dans les balconnes, - le diable, - les jolis, - ah, le diable, - mais je l'aime - a Virginia, O mon dieu, - Je veux restes ici un moment, - longue marche, - longue marche,"- Lastly comes the French banners, new and of magnificent color, silky, rich and splendid. The last of them go by, and the music dies away.

Then there is heard a low, ominous steady swirl of drums, no flourishes, dogged,- resistless, - beating, like a march of death, - drawing steadily nearer. A long pause, then are seen drummer boys in patched and faded American uniforms, with men's faces and the figures of starved children,- eyes set directly before them - beating doggedly. They are followed by a regiment from Massachusetts, flying the "Dont-tread-on me" flags - tall, gaunt, haggard-faced men, yet vividly suggesting strength, uniforms faded, patched and soiled with dirt and dust,- but they march with splendid soldierly bearing. Next comes the New Hampshire regiment with the New Hampshire flag. Then the Banner of the Stars and Stripes, old, worn and tattered, then Washington and his staff, - no music, but the roll of drums.

CURTAIN

ACT IV

Scene 2

Same as Scene 1, Act IV. Two months later - night time. An empty cot down stage against wall R. Jones asleep in cot R.U. against wall. Bondman - cot R. of C. Small table front of Bondman's cot. On table below door L., candle holder with five candles, - two of which are lighted - subdued lights,- no footlights right.

1st nurse

(busy with papers and medicine in front of table - to 2nd nurse) Now is he?

2nd Nurse

(hand on door L.) He goes home tomorrow.

1st Nurse

No, - I mean the young man.

2nd Nurse

He gets better every day. (yawning) Well, good night, I'm sleepy.

1st Nurse

Good night.

(2nd nurse exits)

Jones

(wakes and moves restlessly) Is that you, nurse?

1st Nurse

Yes, it's me.

Jones

Any news? Any news?

Nurse

(soothingly) No, no - now you must go to sleep.

Jones

(disappointedly) I - I had a sort of a dream and I - I thought there would be news by this time.

2nd Nurse re-enters

There's a visitor to see Jackson White.

1st Nurse

This time of night, - fine time to -- who is it?

2nd Nurse

A lady - I didn't get the name. The Doctor gave his consent.

1st Nurse

o, very well, if the doctor says so.

(2nd nurse exits) 1st Nurse goes up to window, opens it a little; arranges covers on Jones' cot - 2nd nurse re-enters holds door open, Jennie enters and 2nd nurse exits)

Jennie

(she is dressed in brown, and her hair is fixed so that it is in some confusion around her face instead of the old stiff pompadour. The pride of old is gone, so that she seems a little frail, wistful, woman-girl. In natural low voice to 1st nurse who comes to meet her) Is he dangerously ill? Is it, is it very serious?

1st Nurse

No, not now.

Jennie

(stops, looks around her in a dumb way - starts to go back, then turns again) Oh may I - see him without - without his seeing me?

1st Nurse

He cannot see you now. He is asleep. (indicates Bondman's cot. Jennie goes down below it, stands and looks at Bondman as one might look on one who is dead, turns to nurse) You are quite sure - quite sure - he is out of danger?

1st Nurse

Quite, madam. He passed the crisis four days ago.

Jennie

I saw his name in the - in the Gazette as being dangerously wounded. He was a dear friend of mine - that was a very long time ago - but if he is - if he is past all danger - I - I - (turns to Bondman, looks down upon him, falls on her knees by the bedside, and is there for sometime. Then she leans over as though to kiss him on the forehead, stops, starts to go, when the Bondman awakens. His hand closes over her hand that is on the coverlet, but he does not see her face. She stops so that she is hidden from him at the head of the cot).

Bondman

(after a pause) Well?

(Jennie makes movement to escape)

Bondman

(in slow, spaced tones) Who - who is this?

(Jennie starts to speak, - makes gesture to nurse who is standing close beside her - whispers in her ear)

1st Nurse

It's the nurse. You must let me go.

Bondman

(holding Jennie's hand in both of his without speaking for a moment) Let me see your face, nurse.

1st Nurse

I will in just a moment. My dress is caught, let go of my

hand, please.

Bondman

Let me see your face, (gently draws Jennie to him until she stands before him. She drops her hedd)

(There is silence for a time)

Bondman

Isn't it strange. I thought it was you all the time. I thought it was you - well, well.

Jennie

Yes, I - I saw - (stops)

Bondman

(in same, slow voice) Well, go on, what did you start to say?

Jennie

I saw your name as being in the list of those dangerously ill in the Massachusetts regiment. I couldn't help but come, I didn't want you to see me. I -

Bondman

(holds both her hands in his left hand, patting them with the other) Beautiful Lilly Lady, - Brave-heart Lilly Lady - oh, just think, you are here - (incredulously) You don't mean - you didn't come all the way from Boston to see me, to see <u>me</u>. Is that what you said? - You know I feel a little strange yet. I've been sick, quite sick. Is that what you said? From Boston to see me?

Jennie

Why yes, - yes I did.

(Nurse quietly and understandingly exits L.)

Bondman

(in childlike simplicity) (pauses) Oh, that's beautiful, isn't it - that's very beautiful - that's <u>very</u> beautiful. Why

then - you - must have been THINKING - you must have CARED SOMETHING - YOU -

Jennie

Don't, don't say anything, about - about -

Bondman

(quickly, with sudden determination) Yes, I will - I am going to day something, - everything I've been thinking all these years. Now, I'm going to be so bold as - it's only a sick man so you mustn't be angry. Yesterday they brought me a bounty grant from Virginia - an Aide to his Excellency had it all fixed for me - they have given me a double grant of land way west of the mountains and - my freedom. You see - my head's - O, it feels so good to be getting well again - and you came away from Boston. Oh, beautiful brave heart, just think, just think, (short pause, Bondman looking steadily at Jennie all the while) I'm going to ask you - do you think sometime, if I do well there, - I might - I might ask you - to be - MY WIFE?

Jennie

(in anguish, drops her head) Don't, don't, don't, don't.

Bondman

Forgive me, but you know I wasn't a Bondslave always, - I Have some education. I came from a very good family. I told you about it - I didn't mean to - to say it - but you being here - and nobody there will know I was ever - ever a bondslave.

Jennie

Don't, Don't, Don't.

Bondman

Oh, it's beautiful country. I was there before, new worlds of woods and plains, rivers and mountains, and I won't be so poor now, and I'll work and work.

Jennie

(slowly)

Don't - that isn't it. You of all men know that I MUST GO THE PATH ALONE UNTIL THE END. You know why, Bondman.

Bondman

Do you look at the stars at night, Lilly Lady? Do you watch the stars at night when it is still and cool, when the sky is blossoming with stars, - all night long in the tents have I watched them swinging, - swinging? Have you done this, Lilly Lady? Then you wouldn't speak like that.

Jennie

(resolutely) It can never be. Please don't talk like this any more.

Bondman

Hush. Then you come to know and to believe - It takes a long while for a hard-headed heart like mine to believe, - only in the last three years. Ah, Lilly Lady, I know it. I'm no better than I used to be, but you've taught me to think better, and the old man said it, - there is something deeper than life and greater than death. You are thinking about the little smudge, like the mark on my face, but you are not thinking about your soul, - and my soul, that must go on, and on and on. You know, I don't know how to say it, but it's greater than death. You said it, way back in Haverhill. "Make straight path beneath the trees Bondman, and when you meet the free-man there, - give the rose to the man" - There in my new home, - your new home on the edge of the mountain, we'll make a straight path beneath the trees and we'll walk down it all the way, braveheart, together.

Jennie

(in suppressed outburst, trying to control herself). No, no, no, no, - it can't be, I say, have mercy on me, don't you think I feel - since the first night we met, I - I - you are breaking my heart, oh, I've had so much - so much - I only - should die.

Bondman

Hush, hush, there must be no talk of dying. Please, please, if you only knew how lonely it has been - oh, Merciful God, make her see the right, make her see the right. Have mercy on

us. Father who art in heaven, Hallowed be thy name, Thy will be done, help her - to see - the right - help her.

(Jennie falls on her knees)

Bondman

Don't you see now, doesn't His peace tell you? Oh there is a great peaxe, a great still for us both - there is the straight road beneath the trees, little braveheart, little Lilly, - flower of the world, please - please?
(Jennie raises one hand and puts it over Bondman's)

Bondman

That's it - that's it. (breathlessly) It belongs to me - that's what you mean? That's what you mean?

(Jennie nods head and lets it fall on the counterpane)

Watchman

(from distance calls) Pass dree o'clock - in der morning - und Cornwallis - iss daken - (The call is steady, firm, even tone, faintly heard, yet distinct; deep silence on stage. A pause. Then again it comes) Pas dree o'clock - in der morning - und Cornwallis - iss daken.

Bondman

(in awed voice) Jones, do you hear that? Do you hear?

Watchman

(clear and distinct, triumphantly) Past three o'clock - in the morning - and Cornwallis is taken.

(There is heard a great roar of voices, bells ringing, people screaming "Cornwallis is taken, Cornwallis is taken, Cornwallis is taken")

Bondman

(excitedly) Do you hear, dearheart? Do you hear? Cornwallis is taken - Cornwallis is taken.

(The two nurses are at the window)

Williams

(Off stage L. in great excitement) Yes, Jackson White. Well, I must - that doesn't make any difference.

(2nd Nurse, runs to door L., opens door)

Williams

(rushes in, loud voice, excitedly) Jackson White, Jackson White, where is He?

2nd Nurse

(indignantly, very quick, strong) Hush, hush, - not so loud, this is a hospital.

Williams

(very marked) It's the convalescent ward, isn't it?

2nd Nurse

Yes, but -

Williams

(same voice) Well, damnation woman, if they are convalescent new, by God, they'll be well when they hear what I've got to tell them.

Bondman

(from cot) Jim, - Jim Williams, is that you?

Williams

(goes quickly over, seeing Bondman, in great voice) Jack, Jack, White - by God .

Williams

Jack White, I'm from Yorktown, me - I've carried the greatest news any man ever carried in the world - me, Jim Williams of Haverhill, Massachusetts.

Bondman

Yes, I heard, I heard, - and you brought the news?

(Booming of cannon, voices, shouting, laughing, singing)

Williams

Yes, I thought it, - and I have something for you - special letters, I knew if I left them here, you would get them tomorrow, but you've got to have them now. They're from his Excellency (giving letters)

Bondman

(fearfully) His Excellency?

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Williams

Yes, yes. It must be something great for you. (very rapidly) Open it, open it, open it, man.

(Bondman starts as though to open them; Williams takes it out of his hand)

Williams

Here, let me soo. I know what it is. That's why I brought it to you quick. (Opens it, hands parchment to Bondman, he starts as though to read it - Williams holds one side) There you see, (reads for him) "To Jackson White of the Haverhill, Massachusetts, Regiment. Dear sir, Hearing of your serious illness; I wish personally to thank you for your brave services rendered to our cause. I have especially recommended that the Congress of these United States tender you a vote of thanks for these services, particularly at Trenton, and the deed on the march here. (signed)

George Washington,
Commander-in-Chief, of the American Army.

Bondman

(overcome) Well, well, well.

Williams

(triumphantly) Just for that you divided your bacon with me, Jackson White. Look out there, Look!

(red lights flare against the windows, great swell of voices, bells still ringing, cannons boom louder)

Jones

I heard it all, Jack White, Listen, listen. Opens the window. There, let us see - let us see.

Bondman

Yes, open the window, in God's name, open the windows.

(Williams starts to open windows. All this very quick, strong tempo)

2nd Nurse

No, no; you mustn't let in the air.

Williams

It's not a cold night.

Bondman

Cold, cold, cold - great God in Heaven, do you think I could be cold now. Open that window or I'll open it myself. (rises up in bed - Jennie puts arm around him)

Jennie

Hush, huch!

Bondman

I - I must see.

Jones

Open the window.

1st Nurse

Cover them up good with blankets, it won't hurt them.

Williams

(Williams bangs down the conservatory windows. There are seen

people in all sorts of costumes as though they had hastily put on their clothes; men in shirt sleeves; women with shawls over their heads and shoulders; others wrapped up in great coats, running by the window, shouting and laughing swinging lanterns and torches. Nurse gets blanket from over cot and throws it around Jones, propping him in cot.)

Bondman

(calling to Williams) I can't see from here - I can't see. Can't you get me closer?

Williams

By God, I'll get you closer; - you've got to see this Jack White anyhow. (starts as though to move cot to window, thus giving an excuse to move the cot against wall R. to clear stage, which he does. He snatches the blanket which the 1st nurse had put over the bed, quickly pulls the bed clothes around the Bondman, and takes him up in his arms) No, this is better.

1st Nurse

(starts to window) Look - look.

Bondman

That's right. That's right.

(Jennie helps put clothes around him. He still holds her hand, while his arm is around Williams' neck.)

2nd Nurse

Cover his head; you'll kill him in that draft - a handkerchief.

Williams

This is better (has one foot up on chair by left of window, supporting the Bondman, quickly puts his hat on Bondman's head. Jennie L. as though supporting his head.)

(The Bondman in his right hand still has the paper which he waves through this scene)

(First comes a ring of 10 or 15 people dancing around two

accordionists playing "Yankee Doodle", waving hats and handkerchiefs in manifestations of great joy. A party of men and boys have dragged out boxes and barrels and made a bin fire.

Bondman

Look - look, the bondfires, the lights - the sky rockets, look they're all crazy.

(The crowd following the accordionists stops for a second in front of the window, shouting, "Hurrah for the wounded, hurrah for the wounded soldiers, - three cheers for the wounded soldiers". Next comes an impromptu brass band, playing martial music wildly, magnificently, followed by crowds of people waving flags, shouting "Washington, Washington, Long live Washington, long live Washington". Red fires as though from bond fires throw a vivid glare over the scene. Then last of all is heard a great swell of voices, full of joy, - reverent - singing - the second stanza of the Doxology!

Praise God from whom all blessings flow
Praise him all creatures here below -

Slowly it comes nearer, swelling mightily - as appears a solid mass of people, with heads uplifted, and reverent faces, - crescendo -

Praise him above ye Heavenly Host,
Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

They pass on and the song diminuendoes gradually.

1st Nurse

(To Williams) You had better take him back now.

(Williams takes Bondman back to cot as the last of the procession is marching by, puts the covers over him. Then they shut the windows, but the music of the Doxology continues through until the finish)

Williams

Goodnight, boy.

Bondman

(steadily) Goodnight, Jim Williams.

Williams

(X's quickly to Jones) Goodnight, old man.

Jones

Goodnight.

(Williams goes to door - "Goodnight" Exits Quickly)

(1st Nurse is by Jones)

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Jones

Goodnight, everybody.

Jennie

(X's to Jones, leans over him, kisses him on forehead, takes his hands, puts them under the cover, - all very gently and tenderly, - comes down to Bondman, kneels by the bed)

Goodnight, dearheart, - O, thank God, - I thank you for such a brave true, - the bravest and the best in the world, - my , my husband.

Bondman

You'll come early in the morning? Early in the morning? Please?

Jennie

Long before you are awake, I'll be here. Goodnight (kisses him)

Bondman

Very early, remember.

Jennie

Very early. Goodnight. (X's to door, at door) Goodnight, nurse.

Nurse

Goodnight, lady (Goes over; blows out the candles, all ex-

cepting one by the door) Goodnight.

Bondman

Goodnight, nurse.

(Nurse exits leaving stage in semi-darkness)

Bondman

(in low voice) Father Jones?

Jones

Yes?

Bondman

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Goodnight.

Jones

Goodnight.

Bondman

His Excellency got him, didn't he?

Jones

He got him

Bondman

(with voice full of peace and rest and final content)

He surely did.

CURTAIN

"CANNIBALLISM"

Excerpts from "Athanase de Mezieres and the Louisiana-Texas Frontier, 1768-1780. by Bolton. Vols,1&2 (Spain in the West) Publ.by Arthur H.Clark Co.,Cleveland. 1914

Index reference:- Cannibalism : among Karankawan tribes,I,19;
among Wichita, I,24;
among Tawakoni,I,289;
among Nations of North,I,286;II,186.

I,19. THE KARANKAWAN . The region embracing the Gulf coast and the litteral islands from Galveston Bay to and perhaps beyond the mouth of the San Antonio River were the home of the Karankawan tribes,who occupied from the first a peculiar position on the frontier between France and Spain. Though there were numerous petty subdivisions of this group,its principal tribes (using the most common Spanish forms of the names) were the Cujanes,Carancaguasas,Guapites or Coapites, Coces and Copanes. They were closely interrelated,and all apparently spoke dialects of the same language,which was different from that of their neighbors farther inland. Unless the Coahuiltecan tribes be excepted,these Karankawas represented perhaps the lowest grade of native society in all Texas. They were fierce cannibals,were frequently at war with the interior tribes,and were from their first contact with the Europeans to the end of the Spanish regime regarded as particularly dangerous to mariners on that perilous coast,not a few of whom succumbed to their savage attacks, (3)

Footnote (3)

(For the Karankawan tribes see Gatschet,"The Karankawan Indians:- Peabody Museum,Archaelogical & Ethnological Papers,vol.I,#2,1891; Bolton,"The Founding of Mission Rosario",in the Texas State Historical Association,Quarterley,volX,113-139.
References to the ill fate of shipwrecked mariners among the cannibals of this coast,beginning with the Cabeza de Vaca party in 1528,are frequent in the annals of Texas and Louisiana clear down to the nineteenth century.)

AMERICAN INDIANS

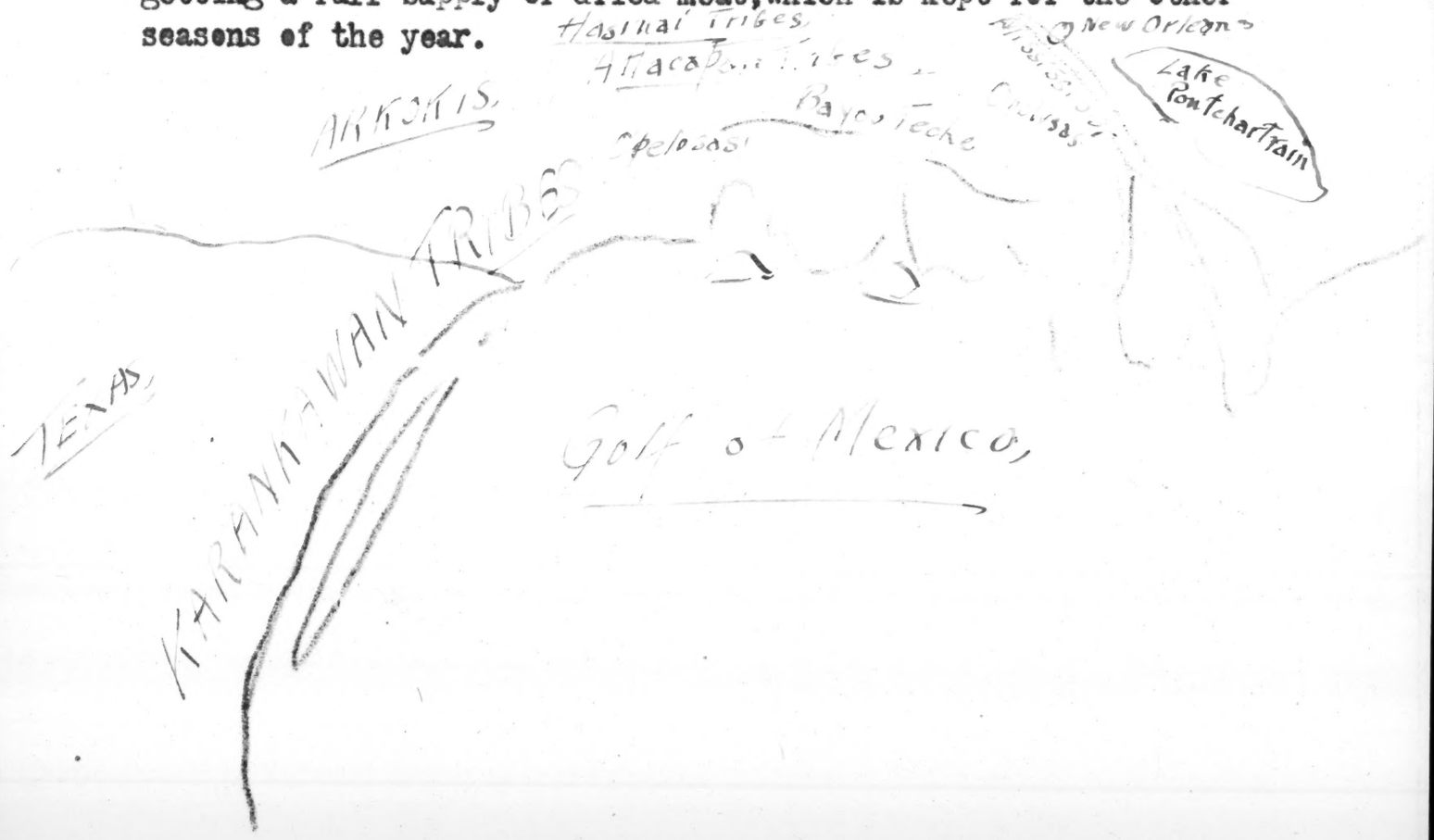
"CANNIBALISM"

Excerpts cont.

I,24. THE WICHITA ----------" The civilization of the Wichita was essentially like that of the Caddo and the Hasinai, though they were more warlike, less fixed in their habitat, and more barbarous even practicing cannibalism expensively."----------

I,289. THE TUACANAS. ----------" They are most cruel with their prisoners, whose flesh they eat, after having killed them with long and unheard of torments, horrible to mankind. They do not bury their dead, but take them to the open field. When they are reproved for such neglect, they ask if it makes any difference whether the birds and beasts or the worms eat them."------

I,286. THE QUITSEYS. -------- "It is one hundred leagues from Natchitoches and thirty from San Pedro. It is closely allied with the Iscanis, Tuacanas, Tacuaiazes and Ouedsitas. The people are cannibals like these others, and they have the same custom of absenting themselves from their village during the cold season for the purpose of getting a full supply of dried meat, which is kept for the other seasons of the year.



"CANNIBALISM".

Excerpt from:- Peabody Museum of American Archaeology & Ethnology, Harvard University Papers.
Vol.I.(No.2.)
"The Karankawa Indians." (The Coast People of Texas.)
pub.by the Museum, Cambridge, Massm 1888-1904.

p.93.(29) --------" Horrible stories are still told by the descendants of the settlers of the cannibalistic atrocities practised upon the isolated families of their ancestors who had settled in the coast tracts."--------

----------"Milfort, a French commander, met a tribe called Atacapas who were anthropophagists. This tribe continued to roast men and eat them up to the beginning of the nineteenth century."----------

----------"The Tonkawe Indians on the lower Rio Grande, the Assinai or Cenis, Cadde tribes and the Atakapa Indians of Southwestern Louisiana were given to this horrible practece and even to this day the Tonkawe state that human flesh tastes like bearmeat. Anthropophagism was also common among the Algonquin and Iroquois tribes settled around the great lakes."------

NOTE. The papers above are complete in their description of the Karankawa Indians giving full accounts of their appearance, customs, clothes, occupations, arms, utensils, homes, canoes, etc. H.S.

owned by D. W. Griffith

T H E
B I G A M I S T

By

John Fitzroy

—

The story of a lovable but worthless father and a beautiful young girl.

The old man lives in a small, run-down cottage on the edge of a great estate in the back-woods of Connecticut. The young girl is kept busy working to support the small family of two. The old man is always ailing with various complaints, - the real truth of the matter being that his only ailment is laziness. The estate near their shack belongs to an enormously rich old man, a certain Mr. Fairfax, who has been living in Europe for years. It happens that Mr. Fairfax, longing for his own home, returns unexpectedly to the great estate. He had hunted in the woods of this place as a boy, and, soon after his return, goes on a reminiscent trip through the great woods, - a part of his domain.

In climbing the hill near the shack of our little heroine, Mr. Fairfax steps on some wet leaves, over a sink hole, slips and hurts himself, so that he is unable to walk for a time. His cries are heard by the young girl, Susie by name, who, with the aid of her father manages to get the old man into the cottage. They take care of him for several days until he is able to be about again. Through a whim of the old man, he doesn't reveal his identity. He offers to send them a reward for their kindness, but the young girl refuses, telling him they did what they did because they liked him. So the rich Fairfax goes away with this thought and these words ringing in his mind. In all his experience he cannot recall another incident like it. On accunt of his great wealth he had been hounded, flattered, cajoled,- - but always with some ulterior purpose in mind. He therefore goes back to his great house deeply impressed: "We did what we did because we liked you."

Mr. Fairfax's only relative is a jazz-mad neice, who has been living in their town house in New York City. When the winter comes on Fairfax goes down to the New York house. There his jazz-mad niece and her governess companion are living the usual decadent society life. Old man Fairfax, disgusted with the niece for their parties and gay affairs, tells

her she can have his place in the country when the spring comes on and let him keep his town house in peace and quiet for a time.

The niece proceeds to liven things up in the country estate, by inviting out week-end parties, etc. Having trouble with the servant question, she engages one or two people in the neighborhood. Susie, hearing of this, secures a place in the big house as a maid.

The niece, Miss Fairfax, gives an especially big affair in costume, a very daring, erotic affair. To make everything fit artistically she also costumes the servants in the period. It falls to the part of Susie to be dressed in a very becoming, but daring, costume which displays more of her than had ever been done, at least in a public place.

Among the guests is a certain Mr. Lowell, an adventurous man of the world and roue. He sees the fresh young beauty of Susie, now so alluringly adorned and falls madly in love with her. He manages to get her aside when the jazz-mad party reaches the height of its orgy, and makes careful but passionate love to her.

Afterwards Lowell returns to the neighborhood and manages to meet Susie secretly upon several occasions.

In the meantime the lazy old father divulges that the real labors of which he has been complaining so often consist mainly of making his own private "hooch" in the cellar of their little cottage. He and another comical old character of the neighborhood, owing to the scarcity of funds, have had trouble in securing a good brand of liquor, and have combined to make their own.

Another character now comes into the story. A certain John Rainsford, a young author of New York, who is left a very small estate near Susie's little cottage, takes possession of the estate, thinking he can at least eke out a living on it, and have quiet and solitude to continue his writing. Rainsford gets a glimpse of the girl and is very much impressed by her, but the girl does not see him; in fact, he strolls in the direction of her cottage, that he may see her again.

In the meantime, the villainously inclined Lowell overtakes Susie in the woods, and seizes an opportunity to take her violently into his arms. The girl fights him off. Trembling with passion, Lowell begs for her forgiveness, and says it was her beauty that drove him to this madness.

Susie, being young and impressionable, and knowing that he is rich - - and being very anxious to help her father and make things easier for him - - is finally pursuaded by the handsome and dashing Lowell to consent to marry him. He finally elopes with her, and they are married in an adjacent town, - a place that Susie had never been before. Susie is so excited and overwhelmed by the fast-speeding Rolls Royce to this place, that she hasn't the faintest idea where it happened, but trusts Lowell. He jokingly shows her, when they are returning to town, near Susie's home, their license.

As it is by this time late at night, they stop in this town and get rooms in the hotel. In these rooms the bewildered little Susie, fascinated and allured by the charm of Lowell, is introduced to the mysteries of love. The next morning she awakens, and Lowell is gone from the room. She waits all day, but he doesn't return. Susie, bewildered, searches for him, but is unable to find any trace of him.

In the meantime they were seen by two neighbors. Living in their own little community, word reaches her father and the neighbors that Susie was seen to go upstairs into a room in this hotel the night before with a man; naturally, there is great consternation in the neighborhood. The old father, despite his many human weaknesses, loves his daughter very dearly, and is prostrated by the terrible news. Poor Susie, knowing her own innocence, returns to the father. The father at first refuses to believe her story and tells her she had better find Lowell and go with him, even shutting the door against her; but, from the inside of the house, he hears her pitiful sobs on the steps outside, and opens the door and takes her in.

The next Sunday Susie realizes still more clearly her terrible position when she attends church, - the little church that she had gone to all her life, the little church where she had been so welcome and had spent so many sweet hours. It is now a barren and terrible place, in which she meets only coldness and disdain.

Returning from church this day, the young author, John Rainsford, overtakes Susie. Living so secluded in his work and not mixing in the affairs of the neighborhood, he hadn't heard of her disgrace.

They meet on several occasions, and Rainsford falls deeply in love

with Susie. As time goes on and she receives no news and can get no word of Lowell's whereabouts, she also feels a great warmth for the young author. When Rainsford proposes marriage, as he does on two occasions, she refuses to hear him, and he is very much perplexed about this. Finally, in the village, through an accident, he hears the story of her life. When he speaks to her of this, she confesses, but also tells him how it really happened. He believes her story, but she refuses even to hear of marriage until her name is cleared.

In the meantime, in the following autumn, old Fairfax returns to his great house, and there is taken with a sudden illness. He has just had a bitter quarrel with his niece, threatening to disinherit her, and through a sudden whim determines to leave a great part of his estate to Susie and her father, as he feels they are the only people who had ever done what they did because they loved him. He calls his old servant, who had been with him for years, and informs him of his intentions. He also trusts him to take the will to the old man and his little girl. He is more inclined in his determination because he had never liked the narrow-minded people in the neighborhood and, as they had been very unkind to Susie in her troubles, he gets a great satisfaction not only in doing a kindly act for her, but in annoying the neighbors as well.

Miss Fairfax had been more or less intimate with her secretary, a scheming young climber. He is in the house arranging to get out her belongings at the time old Fairfax is taken ill, comes into the room and overhears a part of the old man's instructions to make a new will. Naturally, being much interested, he attempts to get more of the truth of the matter, when he is seen by old Fairfax and ordered out of the room.

While the servant is telephoning for the Doctor, old man Fairfax writes out the new will. Upon the servant's return he is given the will to put into the safe. Later the Doctor arrives, and also Miss Fairfax, as the illness has taken a very bad turn.

A little later Fairfax dies. No sooner is the niece assured of this fact than the secretary tells her, in confidence, that a new will has been made, and that he is sure it is still in the house. They determine to find it and destroy it. The old servant suspecting this, immediately takes

the will from the safe and starts to Susie's house. His secretary, searching for the will and not finding it, sees the servant going over the brow of the hill, and suspects the truth. He gets the aid of a Henchman and starts after the servant. The servant, looking back in the moonlight, sees he is followed and hastens his flight through the night. The servant arrives in the house just as Susie's father is coming up from the cellar. He starts to tell Susie's father the story, showing him the will, when there is an explosion from the cellar. The servant falls back out of the doorway, is overtaken by the secretary (who still thinks he has the will), and is badly handled. Susie, who has just returned from an endeavor to secure some sewing in the village, finds her father bewildered and stunned, in the corner. Incoherently he tells her, as clearly as he can, about the will. In the meantime, looking out of the window, they see the man-handling of the servant and guess that the secretary is after the will. Realizing their danger, they lock the door and barricade the window. There is a night of danger, fear, and mystery. In the meantime, they are as ignorant of what has happened to the will as every one else, as there is no trace of it in the house. The secretary, naturally, feels that they have it.

In the morning, looking out of the window, Susie sees a piece of white paper under a bush, which evidently had been blown out by the explosion. She boldly opens the door, picks up the paper, and discovers it is the will. The secretary, who has been waiting around the house, comes between her and door.

The young author, Rainsford, had previously made an engagement with her to come by the house early in the morning and take her to a friend of his who had promised to help her secure work. Susie thinks to run to him for aid.

Between the two places, old Fairfax had built a mill with a stream as power, in imitation of the famous one of Frederick the Great at San Souci - - only instead of wind, Fairfax's mill was operated by water power. A tremendous wheel rising 25-feet above the ground, with a very steong water power, drove it with a terrible rush of water, 15-feet wide and six or seven feet deep.

Susie pursued by the secretary and his villainous accomplice

runs for a little bridge that crosses the stream. The author, in the mentime having left his house to visit Susie, hears her screams and runs toward her. As she gets near the bridge she slips, grasping for the stays of the bridge, and falls into the stream. When she at first had procured the will she had put it in the blouse of her dress. Across this stream are stays which were merely for ornamental purposes and upon which vines had been trained to grow. She seizes one of these and it holds her for a time, but the stress of the water and her weight upon it is too much, and it gives way.

In the meantime, we revert back to the young hero drawing nearer. Again Susie seizes another ornamental piece. Again this one breaks, the third one, Susie, nearly exhausted by the rushing water, is having a frightful time, down and up, and fighting for life. The author appears upon the scene, rushes madly down the side of the stream, and seeing the pieces give way, he puts himself just before the wheel, with one hand upon the bulwark against the shore. After a desperate struggle, he manages to save her as he is about to strike the wheel, which of course would have been certain death. He gets her to safety. The old father is being restrained by the henchman and the secretary and they now all come forward. In the battle that follows, the old father and the young author are victorious.

Finally the validity of the will is proven, and Susie and her father are very happy over their unexpected wealth. The gaining of this money enables Susie to trace Lowell. Through the aid of detectives she receives a clue, which leads her to discover that Lowell was married before he had married her. His former wife clears her of all guilt.

A revert back shows the mystery of the disappearance. His former wife whom he had left in Europe, had been upon his trail, and on the very night of his marriage had traced him to his hotel. The next morning he had started to go down the steps of this hotel and had seen her entering the lobby. Fearful of her desperate temper, and knowing his guilt, he had fled out the back way of the hotel.

So Susie's innocence is proven, and the way is now clear for the consummation of her love with the young author.

Finally Susie and her father take possession of the great house. When they come into the house, its great gloomy halls are very oppressive to the old man. He opines that this is not a house - - it is like trying to live in a courthouse or a church. He is still more displeased when he attempts to walk upon the highly polished floor, and comes "a cropper". The old servants have gone and the new ones have not been engaged. Old Fairfax had built an escalator, to make it easy for him to ascend the long stairway. When Susie's father attempts to use the escalator, he meets with more misadventures, and he and Susie sit down and pity the rich; they have to live in such uncomfortable and gloomy houses as this. In the meantime the disinherited niece comes down the steps, weeping bitterly, at having to leave her luxurious surroundings. The old gentleman has a brilliant idea. After conversing with Susie, they approach the niece and timidly ask her if she will not accept the house and say they will give her an income to keep it up - - old man Fairfax, for sentimental reasons, had insisted that this big house should be kept open.

So they leave the things in the great house and go back, joyously, to the little cottage, which they plan to fit up beautifully, slightly enlarging it - - as it has possibilities for being a real home.

And so all ends happily.

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Synopsis

THE CAREFUL STEWARD

John Cruthers Fox, Duffield, 1911.

Theme; The daughter of an American millionaire is kidnapped by a crooked employe of her father's to protect himself from prosecution for forgery, to force himself into the family and to gratify his passion. She is rescued by her father's secretary - a youth who has seemed of a humdrum business sort, but who secretly loves her and who proves himself capable of cool headed planning and an appetite for fighting that would have done credit to one of the three Musketeers.

Mark Granger is a Wall Street king --a great power in world finance, and a fighting man with only one weak spot - his love for his motherless daughter, Lorraine. Lorraine is young, pretty carefully guarded and innocent. She idolizes her father, but is prone to teasing him, and treats all the world with a gay impudence.

Tom Mason, Granger's private secretary, has been an athlete at college, and also graduated with academic honors, but he feels that he has his career to make -- that "Life is real, Life is earnest". He is good looking, but so strictly business and impersonal that he at first attracts Loraine's regard and then piques it. She cannot help trying to innocently tempt him from his labors. Tom falls in love with her, but, because of her wealth, tries to put her out of his mind.

Harold Widdecombe (the heavy) is a slightly older man. He has been in great favor with Granger, who has put him on the road to fortune, and who thinks of him as an acceptable son-in-law. Widdecombe is cashier in one of the several great banks under Granger's control. Widdecombe is secretly wild, but Lorraine appeals to his somewhat shop-worn passion by her tender and youthful beauty. He is, however, not the rich man that Granger has every reason to suppose him to be. His speculations have deeply involved him, and he has used bank funds. To protect himself, he has forged Granger's name to proxies on securities in his charge. It is a desperate measure and he knows that detection is bound to come. He imagines, however, that if he can induce Lorraine to marry him, Granger will be compelled to overlook the crime to avoid scandal. He proposes to Lorraine, but is gently but firmly refused. Desperate, he plans to force her consent.

Lorraine is in the habit of visiting two or three bed-ridden old women in the slums and reading to them and taking them small comforts. Widdecombe sees his opportunity. One of the Granger footmen leaves and Granger recommends a gangster of good appearance for his place. While Lorraine is in visiting one of her

old ladies, the new footman blackjacks the trustworthy chauffeur, on the ~~street~~ seat beside him and takes his place while the chauffeur is carried into a corner saloon by other gangsters. There he is propped up, unconscious, while a gangster of something the same appearance is made up to look like him. The imitation is good enough to escape Lorraine's eye when she comes out to her car. On the way home, a prearranged accident occurs. The car runs into a cripple. Lorraine insists that the unconscious man be put into the car with her and rushed to the hospital. The car does not seem to be going in the right direction, but when Lorraine leans forward to rap on the window, the cripple comes to life and straightening out drags her back, gagging and binding her as the car turns into a dark alley. In the alley, Lorraine is transferred to a car owned by the crooks.

Her own car hurries back to its former station and the faithful chauffeur put back on the box, where he regains consciousness. The footman shows him a stone, and tells him it was thrown by a street urchin, and that he has been unconscious for two or three minutes. The dashclock (reset) confirms this. They wait for Lorraine, but she fails to appear. The footman goes in search of her but never returns.

In the meantime, Widdecombe has arranged to leave town "on business" and, fearing that his forgeries may come to light in his absence, has fastened on Tom to bear the temporary blame. Tom is the logical goat, as he has had equal opportunity with Widdecombe to handle the securities. Widdecombe plants among Tom's business papers a sheet of paper with several trial forgeries of Granger's name, to which is pinned a cancelled check before the real Granger's signature. One of the group of securities is also planted with the forged name upon it. Widdecombe also surprises Granger by telling him that he had better keep his eye upon his secretary, as he has seen him in bad company. ~~Granger~~ Widdecombe leaves.

A bank calls up Granger to say that they have been scrutinizing securities bearing his signature on proxies, and that it looks a little peculiar. They only want his confirmation. Granger knows that he has made no such transaction. His mind jumps to the warning that Widdecombe has given. He goes in search of Tom.

Tom has been worrying about Lorraine's lateness. He has never quite approved her trips to the slums, and he has seen the new footman talking to a couple of hardlooking characters. He blames himself for having thought it too foolish to speak to either Lorraine or Granger about. He knows now that he is foolish to worry, but is uneasy. To distract his mind, he starts to put his working desk in order, and as he does so comes upon the planted forgeries. As he is looking at them in puzzled wonder, Granger enters softly and looks over his shoulder. Granger feels with a shock of real sorrow that he has caught Tom with the goods. He makes his presence known. He tells Tom that the Bank has phoned and that the game is up. Tom denies all knowledge. Granger who might have been lenient is incensed and telephones for the police.

The chauffeur enters wildly and announces that Miss Lorraine has disappeared, that the footman went to look for her and never came back. He fears foul play. Granger is much broken up. Every rich man feels fear that his child will be kidnapped.

Tom is also much stirred; he remembers his suspicion of the footman, something has happened to Lorraine. He must find her, but he realizes that the police are on their way, and that soon he will be in jail - to remain there until he can get bail, or prove his innocence. There is only one thing for him to do - - he takes advantage of the excitement over Lorraine to bolt.

Lorraine in the meantime has been speeding along in the crooks' car. She has been doped and her gag removed. Night draws on. The engine stutters and it is discovered that the gas is low. The crooks decide to spend the night in the open. The car is driven into a woodland road and they have supper and prepare for the night. Late at night, Lorraine wakes; the crooks are about her asleep. She cautiously manages to free one hand, and then her feet. She starts to steal away. One of the crooks awakens and sees her; he steals after her. When they are some distance from the rest -- and just as Lorraine imagines she is far enough away to start running -- the crook appears. He tells her that the game is up; it is night and he is lured by her beauty. He tries to kiss her; she manages to scream. The other crooks waken up and find her struggling with her captor, who explains that he caught her escaping. The leader doubts if this is all, but they return. The leader himself watches the rest of the night.

Granger in the meantime tries to shake a more connected story from the chauffeur. He is a lion in his rage. He will put the police force of the world on the trail. But this is a blow that strikes him harder than anything ever has in his life. He feels old and helpless. The police he has telephoned for arrive --and then Granger notices that Tom has gone. Could Tom have had anything to do with Lorraine's disappearance? He gives the police all the facts he knows about Lorraine's disappearance, and tells them what he has discovered about Tom. He offers a stupendous reward. The police are to look both for his daughter and Tom. The police get busy. A Doctor is called in to attend Granger who is ill with shock.

Tom, in the meantime, has gone to the address at which the chauffeur said Lorraine disappeared. As he comes on the block, two boys playing upset an ash can, dumping out the contents -- amidst this is a bundle which half splits open. The boys pounce upon it and tear it open. It contains the white buckskin breeches and green and yellow uniform of the footman. This confirms Tom's suspicions. He starts to search the district, being careful to dodge all policeman, for he is now himself a fugitive from justice, and if he is arrested he cannot look for the girl he loves. Late that evening, he runs across a newspaper man, a classmate of college days, who knows and trusts Tom. Tom confides in him and describes the footman. The reporter says the description tallies with that of a certain crook. He leads Tom to a low dive and points out a man. Tom recognizes him as the footman. The reporter tells him to go on in if he wants to die. The reporter has to leave to get his stuff to press, but he advises Tom to get to some healthier part of the city. Tom, however, hangs around and finally the crook party breaks up. Tom

follows his man through the streets. They seem unusually full of policeman, but finally the crook turns into a dark alley and there Tom jumps him. There is a fight and Tom beats up the footman, getting him down and bluffing him into a confession, by threatening to turn him over to the police (of whom Tom is, of course, as much afraid as the crook) The crook tells where Lorraine has been taken. Tom hurries to the Pennsylvannia Station. There, however, he is seen by a detective and almost arrested. He manages to dodge arrest, and realizes that he must take another way out. He gets to Jersey in a truck and manages to crawl into the chains of a passenger train that is taking water.

A world-wide search has been started for Lorraine --and incidentally Tom.

One of the crooks in charge of Lorraine steals some gas from a country garage at dawn and the crook car is on its way. They are well into Western Pennsylvannia.

Widdecombe has come to a small town in Western Pennsylvannia. He arranges for lodging in a disreputable hotel and says that he is expecting his sister. He has a conference with a gypsy.

At a certain point, the crooks' car enters a grove where there is a gypsy encampment. There, Lorraine is turned over to the gypsy tribe. The chase is too hot --and Widdecombe has foreseen that it would be too hot -- to risk travelling another day by auto.

Lorraine is put in charge of an old gypsy woman. One of the men is struck by her beauty and comes into the tent, but is driven off by the old woman. The old woman stains Lorraine's face with walnut and puts her in gypsy dress. The tribe breaks camp and starts on the road.

Widdecombe hires a horse at the livery stable and starts on a ride. He meets the travelling gypsies --as has been prearranged. Lorraine sees him and is overjoyed at the sight of a familiar face. She calls out to him and he pauses and looks into the wagon. She makes herself known. He feigns surprise and great indignation. In spite of the dramatic protests and drawn weapons on the gypsies, he rescues her. She naturally feels more attracted to him and trusts him more than she ever has in her life. He explains that by the merest chance he was in that part of the country on business. He tells her that the town is so small that he will be unable to hire a car but that there is a good train the next morning. She can get a good rest and he will take her back to her father. He will telegraph her father that she has been found. He takes her to the hotel and leaves her in the room he has engaged for her adjoining his own to send the telegram. Presently he brings her a copy of the telegram he says he has sent. She is reassured. But Widdecombe follows his advantage and makes love to her? Lorraine's instinct prompts her to fear him. She feels very much alone and is afraid of offending him. She induces him to leave her alone, saying she is very tired.

Tom, in the meantime has been having difficulties. He is seen by railroad police and chased off the train. He escapes them and hides until another train comes by. He dashes from his hiding ,

place, trips up a pursuing policeman and makes the train. The detective recognizes him as the man who is wanted for the Granger forgeries, and telephones ahead to have detectives waiting.

It is almost sundown when Tom's train commences to pull in. Tom fears that the detective has recognized him and to avoid being arrested drops off the train as it climbs a grade before entering the town. He sees the men waiting for him in the distance and hides in a haystack from which he watches the distant search of the train and then the much to close search of the neighborhood. However, he escapes detection. He awaits for dark.

Lorraine has eaten her supper in her room. She starts to undress for bed, but is suddenly afraid, and gets into bed with her clothes on.

Widdecombe nervously paces his room. He comes to a determination. Very softly he unbolts the door that leads from his room to Lorraines. He tiptoes in and looks down at her sleeping in the moonlight.

One of the gypsy band -- the man attracted to Lorraine -- has been too realistically kicked by Widdecombe in the rescue. He makes up his mind to have revenge and steals from the camp.

Tom comes out from his haystack and starts to look for the hotel where he hears Lorraine was to be taken. He goes bodly enough until he sees a poster under a lamp-post offering a reward for his arrest, and headed by a very good likeness and description.

Lorraine awakes and sees Widdecombe staring down at her. She sits up in great fear, but feigns indignation. She asks him what he is doing and order him from the room. Widdecombe stalls and says that he thought he heard her calling him. He tells her suddenly and passionately that he loves her. She repulses him, and threatens to scream for help. Then Widdecombe drops the mask. He tells her that he has arranged the whole thing. That he is bound to marry her. That the hotel is the lowest sort of place and that there are worse men there than he. He calls one of them to the door to prove it. The man is of the most brutal type. As Lorraine listens in her fears she can hear the laughter of woman and men, and once a scream. Widdecombe offers to go. She is afraid of a worse fate and begs him to stay.

Tom scouting finds Widdecombe's racing car in a shed behind the hotel.

Lorraine has sprung to her feet and lighted a lamp. She again intreats Widdecombe to go. He laughs and tells her that it will be all right -- he will marry her. He has telegraphed her father that they have eloped. He tries to take her in his arms. She cannot help screaming.

Tom, leaving the shed, runs into the prowling gypsy, who, mistaking him for Widdecombe, almost dirks him, but sees his error and takes cover. Tom thinking him a searcher after the award knows he must act quickly. Just then he hears the scream and sees Lorraine in the window struggling in Widdecombe's arms. He climbs the trellis and breaks in upon them. There is a fight. Tom knocks out Widdecombe. Lorraine in spite of her fear watches with great

admiration. This is a very different Tom from the business youth she used to tease about his prosaic life and ways. He is covered with cinders, but to her eyes never looked so handsome. She flies to him. He says they must be getting away.

Widdecombe has revived and crawled from the room while the lovers are engrossed in each other.

As they are about to leave Widdecombe e nters with the sheriff and points out Tom and Lorraine. This is the absconder. Tom dashes the lamp to the floor and they make their escape.

Widdecombe dashing out after them is seen by the gypsy, who stabs him.

Tom and Lorraine make a get-away in Widdecombes racer.

Back in New York bank examiners have discovered Widdecombe's speculations in spite of the restitution he has made with 2 money borrowed on the forgeries. Granger is told. But in the mean time he has received a telegram from Widdecombe telling him that he need not search for Lorraine, as Lorraine and he eloped and are now married. Granger is begging the police to hush up the matter, although he is in despair -- when the door opens and Tom, the careful steward, brings in Granger's greatest treasure.

Lorraine suggests that Tom has won the reward --- anyhow he has won her, so father better make him President of something and get busy about it.

COMMENT. A wild story of action, that has some interest and the shadow of possibility. It may have been inspired by the yet unsolved mystery of Dorothy Arnold. The shady hotel may have to be softened for screen presentation, but the rest of the story seems workable enough. Anyhow it is youth, the wild and adventurous, and shows some chance for strong character developement.

CYNTHIA TAKES A TUMBLE

A sketch for a comedy story adapted from the manuscript by James Rennie.

by Brian Hooker.

The first thing we see is the wtetched garret of a stunning artist, inmodern New York, a nice duplex studio apartment in the sixties. This particular artist is an illustrator and he seems to go in for costume stuff. There are tapestries and pieces of armor on the wall, old furniture Japanese servants and the general air of artistic prosperity. The Artist is finishing a picture of a troubadour kneeling at the feet of the fair-lady and the Artist's Daughter, Cynthia,a thououghly modern person with a thirteenth century robe thrown over a Paquin suit is posing for the lady. The picture is finished and she throws off the robe and steps down and looks at it. She admires the lover in the picture and says that the age of chivalry was the only time in the history of the world when a lady was treated right. Her Father suggests that modern life is convenient and modern young men nice enough, but she says that modern lovers have no romance and no soul.

(2)

Next we look into the busy down town broker's office and see a modern young man. Between the table,the telephone and clients coming in he has plenty to do, but he finds time never the less to gaze at the picture of Cynthia on his desk. As the end of the days work approaches and he has a few moments of leisure he lights a cigarette and sees in the smoke a vision of the object of his dreams, the Almighty Dollar with a halo around it, and as he looks the

face of Liberty on the dollar changes into Cynthia's face. But his car is waiting outside and it is time for him to go up-town.

(3) He calls in at the Studio and it appears that he and Cynthia are very good friends with the prospect of becomming more. But he makes love in the modern way with more slang than sentiment. He is not the kind to be courtly or romantic about it and Cynthia although she likes him very much rather enjoys the attention of another and older man, a certain Mr. Lake, rather of the lounge lizard type. He does things with a great deal of manner, bows and makes gestures.

(4)

The young broker whose name by the way, is Hudson confides to his Mother that Cynthia thinks that he is unromantic and too much of a regular fellow. Mother being a wise lady gives him godd old advice about being attentive to other girls.

(5)

Cynthia and her Father out shopping in New York come to a queer old book store in the basement of a side street. she preceeds her Father into the shop; there are books and books and nobody there. But there is a big dinner bell on the table with a sign over it," I am somewhere around,if you want me ring this." She rings and the bookseller emerges. He is white bearded and has a queer old face and wears a longg gown ad a little silk shull cap like the wizard in a fairy story. Cynthia wants books about the age of chivalry and he shows her a copy of Mallory with the Dulac illustrations and the Doree"Idyll's of the King". More than ever she envies the people who lived in this far off time.

(6)

(6)

Hudson gives a week-end house-party at their country place and Cynthia is there. She and Hudson ride and swim and go boating together but he is always with one or two other girls and manages to be just as nice to them. Cynthia thinks that it is bad enough to be unromantic to her without being just as unromantic to everybody else. Mr. Lake is at the party but he is making love to a married Vamp and is not much consolation.

(7)

When the time comes for Cynthia to go back to town Hudson arranges to drive her in. It is really quite romantic driving off together in the evening and Cynthia having a suit-case along makes it seem almost like an elopement, but Hudson is dreadfully matter of fact about. As they pass through a village he discovers that he is out of cigarettes and stops to buy some. Cynthia hops out and lets the water out of his radiator. She is going to get one adventure out of this anyway. She feels a little sorry when he comes back with the cigarettes and a big box of candy for her. But he spoils it by saying, "Here, Kid, grab the eats."

(8)

The car boils up and stalls itself on the nice lonely country road. Hudson finds that the water is gone and starts off for the nearest house assuring Cynthia that she will be quite safe in the car. She sits there and grows sleepy and cries, and cries and grows sleepy. All at once the old book-seller appears outside, looking more than ever like a wizard. He opens the door wiht an air of secrecy

and tells Cynthia to come on out. She does so and he takes her by the hand and they run and run and run without seeming to get anywhere.

(9)

At last, they come to the book-store. The book-seller opens the Mallory volume to the picture of the lonely forest and tells Cynthia that now is her chance to visit the Age of Chivalry. He takes her by the hand and leads her up to the book as if he were ushering her into the door. The picture grows bigger and Cynthia walks right into it. Then she is all alone in the forest sitting under a tree. Presently she hears a noise, jumps up and looks into the bushes. A puff of smoke comes out, she starts back frightened and out of the bushes crawls a perfectly good fire breathing dragon ugly enough to scare Saing George to death. Cynthia climbs a tree and pulls her toes up under her out of reach. The Dragon claws up ather and almost gets her.

(10)

In another part of the forest we see Sir Galahad himself in armor and on horse back looking just like the Abbey painting, although curiously enough he is the living image of young Hudson. He hears cries for help and rides furiously toward the sound.

(11)

He arrives to find the Dragon clawing up the tree after Cynthia and Cynthia climbing as high as she dares. Of course, a beautiful fight and the Dragon is killed and the maiden rescued. Cynthia comes down from the tree and Sir Galahad kneels at her feet and says all the proper things. Then he takes her on his horse and they ride off together to Camelot.

Cynthia, of course, is still in her modern clothes and she has her suit-case with her all of the time.

(12)

When they arrive at the castle there is plenty of conquering hero stuff and blowing of trumpets and scattering of flowers. Cynthia is carried off to her room by attendant maidens and Sir galahad goes to tell King Arthur what he has done.

(13)

With the aid of her Maids of Honor, Cynthia puts her dress and her hair in order. She washes her hands after the manner of the eleventh century, one maid kneeling and holding the bowl while the other pours the water over her hands from above. There is no such thing as soap and the maidens nearly faint when Cynthia gets out her soap box and makes a nice white lather. It seems queer to have a basket full of feathers instead of a towel.

(14)

In the hall of the"Round Table" Galahad tells Arthur and his Queen and the assembled Knights and Ladies how he has killed the Dragon and rescued the beautiful damsel. Now and from now on it is Cynthia who is thoroughly off hand and modern while the medieval people are romantic and ceremonious. Cynthia makes a great hit with the King and his Knights. Sir Launcelot looks just like Mr. Lake and is particularly attentive.

(15)

Then follows a banquetof the "Round Table". Cynthia sits between Galahad and Launcelot, who talk to her forgetting all about the ladies on the other sides of them. The Ladies don't like it. It seems queer to use slices of bread for a plate and

two fingers for a fork in the midst of all this magnificence. Also when they finish picking the bones they toss them over their shoulders to one of the dogs. The stone floor is covered with rushes and once in a while a rat comes out and the dog nails him.

(16)

At the end of the feast the royal orchestra comes in, harps, drums, zithers, lutes, perhaps sackbuts. Cynthia thinks this kind of music is kind of slow. She goes to the drum-man and shows him how to play traps collecting for the purpose a shield, helmet, a cup from the table and a pair of gauntlets to rattle. When she gets the music about right she teaches the Knights how to fox-trot. The Knights fall hard for this modern improvement while the Queen and her Ladies get madderand madder.

(17)

For the next few days Cynthia can hardly move around the castle without stepping on some knight kneeling at her feet. Galahad comes first and Launcelot second of those in the running.

(18)

The jealous Ladies of the Court get together and form a conspiracy. They go to Merlin, the wizard (who looks just like the book-seller) in his laboratory, where he is mixing up some kind of magic stuff. Merlin says that this strange girl is undoubtedly a sorceressand is getting the Knights bewitched.

(19)

They go in search of Cynthia and find her surrounded by admirors and sitting eating candy while she talks to them.

She innocently offers candy to the ladies. Merlin warns them against this strange food which is probably black magic but being feminine they can't resist it. Then Merlin casts a spell andtells Cynthia to go back to the Mountain of the Moon, where she came from. Cynthia doesn't magic worth a cent. The Ladies have eaten up all the candy so she offers cigarettes to the knights. Everybody nearly faints when she strikes a match and when the champion of the Round Table gets blowing smoke through his nose like so many dragons there is simply no doubt about it. This is sorcery of the deepest dye. The Queen insists on having Cynthia arrested and shut up in prison.
(20)

So they put her in a gloomy cell in the dungeon tower. That night Hero Galahad comes to the rescue. After singinga serenade under her window he climbs up the rope andw ith his strong right arm tears out the bars. His war horse is waiting and he wants Cynthia to come away with him to the end of the world. Her answer gives him a shock, "At this time fo nightw without a chaperon, I guess not."
(21)

Galahad never heard of a chaperon, no more had anybody else you may be sure, but he has to ride away and try to find one because Cynthia won't be rescued without one.
(22)

Meanwhile Cynthia is tried for sorcery before King Arthur. She is brought in chained by the ankle to an iron ball so big that it takes two men to roll it in after her, When she comes before the King, instead of falling on her knees and begging for mercy, she sits down on the ball and sasses the King back. Much against his will the King is forced by the Queen to

condemn Cynthia to be burned at the stake the next day. King Arthur always was a hen-pecked person anyhow. Cynthia remembers something. She is ready. She throws down her glove and demands "trial by battle". Then the Queen makes the invincible Lanucelot pick up the glove and appear against her as a challenger.

(23)

Galahad wandering about trying to find out what a chaperon may be, at length meets the Lady of the Lake, who looks like Mrs. Hudson, and who thinks that being a fairy she will do. She tells Galahad to ride back in a hurry if he would save Cynthia's life and then promises to meet him at the sea shore in a boat.

(24)

All set for the"trial by battle" and the burning of the helpless maiden at the stake unless some champion appears who will defend her cause in overthrowing the invincible Launcelot. Of course, all the Knights would like to take her side, the ladies look out for that however. Cynthia is chained to the stake, where fagots are piled around her, still desperately clutching her vanity bag. Launcelot is riding armed and on horse-back with his lance. The pointers of the sun-dial stood high-noon and Cynthia looks anxiously at her wrist watch. The executioneer is lighting the fagots. "Sister Ann do you see anyone coming." At last a cloud of dust in the road and the sound of horses and a solitary trumpet and Galahad gallops up just in time.

(25)

(25)

Galahad and Launcelot joust with each other for Cynthia's life or death. Of course, neither Galahad or anyone else has a chance against the invincible champion. But just as the two Kinights come together Cynthia gets out her mirror from her vanity bag and reflects the sun in Launcelot's eyes. He throws up his hands and falls and Sir Galahad wins.

(26)

Merlin, the wizard, was afraid that Cynthia somehow might escape. If she did that it would end his corner in the magic-market. So he went up in his laboratory with a retort, a crucible, an alambic and a lot of wicked old books and he mixed up the greatest gun powder that ever was made. Any Bolshevic can make a bomb now but it took a wizard to make one in those days. Then he sneaked down to the sea shore and found the Lady of the Lake waiting there in her boat. And then he sneaked his bomb into the boat under the seat.

(27)

Galahad and Cynthia come riding along in triumph and get into the boat and sail away but not before Merlin has a chance to light the fuse of his bomb.

(28)

Galahad sitting beside Cynthia in the boat as they sail into the sunset makes more romantic love than ever and the more he looks like young Hudson the better Cynthia likes him Slowly their faces draw nearer and nearer together, while below them, the fuse burns nearer and nearer to the bomb. At last Cynthi's eyes close and they fall into a clinch and then BANG.....!.!.!.!

(29)

(29)

There is Cynthia back in the car with Hudson leaning over her. She opens her eyes wide and looks at him very severely. "Did you kiss me while I was asleep?" and he had to admit that he douldnIt help it. The result is that Cynthia realizes that Hudson is just like Galahad after all and thinks of her just as the Knights of Old did of their Ladies Fair, only they were both too modern to talk about it .

Incomplete synopsis founded on
DAUGHTERS OF SHIZO by Rupert Hughes

Small town girl comes home from city school to find her family in money difficulties. Local heavy takes advantage of circumstances to try and seduce her — and her sister. Later tries to marry her, attacks her reputation to destroy her love affair with young hero. Former victim of heavy discloses his character.

Old sex stuff. May be something in the book, but synopsis doesn't look like it ~~P.T.~~

Founded on "DAUGHTERS OF SHILO"
By Rupert Hughes.

C A S T

Prudence..... .....

Ollie, her younger sister.....

Orton, the eligible young man.....

Tom Kuich, the rich man of the town....

Idalene, the minister's daughter.....

Prudence's mather and father.....

The Judge, Orton's father.....

The town is a typical small town of the United States,- almost any place between the Atlantic and Pacific,- population probably from 5000 to 10,000.

Prue is the light-hearted, apparently frivolous daughter of narrow-minded parents. She has been to boarding school and has learned to dress and dance.

She comes home after a considerable absence, to find her family reduced in circumstances by her father's failure in business. It is this failure that has forced her coming home from school.

Father is a small merchant,- a pious failure. According to Rupert Hughes this is his fifth trip through bankruptcy, but as his creditors are all in the city and no one at home has been stung, the family has not suffered much in local esteem, and enjoys the sympathy of the community.

Therefore when Prue goes to a dance on her first evening home, the town is properly shocked; her fine clothes are critized, and the disgraceful city dancing which she introduces is at once a scandal. But Prue is not really thoughtless and heartless. She simply refuses to be cast down by the general depression. She insists on being happy,- a ray of sunshine in a house of gloom.

Kinch, the big man of the town, is a hypocritical fraud. Outwardly he is the soul of piety, high in the church and intolerant of all frivolity. Dancing is his particular abomination. Secretly he is a libertine, possibly a degenerate. His special prey is young girls. But his money and power have protected him

from outward scandal and punishment, as is often the case in small town communities.

Kinch , who is single, has fixed his lascivious eye on Prue's younger sister, whom he has hired as stenographer, in hypocritical charity for the family after the failure. When Prue comes home Kinch transfers his designs to her. Possibly he covets both of them. They are especially desirable because helpless and unprotected by an influential family. He probably figures that, in case of trouble, their father can be easily bought off.

The judge's son, who becomes Prue's sweetheart, offers some difficulty in the way of characterization. Prue takes to him because he is the only young man in the town who can dance. Possibly his father wants to make him a lawyer, for which he is not fitted. Perhaps the boy's real bent is for music, which he has pursued in spite of his father. Certainly he should have some good quality and talent, for the purpose of this drama, so that the spectators will want to see him win Prue.

I would suggest that as a whole, the town is solemn, hypocritical, narrow and gossipy at the time of Prue's coming; but after it has been "reformed" and awakened by Prue, it takes on the opposite atmosphere.

Small town railroad station. Prue comes in on night train. Goes up Main Street. The people of the town watch her, registering that she is a strange girl. Her back is toward the camera. She passes her father's stationery store and it is closed. Then she passes on up into residence section. Goes into her home.

Interior house. Her father, mother and sister Ollie greet her and welcome her affectionately. For the first time she turns around to camera and is recognized as Lillian Gish. Atmosphere of repression and a sub-title to the effect, "we won't tell her until morning. She is too tired tonight." Prue and Ollie go to Prue's room. Before they leave father and mother, Ollie is warned by a look from the mother to the effect of "don't you dare tell her." Ollie helps Prue take off her things and get her toilet articles out of her valise. Prue takes out a letter, questions Ollie as to what its contents mean. Flash the letter, which reads on idea of "we want you to come home at once. We will explain to you later. Father and mother." Ollie is tempted to tell Prue what the letter means, but recalling that her mother had given her strict orders

not to tell, she kisses Prue good-night and goes out of the room. Prue reads the letter again and goes to bed.

Next morning. Rain storm. We see Ollie getting ready to go to work. Prue runs up the shade in her room, looks out. Sees the terrible storm, pulls down the shade and pulls the covers over her head. Prue sits up in bed, looks worried, remembers about the letter, she brings it out from underneath her pillow, looks at it, begins to get dressed.

Cut back to the breakfast room. Father and mother and Ollie finishing breakfast. Ollie goes to work. Father tells mother to get Prue up and to tell her about their misfortunes. He leaves. Prue comes down stairs. Her mother bustles around to give her her breakfast, but Prue wants to have the contents of the letter explained to her. The mother tells her that her father has failed again and that they are broke.

Note: When Prue comes into the breakfast room she asks her mother where Ollie is and her mother says Ollie has gone to work. Then she tells Prue the status of the family. Prue tells her mother not to worry, that something will turn up to get them out of the difficulty, and begins to eat

her breakfast.

That night there is a dance , small town affair, probably a lodge meeting. Prue goes to it, dressed up very nicely, in a real evening dress. The father, mother and Ollie have refused to go, and they think it is wrong for her to go, because of the condition that the family is in financially. They think it is more dignified for them to keep quiet.

Orton is the young eligible of the town.

Down town that afternoon Prue has met Orton. He says that he is going to the party and asks her to go. At home Prue pretends to feel as the family do about the party, but that night, after the rest are in bed, she dresses up, slips down over the balcony, meets Orton and goes to the party.

At the party they are all dancing the conventional square dances and old-fashioned waltz. Prue is amazed and amused at their out-of-dateness. The girls all look at Prue's evening dress and secretly begin to imitate it by turning down the necks of their dresses and rolling up their sleeves. Prue and Orton dance ~~some of the xxxx

and horrified at what they consider her brazen conduct.

When Prue gets home her father catches her coming in. In the meantime cut backs have shown that they missed her from her room. Perhaps Prue could be caught climbing back into the house. Her father, thinking she is a burglar, goes with his shot gun and is about to kill the burglar, when he discovers that it is she. He demands to know where she has been and she tells him rather saucily, that she has been out having a pleasant time. The mother and Ollie waken. They learn the cause of the racket and are thoroughly disgraced. Prue goes to her room. Fade out on her not being worried at all, nor caring what anybody thinks, because she has not done anything wrong.

Tom Kinch, the Pooh Bah of the town, a capitalist, banker, deacon of the church, the richest man, a bachelor, and a villain at heart, saw Prue come out of the dance hall, is attracted by her, being a new face, and sees her go into her home. He is ~~xxx~~ craftily interested.

The next day Prue goes to the office of Kinch to see Ollie. She goes in unawares and finds Kinch making love to Ollie. Ollie is accepting his attentions, for she is proud that such a man of the world

as Kinch should care for such a simple little girl as she. Prue makes her presence known, without giving away what she has seen, and is introduced to Kinch by Ollie. Kinch recognizes Prue as the girl of the night before and is more interested than ever in her. Prue shows that she is very wise as to what class of a man he is before she exits.

During the day Prue's family hear from the minister, and others, who were at the party the night before, that his daughter Prue is the subject of town gossip. Among these is the Judge, Orton's father, who tells Prue's father that he does not want his son to be contaminated by this city-bred daughter of his, and to warn her to keep away from his son.

To raise some money, Prue takes a couple of her city hats down to the local millinery shop to sell them. She is snubbed on the street by several old gossips. She goes to the millinery store, which is run by a worldly wise woman. While she is arranging for her hats there to sell them, or to have them made over on simpler lines, Idalene, the minister's daughter, enters. Perhaps she can be shown to have seen Prue on the street with her millinery boxes and as she wants to see Prue, she goes

to the millinery store after her, or else just happens to come there. Idalene takes an interest in Prue's new hats and gets into conversation with her and the milliner. They talk about the night before and Idalene is crazy to learn the new dances. The milliner suggests, when Prue starts to show Idalene a step, to go into the back room curtained off, as she is also interested in the dance. They practice in this back room. Maybe the Judge's wife drops in to have a feather put on her hat. She gets interested in what the two girls are doing, and confesses that she would like to learn to dance too. This gives Prue an idea. It occurs to her that if she could give paid lessons she could earn money for the family. She realizes that she must never let the family know where the money came from so determines to tell them that she has a millinery job. She makes an agreement with the milliner to take her in as a sort of partner in exchange for the use of her back room.

That night Prue's father gives her an awful talking to. Ollie and the mother listen. Ollie says to Prue: "If you scandalize the neighborhood any more, I will lose my job, because my employer, Mr. Kinch, is so shocked at dancing and entertainments that he won't keep me if you misbehave." The father takes down the bible to make his lecture stronger with the girl, and tells her to take the bible to her room and study it, and that it will guide her in behavior suitable to a young girl. Prue

takes the big bible and exits. In her room she begins to open the bible at random, and either fade out on her studying it, or show that she strikes a place in it about dancing.

Next morning the family are at breakfast, when Prue appears, very jubilant, with the bible all marked. She shows her father quotations favorable to dancing (see story). The father can say something about misinterpreting the divine word, and won't give the girl any credit. He is still shocked and disapproves of her dancing.

Prue calls upon Ollie at Kinch's office. Ollie is out, but Prue sees and overhears a love scene between Kinch and Idalene. Prue is horrified, for she sees now that Kinch is a hypocrite, for he was making love to Ollie in the same way. Prue makes up her mind to save her little sister from this man. When the minister's daughter leaves, Prue makes advances to Kinch, becomes extremely friendly, which delights Kinch, and he readily accepts her invitation to dinner at her home that evening.

That night the family are making preparations for the honored

guest, as Kinch is the "big bug" of the town. The old man is delighted that he is interested in Prue sufficiantly to come to their house to supper, and Prue is quite reinstated in the affections of the family. Perhaps have a scene in Kinch's office when Ollie starts to come home, and Kinch comes with her. Ollie is delighted, because she thinks that Kinch is coming to the house because of her.

That night they have supper and afterwards Prue and Kinch are in the parlor, Prue entertaining him in a most vivacious way, and Kinch falling for her. Ollie is quite out of it and gets very sore. She can leave the room in a huff, at which Prue takes advantage of being alone with Kinch, to lead him on. Ollie comes back to the room broken-hearted, and sees from the portieres that Kinch is holding Prue's hand and warming up to her, Prue leading him on. Ollie goes to her room and throws herself on her bed, sobbing. Prue, with a great pretense of being in love with Kinch, lets him go. He attempts to kiss her. She won't let him, but does not spurn him. Prue goes to Ollie's room and finds her lying on the bed, shaking with sobs, and holding Kinch's photograph in her hand.

Now Prue realizes that her sister really loved this man. She

tenderly leans over her sister and attempts to talk with her. Ollie in very bad temper, gets up and denounces Prue. Prue stands for Ollie's tantrums, because she intends curing the girl of caring for this man, and is using her own method to do so. Prue goes to bed without explaining ~~x~~ to Ollie.

In the millinery shop Prue has gotten together quite a few dancers. The first one to arrive is Idalene, or someone else, who contributes an old Edison phonograph. She brings it in a hat box and all stand around and are greatly interested in the opening of the hat box and the bringing forth of the musical instrument. It is set up and the dancing lesson goes on to the tune of the instrument.

In Kinch's office, which is the second story of a brick building, Kinch is shown to either look from one of his back office windows, or the windows of the hallway of the building. ~~xxxx

going to ferret out something. In this way he discovers that these people are dancing and sees that the principal person in the room is Prue. It is very evident that she is instructing them to dance this wicked dance.

Kinch calls again at their home. Ollie goes to her room and Prue and Kinch are left together. It is gotten over that the father and mother are very much pleased that Prue has really made good with this rich man. They see this as a solution to their financial difficulties. Kinch, when he tries to kiss Prue and she refuses him, but just leads him on, gets mad and tells her that if she does not make good with him that he is going to disclose about her dancing class and the way she meets people in the back room of the millinery shop. He finds that that does not bring her to terms. ~~and so begins to palaver her again, and tries to kiss her. By this time she~~ She is mad at him and she slaps him in the face indignantly, and stalks off to her room.

Prue's father and mother have been watching through the keyhole, as they had concluded that Kinch would very soon come to the point of proposing to Prue. All they see is that Prue slaps him in the face and leaves him alone. The father and mother try to square it and apologize to Kinch,

and he lies and tells them that he proposed honorable marriage to Prue and that she turned him down and mistreated him, and he leaves angrily. The father and mother are brokenhearted at this behavior of Prue. She is certainly a very bad girl.

The next day Kinch takes Ollie to the back window and shows her through the field glass her sister down among these people dancing. Ollie comes home and tells her father and mother. [illegible] Prue comes home. They are all at the dinner table waiting for her. She comes in happy from her work and gets into this ominous silence. The mother is a little pitying, but Ollie and the father are hard. The father accuses her of having this dancing class and Ollie butts in snappy and says, "yes, I saw you, and Mr. Kinch saw you too." Then the father tells her that Mr. Kinch wanted her to marry him and she should have accepted him. Prue says, "why I wouldn't marry that old fellow; he doesn't even know how to dance." The father becomes very indignant and insists that she marry Kinch. Prue refuses. Then

the father becomes very angry and orders Prue from the house. Prue is hurt, but is amazed that her people should act this way, but takes it quietly. The family is shocked and sit like graven images. Prue gets up quietly, kisses her mother, kisses Ollie, and looks at the father, who has resumed his seat. She hesitates a moment, then kisses him. She leaves the room, leaving the family sitting there. She goes to her room, packs up and leaves the house. Orton has been to the class, and is shown that he dances with Prue as a partner. Tom Kinch has seen him there and meets the Judge on the street and tells him of Orton's back sliding. The same evening that Prue is put out the Judge has a stormy interview with Orton, in which he tells him he must either give up association with Prue, or leave his house.

That same evening Orton and Prue have an appointment to go to the dance. He is waiting outside, as Prue comes out with her grip. She tells him that she has been turned out of her home. He tells her of his interview with his father. He goes with Prue to Mrs. Prosser's boarding house and Prue makes arrangements to stay there.

That night Prue and Orton go to the dance. After the dance Kinch, who is watching to see whether Prue will go to the dance in defiance of everything, sees her come out of the dance with Orton, and following them, sees them go to Mrs. Prosser's boarding house. He sees them exit into it. They are shown to be merely sitting in the parlor for a few minutes before Prue goes upstairs to her ~~xxx~~ room, but from what Kinch sees, they have gone into this place to spend the night together.

Kinch the next day spreads the scandal. He tells Prue's father where his daughter is and who he saw her go in with the night before. He tells the Judge where his son was the night before, at a dance, and went with Prue to this boarding house. The whole town is discussing the scandal.

(Orton must be shown in one or two scenes gambling and losing, giving I.O.U.S for money advanced . Show the gambling housekeeper friendly with Kinch. Kinch is secretly backing the gambling house and ~~xxxx~~ the I.O.U.S. are given to him. In this way Kinch has Orton in his power.)

Scene is shown in a house where a woman lives whom Kinch is taking care of. ~~xxxxx~~ Kinch goes to her and tells her to write a letter to Prue asking her to come and arrange about giving her some dancing lessons at her home.

Prue is delighted to have a customer who will pay well and shows the letter and talks it over with the milliner in her little shop, who is a partner with her in the dancing scheme.

Prue goes to the house to see the woman. Kinch is in the house.

Orton goes to the dancing class and is told by the milliner that Prue won't be there this day, because she has a new pupil, and tells Orton where the woman lives. Orton knows that this house is one that is maintained by Kinch and that it is a questionable resort. (This house is a sort of a Stanford White outfit, where Kinch has taken girls before, and has this woman there as a blind when the girls first go to the place.)

Orton becomes alarmed when he learns from the milliner where Prue has gone and suspects at once that Kinch has begun his dirty work. Orton makes a run to the rescue and gets to this resort, while Kinch is shown to have already approached Prue and trying to force his attentions upon her. Prue is fighting with the man when Orton arrives and saves her. Prue screams while the two men are fighting, which is heard by the police, who come to the rescue of the screaming woman.

In defense of himself, Kinch turns the tables on Orton and de-

clares that it is a badger game that these two outrageous young people have cooked up. The police believe their "first citizen" and take Prue and Orton to jail.

The next morning the news of the arrest scandalizes the whole town further. Idalene hears of it, visits Prue in jail and tells her something which seems to excite Prue greatly. She sends for her attorney and after an excited discussion, he goes out and has a conference with Idalene.

Court scene. Kinch on stand testifies to the attempted blackmail. x Produces Orton's I.O.U.S. in confirmation. At the last moment the lawyer for the defense calls upon Idalene, who tells in retrospect of her ruination by Kinch, who used this same house and almost similar methods to effect it.

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Suitable Tag

[redacted]

SYNOPSIS

by Ursula Cutner

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DREAMS-----Part I

Once upon a time, they were considered of importance, as forecasting future events, ~~as~~ as illustrated by Joseph of Egypt, interpreting the Pharaoh's dream, thereby rising and becoming a personage of first importance in the land of the flowing Nile, where he had been a forgotten and despised prisoner.

Then science poo-poohed dreams, as meaning no more than an imperfectly digested dinner. Today we are again deeply interested in this fascinating field---medically and most of all psychologically.

This little girl believed in dreams; let us follow her through some of their varied paths---sunlit, dark and of intermediate twilight moods.

Nina was seventeen, petite, with soft chestnut-tinted hair, long, finely pencilled brows and lustrous, large blue-gray eyes, fringed thickly with dark lashes. She was intelligent, yet dreamy too, with varying moods of reflection and irresistible gayety---very observant and curious as to the underlying causes of effects. Particularly did she wonder about persistently recurring dreams of big spaces, bordered by dark mysteries from which all kinds of weird dangers seemed to threaten. Again she dreamt repeatedly of people and events and subsequently found, that later what had been a dream, became reality.
After the events had actually happened she found in a sudden, blinding flash of memory she had lived those same events previously in dreams. About those happenings in reality there was a curious dream-quality and in the dream an actual clarity of reality. What explanation has science to offer?
Did Shakespeare know and portray that in making one of his characters say: "Future events their shadows cast before them". Much disputed, little explained and known regions these!

Always in Nina's dream consciousness there was a man of alien aspect with blue-black thick hair, very beautiful dark eyes of a deerlike lustre and softness in their vast depths; he was the companion of wonderful travels and adventures. Was he just her personal image of the universal Prince Charming of whom girlhood has consciously or unconsciously dreamt, since manhood's first beginning, laid deep in primal ancestral shadows? Never in her environment of correct commonplace bourgeoisie had she seen men of such stately, swarthy presence and yet, the strange pictures persisted.

After Nina's return from the Sacre Coeur Convent, where she had been for several years, she found herself a stranger in her home, with an unloved stepfather and an unsympathetic Mother all engrossed with him. Nina begged to be allowed to be independent and make her own living and after the usual, out-of-date arguments found herself on her way to Paris.

Changing trains at Belfort, she had an hour to spare and decided to look over the town, where she had spent some, on the whole, happy years at the convent school. Before she was aware of it, the hour had slipped past and grabbing a suitcase under each arm, she ran for the train, which was beginning to move. One door in the front part was still open and she flung both suitcases into the opening, following up the steps, as rapidly as she could, for the momentum of the train increasing, she was flung literally into a masculine lap. Red with haste and embarrassment, she apologized and found herself addressing a soldier. Up and down the aisle and all around her was a sea of mustached faces under military Kepis, some grinning broadly, others smiling discreetly, but all greatly amused at the mascot so precipated amongst them. Collecting her wits and deciding to wait and see, Nina seated herself quietly and with outward calm; to her relief at the next stop, all got off and she was sole occupant of the carriage until arriving at the Gare St. Lazare. Going directly to a girl's home she soon found a very interesting position as governess to two children, who welcomed and soon loved this charming companion and teacher, who was so ready to enter into all their games, instead of the severe, bespectacled, elderly English woman who had put such a damper on their gay spirits.

Paris proved as delightful as her vidid imagination had pictured it and all her alert senses were busy taking in the many new impressions. Napoleon had been her schoolday's favourite hero and the golden, marvellously mellow light illuminating his tomb seemed a fitting shrine for her ardent worship. The Louvre's Egyptian section especially conjured in her strange, alluring and some times terrifying day and night dreams.

She was happy in her luxurieus and easy surroundings, yet persistently she felt her face and feet impelled to what was in her imagination fixed as England's grey and gloomy capital! A curious restlessness and sense of impending adventure stirred her pulses at the thought of mighty, majestic London, giant mistress of the cities of the world.

Part II

Leaving behind her affection, security and comfort, she started for England one gloomy day in February. Nina thought herself fortunate in getting a coupé all to herself, when leaving the boat at Boulogne and was settling herself comfortably into a corner, when through the still open door she perceived a pair of feet, encased in unmistakably expensive shoes and white spats, approaching her compartment. Have you ever observed how very individual a way each person has of setting down their feet? The stealthy, foxy thread of these feet was the first and decidedly disagreeable impression their owner made upon the tired little occupant of this railroad carriage. A subtle inner warning put the girl on her guard.

Looking about for the communication cord she found it was at the opposite end of her bench and it was now too late to change her position unconspicuously, so she hummed in her corner. The man, who was of middle age, with not an unkind, but dissipated face, seated himself opposite. Nina took out a magazine and french-english dictionary, as her english was of the most rudimentary---though able to read and write it with accuracy, she could neither speak nor understand it well, as is usually the case with a language acquired at school, when not followed by practical application. On the book's dropping on the floor, by a curve of the train, the gentleman picked it up handed it to his fellow traveller with courtly grace. A conversation in broken french and english followed and Nina began to

think she must be mistaken in her judgement.

The conductor now came for tickets and on her giving him some English money to pay for the extra first class ticket, he repeated something which she was unable to understand, neither was she familiar with the foreign money! Finally she saw her companion pull out a handful of gold pieces and then understood what the trouble was. She had thought that probably he was trying to tell her she would have to change and where. Now turning her back Nina quickly withdrew the necessary change in gold from her private bank. After giving her the change, the kindly looking official repeated something several times, but had to give up and was obliged to leave them alone together.

Again an uneasy feeling stole over Nina and she was silent for a while, pretending to read. "Why so pensive, Mdlle? a penny for your thoughts! broke in the suave voice of the Englishman. "Oh I am wondering how I shall like London, for I adore Paris and am afraid I am going to be homesick for it". "I hope Mdlle. will permit me to be her guide through its mazes".

"If my cousin permits" demurely replied Nina. "Oh why so severe? Surely such an intelligent girl as yourself, can judge and choose her own company without outside counsel and advice." A steely glitter in his blue eyes contradicted the gentle tones of the cultured voice. Getting up he walked up and down the aisle several times and stopping in front of her, he suddenly dropped all pretense of the fatherly pose: "Come now, petite cherie, don't be so beastly correct and offish with me! You know I can do a great deal for you, if you will just be a little nice to a lonely old bachelor like me". Drawing her brusquely to him he cried: "Kiss me!" almost strangling her with the violence of his embrace Stupefied for a moment by this quick change, Nina could only gasp for breath, then suddenly filled with rage, she struck him squarely in the face with her balled fist, screaming "You disgusting, sneaky fox. let me go, let me go! "Ah, you vixen, you are the right mate for me" and pulling her off the seat, which she had gained in her moments respite after the blow, intending to pull the cord and bring the train to a stop, he pulled her off the seat backward, before she was able to carry out her intention. By the brutality with which he seized

and the passion distorting his face, the girl realized, she need expect no mercy, so exerting all her young strength, screaming "An secour" A moi"! she kicked, scratched and bit frantically. " You little tigercat , you fascinating little she-devil, I shall enjoy taming you more than I ever did breaking in horses to my will". "Oh, please, please, you could not do such a vile thing---to take a woman against her will". Oh, now you beg, my wildcat? It is not nearly so becoming as your temper and tantrums and I assure you, it is useless. I love to see your eyes and teeth flash in rage." "Mon dieu Oh mon dieu!" Nina moaned and once more shrieked despairingly realizing her strength would not last many more moments, when suddenly there was a resounding blow struck and the arms holding her a prisoner fell apart. "You abominable scoundrel, get out of here! But for the publicity and shame it would bring upon this lady I would hand you over to the police and have you put where you belong, like the preying jackal that you are!" "Poor child have no fear, you are safe, here, drink this — and a Flask with cognac was held to her lips, and a pair of strong slender arms supported her and on coming out of her exhaustion, Nina, on opening her eyes, looked into the most familiar, soft, dark eyes, set in a lean brown face of almost classical beauty. "Who are you? Where have I seen you before? No, no, I am dreaming again, it is the face I have so often seen" she murmured then breaking into convulsive sobbing she cried: "Surely this is a nightmare, I wish I could wake up!" "Mdlle. has nothing to fear from me; do you wish me to retire?" "No, oh no, Monsieur, do not leave me alone, I am afraid that old wretch might come back". "There, there child, you are all right, now, he soothed, as a Mother might have pacified a fretting baby. Shyly Nina looked up at her gallant knight-errant, and: "I am so ashamed of this horrid scene and I don't know how to thank you"! "I am happy and privileged to have been near to help. It makes me doubt the wisdom of all the liberty given to the women of Europe and seems to argue strangely in favour of the seclusion and protection of our girls. Such a thing could never have happened in my country, I assure you, Mdlle. But pardon me, for neglecting to present myself before: Diwan Chem Chand, of Ludluana, India, at your service, Mdlle.

My name is Nina Le Breton" the girl answered simply, from Alsace-Lorraine. You will probably laugh at me for telling you, that what has just passed, is not strange any more than your face, which I have seen many times in dreams. And there is always a barren landscape fringed by Jungle, before arriving in a walled white city. A big house with an open court in the centre with a marble fountain, surrounded by palms and shrubs. There is little furniture in the rooms, one sits on big cushions and there are wonderful hangings and carpets and beautiful, carved chests"; Nina related in a monotonous, drowsy voice:——

"How extraordinary! You have described the way from our country house in the hills to our Ludhiana residence exactly. And, though as a rule, I am shy with European women, I feel quite at ease with you". It must be, as we of the East believe---only the theory of re-incarnation gives an explanation. We have met in former lives and resuming an old relationship, continue the links of our existence. "What is to be will be!" In your mind, a door is left ajar and through it filter at intervals, memories of places and incidents known and lived long ago, though only disconnected, sketchy glimpses are vouchsafed. As the wise Omar Khayam says: "There was a door to which I found no key, there was a veil past which I could not see" for you a wind of chance, or perhaps design, blows aside a little corner of the curtain, letting you glimpse mysterious beyonds".

You and I must not be ships passing in the night, hailing each other and disappearing in the night!" he added earnestly. "How could you think me capable of such ingratitude after answering so gallantly the S.O.S. of my ship in distress?" said Nina, tears welling up in her expressive eyes.

By now they were drawing into London and Mr. Chand asked permission to conduct her to her destination and call on the ladies". "I shall be very happy to see you and so will Mrs. Watteau, my Mother's cousin, with whom I shall be staying" Biuding each other "good night and "Au revoir" soon they parted.

Calling the day after Nina's arrival, Mdme. Watteau found the young Indian most charming and interesting and proved herself a tactful hostess, extending the welcome to any time he could spare from his studies. So the two young people

saw a great deal of each other; soon they made almost daily rounds of sight seeing in and around London and the weeks passed by rapidly. Calling one day very early mr. C. they drove through Bushy Park to historic Hampton Court. The gardens were at their loveliest and it was one of those super-perfect days in early June, which England offers and once experienced, one never forgets. Never had Nina seen such a profusion of Waterlilies of all colours, as were to be seen in the ponds of the palace grounds. Wandering along the edge of the Thames, she exclaimed in wonder and admiration at the variety and beauty of the houseboats lying on each side of the river. Coming to a floating white palace, with goldentipped domes and minarets, Nina said: "I believe we are transplanted into the Arabian Nights. Did you ever see anything so gorgeous and romantic outside of a fairy tale?" "Would you care to see the inside"? smilingly asked Mr. Chand. "Oh I wish we could!" exclaimed Nina, her whole face radiant with joyous excitement. "Your wish is my law, gallantly replied her escort, and an easy and agreeable one it is to fulfill since the boat belongs to a very dear friend of our family to whom I owe a visit". So they boarded the magnificent boat and Nina was presented to a truly regal looking personage, standing about six feet two without the huge turban on his head, which made his stature look immense and who bade the young girl a gracious welcome. "This is Mdlle. Le Breton Sir" introduced Diwan, Mdlle. meet H.H. Prince Mohinder Singh Bell". With a smile singularly charming, fairly illuminating the dark majestic countenance, the Prince bade Nina to be seated and ordered tea. Silent, swarthy natives served them and more than ever did everythin, seem to belong to a living Arabian nights tale. Asking several questions in French, revealed the prince as very familiar with life and customs in Paris as well as various capitals of Europe and of a most cultured and philosophical mind, having gathered a broad understanding of people and customs in many lands. He expressed himself particularly pleased with the tolerance and courtesy extended to all nationalities by the French capital, which no doubt helped greatly to make it the beautiful playground of all nations. "Whenever pedantic London depresses and dampens my spirits I fly to your lovely Paris for diversion". "A sentiment after my own heart" added Khem; just think if it were not so, we might never have met and that would have

meant tragedy for me". "Pardon me, Mons. Chand you are too generous; have you forgotten how we first met and how you were all that knight-errant of old, could have been", said Nina, with a look revealing far more than she was aware of. "Have you seen the new pool Khem?" asked the Prince, do show it to Mdlle. she will appreciate it. In a pool of clearest water, surrounded by velvety green plants stood a fine bronze statue of "Armdhati" the patron saint of Hindoo marriages; waterlilies of rare beauty gave out their delicate fragrance and goldfish played in and out among them. A little weary by all the strange and beautiful scenes seen this day of days, Nina seated herself on a low divan, covered by a magnificent tigerskin. She felt strangely unreal, yet happy. Khem was seated on a cushion at her feet; as in a tableau set long ago she let her hand be taken by him---he held it gently, examining its form and lines, saying: "Let me tell your fortune, as my Mother taught me". "Your life will be long and varied---events are going to crowd in on you within the next year and a profound change will take place through a lover coming from afar. An evil fate is hanging over him, making you suffer for and with him. Oh Nina! pray, forgive this gloomy nonsense on such a glorious day. You are made for happiness----you are my happiness! Let me love and protect you always. From the first moment of our meeting I have loved you! Dearest one, do you love me?" Very tenderly he kissed the palm of the hand he held and willingly she gave him her lips. It seemed but the completion of what was begun long ago, fitting end and meaning there-of. "Just think we have met from the ends of the world; isn't it wonderful? whispered Nina.

"What will our host think of us?" suddenly said Nina, starting from the circle of Khem's arms---"it is late!"

"You must come to the flower carnival to be held shortly on board the "Dhruwa" Prince Signh said kindly in giving his hand in farewell. And so ended a day filled to its utmost with beauty and happiness.

Part III

Arriving at his rooms in Kensington Khem found a telegram on the mantel Tearing it open, he read: "Must see you at once. Shirisha". Calling up his

friend's rooms he was told that Mr. Shirisha Nath left in the morning and had not returned since, but there was a message to get in touch with his brother in Cambridge. Thoroughly alarmed, Mr. Chand jumped into a taxi directing "To St. Pancras Station". Having to wait for a train he bought a newspaper and seated himself. Immediately his eye caught a headline: "Horrible murder of the Honourable Curzon Wylie on the steps of India House". His eyes travelled down the lines, caught and held on a name "Shirisha Nath". Thinking his imagination must be tricking him he read over and over: "A young Indian student, Shirisha Nath, at about three o'clock this afternoon shot and killed the Honourable Curzon Wylie, then coolly gave himself up: "Here I am, take me". He made no resistence to the officers arresting him and walked along with them unconcernedly, as if going for a stroll. Clearly the man is insane, crazed by impossible national ideals; it is to be hoped, short shrift will be given him, as a warning to his sympathizers.

"Poor Shirisha, so it has come to this! I am afraid, nothing will save his life, no matter how fiendish the provocation, in a country where the letter of the law is the inexorably applied rule, rather than administering of the spirit of justice".

An official's voice calling out the departure of his train, mercifully interrupted these painful reflections. "What a sudden transportation from Venus to Mars" thought Khem miserably. "Yes indeed, the three weird sisters are busy, spinning their fateful cords to trip our uneasy feet".

Arriving at young Akram Nath's chamber he found him lying across the bed in mute despair. All Khem could do at first was to pat him on the shoulder How meaningless are words in such a direful tragedy! At last the boy turned to their friend and said in a hoarse voice: "Tell me, Diwan, that I am mad, that this thing has not befallen my brother; oh Shirisha, Shirisha, why did you leave me? I need you so, you were all I had left!

"Your brother left a letter for me"? "Oh yes, Diwan, I remember" and going to a desk he took from a locked drawer a thick, sealed envelope. To: Sirdar Diwan Khem Chand was written on it.

Dearest friend and more than brother:

When you read these lines I shall have accomplished what has long been in

my heart and mind. In order to secure the continuation of our ancient house and its restoration, I am convinced, that the hateful cause of its destruction must be removed. I have long gathered evidence of Curzon Wylie's treachery and dishonesty and feel reasonably sure, that if this evidence is investigated through the powerful influence of Prince Mohinder Singh Bell, the stolen and wrongfully confiscated property of my unfortunate family will be returned to my younger brother, who is in every way better fitted to carry on our name and tradition; happiness will come to his fresher, more vigorous body and mind, not pre-maturely aged and embittered, like mine. Serenely do I leave the prisonhouse of my spirit to find peace and surcease in Nirvana.
My beloved brother is the sacred trust I leave to you.

Thy Shirisha.

P. S. Enclosed find key to my box in safety deposit vault at the Corn Exchange Bank Strand London W.C. containing said evidence and all my modest valuables, consisting of some heirlooms of precious stones saved and left in my charge, by my Mother. Do not interfere with my trial. I wish it to be speedy with no legal complications, retarding uselessly the allotted penalty for my action, which I hereby state again to have been premeditated, deliberate and executed in cold reason and possession of all my faculties. Signed: Shirisha Nath.

Weary and exhausted both men at last retired, to rest, if not to sleep. In half dazed condition they heard a knock at the door, around five o'clock in the morning and the landlady's frightened voice calling: "Two gentlemen to see you, Sir". Opening the door two men walked in; the taller of the two asked. "Which of you is Sirdar Diwan Khem Chand?" "I am," Khem said, jumping from the bed and into his bathrobe. "Dress and come along quietly, I place you under arrest for conspiracy against His Majesty's Government."

"Mr. Akram Nath, you are wanted in connection with the murder of the Honourable Curzon Wylie".

"All right officer, we will give you no trouble; please be seated while we get ready and I ask your kind permission to write a few lines to my fiancee". "Very well, you may do so answered the man. I am human and know what it means".

Part IV

Full of the day's glorious events, Nina had retired and was happily telling Mrs. Wattean next morning of the real Arabian Nights Prince whom she had met, of the wonderful houseboat resembling in truth a floating palace and best and most unbelievably yet true---Khem's love confessed to her and her return of it. "Isn't it simply a fairystory come to life? Pinch me, for I don't believe I am awake".

"Here is the postman's knock! Please get the post, dear?" "Oh, one for me and from Cambridge! It is from Khem; she cried, her whole face aglow. "What is the matter, child? Unable to hold the letter in her trembling hands, she passed it to Mrs. Wattean. "Read, read it!"

Beloved:

So much has happened in the last twenty-four hours, since I left you with such happiness in my heart. If you have read the papers you will have been shocked at yesterday's events. How am I to tell you, that the tragedy lies very near my own door? The "madman" is one of my dearest friends---need I say more? Having been in his company a great deal, suspicion of being implicated, has fallen on me, but I feel sure, my innocence will soon become clear. In the meantime, dear heart, do not torment yourself on my account and do not judge, for appearances are very misleading. Have faith and courage, cherie, all will be well!

I love you and shall always love you.

Thy Khem.

One can hardly imagine Nina's wild grief at the news. How she longed to comfort him. Khem---who had come into her life so recently and yet filled it so utterly---who had perforce centered in him all the store of affection, unsatisfied from a lonely childhood, deprived of all the affection given and taken in normal childhood. A week passed by with no change in the situation, then a telegram. "Meet me in Marseilles at Hotel Metropole Saturday 10 A.M. We will be married and leave Europe. Say yes. In truth and forever. Thy Khem".

Mdme. Wattean protested, but all in vain. Nina's only answer was:

"I love him and shall go to the end of the world with him, to poverty and disgrace

if need be".

Khem had sent the wire on being assured, that he would be a free man by then, but some contrary influence in the case, procured an order for him to leave the country under escort of two plainclothes detectives--information of the extra activity of the Indian Meyliss, agitating for more liberal measures in the government of India, resulted in surveillance and precautions being doubled. Feeling this an extra and gratuitous insult, after being proved innocent of the charges preferred against him, Khem decided to outwit these obnoxious measures, which would have thwarted all the plans for his marriage. (Akram Nath had been set free, but nothing could save his doomed brother and the law took its course. But his prophey in regard to his younger brother came true; he had a very successful career, the most part of the property was restored and he married an Indian girl of rare beauty and accomplishment, who became the Mother of three sons and two daughters).

Once on board the steamer, bound for Marseilles, Khem soon had a steward in his pay, who promised to see his effects delivered to the address of a hotel; so on nearing land, he left his guard stationed outside his cabin, while he went in to change. But instead, he undressed completely and squeezing his slender body through the porthole of the stateroom, dove head first into the sea swimming for land and a waiting automobile. Before either men in a lifeboat from the steamer or his friends in the automobile could get to him, a gendarme s stepped up and arrested him for indecent behaviour in public. So to the nearest policestation Khem was taken with the officers coat thrown over him and in a taxi to escape the gaping crowd. which had gathered. "What is your name and where were you born?" asked the captain sternly.

"Diwan Khem Chand of Ludhiana, India, Sir, answered he.

"This man is our charge, we are commissioned to escort him to his native country Sir" now broke in one of his late guards, just arriving on the scene. "What have you to say, to this, Monsieur Chand?"

"That first of all, I am, at present, under arrest for violating a law of France and to the other point, under international agreement, as soon as I

stepped on the French soil, I ceased to be a prisoner of England, since as a political precaution only, was I under escort and could not be held on any charge. I am innocent of the charge on which I was taken into custody. To escort me back to my own country under the circumstances, is an insult which will not be repeated, as soon as justice is given me. I place myself under the protection of the tricolor of France, which promises: Liberte, Egalite, fraternite!

"You shall have it sir! cried the Captain for the present, he is detained on the charge of this gendarme and will be dealt with in due course and custom. With that the detectives and the friends, who had come up also, had to remain content.

Part V

Nina and Mrs. Wattean were sitting in their hotel room, when: "two gentlemen to see you, Mesdames" a pageboy announced. Not having heard from Khem since their arrival they were astonished and agreeably surprised to find Mr. Chand and Prince Singh awaiting them in the drawing room.

"Allow me to present, Prince Mohinder Singh Bell, Mrs. Wattean".

"Mohinder, this is Mdme. Wattean, a relative of Mdlle. le Breton my fiancee.

"Ah yes, you are the Arabian Nights Prince, Nina has been telling me such wonderful tales about", said Mdme. Wattean, extending her hand. "Very well said, indeed," broke in Khem; "all doors are open to him, all difficulties seem to vanish like vapours, at his magic touch. To the Prince I owe my speedy release and the complete clearing of my good name. Nina, help me thank him!" "Oh Sir, said she, how can one ever possibly thank you for such generosity and kindness?"

"Don't try, little lady, your happy faces are thanks and recompense sufficient even if I did not owe Khem's Father an unpayable debt of gratitude. "But I do want an invitation to that memorable event, "when though "East is East and West is West, the twain shall meet", for with due respect to the celebrated author, I, for one, beg to differ. I am convinced that together we will accomplish much and make the world a finer and better place. Asia needs some of the practical materialism of Europe and you need much of our philosophy and faith. In unity lies strength and a sane balance for both. "You have much, so much to say

to each other, so "Au revoir, mes enfants!" "What nobility of character" exclaimed Mdme. Wattean admiringly; he does make one think of Haronn-al-Rashid, but he set me a good example, so good-by for the present.

Left alone, the lovers flew into each others arms. "Nina, my own; "how I have longed to hold you so, in all the dark, unhappy days of confinement---had I not been so sure of you, I would have gone mad"! "Oh Khem, did you really know and feel so sure of me? Why?" "Just because no deceit could live behind those clear eyes, or because of an inner sense of faith so strong that nothing could shake it." But let us leave behind the past and discuss the very immediate future. I am not going to take any more chances, so we will be married here first, according to your country's custom and when we get to India, will you consent to the rites usual to the ceremony in my country?" "As you wish it, so shall it be, replied Nina with sweet submissiveness.

A flying trip to Paris had to be taken, of course, as Mrs. Wattean would not have had any peace otherwise, had there been no trousseau. A kindly old priest married them in the Chapel of Our Lady with Prince Singh and Mdme.Wattean as witnesses. An adorable little girl and boy in Sable d'Olonne costumes added grace to the modest ceremony. There had been many weddings in that old edifice, but none of a more interesting character; nor a more charming bride than Nina made, in her simple satin gown, with plain tulle veil, adjusted with the traditional orangeblossoms around the small, shapely head.

After the little wedding breakfast they bid Mrs. Wattean an affectionate farewell; she had become very fond of this odd girl, with her quick, sensitive nature and subtle mind. "Au revoir" soon in India, said Prince Singh. "You two will be happy, for yours is the enduring kind of love, comprised of the three strands of the only enduring bond, according to the teaching of the ancients. "Thy Physical, mental and spiritual, which latter two will survive and hold, after beauty of form has waned."

They were on their way, he to the old life, she to the new, yet not quite new, for when, on arriving in Ludluana, driving through the streets, then coming to the house, Nina recognized scenes traversed before and she did not feel strange.

Standing on a balcony in the women's zenana, leaning over an open courtyard with splashing fountain, flowers, palms and doves and peacocks strutting, Khem took both Nina's slender white hands in his brown ones: "Is my little wife happy?" Smiling through tears, Nina said simply: "This is indeed where dreams come true!"

End of Synopsis

D. W. GRIFFITH COLLECTION
MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY

Idea for story around title
THE FINAL EXTRA
BY E.V. DURLING

In a large middle western city there is intense rivalry between two newspapers-THE CALL is one, and THE CHRONICLE is the other. At the time of our story this rivalry has been increased considerably by the fact that the papers are virtually tied in the race for a prize given annually for the newspaper showing the greatest enterprise during the year. This prize is more than an honor-it is an exceptionally valuable business assett. In the case of THE CALL it has ~~in~~ become a matter of business life and death-for this reason-the millionaire owner of THE CALL has prmised the millionaire owner of THE CHRONICE that if his paper loses the prize he'll sell out and the two sheets will become one. This means that THE CALL staff will be out of jobs. On the other hand the owner of THE CALL has promised his men a big bonus and life time jobs if they win.

Morgan O'Brien, Assistant District attorney of the City is killed by machine gun bulletts on the eve of his trial of "Elbows" Kelly, anotorious gangster. The police know, of course, that Kelly's gang killed O'Brien but they cannot fix the guilt and have given up all hope of doing so.

The Managing Editor of THE CALL realizes that if his paper could solve this mystery the annual enterpise award would be a cinch

Consequently The Managing Editor of THE NEW YORK GLOBE receives an extremely confidential letter from his friend the Managing Editor

2. MiddleWestern Call in which he asks to borrow the nerviest, most resourceful man on his staff, one is unknown and also one who doesn't mind risking his life to get a good story.

"Scoops" Cassidy, police reporter gets the assignment. He arrives in the Middle Western City which we will say for convenience sake is Chicago. On his way West he has met on the train Betsy Ross, daughter one of of Chicago's most respected and influential men. Having been instructed to keep his identity a secret Cassidy has told the girl he is a travelling salesman.

In Chicago Cassidy meets the Managing Editor of The Call at an out of the way hotel and the assignment is explained to him. He is to pose around the haunts of the Kelly crowd as a New York gangster gain their confidence and see if he can't discover who was behind the machine gun the night of the O'Brien murder.

Cassidy appears at The Blue Bird night club, the official rendevouz of the Kelly gang. He, is viewed with suspicion. Wishing to make himself prominent and solid Cassidy cuts in on the dancing of "Rubberskull" Baxter and endeavors to take away his girl "Dot"McGinley. This is the unpardonable sin in gangster society. Baxter makes a move toward his inside pocket but removes his hand slowly as he perceives Cassidy has planted against his, Baxter's chest, a small automatic. Cassidy dances off with "Dot"McGinley who has been enjoying the incident immensely. "Rubberskull" is not any too popular with the gang and they soon take to Cassidy. They accept him as a New York boy travelling for his health.

Cassidy is soon recognized as "Dot" McGinley's sweetheart. "Dot" is a typical product of the dance hall and night clubs. She is as hard as nails and will stop at nothing to further her own interests. Yet in her own way she is especially attractive.

3. Walking along one of the principal streets of the town with "Dot", Cassidy sees Betsy Ross, the girl he met on the train. She recognizes him but is amazed at his change in appearance and his company. He doesn't notice her. "Dot" gets the intense look on Betsy's face and is suspicious at first but finally accounts for it by her companions good looks. "Some sheik" she assures Cassidy "I'd better look out or some heiress will be stealing you."

So far Cassidy has not been initiated into the inner circle of the Kelly gang as they are nothing if not careful.

"Dot" suddenly stops in front of a Florists Shop and says "Come on, loosen up-buy me a bunch of violets" Cassidy is surprised but laughingly agrees. They enter the Florist's Shop. They are greeted by an amiable and respectable looking middle aged gentleman.

"Dot" asks for violets. The in charge gentleman asks the couple to step to the rear. He opens the door to what appears to be a small conservatory. Suddenly the floor begins going down. Cassidy starts in surprise. "Dot" and the old man laugh. It is an elevator. And soon Cassidy finds himself in a handsomely appointed suite of club rooms. This is the real and official headquarters of the Kelly gang.

"Maxy" Benson, a middle aged man of excessively shrewd appearance whose chief characteristic is a heavily scarred face and a huge pair of shoulders and hands is the leader of the Kelly gang. He becomes interested in Cassidy. He puts him to several tests and is satisfied. So Cassidy becomes a full fledged member of the gang but as yet has no inkling of who killed Stevens.

Cassidy makes regular reports to the newspaper publisher. He looks up Betsy Ross and unable to make her understand any other way tells her the whole story swearing her to secrecy. She promises

4. her encouragement and ~~xx~~ aid in brinnging to justice the murderer of Morgan O'Brien.

A meeting of the Kelly gang is held in their headquarters. It must be kept in mind that these fellows are well dressed, prosperous men and not the old type of tough gangster. They are chiefly engaged in bootlegging. Their headquarters are not only handsomely furnished but are luxuirously supplied with food, drink, cigars etc. and the service is in every way excellent. The women of the crowd are stylishly if just a ~~tri~~fle too loudly dressed.

The meeting is to decide who will handle the machine gun on the District Attorney himself who has taken up the Kelly case where O'Brien left off. In drawing lots Cassidy and "Dot" McGinley get the assignment. "Dot" flies into a rage "That's twice in succession for me" she says. Thus Cassidy knows she is one of the murderers of O'Brien.

Benson, the leader of the gang, offers to help the pair. They are all set at a spot in the city where the District Attorney passes daily- their location is the top floor of a rooming house. Cassidy covers the two and handcuffs them together. He reads them a confession he has prepared and promises to plead their cause for leniency if they will sign. They agree-but as Benson is signing- he manages to get the upper hand on Cassidy and is ab ut to kill him when he is suddenly covered from behind by "Rubberskull" Baxter, the gangster enemy of Cassidy. "Rubberskull" takes the signed confession from the table and now handcuffs the three together. As he leaves the room he palces before Cassidy's eyes a card which reads "Jack Stevens-Editorial Staff-The Chronicle".

Cassidy gets the idea. THis Baxter has been working along the same lines as he has neither suspecting the other until the present

5. time. Baxter having overheard the conversation from his hiding place.

Now Cassidy sees that his paper will lose out on a story he has risked his life to get. He had previously phoned THE CALL office to hold the presses on THE FINAL EXTRA for the complete story of the O'Brien murder. And this they are now doing at the newspaper office anxiously waiting to hear from him. It is New Year's Eve and the last chance to put over the story that will not only win the prize but will save the very life of the paper.

Baxter has arrived at THE CHRONICLE office and surrounded by enthusiastic colleagues is batting out his story piece by piece.

Back in the rooming house Cassidy has managed to free himself. Now Benson tells him that the previous story he gave him was the wrong one-that in return for the CALL'S support of his plea for leniency he will take him to the real criminal.

Cassidy agrees. Benson, Cassidy and "Dot"McGinley pile into a taxi. Following Benson's orders they pull up before a mansion in the best part of the city. Cassidy realizes this is Betsy Ross's house. A New Years party is in progress. The Butler will not listen to Benson at first but finally agrees to call Henry Rogers, Betsy's father. In the library with Betsy herself present Benson accuses Rogers of being the man behind the machine gun murders. Cassidy realizes that the men have known each other for years and that the accusation is undoubtedly true. Heis confronted with the problem of sending the father of the girl he loves to the electric chair. Angry and heated argument ensues in which Benson tells Rogers that Betsy is not his daughter-that she is the child of a Salvation Army woman that Benson's wife took to the convent years ago when she was supposed to take Rogers daughter. And Benson concludes by dragging "Dot"McGinley and pushing her brutally toward Rogers says "There is your daughter, a murderess".

6. In a blind rage Rogers whips out an automatic and shoots Benson. Panic ensues but Cassidy soon controls the situation.

THE CHRONICLE presses are throwing out The Final Extra. It is on the street.

THE CALL presses remain idle and the staff is completely discouraged and dejected. They are about to start them going without any story whatsoever except a brief copy of The CHRONIcle story when Cassidy gets on the phone. Immediately all is excitement-and in record time THE CHRONICLE gets on the street with the most sensational story in years and the real, complete solution of the O'Brien murder, assuring the paper the prize, the men a bonus and life time jobs.

And naturally Cassidy gets the girl but he insists despite all offers from the owner of THE CALL on taking the first train for New York. Because Cassidy is one of those fellows who has the idea that outside of ~~xkx~~ New York all the rest of the country is Bridgeport.

UNDATED SCENARIOS -

BY OTHERS

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FOUR OF A KIND

By E. V. DURLING

The Characters

ROSIE LEE, known as "The Dixie Kid". She could pass for a sweet young debutante, a girl from finishing school, a charming bit of feminity in need of male protection, and in fact she often did. Rosie was the ace, the mainstay and chief worker of the Big 4. As a gatherer of the coin of the realm by devious and questionable means Rosie had only two weaknesses, one for romance and the other for a desire to change her ways and live in some quiet little cottage beside the road.

JERRY MORTON, known to his familiars as "The Duke". Mr. Morton had been endowed by nature and assisted by time and experience with the appearance of a really benevolent andprosperous old gentleman. He looked like a man most anyone would pick for their father, if they had anything to say about it. Jerry's appearance was his fortune, that is, fortune in a manner of speaking. At least it was his livlihood. As an operator of questionable stock selling propositions and kindred means of securing the monies of the unsuspecting, Mr. Morton was in a class by himself.

ANNIE OAKMAN, known as "Auntie Annie". Annie Oakman was made from an aristocratic mold. It wasn't her fault they delivered her somewhere below Fourteenth Street. It was probably a windy night and the stork couldn't find Fifth Avenue. Annie had the appearance, manner and tastes of the wife of a railroad president. There was a lot of class to Annie. She could cash a $500. check in any store and life a piece of jewelry or something equally as valuable on the way out. As a shoplifter Annie was in the same class as Mr. Morton was as a confidence man, which is saying a great deal.

JACK McHUGH, known to the detectives of two continents as "Slip" McHugh. An extremely clever young man. A pickpocket by trade who had so perfected his occupation that it really could be styled a profession. He had a faculty of copying the dress and manner of the younger set which dropped into the Rits every day. Slip could pass for a millionaire's son any day, and truly upon many occasions he did. A smooth worker was this boy and the Brains of the Big 4.

HENRY MIFFLIN, Henry was one of those old boys who have spent their youth watching their alarm clock and annexing the round, hard shiny dollars. One of the type who try to make up at the age of fifty what they lost attwenty-five. There was nothing evil, wicked or bad about dear, old Henry - he was justlooking for a good time. And the Big 4 gave it to him.

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FOUR OF A KIND

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The Story.

What a combination it was! Old Jerry Morton with his appearance of prosperous benevolence, the motherly Annie Oakman, the pale, youthful aristocratic "Slip" McHugh, and "Dixie", absolutely pauperising Mr. Webster's adjectives for descriptive purposes. The passing of Dixie across one's line of vision meant a gasp and a gape. The soft drawl of her voice carried you back to Virginia even if you never saw the place. It conjured up thoughts of moonshine and honeysuckle, colonels and mint juleps, duels and lullabys, springtime and love; but mostly love.

Dixie, of course, was the mainstay of the organization. Without her the other three would have had to turn to common ordinary, everyday pursuits. Jerry Morton, known to hisfamiliars as "The Duke" to selling questionable oil stock or figuring in a grand revival of the gold brick scheme; Annie Oakman, "Auntie Annie" would have had to eke out a somewhat meagre living at shoplifting and "Slip" McHugh would be compelled to depend for his livlihood upon the, in these days particularly, very uncertain occupation of picking pockets.

Their plan of operation was simple but as a means of luring the coin of the realm from the pockets of the guileless and unsuspecting it was extremely effective.

They buildsd perhaps bettern than they knew when they decided to pose as a family. There is nothing about the appearance

of such a group which tends to disarm the usually wary.

Headed by the pompous Jerry they would register at some aristocratic resort hotel and begin operations. They never failed to attract attention and invariably the decision of the rocking chair fleet was that "the Kennedys were an ideal family and Aline a very sweet lovable girl."

By careful investigation and a process of elimination they would select from the guests a gentleman of unquestioned wealth, preferably one quite old with young ideas. Then "Dixie" a pronounced type of the "Baby vampire" school would begin her work, which was to say in the least, most efficient.

When the selected gentleman had been properly impressed and encouraged the work of the rest of the Big Four began. By devious and various methods, the victim, poor fellow was lured into a compromising position with Dixie, and then there appeared upon the scene the irate father in the person of Jerry Morton, a part he performed in a manner quite convincing.

For all around efficiency and general results this mode of procedure toward the soft spot in the financial heart of the aged and amatory portion of the ~~male~~ male population was far superior to the Badger Game of blessed memory.

To wrong a man's wife is bad enough, but when you wrong his sweet, innocent daughter, the possibilities are boundless. The elderly, erring gentlemen could see before them, jail terms, life sentences; tar and feathers served by the general public and everything. To that keen student of human nature and its relations to the loosening of the purse strings of the world, "Slip" McHugh,

all credit should be given for the introduction and adaptation of the idea by his fellow adventurers.

Never had this brain child of Mr. McHugh's failed in its purpose and at the time of the happenings of which we are about to speak the four were enjoying a period of prosperity and across their individual and several brows spread not the worried wrinkles of the financially ill-favored.

The only cloud which hung over the horizon of their sea of content and happiness was that of Romance. Romance in the heart of Dixie. Foolish ideas she had about going straight. She longed for a vine clad cottage and cowersed wistfully about babies and bungalows upon the slightest provocation. This sentimental streak of Dixie's was the cause of much secret worry upon the part of Jerry Morton.

Following a short stay in White Sulphur Springs with most satisfactory results the quartette had moved across the continent to the exclusive Coronado for the winter and it was here that they met Henry Mifflin. Dear, old Henry Mifflin of Muscatine, Ia. taking his first wifeless vacation in twenty years and out for a good time regardless of its character or cost.

No wonder that an artist had requested that the "Kennedys" pose for him for a painting to be called "An American Family". Bachelors sighed and old ladies cried as they looked upon them as they sat carefully and artistically grouped in the hotel lobby a perfect picture of domesticity. Old Jerry reading with a studied look of intent "The Financial News"; Annie Oakman with a motherly make-up which would turn Emma Dunn green with jealously alternately knitting and casting looks of motherly love upon "Slip" McHugh and Dixie. The former languidly poring over a magazine and the latter

encircling the room with a sweet, child-like gaze of curious innocence.

As the gaze of Dixie went the rounds it paused when on a direct line with Henry Mifflin and those great, glorious eyes of hers lifted just a trifle and a shadow of a smile agitated the marvelous dimples and then continued the circle. Henry shifted uneasily in his seat and unconsciously his hand went up to his eye and he gave what hair he had left a little pat.

It was only natural therefore that later on meeting Jerry in the stock brokers room that he engaged him in conversation at the first chance offered. The argus eyed Jerry had not overlooked dear, old Henry and that chance was not long in coming, and the presentation to the much admired Dixie followed shortly after.

The friendship of Henry Mifflin, aged 52 and Dixie aged 22, but appearance 18, grew rapidly. Henry laid aside the somewhat sombre and reserved attire he had brought along from Muscatine and replaced it with one more juvenile andfashionable in character. He took some hurried lessons on golf, tennis and fox-trotting. The years began to fall from him and Mrs. Henry and Iowa were far away.

One morning Dixie didn't appear and the anxiously inquiring Henry was informed that the object of his affections was indisposed. Though the widely exploited California sun shone in all its well-known glory the day at once became dull gray to the great lover. He parked his huge form in an equally huge chair and gazed moodily and vacantly into space. It was with no little irritation that he responded to the page boy's shrill calling of his name.

A ray of sunshine penetrated the murky haze of Henry's

mental atmosphere when the boy added to the information that he was wanted on the phone a whispered "It's a lady's voice, Sir."

A lady's voice it was indeed, the voice of Dixie cooing ever the phone in a manner most entrancing and sending a thrill up and down the aged spine of Henry Mifflin the like of which he hadn't felt since he kissed his first sweetheart good-night down by the gardem gate some thirty years before.

She was very, very sick. She felt sure she was going to die. Her folks had left her all alone. Would he please, please come up at once.

Henry would and did.

As a Broadway impressario galvanizes the dull, drab effect of an ordinary room into one of tense, thrilling romance by the mere placing of a neatly decorated set of twin beds in the centre, so was this innocent visit of Henry's transformed in his mind to the aspect and appearance of an affair by the charming negligee which lacily covered the person of "Sweet Aline". He cautiously approached the bed where she reclined, pale, interesting and alluring. As with a wee, wan, widtful smile she pressed her little hand into his awkwardly extended fist, Henry trembling felt that at last he was seeing life.

In an adjoining room, waiting for the, as it wwere, psychological moment was Jerry Morton, his eye placed closely to the keyhole.

As dear old Henry eased into the chair on the side of Dixie's bed in the manner of a man who has overly indulged in riding horseback; the young lady with apparently no reason whatsoever rose from her reclining position and threw her arms around his neck. In vain Henry struggled to escape.

Then throwing the door open in a fashion superbly dramatic entered Jerry Morton in his old familiar role of the ouraged father He threatened to shoot Henry, threatened to have him strung up to the telegraph pole most convenient, he threatened to have him decorated with tar and feathers accompanying these remarks by firmly gripping the throat of the Muscatine Lothario until that worthy was black in the face. Then with a move as equally dramatic as his entrance Jerry cast poor, dear old Henry aside and said hanging was too good for him, he would hailhim to court.

Henry bowed his head, bent his crackling knees before Jerry and begged.

Jerry showed signs ofrelenting. After all he reasoned aloud perhaps Henry had a family who might suffer, perhaps he too had a daughter. Upon one condition hewould let the matter rest.

"And that is?" said Henry eagerly.

"That you contribute the sum of Five Thousand Dollars to my favorite charity "the Home for Wayward Girls" answered Jerry.

"Have you a blank check" inquired Henry feebly.

"I have" answered Jerry with noticeable alacrity" "and a fountain pen to."

"Who shall I make this check in favor of?" said Henry wiping the perspiration from his brow.

"To cash".

Henry paused a moment but when the cold, steely glare of Jerry was turned upon him he hastened his pen across the paper.

Passing the check over to Jerry the heretofore debonair lover made quickly for the great outdoors bound for Muscatine, a sadder and in some respects, a wiser man.

That night Jerry, the charming Annie Oakman, the irresistible "Slip" McHugh and the incomparable Dixie held a meeting for the purpose of dividing Henry's five thousand, like Gaul, into four equal parts.

This being done Jerry arose and pouring a portion of rare vintage into the waiting glasses proposed a toast to P. T. Barnum.

Then all being seated the paterfamilias with much enthusiasm began to outline the next trip. Before he could even make known the minor details Dixie arose and said "You can count me out, for me 'there ain't goin' to be no next time". I'm through."

You could have heard a flamingo feather drop on the floor of the heavily carpeted room.

"What's that" said Jerry his voice trembling with emotion "You don't mean you're going to quit?"

"You all understand me perfectly, that's the word, quit, meaning stop, the end, no more. I've had enough" and so saying Dixie passed to the room beyond offering no opportunity for argument.

The remaining three bent their combined heads in sorrow. The worst was not yet to come - it had arrived. Work, even actual manual labor stared them in the face. Dixie was through, it was,for them, indeed a tragic moment.

The next morning Dixie bid her former partners an untearful good-bye and left for points East. She paused no longer in the vicinity of Times Square and the more alluring shopping district than was necessary to put in a supply of presents which ranged from a dress at Lucille's to a Teddy Bear at Macy's. In due time

she alighted in the midst of an admiring populace in the distinctly rural and southern town of Leeburg, Va.

Old Jed Simmons a relic of the earlier and by some claimed happier days of servitude proudly displayed his modern and Fordian form of conveyance which had taken the place of his faithful mule team as carrier extraordinary to the rare vistors to Leeburg. He fairly beamed with gratitude at the enthusiasm and delight expressed by his beautiful passenger. Praise from her "a famous play actress from New York" was praise indeed.

All Leeburg shared the belief that Dixie was a famous actress. She had in fact forsaken a road company for her latest means of acquiring currency , but her dash for a place in the electric lights had never taken her beyond the second row of the chorus.

Down a vine bordered road, a few turns to the right, one to the left, a leafy lane and Dixie found herself in the arms of her mother and surrounded by her brothers and sisters to the number of fourteen in sizes most assorted.

Dixie was the breadwinner of the family. Her father had long since passed beyond having succombed to a heart attack after an argument with a member of the Grand Army of the Republic who questioned the right of one Jackson to be named "Stonewall".

"I hope you had a good season" said the mother of Dixie.

The girl smiled a smile, one peculiarly cynical as she replied: "Yes, a very good one indeed. And it is my last. I've sung my last number and the title is "Home Sweet Home".

A shadow of concern seemed to flit across the care worn face of the elder woman and it didnot pass unnoticed by her observing daughter.

Later when the multitudinous juvenile members of the family had been safely tucked away and the others had sleepily retired Dixie sat down with her mother for a heart to heart talk.

The reason for the lifting shadow of concern was soon divulged. Another black spot was marked against the mortgage evil with something also to answer for by the War and the High Cost of living.

The result was that Dixie decided she wouldn't retire after all, that it would be too slow for her in Leeburg, that she hadn't begun her career and that she passed over to her mother her earings almost intact.

Returning to New York Dixie toured the agencies determined that she was going to try once more and see if honesty was, as advertised, the best policy. There was no particular nor convincing evidence offered that such was the case in the field of the drama so Dixie turned to Art and therein, she was, in a manner of speaking rewarded. She obtained a position posing for a magazine illustrator whose specialty was covers.

The balance of the Big Four had reluctantly resumed their, shall we say, professions. Annie Oakman was engaged in shop lifting, doing just a fair andsomewhat petty business among the smaller department stores. Slip McHugh was just about making expenses exploring pockets before the base-ball bulletin boards.

Jerry Morton was touring the Middle Western states on a very peculiar proposition. He carried with him a good roads petition. Upon arriving in a town Jerry first learned the name of a wealthy citizen as well as that of the wealthy citizen's bank.

He then obtained a check on this particular bank and affixed the check to the petition underneath, so the place where the signatus on the check ordinarily went dovetailed with the blank space left for the petition signature.

The public spirited victim rarely failed to sign the petition and was very much astonished later on to find a strange check in those returned by the bank. But then, need we say, it was, alas, too late.

A very safe and sane idea of Jerry's but one which at times called for quick and extensive traveling.

It was with such an idea in view that Jerry Morton called upon Mr. Everett Mason reported to be the wealthiest man in the town of Sovina, Kansas. Jerry found him living on the outskirts of the city in a most magnificent house. The only occupants seemd to be Mr. Mason, his private secretary, a housekeeper and several servants.

The private secretary worried Jerry. He was altogether too observing and energetic. Much too businesslike and exacting for comfort. However, the silvery tongued one succeeded in passing him by and reaching the sanctum of Mr. Mason.

Jerry found the gentleman to be a very snappy looking old boy attired in the latest fashion with apparently an eye that looked with some favor upon female beauty. In fact Jerry's mental classification of Mr. Mason was "A sexex chicken fancier".

Once Jerry ventured the information that he was from New York there was no stopping the conversational enthusiasm of Mr. Mason. He was, it seems a regular Broadway commuter. Went to New York every two months to take in all the shows. He gasped

Jerry by the arm and fairly dragged him into his personal and private den to show him a number of signature bearing photographs of some of Mr. Zeigfeld's girls. The Kansas Lochinvar fairly crackled with bursting pride as he led Jerry around his art gallery.

"Here" he said pausing before his desk and removing a framed picture "is the queen of them all, and I don't know her, she's a model".

Adjusting his glasses preparing to give this choice specimen a careful once over, Jerry grasped a nearby armchair for support. He was gazing right at the sweetly, innocent face of his old partner in polite extortion, Dixie! !

Old Mason seeing that look of recognition coupled with that of admiration placed his hand eagerly upon the arm of Jerry and said "You look as if you knew her".

"Know her" said Jerry recovering quickly "I guess I do. That's my daughter".

To say that this information furthered the acquaintanceship of Mr. Morton and Mr. Mason would be putting it mildly. It actually cemented, bound, welded and riveted it. It was a matter of moments before they were bosom friends.

Mr. Moton mentally reviewed the possibility of persuading the young lady in question to take up her old familiar and most profitable role.

Looking on the brighter side of the thing and preparing for the future, Mr. Morton ventured to say that himself and family were planning a cross country motor trip very soon and perhaps would pass through Sovina. Mr. Mason shot the invitation angled for back so fast that it took Jerry's breath away.

No crow living ever flew straighter and quicker than one Jerry Morton did to the City of New York after leaving the home of Everett Mason of Sovina. Once in the City jerry leased a taxi cab for the day and began his travels. He paused on Fourth Ave. long enough to learn from the magazine whose cover Dixie decorated the address of the artist. He urged the driver to speed to Greenwich Village and climbed over a sea of smocks and uncut hair to a garrett, bursting breathlessly in upon an embarrassed young lady posing in what is popularly known as the altogether. Learning Dixie's address from the startled artist, he shook his cane at the taxi captain and told him to make haste to the vicinity of Times Square.

It was in the Roaring Forties he found her. In one of those brownstone houses the possession which was a mark of financial success some twenty years ago and living in which now marks the lack of it. Dixie living in a third floor back! Already Jerry felt the Gods were smiling on his enterprise.

Briefly, even a little breathlessly Jerry spoke what was uppermost in his mind. A live one in Sovina, Kansas. The chance of a lifetime to make a killing. Just one more and then they could all go straight.

Dixie displayed no enthusiasm whatsoever. She was decidedly and definitely opposed to it on every account. She for one, as she had said upon a previous occasion was through and that settled it.

WhereJerry learned about women matters little but he apparently had not neglected the study. That weary, wistful look with

which Dixie had been contemplating her hat and general apparel as he entered, convinced the gentleman that under certain conditions the young lady would listen, as itwere, to reason.

Therefore he dismissed the subject initially discussed and grandly invited Dixie to have lunch with him. At his suggestion they waked and it was his choice that led them to a restaurant which required passage through Temptation Lane, the Fifth Ave. Shopping District. Jerry displayed an unsual interest in millinery, pausing before shops and requesting dixie's opinion regarding hats in particular. Next to Romance, Dixie's greatest weakness was hats. Then upon every possible occasion he would call his companion's attention to some woman gowned with unsual smartness.

Over the luncheon table as she gazed around at the assembled members of her sex seeking a short respite from their shopping activities it was plain that Dixie was weakening. When a young lady attired in a fashion that would make the well-known lilies of the field shrink like the equally well-known violets seated herself at a nearby table and gave her the look of condescension that only a woman can give to another not properly garbed, Dixie wavered for fair.

"Where did you say this place was?" she asked Jerry.

"Sovina, Kansas" said that worthy quickly "will you go?"

"No" said Dixie determinedly "but I must get away from this neighborhood at once."

The silver tongue of Jerry failed him. It was absolutely no use. He gave it up and his huge head toppled to a forty five

degree angle of dejection. He bid Dixie a feeble and not very fond farewell.

"If you change your mind" he ventured as a parting shot, "call me up".

Dixie walked miles to avoid Fifth Avenue, and when she reached her room heaved a sigh of relief and righteousness.

A letter awaited her. It bore the faintly stamped mark of Leeburg, Va. A letter from home. The first in weeks! Dixie smiled. She could open it with such a feeling of comfort. Perhaps, doubtful as it appeared, honesty was the best policy even though she had such a rotten time practicing it.

The smile faded as she read: Dolly, the darling of the family, if she were to be like other girls must have an operation Joe, the next to the eldest boy had shown such wonderful talent everyone said he should go to college, Jane hadn't been to any parties because she had nothing fit to wear, the house needed a new coat of paint, some of the children had shoes and some of them didn't, Robert needed --

Dixie laid down the letter and took up thephone

That night Everett Mason of Sovina, Kansas received the following wire:

"Sely and family passing through Sovina week after next will stop over and see you."

J. KENNEDY

The entire earnings of Jerry's season through the middle west went to fit out the combination. Dixie's apparel claimed most of it, but then Jerry, Annie and Slip were not far behind. They fairly oozed prosperity and the Pullman Porters and waiters tip-toed

in their presence and the face of thexhaugh the haughty conductor was even moved to a smile of graciousness. As a family de luxe there was no doubt about it, the Big Four was a wonderful piece of work.

Arriving in Sovina, they were accorded a great reception by Mr. Mason . Quite true the old gentleman did hold the hand of Dixie a trifle longer than the occasion of introduction and first greeting required, but then perhaps the young lady had something to do with that. She was resolved to start early and was for finishing the business in hand in as brief a space of time as possible.

The "Kennedys" made themselves very much at home with Mr. Mason. They really had a latent talent for theproper appreciation and enjoyment of luxury. Jerry appeared to be every bit the man of business and big affairs. Annie Oakman was the proud wife and mother every moment. Slip lolled about in the fashion affected by the idle sons of self made men, or at least the popular conception of that fashion. Dixie was Innocense personified. Innocense with a dash of curiosity and evidence of wanting to be shown. Just the type to attract and move to momentary madness such a oneas Everett Mason.

Things progressed nicely until one evening by careful manoeuvering on the part of the "family" Dixie was left alone in the library and the opportunity given Mr. Mason for the desired talk alone.

Dixie had curled herself up in one of the larger chairs and arranged herself in a position of sweet, innocent repose. A sort of dozing attitude that exaggerated her usual adolescent appearance.

Hearing a step behind she prepared to be surprised by her host. She was surprised, but not by said host. When she opened her eyes she looked into the face of a very engaging young man. It was the secretary who had returned from a trip to town and had not appeared

on the scene before.

Sufficient to say he made up for lost time. He had a wonderful fund of knowledge regarding bungalows, spoke romantically of babies and in no time at all Dixie was gazing into his eyes in a way that had Jerry seen it he wouldn't have slept a wink that night. It was as the fancy writers say "The Birth of Love". To this the cynical Jerry might have added "again".

The housekeeper of the Mason mansion is really worth more description than is herewith devoted to her. It may be that she too toggared the words in Mr. Webster's dictionary but with the reverse English as it were. She was not unlike one of the ladies Miss Maude Erburne so ably portrays. A maiden lady of some forty summers she might have served as the subject of a before using ad, posed as the "wreck of the Hesperus" or appeared in a tableaux of Johnstown after the flood.

Beulah was her name: Beulah Reilly, thoroughly Irish in everything except her taste for whisky, which was Scotch.

It was this latter taste which caused Beulah to approach her daily task of cleaning the Kennedy's room with a song on her lips, for Mr. Kennedy was the possessor of some of that extremely rare vintage Mr. Mason's handmaiden loved so well.

It was a weakness we could well forgive her and perahps pass it by without mention had it not figured most prominently in the events which followed.

The affair between Dixie and the engaging Secretary of the Mason establishment progressed, so much in fact that Dixie told Jerry she could go no further with matters as planned.

Persuasion failed. Jerry had reached the point where

he wasted few words in that manner with Dixie. He was at a loss to understand this sudden change of plans until became upon Dixie and the Secretary walking hand in hand down a lane near the house.

That damn romantic streak again!! To Jerry's mind it was akin to an inherited taint when possessed by an artist like Dixie. He often wondered what sort of ancestors she must have had to thus leave her with a weakness which bade fair to ruin her career.

Upon the first possible occasion Jerry delivered an ultimatum. Either Dixie was to go through with things or he would expose her to the young man. Having made this plain he then affected a tone of kindly reason. Why couldn't she go right ahead? The young man would never know. The experience would do old Mason good. It would teach him a lesson, and then four or five thousand dollars was not to be sneered at these days with hats and shoes and everything so high.

The last was intended to be facetious by Jerry, but it did the trick. It wasn't the hats but the shoes that decided Dixie. She thought of those fourteen pairs of feet in Leeburg waiting to be properly shod.

Jerry planned to start things rapidly on their way while Dixie was in the mood. No telling what effect a moonlight night might have on her.

It was decided that the "family" was to go on an overnight trip to visit some friends alleged to live in a nearby town. Dixie was to plead illness and be left behind. She was to arrange meeting with Mason. Then as per usual, Jerry was to return un-

expectedly and deliver his famous "Get the Coin" address.

Things went along smoothly. When the family had gone Dixie told Mason she wasn't sick at all that she just wanted to stay behind to be near him. To say Mr. Mason was excited is saying nothing at all as far as conveying his state of mind is concerned. He was absolutely approaching the irrational.

Dixie soon had him floating on air and he was upon the point of proposing amatrimony no less than fifty times. In fact upon several occasions he made all preliminary movements toward making such a proposal in the most approved kneeling fashion.

Dixie darted up that stairs about eleven and threw a kiss around the corner at Everett which fairly made him shiver with delight. Could such things happen in Kansas?

Dixie arriving at her room summoned the faithful Beulah and crossing her palm in satisfactory manner gave her a note for Everett.

This note conveyed the news to Mr. Mason that she was very, very ill and that Beulah could do nothing for her, that she only made her worse and would he please come up and keep her company she was sure she was going to die, etc. etc. and would he come later as she didn't want to hurt Beulah's feelings and so on and so forth, written on the pinkest of perfumed notepaper.

It was the supreme moment of Everett Mason's life.

Ah, if it hadn't been for that moon. Can you imagine a man in Kansas building balconies on his house, those cute, individual affairs one with each room. Don't tell me it wasn't fate that made him do so. The same Fate that proved the Farmer's Almanac a liar

and brought out the aforesaid moon.

Dixie stepped out on the balcony; saw the moon, and then she saw in the foreground a very engaging young man. It was the same spoken of heretofore. A whistle, a whisper, a little wait and Dixie was down beside him.

The energy Jerry had considered dangerous on his first sight of the young man was indeed so and coupled with his eloquence it was an irresistible force that could knock the spots out of any immovable body in the business.

Every argument advanced by Dixie was overcome. Her protests became weaker and weaker and finally she protested no more.

Returning to her room she prepared to travel, and travel she did in about fifteen minutes in a long low rakish roadster the young man had parked in the offing.

In the dismal regions below Beulah gazed mournfully upon a bottle plainly labelled grape juice. Apparently she too was being drawn by an irresistible force. She cautiously made her way to the room of Jerry and was soon lovingly caressingly sampling the contents of a bottle of the very best Scotch.

Becoming quite hilarious she passed from Jerry's room into that of Dixie determined to tuck her charge into bed. Finding the girl gone and accepting the absence in the matter of fact way of the mentally clouded she decided to try on some of the young ladies clothes. In her haste Dixie had left a charming negligee behind. This the housekeeper with much effort and a great deal of mirror gazing donned and having accomplished that climbed into bed and pulled the covers over had head.

It was nearing twelve when Everett started tip toeing

towards the girl's room. Carefully opening the door he entered and saw a form lying quietly in the moonlight. The poor, dear little thing had gone to sleep. Stepping toward the bed prepratory to gazing upon the object of his admiration in a state of repose, Everett was disappointed to find her completely covered.

As he reached forward to tap her ever so lightly the door was flung opan and there entered Jerry, the irate father. He flooded the room with light and began his usual harangue "you cur, you cowardly low down reptile, to prey on a poor innocent child - I'll break every bone in your --

At this point Jerry saw the prostrate form under the covers and stepping toward the bed said "My God, she's fainted, my poor little girl."

Lifting up the covers he lookdd down into the very drunken appearing face of the housekeeper.

He was speechless, Mason gazed at the convivial Beulah as if she were a ghost or worse.

By this time the rest of the trio, Slip and Annie appeared prepared to be in on the big finale as per usual.

They too were momentarily deprived of their powers of speech and locomotion as they saw Beulah Reilly where Dixie should have been.

Finally Slip gasped "Where's Dixie?"

Annie reached for a note pinned in a convenient spot. It read "Goodbye all, you will never see me again - Dixie."

"That damn lovesick streak again. She's gone with the secretary" said Jerry.

Slip McHugh was accusomed to tight places and his mind

due to such experience acted quickly. He saw a remote chance of making a ninth inning rally, a grandstand finish.

Turning an indignant gaze upon Mr. Mason he said quite dramatically: "May I ask what this gentleman and this lady are doing in this room (here a marked pause) together.

The mind of Jerry had been equally well trained and he grasped the idea at once.

"This disgraceful affair" he continued even more dramatically than Slip had started "will go into the papers with the account of my daughter's elopement. It's an outrage. I will tell the police. There is something wrong here. I will have it investigated. Perhaps my dear child has fallen into a white slave trap."

Mason bent the knee at once. He groveled and groped but Jerry was cold to his pleading. Finally he turned a glance of scorn on the poor wretch and said "I will let this matter drop on one condition."

"And that is" eagerly asked Mason

"That you donate five thousand dollars to my favorite charity "The Home for Wayward Girls".

"I can't do it, I can't do it" sobbed Mason, all I have in the world is three hundred dollars. I am not what I seem, I am really the secretary, the young man has the money."

"What" thundered, bellowed and squeaked the three as one.

"Yes" continued Mason "He wanted some one to marry him for love alone."

"My Gawd" said Annie "can you beat that. Dixie picked a live one."

There was a pause. A deathly silence came over the company.

Finally Slip McHugh said in a still, small voice: "Say, mister, tell me, but not too fast, how much money has that guy got."

"About three million"said Everett.

Slip sank into the chair and crumpled up completely.

For a space nothing was heard but the heavy breathing of Jerry, the whimpering of Everett Mason, the groaning of Slip and the convulsive sobbing of Annie.

Then Jerry bracing himself said to Mason:

"Is that three hundred of yours in cash."

Jan Isbelle Fortune
2807 Sharon Ave.

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Great Moments in Texas History
-3-

THE ROSE WINDOW OF SAN JOSE

FOREWORD

The site of the present city of San Antonio was destined from the very beginning to figure in Texas History. French explorers, making their way inland from the coast, first looked down from the hills into the Valley of the shaded San Antonio River beside which ran the famous old El Camino Real, or Highway of the King - that ancient trail which led from Mexico City into the wilds of the North, and which was used by the Indians hundreds of years before the coming of the white man.

The first mission established in or near San Antonio was in ~~1XXX~~ 1689. De Leon, governor of Coahuila, was responsible for the founding of it. Returning from his trip to Ft. St. Louis where he had been sent by the King of Spain to force the French to abandon their settlement, he came upon the Indian settlement at this famous spot and immediately decided that it was the ideal site for a mission. Here the mission St. Francis de Tejas was established, or the mission of St. Francis of Texas. Later the name was changed to Mission San Francisco de la Espada, or St. Francis of the Sword. This name was given because of the sword-like shape of the mission bell-tower. The site of this first mission was said to have been near the modern mission de la Espada, if not actually upon the old site. In 1693 Spain abandoned these missions.

However, in 1715 King Phillip of Spain sent over Franciscan monks to again raise the ~~xxx~~ cross on high in the Texas Wilderness. He also sent over fifteen Spanish families from the Canary Islands for colonization in 1718. Thus the mission system, which was to later become so intricately interwoven with the history of Texas was inaugurated. These missions were built of heavy limestone blocks, and were also fortified and surrounded by wide outer walls for protection against marauding Indians.

And here is where our young friend, St. Denis of France, again enters the picture. Following the opening of the old San Antonio Road and the establishing of the trade route from the Rio Grande to New Orleans, Louis St. Denis and his young wife, Maria

mixed themselves into various political ventures, with the result that St. Denis was soon re-arrested and carried down into Mexico where he was again released by the Viceroy. At this juncture, a message came from the king of Spain, asking that the Franciscan monks have escort into the interior of Texas, where they might choose sites for the founding of their missions.

The Viceroy immediately asked St. Denis to act as outrider and guide for the holy fathers, and take them back along the trail which he himself had first made. So it came about that after all, France had a hand in the establishing of the missions in Texas. The sites chosen were San Antonio, Goliad, Victoria and San Augustine, and work was immediately begun upon the erection of the missions, using the native limestone which was found in such abundant quantities nearby.

Thru these missions not only did religion first come to Texas, but art and the love of Beauty. The famous court sculptor, Juan Huican, was sent to these Texas wilds by the King of Spain. He spent the best years of his life in carving the facades, and chiseling out the sacred statues which went to adorn the missions. His most beautiful work was done on the Mission San Jose, the most pretentious, and conceded also to be the most beautiful of all of the missions in America.

It was here that the famous "Rose Window of San Jose" was done. This window is still, after 300 years, the wonder and envy of sculptors. It is considered the most beautiful church window in the world. In 1904 it was cut out bodily from the great stone wall of the old mission, and carried on a flat car to the World's Fair in St.Louis

THE PLAY

S C E N E -1-

The time is 1718. The scene is in the outer garden of the royal summer Palace at Cartagena in Spain on the Mediterranean Sea. It is almost midnight. Just inside a court ball is in progress, and the lights from the great ballroom shine out flashingly into the star-filled and sea-curved garden. King Phillip is entertaining in honor of his sculptor, Juan Huica, who ~~xxxx~~ sails at midnight for the strange new land of Texas

on a commission for his soveriegn. Music drifts out into the night endlessly all during this scene, like silver ribbons of confetti at a carnival.

The characters of this play, in the order of their appearance are:

Rosa Montemay, the betrothed of Juan Huica.

Juan Huica, sculptor to the King.

King Phillip of Spain

Father Antonio, head of the Franciscians, who are to establish the missions

Father Mark, a monk at San Jose Mission

Father Londo, another monk at the mission.

As the curtain rises, Rosa Monterey is speaking to her lover:

Rosa: You are breaking my heart, Juan. Take me with you!

Juan: But you just surely see, my dearest, that Texas is no land for you to go to! It is strange and terrible country full of Indians and wild beasts and many terrible dangers, and one who has lived the sheltered life that -

Rosa: I would not be frightened with you beside me! And something tells me that you will never return to me - nor will I ever behold your face again- if you sail alone on this ship. Take me with you - nay, stay here with me! Do not leave me, Juan! I am afraid - afraid for you to go and leave me. Tell the King that you cannot take this commission for him. It is an unfair thing that he should ask a man so young to give up years and years of his life just to carve madonnas on Mission facades, in a wild and uncultured country. Who will there bein that country to care whether or not the hand of the famous Huica has chiseled out the Saints? Oh, I hate it - I tell you ,(hate it all - I hate this mission business.

Juan: Rosa - Rosa - dearest! You must not speak thus! Holy Mother pardon you for such blasphemy. It is a sacred task - a holy task - the one the king sends me upon. I must go! I dare not neglect it.

Rosa: And is not our love sacred - is it not holy also? And is it right that the King thus denies me the right to have a husband? There is nothing right about it. I tell you Juan,you will not go if you love me. Not all the missions on earth could

take you from me if you really loved me. Stay with me - stay with me! Oh, Juan, go not go away and leave me. You will never see me again if you do. Juan,I love you.

Juan: Rosa - you make it hard for a man to decide against you. My whole heart cries out for you. I do love you. I have no wish to leave you. But when one has been blessed with such a gift as mine, one should not hide the talent from the light. Father Antonio himself has said that it was my duty to go to Texas.

Rosa: Oh,Juan, speak to me not of duty - when your ship weighs anchor in less than half an hour!

(Spanish love song is heard within,with guitar accompaniment and the clink of castanets.)

There is a pause.

Rosa: (passionately) Our own love song! (pause - song goes on. Rosa speaks again, as if in pain) Juan, do you remember, ...when first you sang it to me?

(pause for song again)

Juan: (with sudden passion) Oh, my dearest, you are right - you are right! I cannot go- I cannot leave you. . . . I cannot go . . .I love you.

Rosa: (In ecstacy of triumph) Juan - Juan! There speaks my lover! (Tell the king -- tell the king that his ship weighs anchor tonight without you.

(song again, louder.)

Juan: (brought back to realization)Ah , yes . . .the king.

(The song ends with a crash of chords, there is laughter, cheers,voices speaking. The guests at the ball pour into the garden with the King at their head.)

King Phillip (jovially) Ah, here are our love-birds bidding each other farewell in the garden. A most romantic picture they make together,eh, my friends? (laughter from the guests) Senorita Monterey, you are I know, most proud and happy to have such a ~~distinguished~~ distinguished lover- and such an unselfish one-who leaves the honors

and

and acclaim of the court of Spain and fares forth into a new and strange country upon this holy mission. Truly, God will bless him - and we will have special masses said for his safe voyage - and his return to us. (murmurs of approbation from the guests.) Well,Juan,my son, Father XX Antonio was but this instant within and asking for your presence. The tide is high and the good ship tugs at her anchors, anxious for adventure. Let us bid this noble youth hail as well as farewell. In truth he deserves your praises.

(Cheers, huzzas,shouts,cries of Bravo - bravo Huica!)

Rosa: (In agitation,speaking under the tumult) Juan,tell him - tell him - tell the king.

Father Antonio: Ho,King Phillip, and where is this young adventuerer of ours?

King Phillip: Here,father, blushing like a school girl and holding his lady's hand. Come,Juan, and bid your love farewell. Midnight approaches.

Father Antonio: Your ship is weighing anchor,son, and I have your luggage/ loaded aboard this hour past. We must hasten.

King Phillip: And I salute you,Juan Huica, and lay my sword upon your shoulder, thus, and thereby do charge you by our Holy Mother that you carve beauty and holiness into each mission wall, so that the glory of God cry out in the wilderness of a new land. 'Twas not bestowed upon you for worldly gain- that artistry of yours- but rather for the cause of Christ and Posterity.

Father Antonio: Amen!

(guests cry bravos again, cheers, a bugle call.
Under cover of this, Rosa speaks entreatingly,
realizing that she has lost her lover in spite of
everything.

Rosa: Juan - Juan - this is farewell.

Juan: (with a sort of exaltation.) Rosa - Rosa - I shall carve the glory of God in the wilderness'. You heard the king!

Rosa: (sadly) You would leave me then - for the glory of God. And you will never

see me again.

Juan: I shall come back for you - or you shall journey to me, some years hence when it becomes safer ~~for~~ for women. We are young yet.

Rosa: (bitterly) Yes, we are young -- too young for tragedy. You will never come back, Juan, and I shall never journey to you in Texas. I know it. Something tells me. But ~~you~~ do not forget me, Juan, for I shall take no other for a husband. I pray you, remember your Rosa.

Juan: You grow morbid, dearest. As if I could forget you! Rosa - my Rose- my red, red rose of Spain . .every flower that blooms will recall your face.

Rosa: (sadly) But there are no roses in Texas, Juan.

Juan: Then I shall carve roses from the stone.

Sound of the ship's bells. Confusion. Voices calling hasten, hasten! They're weighing anchor! Come, Juan! ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ We must go!

King Phillip: Farewell, my son. I trust you with this holy mission, knowing full well it could be in no safer hands.

Juan: (torn with love and pride) My King! My Sovereign!

(sound of ships bell again. Clank of anchor chain.

Father Antonio: We must go, my son.

Juan: Rosa--

Rosa: (in a tone of resigned fatalism) Farewell, my dearest.

Juan: (brokenly) God keep you till we meet again.

Rosa: (In the same tone) God keep you, Juan . . . forever.

Crowd: Farewell - farewell - Good luck - God's speed - goodbye - careful of the Indians - farewell Father - Farewell, Juan!

Second Scene.

The time is five years later at San Jose Mission in the early spring. An air of bustle and activity pervades the place. The monks, with the aid of the Indians, are carrying out in great baskets the tons and tons of earth with which they had poked

the auditorium of the church in order to form a support for the arched dome of the roof, until the limestone and cement should settle and dry.

Juan Ruiz has been at work variously upon all of the missions, and has completed the facade of the Mission San Antonio de Valera, which is known today as the Alamo. He has also done work on concepcion, de la Espada and San Juan. But his most beautiful work has been lavished upon the loveliest of all the missions, San Jose.

The trees in the valley are green and there is a profusion of wild flowers blooming everywhere. The fields round about bear witness to the work of the holy Fathers. Running water for irrigation has been supplied by great irrigation ditches known as "acequias", and stone aqueducts have been constructed to furnish the missions with drinking water.

As the curtain rises, Juan, chisel and hammer in hand, is carving a window on the north side of the mission. It is a low window, near the ground, and the aperture is filled with iron grill-work of lace-like beauty; Juan appears older and a little worn, but happy and eager at his work, humming the old love song under his breath. The fathers, passing back and forth, call greetings to him.

Juan: Good morning, Father.

Voice: Good morning, my son.

(Juan continues singing and tapping with his chisel.)

Another Voice. Good morning, Juan. You are about early.

Juan: Yes, Father, I work better in the clear morning light.

Another voice: Greetings, my son.

Juan: Greetings, Father.

Father Londo: (close at hand) A most beautiful piece of work you are doing there, my son, but I just confess, totally unlike any church window I ever saw before.

Juan: Nay, Father Londo, I have never seen a window like it either. It is my own conception.

(tap of hammer and chisel)

Juan: But I am most pleased you like it.

Father Londo. Ah, I do indeed. There is grace in every line. Well, I must hasten on

son. Father Mark is needing a hand at cutting the last of the wodden steps to the belfry. He has hewn day and night almost, so that the spiral stairway might be finished ere the senorita arrived. His heart is set on hearing the bell for the wedding this evening. 'Twill be a pleasant sound.

Juan: It will indeed. And Senorita Monterey will be most proud and happy that it rings first for her. I myself have been anxious for the sound of the bell since first it came from Spain. It must have a lovely tone.

Father Lodo: That it must. It was cast in the King's own foundry and pure gold was molten with it. The King himself saw to it that it should have a golden voice. Yes, I think we shall hear it ring at the evening hour for your wedding. Well, I must hasten and see that Father Mark gets help.

Good Morning, Father Antonio. (Juan continues singing and working.)

Father Antonio. Tap, tap, tap, like a regular woodpecker. (pause) Ah, but it is a noble piece of work, Juan. Never have I seen a lovelier thing. Roses - roses - a riot of roses. Just as they used to clamber up the walls of the patios in Spain (pause) Sometimes, my son, (God forgive me) my heart grows weary for the sight and sound of the Mediterranean again, and the laughter of my own people, and the roses of Cartagena. Where in all the world is there a land like the country which gave us birth? Eh, my son?

Juan: Tut, tut, father. We must not despair. Texas is now our land - our country. And truly, we who hold these plains for our king, should be proud within ourselves and not grieve after Spain. I do not any longer grieve.

Father Antonio: Yes, my son, you do no longer grieve because Rosa Montery comes to you today, and you will wed her and build a home here and love and be happy. Your home is where your heart dwells. But I was an old man when King Phillip sent me here, and I left my heart behind me on the shores of the Mediterranean. I shall live and die here, in a strange country amid an alien race. At times I am very lonely, my son, ...very old and lonely. (sound of hammer and chisel.) God forgive me for grieving thus. It is indeed a privilege to raise the cross for the eyes of these heathen

Indians! And to plant and harvest grain and weave cloth and talk together in the evenings. I should not murmur.

Juan: Yes, it is indeed a privilege to be here, Father. I have learned much humility here and some contentment, and soon, God Willing, I shall have happiness. Though of a truth, I have been very happy in my work.

Father Antonio: Your statues of the Virgin for the facade are most beautifully and boldly executed. They are alive. Last night I could not sleep, so I walked alone in the Mission garden in the moonlight , and the figures of the Immaculate Concepcion above the doorway seemed to move and breathe. It was uncanny. I crossed myself and looked away. You have carved well.

Juan: Yes, father, because it was like writing a beautiful poem when I shaped the stone. These missions will be here centuries after you and I have ceased to be.

Father Antonio. (sadly) Yes, my son, (pause and sigh) And will the window be done by evening, my son?

Juan: I shall neither sup nor dine this day till the last rose is cut from this limestone, father. This is a bridal wreath for my bride. Had you not guessed it? It must be finished when her cavalcade thunders up El Camino Real and stops beside the mission gates.

Father Antonio: Juan, I have meant to speak to you concerning this matter, but I have hesitated to wound you because you have worked so faithfully upon these missions. But this lovely window - it has no religious symbol upon it.

Juan: Nay, Father, it has no religious symbol. I meant none. I have made it a window of roses for Rosa. It is a window of love -

Father Antonio. (shocked) A carnal love- in a church window? My son - my son-

Father Lendo: (calling from the kitchens) Father Antonio, would you come and help me get this beef upon the spit? In very truth, we shall have a splendid wedding supper, Juan. I have set the bread to rise beside the oven, and Father Mark himself went out early this morning to the fields and brought in fresh corn and new potatoes for us.

Father Antonio: Coming, Father Lendo.

Father Londe: (calling again) Father Mark is working like a beaver on the tower steps. And will the window be done by evening also?

Juan: It will be finished, Father Londe. I have sworn it. Look you to your cooking.

(There is laughter. Then Juan goes back to his work, humming the love song.)

Third Scene.

It is now late afternoon and all is in readiness for the arrival of Rosa Monterey. The good fathers are as excited as young girls over the coming marriage of their beloved Juan. Father Mark is up in the tower, watching along the highway of the King for the first dust of the Calvalcade which escorts Rosa Monterey to the Mission San Jose. He is calling excitedly from the tower from time to time, to the congregated monks in the mission yard below.

Father Mark. (from the tower) They are coming- they are coming - along El Camino Real - they are crossing the river.

FatherAntonio: Ah, the steps - and the window - both done in time. Praise to the Virgin.

Juan: (laughing excitedly) Just in time!

Father Antonio: (worriedly) I had wished that the church might be cleared of the dirt in time to have the wedding there, Juan. I am sure that the dome would resound most beautifully to the singing of the choir. But we were unable to get it all out, altho we worked all day. Still -

Juan: It does not matter, Father Antonio. We shall be married here before the Rose window, nowhere else. It is Rosa's window - I carved it for her.

Father Londe: (coming up, puffing a little) I have just pulled the beef from the coals, done to a turn and juicy, too. The bread is also baked. Whew, but it is hot in those kitchens! I'm glad a south breeze has sprung up at last.

Father Mark: (from the tower) They've crossed the river now - theyre riding hard

Father Londe: The senorita will be so weary. It is a long/hard ride from Ft.St. John

and no journey for a woman either. But I praise her courage that she had the will to make it.

Father Antonio: 'Twill be indeed most strange to have a spanish lady among us at last. In very truth, I feel that I shall weak like any woman at the sight of some one from Cartagena. Father Londo, is the choir ready?

Father Londo: That they are - just inside the chapel door. And the service for the wedding also. I brought forth the scroll and the holy water and have it handy here for you, Father Antonio.

Father Antonio: Hark - I hear them now! They're close!

(sound of many horses riding hard along the mission road.)

Juan: Father Antonio, Rosa is so near! I feel dizzy and ill - as if it were all a dream. Five years is such a weary time. I pray you, stand near for a while.

Father Mark: (calling from the tower.) They are at the outer wall - the porter is letting them in the gates.

(clatter of hoofs comes nearer, stops. There is a silence.)

Juan: (speaking feverishly) But - but look! Rosa, - Rosa - there is no woman with them, is there? Father - is there a woman with them? Or do I not see aright?

Father Antonio (speaks slowly) There is no one with them, my son.

Voices: Greetings to you, fathers.

Monks: Greetings to you. God Bless you.

Voice: Greetings to you, Senor Huica.

Juan: (dully) Greetings.

Father Antonio. Bid your men alight, and come into the shade and rest.

Voice: Thanks, Father, but we push on to the mission San Antonio De Valera tonight. I but stopped as I came past to deliver a letter to the Snor Huica. A letter - from Spain.

Father: I thank you, Senor.

Juan: (dully) I too thank you, Senor.

Voice: You are most welcome. Well, I must hasten on. God keep you, Gentlemen.

Clatter of departing hoofs, monks calling out.

God Bless you - God speed you - God keep you safe till your return. Silence. Then Juan slowly tears the letter open.

Juan: (gropingly) Father Antonio - Father Antonio!

Father Antonio: My son - my son -

Juan: Can you see the words? Can you see the words? My eyes - something blinds me - I cannot read what is written. Can you see the words?

Father Antonio: I can see them, Juan.

Juan: Do they - do they - what do they say?

Father Antonio. They say . . .that the Senorita Rosa Monetrey is . . .dead.

Silence. Then the monks begin to murmur:

"That this thing should come to him! What a mournful day for him? And his beautiful window!

No Bride to stand before it now, and take the holy vows.

How sad - how sad.

Father Antonio: My heart goes out to you, lad, in this great grief that is yours. The whole of us are grieved for you. We will say a special mass for her soul. And as for a monument to her memory, you have already made one for her from undying stone. The Rose Window of San Jose for Rosa Monterey of Spain. Here, Father Mark, take in the parchment and the holy water. We shall not need them now, nor your choir Londo, nor the wedding bell in the tower -

Juan: (with curious intensity) Father, wait! Once the King himself said to me that this talent of mine was never meant for anything but God. And you yourself have but half hour gone warned me that it was a sinful thing to make so carnal a window in the house of God - a rose window of such flagrant beauty instead of one carved with saints and cherubim. All day long I have strained my eyes toward the west, watching for my bride, and God has sent me instead a messenger of death. I have been punished for worshipping Rosa in every line I carved - in every statue that I cut from stone - because that is what I have done in my heart. It was not so much that I thought of the Glory of God - but that my heart was singing "Rosa, Rosa". And God has punished me for it.

Father Antonio: My son - my son - do not hastily condemn yourself thus! Do not be so harsh in your grief. Every beautiful thing comes out of love- and surely God could not be displeased because you have wrought loveliness with love in your heart. I am sorry I spoke.

Juan: Nay, father, do not excuse me. But rather let me have my will in this matter. I carved the Rose Window for Rosa Monterey, and she is dead. It is my wish that we now dedicate this window to the holy Virgin. And from thenceforth ward, the church will have my every thought - my every talent. There is no one to carve for now except God - and my king.

Father Antonio: It shall be as you wish, my son. Father Mark, bring hither the holy water.

Father Mark: Here, Father Antonio.

Father Antonio: To thee, Oh, Mary, Mother of God, do we dedicate this window. May it have thy blessing ~~xxxxxxxx~~ upon it, and the blessing of Christ, thy son, and of God the Father and Holy Ghost. Accept the beauty of it, preserve and keep it thine forever and ever. Amen!

Monks: Amen!

Choir within the chapel begins the evening hymn.

Juan: Oh, God, the singing! I cannot stand the singing now - now now - now now!

Father Antonio: Come, Juan, my son. Let us walk outside in the fields awhile. Here, let me take your arm. It is a lovely evening. The sunset was never so beautiful.

(singing recedes during this speech)

Juan: It is growing dusk now . . . in Cartagena.

Father Antonio: (in a voice of long.) The mediterranean is purple at this hour.

Juan: And there are roses . . . roses . . . everywhere! Red, red roses, and someone playing a love song. . . . and castanets clinking. . . Spain . . Spain. Oh Mother of God! Mother of God!

Father Antonio: (recalling himself quickly) This is a lovely country, my son. See how the prairies glow with blossoms in the sunset.

Juan: There are no roses here.

Father Antonio: (after a pause) May, son, there are no roses her .. but one cannot choose roses . . . always .. when one pioneers for God.

Juan: (dully) True - one cannot choose.

(Mission bells toll out slowly on the air)

Father Antonio: And the glory of God must go on. It must. These missions will be here long after we have passed away. You yourself said it only this morning. The Glory of God must go on, my son. Do you understand?

Juan: (obediently) Yes,father,I understand. The glory of God must go on. The Glory of God must go on.

The mission bells are ringing in the distance, all this while. The Curtain falls.

Note: The ship's bell must be deep-toned and ring slowly. The mission bells must be higher and sweeter in tone.

Props needed for this:

Someone who can play a guitar and sing a Spanish love song.
(La Paloma is allright for this, as it was composed before this date.)

Ship's bell
Chains - heavy chains - for weighing the ship's anchor.
Something to imitate a cannon
Horse's foot prints,or something
A rock or brick and a chisel and hammer
A mission bell
A choir to sing old Catholic hymn
Paper to tear for a letter.

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Analysis: Extreme self-torture of a person who analyses every thought and action to its Nth degree.

Time: Present

Place: Washington - U. S. A.

Theme: "Greatest sin in life mating without Love".

Principal Characters: Two men, four women.

Situations: Collision of aeroplanes, motor car, nearly falling over precipice.

The Story: Chiefly the self analysis of a Mrs. Winston, beautiful, highly strung, with a greatly developed sense of the occult, who, after having been married for several years realizes she does not love her husband, that their marriage was not according to God's laws but merely one of legalized lust, convention, habit. This realization comes through meeting a harlot on the train to whom (for a reason unexplainable even to herself) she feels pity and sympathy and who later dies in her arms in the dressing room, just as her friend Mrs. Snob and Mrs. Moneybags enters and makes scornful remarks. It is then Mrs. Winston exclaims:- "We are no better, you and me! You do not love your husband, neither do I. We have given ourselves for a home, fine clothes, etc. We have mated without love".

After careful analysis Mrs. W. decides to leave her husband, but weakens when he threatens suicide. She tries to be contented, believing that her mission in life is to inspire and help the weak when she meets Major Smith - her soul mate. She fights her temptation to continue their clandestine meetings. To try and forget she takes an aeroplane trip - there is a collision with another plane. Later she exerts her physical power over a man friend, she is insulted when he tries to take advantage of her She succeeds in conquering him after a struggle and nearly a tragedy by their car being stopped in time from going over a cliff by some power acting through her.

A complete nervous break down is broughton by her continuous mental and physical struggle. Her husband, who has been away, is sent for, but the doctor sends him away because his presence only irritates. Her sister and a girl friend nurse her;whenshe is convalescent she goes in the park

where she meets Major Smith and learns he has been engaged for years, but no longer loves. She sends him away, investigates the affair by going to the girl's home, finds girl is in love with another man.

In the meantime Mrs W. has forced her husband to divorce her and finally Major Smith and she marry and love happily ever after!

3. As to Herrick. This is a case in point. We are not interested in Herrick nor his works in general; we may be much interested in some particular one book of his. TOGETHER is the only one I have read; and as I remember it, there is hardly action enough for a picture. I have the book on my desk, and shall read it again. I wish it were possible to get short synopses of the other books in order to judge which of them are possibilities, instead of having to read through the entire haystack in search of a needle of picture value. But I am inclined to despair of getting anything out of Miss Guthrie except vague boosts which may mean anything or nothing. To read through the entire works of Mr Herrick would take a couple of weeks for that alone.

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Please make all replies on back of this memorandum.

Mrs. Parkhill Synopsis of "The Healer."

The story of "The Healer" is built around the love that springs up between a man, called by wilderness folk, "The Healer" and a young society girl of rounded, dainty beauty. "The Healer" had been at one time a figure in the sophisticated world, a surgeon of note. He had made a professional mistake and the sophisticated world had failed him. He had retreated to the wilds. There he had lived the rough life of the people, delving in their smouldering lusts even, until his soul had sickened of the lusts as it had once of the sophisticated world. His bright visions seemed to have gone forever. But among the rough people he was adored as "The Healer" despite all his gruffness.

A young society girl, summering in the woods in a luxurious "cottage" with her mother and aunt, her uncle the big lumberman that controlled the industry of the section, met with accident when she dived into a stream. In her wild surroundings it seemed hopeless to procure the services of a competent surgeon. A lumberman brought "The Healer". For the Healer's methods were simple- had little to do with the trickeries or pomp of his profession. From the girl to him flashed the message "I have faith in you. Give me life." And the healer replied: "Because you have faith in me- I will give you life." And all the while the sophisticated mother of the girl stood aghast, also the "puppy" doctor visiting the summer cottage,-unwilling to trust the fate of sweet "Neil" to the knife of the rough speaking, roughly dressed "Healer". But the will of the girl triumphed. The Healer saved her. That is the mere opening of the book!

Then comes love between the "Healer" and the girl. The Healer tells the girl of his certain satisfaction in Healing for Healing's sake, a joy he had not found in the sophisticated world.

He takes her to the old spring of "Healing waters"- the Indians had first crowded about, then later the whites,- but both red and whites having "faith". The watchword of "The Healer" was "faith". He voiced it as the solution of bodily ills- a solution that witholds itself from sophistication, while the sophisticated world suffers illnesses without end, through their secret skepticism of the very doctors who treat them and who in turn scorn their patients. without trust- the universe goes haltingly!

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From that time, "The Healer", lost the joy that had been expanding in him because of his love for his wife and his greater power in curing-ministering to the lumbermen who were unsanitarily housed by the "lumber kings". His scheme for demanding better conditions for the lumbermen waned. His visions of the by-gone hordes about the "Healing waters" went.

For the time being-artifices won! To give his wife luxuries to which she had reverted, he listened to schemes for a fashionable sanitarium of colossal proportions about "Healing waters". He came to work for money and fame. The spirit hordes of past generations about healing waters were routed. And with it came back, "The Healer's lusts".

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Outside in the fashionable sanitarium, the rich grew petulant with their own artifices. The spirits of the by-gone hordes must have ventured back a little ways. The wife too, away in the city, plunging into societies crazes, grew petulant.

Meanwhile the "Healer" and the woman in the stone house went to the dark valley where was a lonely, dark house- the scene of the man's past lusts, there on the very ground of his temptations- to fight them down. And he returned with the woman clear eyed- his mind free from lusts- and she possessing joy.

Returned from the city, "The Healer's" wife discovered his absence from the sanitarium. "Choose between me and that woman", she said. Her husband chose the one who had brought him back from artifices to simplicities. But when he went to the stone house to find her- she had disappeared from his life forever. Her work was done! She left but memories behind to the Healer- and growing hopes of a soul's satisfaction in work.

His wife gone, the woman in the stone house gone, "The Healer" with a new and valient and worthy will went back to his work. The sanitarium burned down-withdrawing its temptation to him of professional trickery. Through his bluntness, the fashionable patients deserted him. He was thrown back again on the simple admonition," Seek and ye shall find".

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HUGH WYNNE : FREE QUAKER

by S. WEIR MITCHELL.

SYNOPSIS

Hugh Wynne was born in Philadelphia , in I753. He was thus I2 years old in I765 at which time the story opens, and 23 years old in I776. His father was a stern and silent Quaker, a puritan in type, and his mother a French Huguenot.

The family came of a long line of hard-riding, hard-drinking Welsh squires, of wealth and rank in the old country. But Hugh's gradfather turned Quaker, and being persecuted therefore, conveyed the family estates to a younger branch, and came to America. The estates were secretly reconvey -ed, leaving John Wynne, and therefore Hugh his son, heir to Wyncote Hall and capable of claiming it at any time; but of this arrangement Hugh knew nothing.

THE STORY OPENS with Hugh a boy at school. He stopped to rob an apple orchard, and was late. The master, David Dove, sent some big boys to hang a lantern around his neck and march him through the town to school, ringing a bell in front of him. On the way, they passed Hugh's father. Hugh spent the day at school standing on a stool with his lantern and his apples. The rest of the scholars were naturally delighted; but one little girl cried, and was birched for crying. After school, Hugh relieved his feelings by writing on the board " David Dove is a cruel beast" Next day, the master in a rage cried out that he would give a king's pound to know who wrote the words. Hugh promptly confessed and demamded his pound; but Dove gave him a pounding instead. Hugh's father, hearing of this, came to the school and forced Dove to pay the money as he had promised. The little girl was Darthea Peniston, after wards the heroine of the tale.

Another incident of Hugh's school life was his first fight. There was another Quaker boy in the school, Jack Warder, afterward his closest friend. The big boys arranged a fight between Jack and Hugh against two others. Jack, mindful of his Quaker upbringing, advised running away. They ran, but were caught and beaten. Along came Friend Pemberton, who was not the kind of Quaker to see two small boys thrashed by a crowd. He interfered, and had the fight take place as originally intended. Hugh and Jack had the better of their adversaries in a fair fight. So even thus early Hugh began to see that the Quaker doctrine of non-resis-tance does not always work well in this world.

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HUGH WYNNE-FREE QUAKER.

By S. Weir Mitchell.

A love-and-adventure story of the Revolutionary War and of Philadelphia in the days of the Continental Congress. Most of the great characters of the period appear in the story and some take a prominent part in the plot. Washington, Benedict Arnold and Major Andre' are fully and vividly shown in the great events of their lives. Franklin, Patrick Henry, Alexander Hamilton, Thomas Jefferson, John Hancock, Adams, LaFayette,- these and more are among those present. In fact, the story might be made a visual summary of the whole period, with scarce a great name or great scene omitted. The signing of the Declaration - the Boston Tea-Party - Trenton - Valley Forge - the Surrender of Cornwallis - The death of Andre' -- etc.

Very briefly, the story deals with the adventures of Hugh Wynne, a gentleman of hot Welsh blood and stern Quaker parentage, of his struggle from loyalism and the doctrine of non-resistence into the character of an officer in Washington's army. The love interest runs throughout in the rivalry between Hugh and his cousin, Arthur Wynne, a British officer, for the love of Dorthea Peniston.

There are plenty of dramatic moments and strong characters aside from the historical interest: Hugh himself; his father, the stern old Quaker type; his Aunt Gainor, an imperious old lady who rules Philadelphoa Society; her gentle and lovable French mother; his friend, John Warder, a brave and gallant gentleman with a girl's heart; Arthur, a villain with unusual distinction and personal charm covering his villainy;-- and for scenes, such bits as Hugh's defence of his mother from drunken soldiers; the visit of Arthur to the military prison where Hugh lies rotting with fever, and Arthur leaves him to die; Hugh's escape through the British lines; battle-scenes at Trenton and Philadelphia and Yorktown, which may be emphasized or omitted at will.

The book is a rich treasury of authentic material for a great historical picture -- a worthy successor to the Birth of a Nation.

~~B.T.~~

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Working Title "LAURA JOYCE 992"

By

Miss Raynale.

In the face of ugly rumors about the conduct of the Melville Girls Reformatory, Governor Jackson has granted an audience to a self-constituted reform committee of long-haired men and short-haired women, who demand to be appointed as an investigating board. Annoyed both by the reports and by the committee, the Governor, in a whimsical endeavor to get rid of two evils at one time, grants their request, and the members of the committee depart filled with an overwhelming sense of their importance.

Ethel Carlyle, a wealthy and refined society girl, becoming dissatisfied with the frivolities of her set, has engaged in settlement work, to the intense disgust of her fiance, Raymond Van Pelt, who does not want to see his future wife coming in contract with poverty and its attendant squalor. His remonstrances, increasingly untactful, have created an almost strained situation.

The Melville Girls Reformatory is managed by a clique of corrupt officials, who have been exploiting the girls and grafting from the returns for their work.

The institution physician, Dr. Roy Hillyer, on account of his honesty and high ideals, is a thorn in the side of the crooks, although single-handed he is powerless to circumvent them. Knowing that any complaints that he might make to the Governor would be promptly disproven by overwhelming perjured testimony, he has striven earnestly to bring about reforms without outside assistance. The grafters, on the other hand, recognizing him as a source of danger, have determined to "get him" at the first favorable opportunity.

The investigating committee, elated by their success with the Governor, have immediately proceeded to obtain wide-spread and highly sensational publicity, and the committee, being dominated by women, the major portion of the credit is given to the Thursday Afternoon Club.

Ethel, reading these sensational and laudatory write-ups in the Sunday papers, and

contrasting the apparently useful and self-sacrificing work of the Club with the highly ornamental existence of those in her set, determines to endeavor to gain admittance to this sacred cirle of workers and applies for admission to the Club. She approaches in fear and trembling. Possessing, as she does, the two prime requisites, money and social position, she is, to her own surprise, immediately admitted, and is more than proud to learn that she has been included in the now famous investigating committee. While it is a gratification to Ethel, it is also a source of a good deal of embarrassment, as it doubles the difficulties of concealing her new activities from Raymond, whom, she feels sure, would greatly disapprove of her proposed adventure into criminal reform.

The Governor reads the newspaper accounts of the committe's proposed activities with a wry smile and rather concludes that he has succeeded in eliminating only one of the evils instead of both, as he had hoped.

In the meantime the Melville Reformatory undergoes a superficial cleaning. Under the urge of the matron and her under-jailers, the girls have scrubbed and tidied all of the more public rooms; uniforms have beeh laundered and mended, and a supply of wholesome food has been laid in, pending the advent of the committee.

In due time the much-heralded commitee makes its appearnace with fanfare of trumpets and beating of drums and a great show of authority. Ethel, while a part of the committee, is completely submerged and surrounded by her more aggressive and practiced co-workers. They are received at the entrance by the smiling matron and her staff and are conducted through the institution. They come prepared to condemn and with heavy judicial manner examine into every detail brough to their attention. The chair-woman uses her lorgnette very effectively and is quite proud of her accomplishment. Won over by the deference of the officials and their suave manners, the committee is gradually disarmed as the inspection progresses. Dr. Hillyer's duty compelling him to accompany the committee on its rounds, he quickly realizes the futility of the whole proceeding and he is cleverly used as a cat's-paw by the reformatory officials, who openly ask him questions in front of the committee that would admit of but one reply.

Ethel, while not very practical herself, also soon perceives that the ingestigation is a farce and she is beginning to realize that she has associated herself with a choice"bunch of nuts". She lags behind and with eyes in the back of her head sees some of the "low-down signals" passed between the inmates who, with grim humor, are not unappreciative of the comedy that is being enacted before them.

The investigation completed, the committee makes a formal report to the Governor and the papers; completely whitewashing the entire institution, and rather enamored of the idea that their flood of publicity might be perpetuated, they have insisted that their committee be made a permanent organization, for the purpose of keeping its watchful eye upon the institution so as to make certain that its present efficient methods are perpetuated.

The Governor has another wry smile when he reads this and he learns that he has succeeded in eliminating neither of the annoyances.

Ethel, with a growing distaste for publicity in this connection, is glad that the appetite of her fellow committee women for publicity has enabled her to keep her name out of the papers and she is successful in preventing Raymond from learning of her new adventure into useful work. Meeting her at a party, he especially inveighs against the class of female who would so forget their womanly modesty as to set themselves up in the public eye by mixing with the dregs of the underworld in this fashion.

Convinced of its futility, Ethel resigns from the Club; but she cannot divorce her mind from the things she saw at the institution, and, with keen intuition, she realizes that something must be readically wrong. She is no "quitter" and having embarked upon this work, decides that it is her duty to see it through to a conclusion; but no adequate way seems to present itself.

Reading one day that Jack London had gotten himself incarcerated in jail for the purpose of investigating its conditions, she is seized with an idea and, casting about for someone to help her, she thinks of Judge Monroe, who was a warm friend of her father's before his death. She takes a trip to a large city in another

part of the state to visit the Judge and asks him to give her some papers that will incarcerate her in the institution as an inmate. The Judge, attempting to dissuade her from her purpose, points out that this is impractical. Inthe first place, he has no authority to issue such papers; and in the second, were he to do so, the very unusualness of the procedure would insure th t every guilty official would know of her coming and suspect her purpose immediately.

Pressing the Judge as to how she can get into the institution, she is told that the only way is by actually committing a crime. Ethel then tells him that as she has started she is determined to finish and the Judge, admiring her pluck, agrees to help her, first warning her, however, that she will have a great many disagreeable, if not dangerous, experiences. She finds that should she commit a crime which is a felony, she will by waiving preliminary examination, come immediately before Judge Monroe; while if she commits a misdemeanor, she will be tried by a police judge.

She goes home and makes arrangements to absent herself for an indefinite time, telling Raymond and her friends that she is going for a rest trip.

Back to Judge Monroe's city, she engages in shoplifting, clumsily making way with a valuable set of furs. She is apprehended by the store detective and, amazed by the thoroughness of the police, has difficulty in concealing her identity. She gives the name of Laura Joyce, which they soon discover is an alias, and she is sized up either as a dangerous crook or as a society woman who, to avoid disgrace, would prefer to suffer imprisonment rather than make her identity known. The police reporters get hold of this and play up the unknown society woman's angle, as that gives them the chance for the most space.

Laura Joyce waives preliminary examination and asks for an immediate hearing. On being brought into Judge Monroe's court, she is very much surprised to find a strange face on the bench. Quick inquiry elicits the fact that the Judge is slightly indisposed, and as criminal work must go on, the presiding Judge has assigned Judge Waldron to sit in his place temporarily. Judge Waldron, who is nothing

if not a politician and who enjoys a play to the gallery, has read the newspaper articles regarding the society shoplifter, and on her falteringly pleading guilty and giving her age as eighteen, he reads her a half an hour lecture and gives her three years in the Melville Reform School.

This, of course, does not phase Ethel, because she knows that in proper time Judge Monroe will take care of the matter and get her out. Nevertheless, it add a little excitement which she did not anticipate.

Arrived at the school, she is treated as any other iname. She is obliged to substitute coarse and ragged prison clothes for her own dainty dress and lingerie, most of which, being of extremely fine quality, immediately disappears, portions of it reappearing again in the personal possession of some of the attaches.

On her first attempt to protest at improper treatment, she gets twenty-four hours in a dark cell, with brea dnd water, and rats and other live stock make her sleep impossible. She early determines there is nothing in this line of procedure.

She is put to work at heavy piece work, an insufficienty of food being the penalty for failure to turn out the required amount of work. One of the girls cleverly steals part of Ethel's product to make up her own shortcomings, and another girl, moved by pity, puts part of her work in Ethel's pile.

At the time she was incarcerated, one of the girls, thinking Ethel a visitor, slipped her a note which she was anxious to get out and Ethel, on being searched, is caught redhanded and the note falls into the hands of Dr. Hillyer, who thinks that Ethel has written it and is surprised to find that one of her refined appearance is so illiterate. He decides that this girl is not a criminal by nature and he will do what he can to help her to develop her character, and early in her imprisonment he takes her primary books and lays plans to give her some education. Ethel, secretly amused at this angle, proves a willing and grateful scholar, but is hard put to it to keep up the deception.

In the meantime, however, she is rapidly gaining proffs that many improper things are going on inside of the institution.

In the course of his character building, Dr. Hillyer gives her some money and sends her on a small errand, feeling that to show trust is the way to make her trustworthy. The girl who stole her piecework, sees this money given her and being rather a deft dip, abstracts it. Ethel, until the time comes to use the money, does not know it has been stolen and is very much hurt when the Doctor believes she has taken it and still treats her kindly.

In the meantime, Raymond has read the account of the society girl's case of kleptomania, together with the accounts of her endeavors to keep her identity a secret, and although he dismisses the matter from his mind, it still keeps coming back that this girl is Ethel and he decides to set his mind at rest once and for all by interviewing Laura Joyce at the Melville Reformatory.

Ethel has completed her investigations to the point where she feels sure that she can present proof sufficient for her purposes. It is at this time that Raymond makes his appearance and after some slight difficulty arranges with the head of the institution for an interview with Laura Joyce 992. She for once is overjoyed to see him, although rather embarrassed that he should find her in such circumstances, especially in view of his lengthy tirade at their last meeting. His coldness, however, rather repels and before she can frame a speech adequate to the occasion, he had shown by his words that there is no doubt in his mind that she is guilty. Stung into momentary fury by his lack of faith, Ethel rather encourages him to go on with what he has to say. She asks him how he found her, stating that she had done her best to hide her identity. He tells her it was his unfailing intuition and, with the remark that he thinks she has chosen the wisest course, he solemnly promises to respect her secret, as any gentleman would, and assures her that when she is released the world will never learn from him of Laura Joyce's identity. Hardly trusting herself to speak, she bids him adieu.

Ethel is casting about for a method of getting word to Judge Monroe when, in the Doctor's office, she sees a paper with headlines announcing the Judge's death. This comes to her as a shock and she immediately casts about for the quickest

means of escape, and seeks an interview with the matron, to whom she makes a statement in accordance with the facts, and demands her release. She has already incurred the matron's displeasure on several occasions and her only reply is the merry ha-ha. Becoming indignant, she persists, and then she gets results: i. e. two weeks in dark cell, with bread and water every other day and rats for her companions. She comes out of this more broken than she could wish and realizes that nothing she can do will get her out of her plight. In the meantime, although Dr. Hillyer is kind to her, his opportunities for protection are not great, and she is driven to harder labor than even her vigorous health can entirely withstand. In the meantime the investigating committee of the Thursday Afternoon Club have decided that it is about time for some more tea and cakes, with the attendant publicity, and therefore have arranged for another "visit of inspection", as their activity is now termed.

Dr. Hillyer, having been more than usually insistent on some degree of fair treatment of the inmates, the grafting Melville officials are driven to some extremity and realize they must break him. They have arranged with the girl thief to coax him into a compromising position, for which they have promised her certain immunities. She fails in this and they then endeavor to frame a situation with her help, but again the Doctor's tact and consideration save him, and his kindness to the girl makes her break down and confess to him, at which time she also confesses that she stole the money from Ethel, for which he has unjustly blamed her Previous to this and at the time when she had failed to get him into a compromising situation, she had told the prison authorities that it was because he was "stuck on" Ethel and that she was the only girl that he would fall for. After her abject failure, the clique, making use of this information, has instituted a systematic system of spying upon the Doctor and Ethel, giving her a little more liberty than heretofore; and it is at this junction that the investigating committee make their appearance.

Dr. Hillyer has in desperation sent a general and anonymous complain of conditions to the Governor. He realizes that any specific complaint which he might make would

be disproved and that were he to make a personal complaint, it would probably result in his dismissal, in which case the girls would be left to the entire mercy of the crooked officials, and he hopes that something may come of it.

The Governor is seated at his desk when this anonymous communication is handed to him and, after stern meditation, decides that he must personally investigate the institution heads. He calls his secretary and issues instructions to secure him accommodations on the nine o'clock evening train, so that he can be at Melville the following morning, and he cautions his secretary to secrecy, as his visit is to be altogether a surprise. He leaves a number of important arrangements with his secretary stating however, that he must clear his desk of personal business before he goes. He then turns over, reads and arranges a will, deeds, legal papers, etc. from the full portmanteau before him. He picks up the final paper, glances at it perfunctorily, commences to read with interest, which becomes fairly intense, and then, with a satisfied and grim smile, he folds this final paper and puts it in his pocket.

Just before the arrival of the investigating committee Dr. Hillyer has sent for Ethel and, telling her of the thief's confession, abjectly apologizes for his unjust suspicions of her. One word leads to another and it ends by his declaring his love. Ethel demurs at his loving a criminal and he tells her that even were she acriminal he still knows she is good and he would ask her to be his wife. It is at this point that the investigating committee, who have received the information from the matron that they think Dr. Hillyer has been taking liberties with a number of the inmates, have been arranged in positions of vantage by the matron and her asistants and are spying upon the Doctor in his office. They see him take Ethel's hand and draw her to him, put his arm around her and hiss her. She hesitates - then returns his kiss. Then, as she is held in his embrace, the door opens and the committee appears. Naturally the Doctor is rather disturbed and a little flustered - Ethel less so, which is regarded by the unexpected visitors as brazen affrontery.

Ethel, in her prison garb and changed appearance, is of course not recognizable,

and the committe itself has undergonesome changes of personnel.

Demanding explanation of the Doctor for his unseemly conduct, they receive the halting reply that the girl is his intended wife and that he is to marry her. This meets with sarcastic disbelief. They first bring it to his attention that she has two years and six months to service, during which time she is a criminal and could not marry. The prison matron desires to know if he would furnish the same explanation for every one of their girls whom he has hugged and kissed in the last six months, and affairs are rapidly progressing from bad to worse when an attache slips in and announces that the Gover or in person has arrived.

Feeling that he could have come at no better time to acquaint himself with their efficiency and scenting additional opportunities for publicity, the chair-woman of the committee orders him brought in immediately, in order that he may be present and personally witness their success in discovering abuses.

The Governor, a stern and strong man, enters the room and is made acquainted with the circumstances. The young Doctor, seeing the hopelessness of his defense, is standing silent, with eyes cast down, and Ethel, who is also convinced of the seriousness of the difficulty, is standing by his side, giving him what moral support she may.

The Governor looks around the assembled gathering with his whimsical smile, sizing up each individual separately and the group collectively. Then, drawing from his pocket the paper which he had placed there the night before, he commences to read, and as he reads a cut-in of the paper itself is shown, same having been written by the Governor's very dear and personal friend, Judge Monroe, on the day of his meeting with Ethel, setting forth the circumstances of her proposed incarceration. The Governor adds that this paper was found amongst the private papers of Judge Monroe months after his death.

The final scenes show Dr. Hillyer and hiw wife on a tour of inspection through a remodeled reformatory, in which the girls are happily engaged in improving themselves and preparing for a better life on their release.

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#14

The Little Lord of All the Earth.

Jack Boyle.

Synopsis:-

A Chinaman is wrecked on an Island when bound for America. Each day he works and each time he carries his wish to the port across the bay, he hoards by a little more to the sum which is eventually to take him back to his native land, China.

A ship which carries on a traffic in opium and Chinamen gets a cargo of eight Chinese men and one Chinese girl. The girl has been sold by her Father to the "House of a Hundred Slaves" in San Francisco and is on her way to enter her state of slavedom. The Captain of the ship sees a revenue cutter steaming toward him and he throws the Chinamen overboard and the girl jumps rather than allow the captain to touch her. An old hardened sailor not able to see the girl die without a chance throws a life preserver to which she clings.

The Cutter overtakes the boat and searches but the Chinamen have all been thrown overboard.

The girl floats within sight of the Chinaman on shore and he rescues her and takes her to his humble little hut, where he nurses her back to health. They fall mutually in love.

Being an honorable member of the House of Tong he feels that the girl must fulfil the promise made by her Father in selling her and he plans how he can have money enough to buy her from the "House of the Hundred Slaves".

A child is born and they soon have enough money to start for San Francisco, where the Chinaman is to buy his wife's freedom.

They have just landed when some officials seize the Chinaman to take the place of a prisoner whom they have allowed to escape and they carry him away and send him back to China.

The Mother and child, go to the House of Tong, the girl thinking that the wife and Child of a Tong Brother could find protection there. Instead, the Tong Brothers send her to fulfill the promise of her Father. Rather than enter a life in the "House of a Hundred Slaves" the girl escapes and walks out to her death in the ocean with her child.

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Years after, the Chinaman comes back and finding that his wife and child are no longer, he goes back to the Island where they had been so very happy and lives thinking that their spirits are ever watching over him and hoping that each day will mean his end, when he can be with them always.

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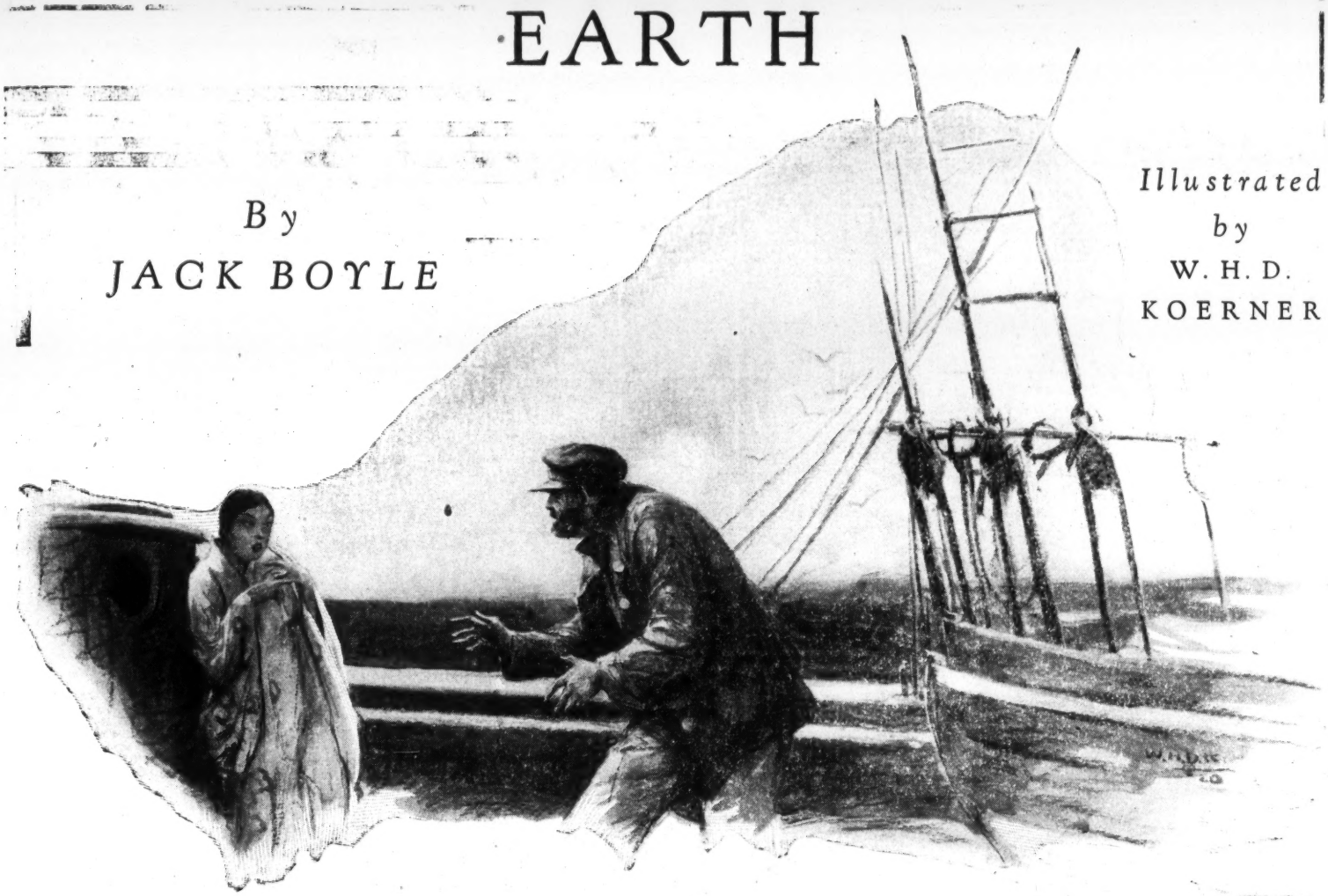
THE LITTLE LORD OF ALL THE EARTH

By
JACK BOYLE

Illustrated by
W. H. D. KOERNER



ULEABORG the Finn—owner, captain and iron-armed autocrat of the sloop *Vasa*—thrust his frowsy head through the hatchway above his cabin and glared about him with red-rimmed, bleary eyes. His sodden slumber had been broken by a repeated summons from above deck.

"What ahoy," he grumbled, and then, seeing nothing but a sunny sky, an empty horizon and the long, slow Pacific ground-swell that rolled gently away under keel, his anger flared in a thundered roll of oaths.

"Where's the cursed lubber what brought me up from below to squint at a clear sky and a fair wind?" he bellowed, springing to the deck and crashing one hairy fist into its fellow.

Halse, the mate, who was at the wheel, pointed to the north and offered a pair of sea-glasses.

"Smoke north'ard Anacapa Point, Cap'n. She don't ban move. I tank somebody ban vait to ketch us'n," he said.

Captain Uleaborg's coarse black hair rose, not with fear, but bristling like a fighting dog's mane at the unexpected scent of an enemy. He cleared his eyes with a savage hand and focused the glasses on the tenuously faint smudge that lay against the horizon's pure blue beyond the northerly point of Anacapa Island. Unquestionably it was the smoke of a steam craft idling close against the island's shore. No peaceful coasting vessel without ulterior designs upon the *Vasa* and her contraband cargo should be lurking within the shelter of Anacapa Cove. Uleaborg's teeth ground, molar against molar, with a sound like the grating whine of a distant winch. His jaw, bristling with a fortnight's growth of beard, was thrust out in belligerent defiance.

"How long sense y'sighted her skulkin' alee uv the Point?" he demanded of Halse.

The mate drew out a well-mutilated plug of tobacco and eyed it speculatively—the size of his plug remnant being the medium by which he computed time.

"Four chaws, I tank—mebbe five," he replied.

Without a word the captain turned and swung his heavy body down the hatchway to his foul-smelling cabin. There he poured himself a water-glass full of rum, fiery as flame itself, and gulped it down without a quiver. Then he sprang again to the deck and, with a muttered curse in the direction of the smoke smudge steadily growing plainer to the north, leaned over the after-rail and glared down upon the *Vasa's* foamy wake with narrowing eyes which, as he pondered, grew more cruel and hard and unhumanly relentless than the Arctic ice-fields upon which they first had opened.

Though the hull beneath the pall of smoke was still miles away and invisible, her identity and purpose were established facts to Uleaborg. Penned in the hold beneath the *Vasa's* battened forward hatch were nine Chinese, and locked in the captain's strongbox was nine hundred dollars, his price for carrying them from Mexican to Californian soil. Smuggling such cargoes of human contraband was the *Vasa's* principal source of revenue.

The sloop was in the Santa Barbara Channel with the Ventura mainland fifteen miles eastward and the Anacapas, which border the passage on the west, just off her port bow—an all-but-hopeless position for an intercepted smuggler loaded with evidence of guilt.

"She ban comin'," announced Halse the Swede philosophically.

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Uleaborg's furious eyes lifted to the smudge now emerging from behind the point and bearing down upon the *Vasa* bow to bow. Within a half-hour he would be lying to, a captive, under the *Bear's* guns with nine Chinese below deck to convict him.

"Curse 'em, I'll fight the dogs of damnation till hell's afloat!" burst from the Finn's lips in a throaty growl of rage as he poised himself on columnar legs and shook his meaty body, wolf-like, in a battle challenge primordially savage. And then, as his sailor's eye roved westward, a swift change passed over his face. At the new thought within him his eyes contracted with the ruthless cunning of a man-animal incapable of human feeling. He sprang to the wheel, flinging aside the burly Swede as though he were a toy puppet.

"Get for'ard, Halse, and kick up them lubberly greasers tuh shift sail," he commanded. "I'll take the wheel. We're goin' seaward atween th' islands."

What Uleaborg had seen to the west was a bit of sea-fog—a mere capful—drifting in toward the outer shore of Anacapa from the bosom of the Pacific.

As he obeyed the captain's command and the sloop *Vasa* swung off her former course and headed for the narrow channel beyond which lay the open sea, Halse wondered what possible succor Uleaborg saw in the inconsequential bit of mist. Any sailor could see that the cutter, moving knots to the *Vasa's* boat-lengths, would run her down with easy surety within that single acre of fog. So Halse wondered but did not question. He knew but one commandment—obey.

A black cloud of smoke was the *Bear's* answer to the *Vasa's* sudden change of course. The cutter, her suspicion aroused, was coming on at full speed.

Just beyond the outer rim of the chain of islands the *Vasa*, like a rabbit to a covert, plunged into the momentarily concealing smother of fog. Uleaborg's lips were curled back over his stained teeth as he shouted to Halse to take the wheel.

"Get below, you deck swabbers! What damned greasers don't see they'll never blab," the captain roared, throwing the hindmost of the two members of his crew bodily into the forecastle.

And then, as Halse looked on in continued wonder, Uleaborg pried off the forward hatch and sprang into the fetid hold where the Chinese were penned. Instantly the hold spewed forth its terrified and bewildered Mongols, and Uleaborg, swinging himself up behind, faced them on the open deck.

What followed still is told in whispers in San Francisco's waterfront underworld.

Uleaborg seized the unsuspecting Chinese nearest him, raised him in his mighty arms and flung him into the sea. And then, as he reached for a second, the Orientals understood and in the horror of their understanding fled shrieking about the deck before a relentless executioner.

One by one Uleaborg ran them down and hurled them over the rail.

At last his task seemed completed. The deck was empty; the screams were silenced, the unintelligibly jabbered pleas for mercy stilled. The Finn's bloodshot eyes turned toward the queued heads bobbing in the *Vasa's* wake.

"Eight," he counted. "There's another somewheres. Ah-h-h-h!" The aspirated exclamation was the articulate consummation of malevolence.

CATLIKE and slowly as though wantonly to prolong her torture, Uleaborg crept toward the girl he saw crouching behind a deck boat—a Chinese girl in whose childish eyes flared unnamable horror.

As he advanced she drew back, step by step, with distended eyes fixed upon his implacable face. No sound came from her lips. With tiny, ivory-hued hands instinctively crossed upon her breast she retreated silently before Uleaborg the Finn until the curve of the deck-rail hemmed her in. She could go no farther. Her little hands fluttered against her bosom. Then as the Finn reached out-curved fingers to seize her, her lips parted in a soft, inarticulate cry of resignation and relief at the end of her agony, and she leaped into the sea.

"Now let them Government hell-diggers come aboard an' be damned to 'em," chuckled Uleaborg jubilantly, swinging himself below to his cabin and reaching for the rum bottle. The *Vasa* shot out from under the capful of fog and again lay exposed to the scrutinizing glasses of the pursuing cutter.

Halse the Swede had seen it all without consciously definite emotion. He admired his ruthlessly masterful chief but one jot less than he feared him. The captain's word was law to Halse; his actions were finally and indisputably proper. But as Uleaborg dropped below deck, Halse kicked loose a life-preserver and flung it swiftly back toward the spot astern where a girl's face, already a ghastly gray, rose and fell accusingly as her little hands beat futilely at the smothering breast of the sea. Halse had no conscious intention of giving her a chance for life, but at the command of something deep within him that, when roused, could not be disobeyed, he threw the life-float and then, as he groped for his tobacco plug, wondered perplexedly at the thing he had done.

An hour later an officer and boat crew returned to the *Bear* empty-handed after searching Uleaborg's sloop. The cutter's commander frowned in frank confusion as his subordinate reported.

"It's mighty strange," he said. "I would have gambled the old *Bear* against a catboat that Uleaborg had a cargo of Chinks stowed in his hold—particularly after he turned and ran when he sighted us. He couldn't have landed them, for that bit of mist didn't hide him ten minutes. We must have guessed wrong, Carter, but—well, I'm puzzled."

IN leisurely contentment Sing Leung rested in a sheltered nook on the south shore of Anacapa and, with keen enjoyment, resurrected an endless series of memory pictures. They were of the far-away Chinese village of San-chui-hien on the low banks of the Siang River—in reality a village of mud, foul odors, thatched huts and wretched, half-nourished inhabitants, but transformed to Sing by the alchemy of a wanderer's longing for a beloved haven of perfection. With a sigh of gratified desire Sing thought of the pouch of American gold hidden in his cabin over the cliff, and estimated the narrowing span of New Year's days that still separated him from his homeland. His slanted eyes glowed as he visioned his return to San-chui-hien wealthy, distinguished and the most respected personage of his village. Meanwhile life had become a succession of pleasant, placid days each brightened by slow but steady progress toward that alluring goal.

Alone but not lonely, Sing had lived for two years on Anacapa Island, where chance and a furious southeaster had cast him. During the days required to repair his fishing yawl he discovered that the tiny valley within the circumference of the island's towering short cliffs was the refuge of a thriving flock of wild goats. Fishing in the deep water below the cliffs was unfailingly good. So Sing Leung adopted Anacapa by the right of discovery, built himself a modest cabin on the edge of the valley and became a tanner of goat hides as well as a purveyor of dried fish. Each month he sailed across the channel to Ventura and sold his cargo at his tonghouse. And each month he returned with a supply of rice, tea and tobacco and gleefully added to the weight of his pouch of gold.

Now, with his day's catch of fish beside him and ready for the drying lines, Sing rested and let his eye wander to the western horizon—there, far away but growing nearer with each hoarded gold-piece, lay China. A drifting cloud of mist caught his eye, and into it, as he looked, burrowed the sloop *Vasa*—well he knew her and her business. As he wondered idly why she had chosen the unusual course through the narrow and rock-studded Anacapa Channel he saw the government cutter round the southern point of the smaller Anacapas and square away northward in pursuit. Sing now was deeply interested and lay watching while the *Vasa* was overhauled and searched. He fully expected to see a government crew take her in charge, but to his surprise when the cutter's boat returned, the *Bear* swung round and steamed leisurely southward, leaving the *Vasa* free to go her way.

"Strange is this thing I have seen," mused Sing. "Assuredly the boat of the black devil-captain carried my countrymen. It is always so. And yet the *suey gon how* found them not. Ai-Lo-Hun, God of Beneficence, must have hidden my brethren within the shadow of his all-powerful hand—and yet I marvel. A father of all accursed ones is that captain. His heart is a fountain of evil and his wisdom is the wisdom of a snake."

Sing Leung's troubled eyes turned seaward toward the spot where the now-vanished fog had been. Something white floated there on the crest of a sapphire swell. Quickly he sprang to his feet and stared with shaded eyes while excitement throbbed within him. Then he bounded down the cliff path to the cove where his boat was moored, leaped in and rowed with furious haste toward a life-preserver and a motionless form that was drifting slowly landward.

Thus was little Sun Loy Lo, the Lotus-Flower, laid in the arms of Sing Leung through the evil spirit of murder that burned in the heart of Uleaborg the Finn.

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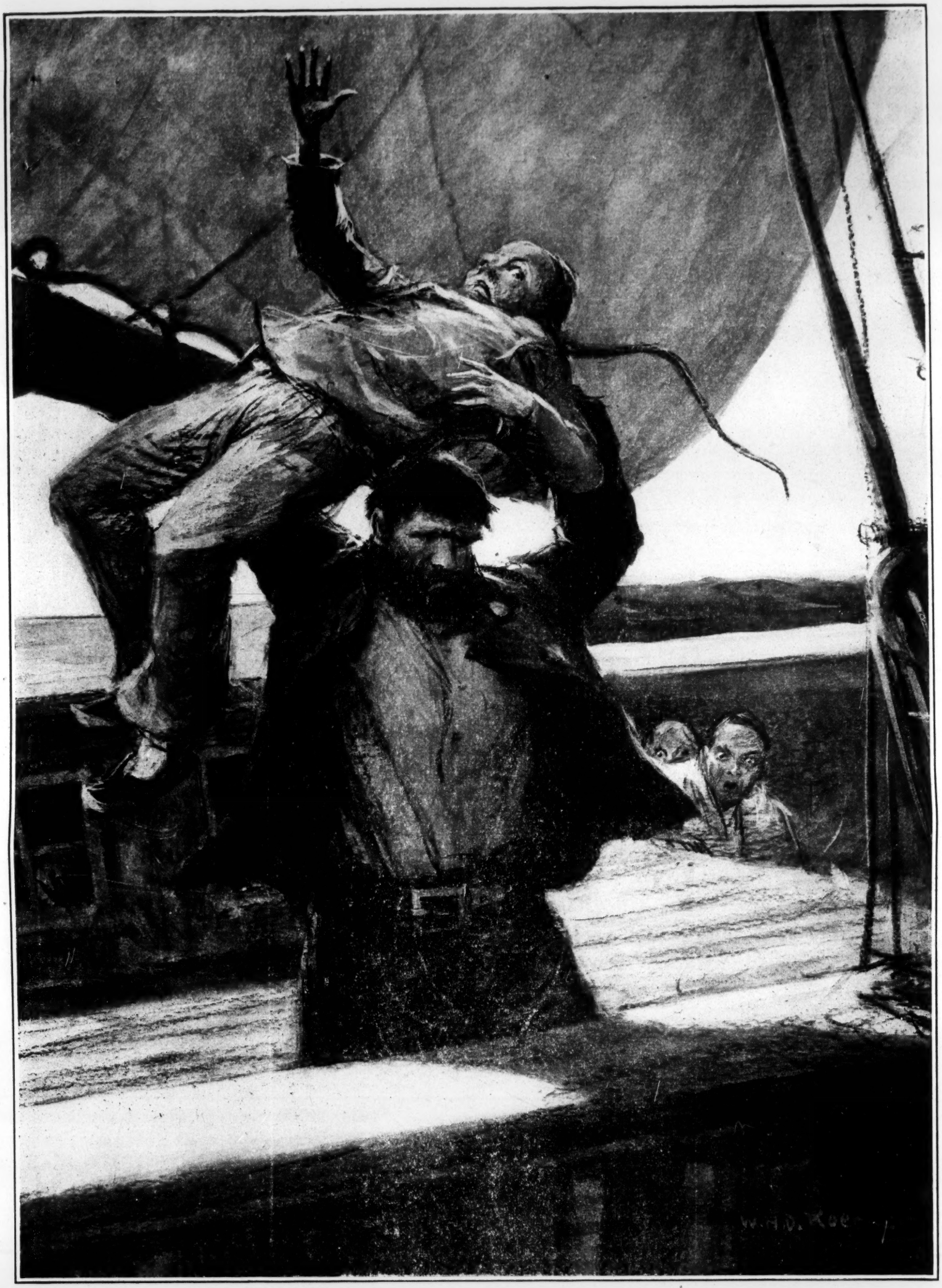

Uleaborg seized tbe unsuspecting Chinese nearest him, raised him in his mighty arms and flung him into the sea.

Many long hours passed before the first faint glow of life rose in the cheeks of the sea-bruised Lotus-Flower. Then slowly she opened her eyes and looked with curious wonderment into the face of Sing.

"*Ai-ah,* I remember," she whispered faintly. "I have traveled the long spirit road that leads ever outward and never back. And thou? Art thou the spirit master at whose call the gods bade me die?"

"Thou livest, little Bud of Wondrous Beauty," he answered joyfully. "From the sea I lifted thee in my arms, fearing, indeed, that thou wert dead. But a sacrifice of gold I promised for thy life, and hearing, the gods of the Sacred Temple looked down in mercy. Thou art safe and unharmed. Rest without fear."

The sloe-black eyes of the Lotus-Flower closed contentedly and she nestled deeper in the warm robes that covered her.

"A gold sacrifice that I might live," she murmured. "Aye, the gods—and thou—art good."

SHE slept and in her sleep her hand moved, restlessly questing, until it found and clung to Sing Leung's toil-hardened fingers. That subconscious confession of confidence and dependence struck to the heart core of the fisherman and thrilled him with a strange, new joy. Long he sat beside her, fearing to lift his hand lest he break her slumber, and as he watched the smile of happy security on the ivory lips of the child-woman flung to him from the sea by the gods, dream pictures again filled Sing's mind. But these pictures were not of the village of San-chui-hien on the banks of the muddy Siang.

Not until a sunbeam touched her eyelids did Sun Loy Lo awaken. Her sea-soaked garments lay across her couch, dried and ironed to silky smoothness. Sing stood by the stove, and the odor of tea and steaming rice was in the air. The girl rose and clothed herself, the innocence in her eyes uncontaminated by an evil thought, for in the code of the ancient East a maiden avoids evil and, secure in conscience, is unaware of lying appearances. But as she dressed behind Sing Leung's back in the cabin's one room, Sun Loy Lo would have blushed with shame had she spoken before being spoken to, for even a Cantonese knows that a woman (unless she has borne her lord a son and thereby achieved the privilege) dishonors herself by such immoral boldness.

Sing Leung's eyes were still alight with the afterglow of the night's dream pictures when at last he turned to the girl waiting in patient silence behind him.

"Thou art hungry, little flower?" he questioned.

"After my lord has finished," she answered as was proper.

"Not so. It is my desire that together we sit to rice," Sing replied, knowing that only by a command could her well-bred aversion to the impropriety be overcome.

"At thy command I obey," the Lotus-Flower agreed, and deftly she served his tea and rice and goat flesh and seated herself at his side.

And then in answer to Sing's questions she, and he too, forgot food as she told him of herself—of how her father, being poor, luckily had been able to sell her for many cash to a Suey Sing tongman, keeper of the House of a Hundred Slaves in San Francisco; of her fear and wonder at the great boat that "travels with much fire within it though it burns not;" of the landing in Mexico, where she with eight others was put upon the boat of the "Man-devil, black of face and blacker of heart;" and, lastly, with little hands clenched and eyes wide at the memory of those minutes of horror, the Lotus-Flower told how she had seen the eight flung into the sea before she herself had chosen its mercilessness in preference to the clutching hands of the Finn.

THE white flame of anger burned hot in Sing's heart as he heard and, with fierce malediction, called on the Dwellers of the Dark to avenge the wrong. And then, striving to conquer his pride as the Lotus-Flower clapped her hands and exclaimed in wonder and delight, he led her from the cabin and showed her his flocks of goats grazing in the valley that none claimed but himself. With a gentle hand he helped her to scale the rocks as he guided her with strange, new, joyous pride over the island that was his domain. Seeing it anew in the fresh delight of the Lotus-Flower's eyes, Sing discovered unguessed loveliness in the green, flower-strewn slopes of his valley; found new beauty in the cliffs that towered, stark and rugged, above the blue-green sea; and was conscious of a subtle happiness under the warm caress of the California sunshine. Forgotten now was the village of San-chui-hien.

Returning, he left Sun Loy Lo in the doorway of his cabin.

"I go now to my fishing," he announced. "When the sun touches the water I shall return to thee."

He hesitated, turned away and then stopped to look back at her.

"On the morning of the seventh sun I shall cross the water to the land of the *fan quai,*" Sing Leung said, a hint of pain in his voice. "Then will I carry thee safely thither, placing thee with those who will take thee to thy journey's end without danger—to thy true master for whose many cash thy father sold thee, little Lotus-Flower."

A swift shadow clouded the pure light of happiness in the eyes of the girl-woman who looked down upon Sing Leung from the cabin doorway.

"Thy will is my will," she answered slowly, and in her words spoke the countless generations of suppressed womanhood behind her.

When Sing returned at nightfall his table was set, his food was hot upon the stove, his pipe lay ready beside a lighted brazier and his once untidy cabin was a speckless spot of cleanliness and order. In a corner was spread a second pallet of sea-moss covered with goat-skins.

"Great has been thy industry, O Lotus-Flower," he exclaimed admiringly, "but the weariness of thy little hands is a grief to my heart."

Her smile of joy at his praise was like the quick unfolding of a bud at the touch of the sun.

"If the labor of thy slave's unworthy hands has pleased thee, happy, indeed, will they rest tonight," she answered.

Long after Sun Loy Lo was asleep upon her couch of goat-skins that night, Sing Leung sat in his doorway smoking and gazing off with brooding eyes of unhappiness across the dark miles of water that separated him and the Lotus-Flower from the mainland where waited the House of a Hundred Slaves.

AS he fished slowly along the Anacapa Banks next day, Sing Leung looked up and saw a moving fleck of yellow silk against the cliff crest. Watching, he saw that it followed his boat. The Lotus-Flower was accompanying him, peeping down with the stealth of modesty as he fished, and at the knowledge Sing's heart sang and for a moment the brooding cloud vanished from his eyes.

Loudly he called up to her to come to him and in a moment her eager feet were at the water's edge. Sing drove his boat against a bit of sandy beach.

"Enter, Flower of Sweetness," he invited. "The fish are full-fed and wary this day. Come with me that thy bright eyes may entice them to my lines."

Joyously she sprang in and clapped her hands when his luck straightway improved. Thereafter they fished together daily and Sing's hours of labor that once had seemed long fled so swiftly that he berated the sun for its unseemly haste as it dipped at nightfall below the horizon.

The winged days slipped by and on the morning of the seventh Sing made ready for his journey across the channel to the coast. All night he had lain sleepless on his couch, tortured by a pain that destroyed the happiness he had found in the companionship of the Lotus-Flower. Always the ugly thought of the master to whom she was bound by law—the master of the House of a Hundred Slaves—rose in his mind to taunt him. He longed to pour out his pouch of gold and buy her away from that master to be his forever on Anacapa. But he hesitated, questioning, doubting, suffering. Life in the slave house to such as his Lotus-Flower would be one of bejeweled luxury and music and gayety, of triumph, too, for her beauty was great—also one of entire respectability, for that daughter honors herself who fulfills the bond sealed by her father—honors herself equally either in marriage or in serfdom. From such a life he might buy her to be his wife in his poor island cabin, but if she came to him regretfully with the sunshine gone from her eyes, as logically might be expected, Sing Leung knew that the happiness of possession would be forever dead in his heart.

His cargo was loaded, his boat ready before he spoke to Sun Loy Lo.

"All is prepared. Art thou ready, little Lotus-Flower?" he asked.

"Aye, I am—ready," she replied hesitatingly, her eyes downcast, her lips trembling forlornly. And then came hot, irrestrainable tears.

In an instant Sing Leung was beside her, drawing her tenderly within his eager arms. *(Continued on page ooo)*

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In an instant Sing Leung was beside her drawing her tenderly within his eager arms

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THE LITTLE LORD OF ALL THE EARTH

(Continued from page 37)

"O Lotus-Flower, my little Lotus-Flower," he whispered in a voice unsteady with boundless love, "dry the waters of sorrow in thy eyes, for thy tears quicken my heart with joy. I love thee. I have longed to buy thee but feared in this unworthy house of mine to see unhappiness grow in thy eyes and to find regret stifling thy smile of gladness. If it is not so—speak, Child of Beauty."

The girl crept closer within his arms, her face hidden against his breast.

"O my lord, my master, my beloved," she whispered. "Art thine eyes blind? Have they not read the secret of my too-bold heart that yearns for thee? If thou desirest me for thine own, then, indeed, is my cup of happiness overfilled."

As he lifted her slender, yielding body and crushed it against his breast Sing Leung knew that never before had he known even the meaning of true happiness.

"This day will I empty my gold at the tonghouse of the Four Brothers with the command that thou shalt be bought from thy Suey Sing master," he promised joyously. But at his words the Lotus-Flower slipped quickly from his arms.

"Not so, my beloved," she objected. "Let my foolish voice counsel thy wisdom. Be not hasty in buying me with thy gold. Be patient and when my master of the House of a Hundred Slaves, finding no trace of me, accounts me vanished beyond reclaiming, and grieves mightily at the loss of his many cash—then shalt thou offer few cash for thy chance of finding the slave he has not; and he, having nothing, will take thy little with eager fingers. So shalt my beloved lord profit much."

True Chinese logic was in the words of the Lotus-Flower, and Sing Leung agreed gladly, seeing that love had opened to her the pages of the Book of Wisdom.

SING LEUNG'S catboat, burrowing into the spume of each foam-crested wave, was beating out from the mainland to Anacapa. Sing's face was drenched with sea-spray and gray with anxiety. His worn, yellow hands trembled on the tiller as he forced the boat into the half-gale until a flood of water boiled aft through the scuppers. At his first glimpse of the Anacapa cliffs, caught through patches of the driving mist, he stood up and studied a certain cleft in their summit with desperate eagerness and growing fear. The speck of yellow he looked for was not there.

"*Ai-ah*," he moaned, "if aught of evil has happened in my absence—if my offering to the gods be in vain—then, indeed, woe is mine."

Driving into his cove with reckless haste, he leaped ashore and sprang up the path to his cabin. At the top he paused, stayed by the hand of fear, for no smoke drifted up from the empty chimney; no light-footed Lotus-Flower danced from his doorway to throw herself joyfully into his arms. Slowly Sing opened the door and entered.

And then in an instant, answering the cry that greeted him, he was kneeling beside the couch mumbling broken prayers of thankfulness as he caressed his Lotus-Flower—a weak and weary little flower whose face was haggard with great suffering but whose eyes were bright with a greater happiness.

"Ah, my beloved one, my beloved one," she whispered again and yet again, raising a weak hand to his face in a gentle touch of endearment. Tears were on her cheeks but they were drops of joy. She smiled up into Sing's anxious face and in her smile was pride beyond measure.

"See, beloved husband of my heart," she whispered, raising the robe that covered her and revealing the tiny babe that nestled sleepily against her breast. "I have given thee a son, a man-child—our first-born. See, O dearest one, see."

The newborn one stirred and opened his eyes into Sing's awed face. The tiniest of tiny fingers uncurled and groped until they clutched the father's finger.

"He reaches for thy hand," cried the little mother, marveling at the miracle of such sagacity. "Already he knows thee. Already the seeds of wisdom ripen within the Little Lord of All the Earth. Ah, never, never, was such a child. How shall thy son be named, my husband?"

"As thou hast named him, O Lotus-Flower," Sing answered, his voice trembling with happiness. "Sing Kee Wu Chung, the Little Lord of All the Earth, shall he be called. A Four Brother tongman is he at birth and greatly shall all men marvel at his wisdom and his courage."

"Ah, such happiness as this lies not elsewhere beneath the skies," Sun Loy Lo murmured, nestling the babe closer against her heart. "A Four Brother man-child—thy son and mine."

"The offering to the gods for which thou bade me travel from thee has been fulfilled," Sing added devoutly. "The good gods have listened and smiled upon me, their slave."

"And thou hast smiled upon me, thy slave. Life—and thou—art kind beyond all hope, my beloved one."

The Lotus-Flower's voice faded into the silence of slumber; and Sing, watching beside her and the Little Lord of All the Earth, knew the fulfillment of all desire.

DURING the first summer of his life the Little Lord of All the Earth thrived and strengthened amazingly and soon began to look upon the world with solemn eyes of discernment. On warm, sunny days his mother carried him to the fishing boat and together they accompanied Sing Leung. Long days, but all too short in the passing were these, for the music of achieved love and happiness sang in the breast of Sun Loy Lo and was echoed from the heart of Sing.

In the evenings she sewed, fashioning wondrous garments for the babe from the silky-fleeced kidskins that Leung prepared. As she worked, the father cuddled the Little Lord fondly in his arms and read aloud the ancient wisdom of the "Analects of Confucius," knowing that thus a child may absorb knowledge as a sponge absorbs water. So, as the summer slipped into a golden-brown autumn, no faintest cloud marred the serenity of the sky of life for the three who dwelt upon the island of Anacapa.

But in the fifth moon of the Little Lord's life Sing Leung and Sun Loy Lo made ready for a journey of much moment. Even the most ignorant knows that within six moons of birth a babe must be protected by intricate temple ritual and sacrificial offerings from the malevolence of the evil ones called Dwellers on the Threshold who lurk in the great rim of darkness that surrounds the world. Also the Lotus-Flower had been fifteen months upon Anacapa—no man but Sing knowing that she lived—and he longed with ever-increasing impatience to hold the sealed bond of her rightful master, thus making her his own by the authority of law. Therefore he determined on the journey to San Francisco, there to buy protection for the Little Lord against the Evil Ones and for Sun Loy Lo from the ever-hovering menace of the House of a Hundred Slaves.

THEY crossed to Ventura in the fishing boat and there took the railway for San Francisco. It was a journey of wondrous adventure to the Lotus-Flower, to whom the train was a fearsomely delightful miracle. Secretly she was greatly afraid and rejoiced proudly at the easy courage of Sing and the Little Lord, who were without fear.

But when at last after nightfall they emerged from the San Francisco terminal into the hurry and turmoil and clangor of a crowded metropolitan street, lined with buildings so high their roofs were lost in the fog, then, truly, fear clutched the heart of the Lotus-Flower and she strained the Little Lord of All the Earth against a palpitating breast and clung desperately to the protecting hand of Sing Leung.

"Fear nothing, Little Flower," he comforted. "To my familiar feet the city of the *fan quai* is as a long-read book and safe for thee—"

"There's one that'll do. Grab 'im, Mike," interrupted a heavy voice. A rough hand seized Sing Leung by the collar and shook him fiercely as he turned his head.

"C'mon, yuh heathen. We need yuh," commanded a second harsh voice, and the

KERRIGAN'S KID

He's the touchstone, so to speak, of one of the best baseball stories you ever read. It is by Gerald Beaumont, all of whose best sporting stories are appearing in this magazine. It will be published in an early issue.

Why Miss Elliott Won

All the girls in the office looked around enviously as Miss Elliott passed. She had come into the office over a year before—a demure little lady, who took her dictation and slowly hammered it out on the typewriter. Now she was the general manager's secretary at a salary double that of the other girls, and some of them who had been there several years did not like it.

Over Their Heads

I sought the general manager, determined to know why he had selected her. The general manager was one of those men who are all business. I knew perfectly well he had real business reasons, and I wanted to know why Miss Elliott had landed the coveted place, over the heads of girls of longer experience.

He declared it was simply a matter of merit. "Why, when that girl came into the office, she was just the average—quiet, unassuming and slow. In a few months I noticed her speed was increasing and her work was more accurate. She seemed as fresh at 4 o'clock as she was at 9, and before long she did twice as much work as any other stenographer and did it easier."

Recognize That Service

"Any business man would recognize that kind of service. I know when she takes my letters they will be in my hands very shortly, neat as wax and free from errors. I don't know that about any other one of the girls. Consequently, she is worth twice as much because she does twice as much, and we pay it."

I waylaid Miss Elliott on her way back from lunch, and she told me how she had won her phenomenal speed and accuracy.

"When I came into the office, I was a fairly good stenographer, but the writing out of my notes took a long time and wore me out at the end of the day. One day I spoke of it to a friend who is the secretary to a big lawyer. She told me how she won her place through the instruction offered by a school at Springfield, Ohio."

No Chance to Lose

"I looked up their advertising and wrote for their book. It told about the wonderful new way of training the fingers until they almost thought for themselves. It pointed out that stenography is only half—that expert typewriting is just as valuable. It offered me the course of instruction on a money-back guarantee.

"I saw I couldn't lose. When the first lesson arrived, I knew how valuable it could be made. The clever finger exercises and the ability to write really without ever thinking of the keyboard increased my speed to double—and the work could be done with half the effort. My promotion followed. I owe my success to the Tulloss School at Springfield, Ohio, and the manager tells me I am just starting."

Such inquiry as I made convinced me any girl who is ambitious for a better place and a better salary could do as Miss Elliott did—and at the same time do her work with less effort and more ease.

I learned that this course is entirely different from any other instruction, and that the ten easy lessons need not interfere with work. I sent for their book, and its convincing proofs together with the unusual money-back guarantee, satisfied me of the great opportunity it offers to typists to earn more.

Write for this free book and convince yourself. Address:

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hand that held him dragged Sing swiftly backward toward a closed wagon in which, handcuffed in pairs to a chain, were a dozen wildly chattering Chinese.

Sun Loy Lo stifled her scream and at the instinctive urge of motherhood shrank into the concealing shadow of a cellarway. Protesting vehemently, Sing Leung struggled in the grip of his captor. At his first glimpse of the huddled band within the wagon he realized he was in the custody of the *suey gon how* (government immigration officers). He knew, too, they blundered in arresting him, for in the innermost pocket of his innermost blouse was his registration card bearing his photograph and officially attesting his right to be upon United States soil.

"Me got *fan quai* plesident plaper," he protested, desperately determined to force the mistaken officers to examine his credentials instantly that he might return to his panic-stricken Lotus-Flower. "You look see plicture allee samee me. No takee me jail-house. I likee go Chineetown velly quick."

"Registration papers, eh," snapped the officer who held him. "Let's see 'em."

With a polite bow and smiling confidently, Sing Leung burrowed beneath the quilted thicknesses of his blouse and drew out the precious, protecting packet. The officer glanced at the certificate, saw that the attached photograph was a true likeness of his captive and then stuffed papers and picture into the sewer-hole at his feet.

Sing cried out in furious consternation.

"Aw, shut up or I'll bash yer yaller face in," the officer interrupted. "Yuh never had no papers. A free trip tuh China fer you, me bucko."

Inexorably the man dragged Sing to the patrol wagon, flung him in and snapped a handcuff on his wrist.

"Who says we aint got the twelve Chinks we started with?" the officer chuckled, winking at his companion. "I'll say we're lucky, Ben, tuh find one down here when we needed 'im so bad. Both our jobs was blowed if we'd showed up at dock a man short again. How d'yuh figger that other slinky divil slipped his cuff an' beat it w'ile we was havin' them coupla smiles in Kelly's Place. But we've got twelve now. Let's go."

AS the second officer, with a nod and grimace of satisfaction, climbed to the driver's seat and the wagon rattled off toward the Pacific Mail dock, cold beads of terror poured from the forehead of Sing Leung. His fate was no mystery to him now. All Chinatown knew that often on the way to the steamer gold touched the palms of the *suey gon how* and a Chinese wishing to return to his native land was substituted for one ordered deported. He realized he had been picked up to fill the place of the Chinese who had fled. Except for a miracle he was bound for China, and at the thought of his Lotus-Flower and the Little Lord of All the Earth alone and defenceless against the dual perils of the *fan quai* law and the House of a Hundred Slaves, his heart quivered with great dread. He pleaded with the officer, his manacled hands outstretched beseechingly. He drew gold from the pouch within his blouse and offered it eagerly. An avaricious glint flashed in the white man's eyes but he shook his head.

"Nothin' doin', Chink," he said regretfully.

At the dock Sing Leung's last glimmer of hope died. As he and his companions were driven aboard the steamer, his desperate eyes roamed the long wharf seeking some countryman who might carry a message to the Four Brother tong-house. The dock was deserted and utter hopelessness overwhelmed Sing as he was herded to the steerage and left there, a prisoner, facing the dreaded certainty of the morning. When the *Manchuria* glided slowly out through the Golden Gate next day, China-bound, he lay in her hold, a man crushed and broken, whose martyrdom was the price of a "coupla smiles at Kelly's."

FROM the concealment of the cellarway Sun Loy Lo saw Sing jerked to the patrol wagon and flung in. She heard the clink of the chain as the handcuff was snapped upon his wrist. The wagon rumbled away and she was alone, a fleck of yellow flotsam adrift in an alien city of white men which, to the girl-mother's Oriental mind, menaced with countless unknown dangers. As she sobbed in natural surrender to her grief and anxiety, the Little Lord of All the Earth stirred in her arms and she looked down fondly at him sleeping in the peace of ignorance.

"Oh, little son of my heart, though thy father has been taken from thee by the evil *fan quai*, naught shall harm thee," she promised bravely. "So shall I achieve merit in my lord's eyes when again I lay thee safely in his arms."

She hugged the babe tighter against her breast and felt her courage grow strong under the spur of necessity. And if you to whom a city is not a place of unknown and fearsome perils, question the quality of that courage it is because you have not guessed the misgiving and dread in the timorous heart of the child-woman—the Lotus-Flower lacked a month of being fourteen—who crouched in the cellarway nursing her child through that long night of fear.

At daybreak a Chinese laundryman, returning from a Chinatown gambling place, passed by the cellar and heard a timid step at his side as a hand clutched his blouse sleeve.

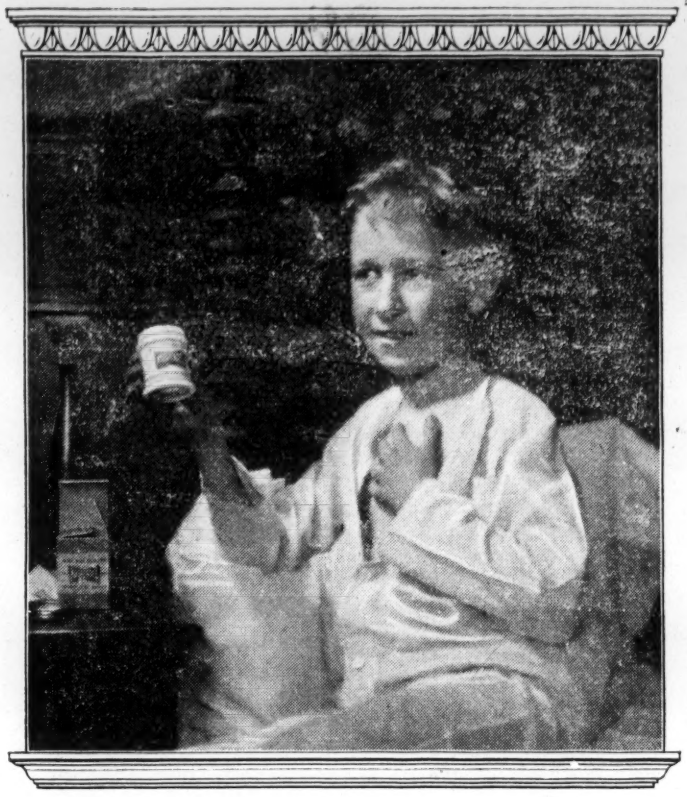
"The *suey gon how* of evil hearts have seized the husband of my house," the Lotus-Flower said, driven to quick speech by the dangers of the open street. "Guide me speedily to the tong-house of the Four Brothers, that I may find shelter and safety for my lord's first-born. Thus the gods, rejoicing in thy act of merit, shall shower thy life with blessing."

The surprise on the face of the Chinese became wary deliberation at the urge of his racial reluctance against precipitate action. He stared down in silence at Sun Loy Lo as he gravely digested her words.

"Delay not," she urged fearfully. The man continued his silent meditation and then, as it must to those who obey the cautious precepts of the book of Confucius, a wise and proper solution came to him.

"Come," he commanded, guiding her to a street-car.

Page 129 Full page ad.



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And what a scene there was! Probably Dad didn't mention that—how he fussed and squirmed when Grandma put the sticky, messy plaster on his protesting chest. It was a harsh but effective remedy.

Now when Dad's son has a cold, Mother uses Musterole. She just rubs a little of that clean white ointment on his chest and throat. First there is a gentle tingle, then a soothing coolness. And way down deep underneath the coolness, where the Musterole has penetrated, there is generated a peculiar heat which soon dissipates congestion and sends the cold away.

Musterole is good for so many things—for aches and pains, for instance, as well as for colds. Keep it always handy in the house.

At all drug stores, jars at 35c and 65c. $3.00 hospital size.

Better Than a Mustard Plaster

No other word was spoken between them as they journeyed across the city. At Jackson Street her guide motioned to her to follow and, leaving the car, led the Lotus-Flower into a transplanted bit of the Orient, belovedly familiar in the shrill babble of its Chinese speech, in the shuffle of its slippered feet, in the cloying scent of odors strange to white nostrils. The girl's heart quickened with great joy.

"O little son of the mighty Four Brothers, danger now lies behind us," she whispered into the ear hidden against her bosom. "Great shall be the pleasure and praise in thy father's eyes when he is restored to us and hears this deed we have done."

In the very heart of Chinatown the laundryman entered a store and behind it, through many doors, conducted the Lotus-Flower to a silent room of great size lighted by a single oil taper.

"Thy name?" he queried.

"Sun Loy Lo."

"Wait. I go to inform the tong-masters concerning thee."

AT his peculiar Oriental tap, made with the backs of the fingernails, a door, invisible in the shadowy walls of the room, opened soundlessly, and he disappeared into the sanctum of his tong.

No faintest sound, no distant murmur of voices, no rustle of silken garments nor soft shuffle of a sandal reached the patient Lotus-Flower as she waited. Gradually a foreboding of fresh evil grew upon her, though she counseled herself against it. The silence grew in intensity until it became a wall in the far darkness of the tong-room, shutting her off from the world of the living. Close about her she sensed something threatening and iniquitous—an impalpable atmosphere of mystery and secret, hidden purposes that waited and watched with eyes that always were behind her. The Lotus-Flower shivered and pressed the Little Lord closer against her bosom.

Hours passed.

Then, so suddenly that Sun Loy Lo sprang up and cried out in uncontrollable alarm, the room blazed with electric light. As she peered about her with blinded eyes, a door opened and behind a servant who bowed low as his master passed, there entered an old man, with the long beard of age and wisdom, and the gold-embroidered robes of exalted office. Behind him followed a second man, younger, whose keen eyes as they fell upon the Lotus-Flower were eagerly alert and jubilant.

"Thy name, slave girl," commanded the aged chief of the tong.

"Sun Loy Lo, Mighty One of Unreckonable Wisdom."

"Thy voice is the voice of truth. Wherefore art thou here?"

Quickly the girl told her story. At her recital of the murders done by Uleaborg the Finn, the face of the aged master grew stern and a sibilance of authoritative anger came from his lips. But as she told of Sing Leung and the Little Lord his face was an inscrutable mask. The dire misfortune that had befallen at the hands of the white men was swiftly related.

"So to the tong-house of my lord's brotherhood I begged guidance of the one who brought me hither, knowing that the might and wisdom of the Four Brothers

A Shining, Sanitary Closet Bowl

You can have a closet bowl that's as shining white as new and absolutely sanitary. Scrubbing and scouring are not necessary. *Sani-Flush* cleans so thoroughly that disinfectants are not necessary. Just sprinkle a little into the bowl, according to the directions on the can. Flush. Rust marks, stains and incrustations will all disappear, leaving the bowl and hidden trap thoroughly cleaned.

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Again the girl cried out at the pain of a new and mortal wound.

"The words of Bock Eye, thy master, overflow with truth and just law," agreed the tong chief. "The bond sealed by thy father is unfulfilled. Thou shalt fulfill it. Such is the judgment of the Law of the Ages."

"*Ai-ah, ai-ah!* Woe, oh, woe unbearable, engulfs me," moaned the crushed Lotus-Flower, for the law of the tongs is the Law, immutable, adamant, unbreakable—something whose just pronouncement could not be denied even by the might of the Four Brothers.

"When the night has grown old and the meddling eyes of the white women of the mission-house are closed in sleep, I shall return and take her to my House of a Hundred Slaves," declared Bock Eye, ignoring his chattel's cry of grief as though it were unheard. His eye fell upon the child and grew dark with displeasure.

"What of yonder ill-born devil's son?" he queried of the tong chief. "Him I want not within my house."

No sound passed the lips of the Lotus-Flower, but the Little Lord felt the suddenly tightened pressure of her protecting arms. The old tongman pondered.

"The child shall remain in the house of the Suey Sings," he decided, letting malice lurk within his words. "A Four Brother—not he, henceforth. He shall remain here and become the servant of this, a greater tong."

The men rose. At an unseen signal the noiseless doors re-opened and they departed, their satisfaction full-fed, while behind them, the Lotus-Flower's tears of despair wetted the face of the Little Lord of All the Earth.

THE day had become night. A tray of food brought by an aged hag lay untouched at Sun Loy Lo's feet as she crouched in the half-darkness nursing her child, while her spirit throbbed to the anguish of a future barren of hope. Worse than the slave-house that menaced her, worse, even, than the irreclaimable loss of Sing Leung, her beloved, was the fate promised the Little Lord. Sing Leung's son, born a Four Brother, bound as a servant of the despised Suey Sings! And she, his mother, must smile within the House of a Hundred Slaves for the profit of a hated master, also a Suey Sing! This, indeed, was the ultimate of dishonor; not to her—little that would have mattered—but to Sing Leung and the Little Lord.

Beloved Anacapa rose before the Lotus-Flower's tear-filmed eyes, that happy haven of security, rich in dear memories. Minute by minute she re-lived each of the too few days spent there—re-lived them from the second her eyes first opened upon the face of Sing to that last moment when she turned her head in the fishing boat and saw Anacapa's cliffs merge slowly into the gathering mist of nightfall. *Ai-ah! Ai-ah!*

And then the inconceivable happened. Something new that defied the men-masters of her fate—something that defied even the might of the tong law—swept over the Lotus-Flower's heart like a wind-blown flame. She trembled, for the fettering traditions of the centuries were strong, yet answered the compelling, new-made demand upon her.

Stealthily she rose and felt along the walls, with fingers suddenly grown sentient, for *one* among the many doors concealed there. It was long before she found it, but at last her fingers touched a spring, a panel rolled back and she fled into a pitch-dark passage. Following its narrow, tortuous windings, she passed many doors from behind which came the soft hiss of opium pipes. Though none pursued (for who would guess a slave girl might defy the Law?) she hurried ever faster in her blind flight until a door barred her way. Opening it, she found a rotted stairway leading down into impenetrable blackness. Rats squeaked and scurried about her feet as she descended and came, at last after many windings, to a steel door barred from within. When, after a long effort, it creaked grudgingly open and she slipped through it, the Lotus-Flower looked up and saw above her a clear night sky studded with stars—the same bright beacons of happiness she once had counted so joyously at Sing Leung's side on Anacapa. Instinctively she turned her face to the west—there lay Anacapa—and stole away into the night.

Through many long hours of flight the Lotus-Flower defied weariness until her worn feet stood upon the outermost of a ledge of rocks that jutted seaward from a deserted beach against which the surf rolled with a soothing, low rumble as at Anacapa. She rejoiced at the comforting familiarity of the sound and at the cool touch of the water that lapped about her ankles.

Somewhere before her in the darkness that covered the great water was Home. Behind her—far behind—was the Suey Sing tong-house and the shame it sought to cast upon the two cherished man-beings whose honor was sacred.

At the ocean's edge, with the Little Lord in her arms, Sun Loy Lo's heart was light with the joy of her marvelous achievement. But the child might have guided her to the island toward which she had set her face as easily as the little Lotus-Flower could guess the solution of the white men's mysteries of travel.

Perplexity overcame her. Long she stood gazing yearningly out over the water on which, somewhere, was a great boat carrying Sing Leung ever farther away.

"O my beloved, guide me with thy wisdom," she cried beseechingly. "Wherever thou art, hear thy Lotus-Flower's cry. Counsel me, O dear lord of my heart, for now—"

In the exaltation of her prayer the Lotus-Flower stepped forward.

Gently—almost kindly, it seemed—the ebbing tide took her and the Little Lord of All the Earth unto itself and bore them, together, out into the darkness of oblivion.

A life-guard came upon them next day lying on the beach so serenely peaceful that at first he thought they slept.

IN the sixth month, Sing Leung, back from China by way of Mexico, was smuggled ashore at San Francisco and on flying feet hurried to the Four Brothers' tong-house. His eyes asked the question his tongue could not utter.

No cry of grief passed his lips as they

told him, but his eyes became the eyes of a man who feels life ebb from his heart. After long minutes he spoke.

"The law pronounced by the forever-accursed tribe of Suey Sings—was it true law, O Four Brother Master?" he demanded.

"Beyond denial the girl was Bock Eye's until gold had made her thine."

Sing Leung drew forth a pouch and poured its coins upon the table.

"Seek Bock Eye and buy now my Lotus-Flower from him that in death she may be fully mine—mine by law—mine, even as in life my perished pearl was mine own by the gift of the gods," he commanded.

So it was that the three who had left Anacapa together, returned together. So it was that the little Lotus-Flower achieved the longed-for end of the journey which the courage of love had bade her undertake.

So it is that a Chinese fisherman each evening waters with loving care the lilies that bloom upon a grave set close beside his cabin doorway on the island of Anacapa. So it is that half the profit of his each day's labor is laid aside at night as an offering to the gods from a worshiper of wooden idols whose faith is the faith of certain knowledge.

So it is that, each night as he sleeps, the Lotus-Flower, beautiful, radiant, returns to Sing Leung and in his arms whispers words of love while the Little Lord of All the Earth, now grown amazingly, cries "Father!" and climbs upon Sing's breast to be caressed.

So it is—for Sing Leung *knows*.

THE TASTE OF REVENGE

(Continued from page 70)

voice was hoarse with surprise; the Peasecod eyes popped out, and Hiram's expression became very funny. His features twisted themselves all up. It seemed almost that he was going to cry. "But girls!" he remonstrated pleadingly, "you're not going to try to sell more of that stock right away. There isn't any market for it here now, you know."

"But we've got the whole of Nevada to sell it in," remarked Blanche.

"And sixty days' time to do it in," recalled Maud, starting to open up the contract, which, it appeared, she was carrying in her purse.

"But ladies—girls—Blanche! Maud!" wheedled the pained Peasecod. "Don't you see that—it aint hardly right to—"

"A contract's a contract, isn't it?" inquired Blanche relentlessly.

"We've got a right to go ahead and sell out that five hundred and fifty thousand shares if we can, haven't we, Hiram?" demanded Maud.

"Oh, of course, if you're that—unscrupulous," Hiram admitted testily.

"Unscrupulous?" flared Blanche. "What did you give it to us for, if it was unscrupulous?" inquired Maud waspishly.

Hiram saw himself encompassed. He felt himself menaced and bullied—successfully. His small eyes turned this way and that seeking a way of escape, and there was none.

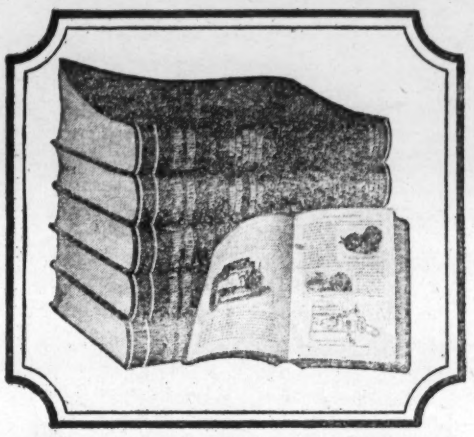
"Go to it," he snapped sullenly, "if you want to; but remember, you got to get fifteen cents for this stock under the contract, and your commission is only one-third. You can't get anybody to buy the stuff, either."

With his revived faith in Blue Camel, Hiram did not any more want to sell this additional treasury stock than he wanted to sell his right eye. "It would be just like 'em to sell it, though," he complained to himself as he walked back to the office. "You never can tell about women. 'Taint any more remarkable, either, if they sell the second lot than it was that they sold the first."

HIRAM'S misgivings proved perfectly correct. By afternoon Blue Camel was being absorbed once more in Chambersburg. The absorptions continued on Tuesday, and it was no longer the hoisting engineers and the bootblacks who bought. It was the wise ones of the town, who could write their checks for five- and ten-thousand share lots. But on this same Tuesday, Hiram received that information which put an end to the exquisite agony he was suffering with the sale of every share of Blue Camel now. A report came in from the assayers on the most likely-looking vein material the trench exploration had developed. "Trace—Trace—Nil. . . . . Trace. . . . . Nil. . . . . Nil," read the reports. Before these inexorable analyses Hiram's faith died, but his hope of gain still survived. There was yet a market for Blue Camel in the town—a suspicious market. It could no longer be the mere public that was buying, but some large private or corporate interest, following a hunch that Hiram now knew was false. His eyes glittered with a great cupidity. He could not profit by the widows' sales of treasury stock, for money in the treasury was not his. The company treasury was not his private pocket.

But he owned personally four hundred and eighty thousand shares of promotion stock, tied up in the sixty-day pool, with the two hundred thousand shares of the same belonging to Miss Ruby Rosenstirn, his secretary, and the others. These others were Lonnie Coon, fifty thousand shares, compensation for having surveyed the property and rendered other supposedly valuable services, and ten thousand shares each held by Gib Randall and Joe Neidig, two miners, in order to enable them to serve as dummy directors. What service Miss Rosenstirn had rendered which enabled her to chisel a whole two hundred thousand shares out of Peasecod was possibly not clear except to himself, but Ruby was a shrewd girl.

Hiram now decided swiftly to break this pool, to do which a meeting of the board of directors of Blue Camel must be held. This was accomplished by the simple maneuver of calling Miss Ruby in from the outer room and beckoning Gib Randall in from the box on which he sat whittling on the curb, thus as-



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Jerome Revised
-146 = Pirates

SYNOPSIS

by Sophie Irene Loeb.

This story has for its basis the fight of two thousand years of the Jew to regain his Home Land which has led up to the World War, when the Zion Mule Corps and Jewish Battalion were made up of Jewish boys, organized under the British Flag, who went forth to fight for Palestine as did their ancestors, with the same battle-cry "Next Year Jerusalem" - a continued soul-stirring purpose that leads up till to-day.

But permeated all through the story is the religious intolerance and persecution, the force of which constantly stirs the winds of the world and prevents the peace that has been sought through the generations.

The hope of the World War was that there would be gained for every nation, no matter how small, the right to live its life without persecution and tyranny. And the various nations of the world went forth to fight with this one vision - the belief that atthe final Peace Table there would be the end of all wars, and that intolerance would be dealt the final blow,- the fight of the Turk against the Armenian, the Japanese against the Chinese, etc. The Jew is used in this story only to represent the most flagrant and unceasing type of persecution.

The play presents the three big epoch-making fights to keep the Holy Land, by Joshua, David, and Judas Maccabeas.

The story begins with the present World War and the group of Jews who went forward under the Flag of Davi , from which it goes back to the time of Joshua and the other periods, but always with the modern condition and efforts to regain that self-same Home-Land - some place where he might not be forever discriminated against and excluded.

The characters who are found in the modern scenes are the same which go back into the three epochs mentioned, the purpose of this being to protray the same enemy forces that have opposed the Jew, have come down through the Ages until today, only being vested in different personalities.

There are no battle scenes in the picture, the nearest approach to one being when the British General, Allenby, enters Jerusalem, in the last scene. There are, however, a few small skirmishes and detachment actions. All the historical situations are authentic, alternating ancient with modern.

EVERETT MASON. Mason was also an elderly gentleman, but different from Henry. He was of that type which reluctantly relinquish their youthful follies. At the age of fifty or more he still cast longing glances at the very youthful of the opposite sex. The sort of an elderly man who affects Clever Cut Clothes, carnations in the buttonhole and bamboo canes. One of those who think youth like love is blind and really imagine they are impressing the Sweet Young Things. In short Everett was what a vulgarian with an aptitude for description has styled "a chicken fancier". Young ideas, follow them around and all that sort of thing. Regrettable but true Everett was looking for everything he could get and how, when or where he got it made no difference. He met the Big 4 also.

PAYSON HAYWARD. A very energetic and serious young man. A sort of Diogenes, looking for an honest woman and wearing that peculiar wistful look, common in his type.

BEULAH REILLY, a housekeeper. Thoroughly Irish except in her taste for whisky, which was Scotch.

The Zola book is so filled with blasphemy which has no connection with the main plot, I am sure it is not the plot which caused the book to be put on the Index.

It was nice seeing you again - I do hope we may ad2

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COLLECTION
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3-VIA-MIZNER
PALM BEACH

Feb. 17.

Dear Mr. Griffith,

Here is a synopsis of the Lourdes story — it would be enough I think for the Catholic experts to find out whether or not it might offend the church.

get together when I return.

Best wishes always,

Anita Loos

D. W. GRIFFITH COLLECTION
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SYNOPSIS.

***

Jean and Marie, living in a little French village, have been sweethearts from childhood and are planning to marry. The marriage does not please Jean's mother. She is very fond of Marie, but being tremendously devout, she has raised her son to be a priest, and is disappointed that he has other plans.

The marriage bans are read and a betrothal celebration given. On their way home from the betrothal fete, Jean is helping Marie over a style at the edge of a field when she falls and injures her spine.

Jean tenderly carries her home, the village doctor is sent for and finds that Marie is paralyzed. They hope for a cure - specialists are sent for - but as time goes on it becomes apparent that the injury is incurable - Marie must spend her life in an invalid's chair. She can never marry.

Jean, broken hearted, decides to join the church since it has so long been the ardent wish of his mother. He becomes a priest in order to make his mother happy, but he is an unbelieving priest and carries out his holy duties merely by rote.

Marie, however, has never lost faith in her religion and it hurts her that Jean has become bitter, cynical and unbelieving. When she remonstrates with him, he has only one answer; "If there is a God why did he let this happen to us?"

Jean is made head of the village church and Marie can see that the effect of his unbelief and insincerity is bad for his little flock. Cynicism is taking the place of faith - without realizing it themselves, the flock is being led astray.

She pleads with Jean to try and regain the simple faith of his childhood. He cannot do it - he has become too imbittered.

Finally an inspiration comes to Marie - she will go to Lourdes and ask the Holy Virgin to make her well. She tells Jean of it - and her faith in the cure is so pathetic that he has not the heart to tell her what he himself believes; that it is nonsense. He agrees to go with her and, accompanied by her uncle and aunt with whom she lives, they start on their pilgrimage.

They arrive at the famous shrine in the height of the season, when from eighty to two hundred thousand pilgrims from all over the world are gathered to do homage to the Virgin of Lourdes.

Marie catches the fever of excitement which is current in the air. Rumors of miraculous cures which have taken place that very day

reach them. The gorgeous pageant of the church ceremonies taking place in the village streets thrill her. She begins to dream of living once more; of being active and happy. She is sure the Virgin will hear her. Jean tries not to let her see that he thinks it is all an empty show.

Marie insists that they leave her in her invalid's chair all night before the Holy Grotto to spend the night alone with the Virgin in prayer and supplication. Although Marie prays with an ecstasy of belief, one night after another goes by and when Jean comes to fetch her in the morning, he finds her just as he left her the night before.

Time is drawing near when they must leave. The last night comes. Marie still pathetically hopeful says to them; "This is the night of the miracle! I shall be well tomorrow."

She spends the night as usual, under the stars before the statue of the Virgin which crowns the Holy Grotto. After an entire night of almost agonized supplication, dawn starts to appear and Marie is still the hopeless paralytic. In a frenzy of disappointment and despair, she turns on the Virgin and cries out in agony that Jean is right, there is no God! She will never believe again.

Jean finds her exhausted, her spirit crushed,her hope gone. With a tender cynicism he sympathizes with her, tries to comfort her, and takes her away.

They prepare to leave Lourdes that evening. As evening comes on, the gentle Marie begins to feel aghast at the terrible life which looms ahead of her. Without faith to comfort and sustain her, what will life become? Perhaps, after all, she was wrong. Had not her supplication to the Virgin been utterly selfish? Suppose she had been healed, would not her return to health have caused Jean to wish to marry her and break his holy vows?

Then, in bitter humiliation, she remembered the dreadful things she had said before the Holy Grotto. Truly she had not been worthy of the miracle. Doubt had probably been in her mind all along, just as it was now.

Uncle, aunt and Jean came to take her to the station. They are to walk, Jean wheeling the invalid chair. They come to the main roadway which winds through the village street, just as the evening procession of pilgrims starts to wend its way to the Basilica. They are stopped by the procession and have to wait.

The evening procession consists of thousands of pilgrims of all ages and conditions from all parts of the world, each

pilgrim carrying his lighted candle which shines upon his face and reveals the expression of religious ecstasy which brought him to the Shrine. There are peasants in native costume from Holland, Czecho-Slovakia, Norway, Spain, Italy, people of wealth and culture from the capitols of all Europe, children, people from America, Ireland, Germany and the candle light which shines upon each and every face reveals an ecstasy, a comfort and a belief that starts in Marie a return of her own faith. Surely there must be truth in a Belief which can produce this inspiring thing she is watching. She grasps Jean's hand in her emotion and looks up into his face for a signal that he, too, finds it beautiful. But Jean is looking on, cold and disinterested. His cynical expression stabs her.

The pilgrims start to sing their pilgrim song, each in his own native tongue. The words are different in each language, but all are singing to the same music in adoration of the Virgin.

Marie listens with a rapidly returning Faith - the words of the passing pilgrims reach her in Irish brogue, in Hungarian, in various strange patois, in true Parisian French, and the music swells to greater and greater volume.

Again she looks at Jean. If he could only feel this beautiful thing! But he is still cold, unmoved, almost sneering.

An inspiration comes to her. The miracle she asked of the Virgin, in selfishness, was denied, as it should have been. But, if she asked the Virgin another miracle - an unselfish and a worthy one? If she asked the Virgin to make Jean believe!

The procession has passed them and becomes a long line of glimmering candle lights in the distance. They start again to the station. Marie stops them, and begs one more night before the Holy Grotto. Even her devout aunt and uncle believe it folly but she persists so strongly that they give in to her wishes.

This night before the Grotto Marie spends in supplicating the Virgin to forgive her for her selfishness and blasphemy - to grant her a new prayer, a worthy prayer; that Jean be given back the faith of his childhood.

As she lies in an ecstasy of prayer, Marie suddenly sees the statue of the Virgin move graciously, the Virgin smiles, lifts up her hands in benediction and Marie finds herself sitting bolt upright unaided for the first time since her accident. With a parting smile, the Virgin again becomes the Statue.

When Jean goes to fetch Marie in the morning he sees her empty chair which has rolled to the foot of the path. He looks toward the Grotto. A girlish figure is there, kneeling in prayer. It is Marie! He lets out a cry. Marie turns, sees him, arises and walks up the path to meet him!

Jean falls to her feet in humble thanks for the miracle, his Faith returned with an all-enduring strength, he once more believes.

They go back to their village. Jean enters with heart and soul into his work in the church; Marie, happy in his conversion, turns to an active life of helping out the village poor and needy.

Their love, purified and sanctified, becomes a life-long source of inspiration and guidance to the whole parish.

THE MEDICINE MAN

by D. W. Griffith Rm

D. W. Griffith

THE MEDICINE MAN

A detailed and careful version
of the decidedly rough and ready effort
which positively is not the greatest
story ever written - by Karl Von Gumdrop.

In this story, which purports to be a burlesque of the wild and woolly deeds mainly enacted on the plains and mountains of the great West in the days of '49, or thereabouts, in the town of Red Gulch, - we first show the Medicine Man in the usual wild trousers, spats and top hat, long coat, etc., so dear to the heart of Mr. Fields.

The Medicine Man, at the present time, is rather down on his luck. As he drives into the town, his own gloom is enhanced and glorified by the deeper gloom that envelopes his side partner, the well known and far-famed Shorty. All they have in the world is the wagon they are driving. They stop in front of a dance-hall, so well described by 8,989 Western pictures, in which are gathered a few loungers - also so equally well described by the aforesaid pictures.

The Medicine Man tries to sell them his favorite specific Dr. Hokum's Cure-um-Quick - but he has no luck. The entire population seems to be suffering from a terrible ailment of roaring good health. He is allowed to park his wagon next to the Eldorado Hotel. (Note: The name of this hotel must not be changed even by Professor Le Baron; nor by any other member of the great firm of Famous Players; - or else how will the deeply uninformed audience know it is a Western picture - unless we call it Eldorado?)(Also the inside of the hotel must be well furnished with 44's, bar-rails, spangled dance hall girls, whiskers and spittoons.)

Adjacent to the hotel is a small restaurant - and the cashier or waitress of this restaurant is a beautiful young woman. That is, she is beautiful if she is. Whether cashier or waitress in this restaurant, she

is telling her troubles to a by-stander. She is full of youth, pep, joy of life and a deluded desire for love. She has had two husbands... revert back to each of them. Two different types, but both should be young and handsome, - gamblers of the silk-hat-Harry type.

The lady explains why she was not satisfied with either one of the two. Susan being the only name we can think of to bestow upon our heroine, we herewith make bestowal. Susan opines that they were both too handsome. All they thought about was themselves. She wants a husband. He must <u>not</u> be handsome. He must be crazy about her, and not the mirror.

The Medicine Man looks through his pockets, finds a small piece of money, tells Shorty to wait outside while he enters to get food. Then the Medicine Man enters the restaurant, sits down and orders a meal. Shorty stands it as long as he can, then follows. He finds the Medicine Man talking to Susan, deeply impressed. Shorty goes to table where Medicine Man is seated. Shorty meets the waitress - finds her very deeply impressed with the Medicine Man. She wanted a homely man - what could be sweeter!

The Medicine Man has a bright idea, orders heavy meal. Shorty follows suit. The Medicine Man has his served first, finishes the meal, goes by the cashier, bows very gratituously, "My man will pay for the dinner". Exits.

Shorty so busy with the food, does not notice until he has gone. He finally finishes; looks around for the Medicine Man; cannot get out of restaurant; girl cashier insists on being paid; she is going to call for help to have him roughly treated. As Shorty tells his story of lack of funds, she relents, picks a small wild flower from bunch in cup on desk, and says it is for the homliest man in the world, -"Give it to him" - meaning the Medicine Man.

The Medicine Man is by his wagon. Shorty comes on to him. "Flower is for homliest man in the world." They look at each other seriously - it's a draw. They toss up a small coin. Medicine Man wins flower. They enter dance hall.

Gambling tables at back. Medicine Man takes out a two-bit piece, being all that he has in the world, that he avoided giving to the restaurant. Shuts his eyes and drops coin on the double O on roulette wheel. Turns away, looks to other end of hall. After a pause opens them, starts to turn back to wheel. Nearby, his glance falls upon a beautiful dancing girl in an alluring position. Medicine Man's western red blood so surges for the moment that he forgets even his precious two-bits. By the time his glance returns to his feast of booty, the roulette wheel has gone twice around and double O is repeated. He pockets his luck in surprise fashion.

Next morning he calls by a shop. In this store a cute merchant is putting up a suit of clothes advertised as the only one of its kind west of New York City (suggests one of the wild check affairs worn in that day). Medicine Man is very much impressed. Subtitle explains that the merchant has twelve of these suits, takes one out among them and uses same sign on it. .. Revert back to villain who has purchased last one. Buys suit. Exits.

Medicine Man again meets Susie in restaurant late at night. Love scene - up eros, down with work; has brought her gifts; goes back to gambling hall; loses his winnings; dolefully to bed; is awakened by cries of fire. Doors are blocked with fire; he makes ladder of sheets and bed clothes; Shorty sleeping in same room; argument as to who shall go down first; Medicine Man takes first place. Shorty holding to sheets part way down is stuck on nail; descends a little further, taking nail with him; Shorty singed by fire, jumps, fall broken by soft grass or straw.

Neither one injured, excepting the usual contortions in the places usually selected for such contortions.

Medicine Man sees girl at window of hotel or adjoining building; puts ladder up to window; is getting in to take her out by way of ladder when ladder falls. Melodramatic despair when they see through the open door steps going down, which they take to place of safety and to the outside. (Lady could have walked out without all the hubbub, but preferred to be rescued. We attach no blame to the lady for this whim.)

Morning breaks. Medicine Man has lost his wagon. He finds a few bottles of medicine; is desperate; attempts to get money back; tries to get a new wagon; impossible, particularly as the burning of the hotel has made grafting very hard. After several attempts at flim-flam games, he discovers people are too wise to be fooled. Determines to go to Yellow Dog, it having the reputation of being less heathenish, and full of suckers. Having no money, he starts to walk it. Susie promises that as soon as she can get things straightened up she will take the coach and try to get a job in Yellow Dog.

On Indian Ground, between Red Gulch and Yellow Dog, two Indian girls, scantily clad, being alone in the woods, playing a game of hide-and-go-seek, as it were. One of them runs after a young rabbit, - from her companion. Switch to villain dressed exactly as Medicine Man, and being individual who bought the other suit of clothes. Standing by is the villain, watching balefully; the girl runs near him; he seizes her. The other girl, being much younger, goes for help, running off in a fright.

Younger Indian girl comes to teepee; father and brother start a rush to the rescue; find girl some time later, who tells harsh treatment by villain. (I would not show any more than his seizing and kissing her). Afterward, she tells, pointing over hills in distance to man disappearing. Indians pursue, but do not overtake. The girl who has been kissed is

visiting this Indian tribe, and belongs to another; goes back to village; goes off with small group of Indians; leaves village.

Shorty and the Medicine Man on road come to forked trail, take wrong trail leading to end of the Indian district. Shorty complaining of his dogs. Medicine Man swaggering, much dignity. They come to a slight elevation. Revert to Indian - should be villainous looking character - would pursue the villain. Stares, calls to friends, they start in pursuit of Medicine Man. Shorty sees Indian approaching - frightened. Medicine Man assures him - very friendly with Indian - no danger. The Indian fires at them - bullet cuts the rock at Medicine Man's heel. As he turns, another one shoots piece out of his cigar. Fields, in terror, picks up rope for end of cigar, changes his mind about their loving disposition and beats it. Here a wild pursuit, which Mr. Fields and his director can make as funny as they can. Medicine Man finally sees two large rocks - or, if these are hard to find, logs or brush - anything that offers a very narrow opening, seeming to lead into safety. Better, a short tunnel through the earth. Here he gives a sigh of relief, as the Indians seem to have been left behind. Then an Indian comes up behind him, seizes him by the leg and tries to pull him out. He is about to be successful in this laudable purpose when another Indian seizes him by the neck on the other side. Much discomfort of the Medicine Man. The Indian that has him by the neck, gets his hat, collar and his coat off. Also his shirt. The other Indian first gets away with his shoes and then his trousers. We shall have to draw a veil here somewhere, because our story is getting too clothesless. Finally they dump him out, and he is able to secure his trousers back, and perhaps his shirt. This depends largely on the location, and the condition of the weather. If it is zero, I suggest that he get at least his shirt back. As they turn to escort him to the camp, he trips one of the Indians - the other one follows him, he trips him also, letting himself

down the side of a bank or hill and makes his escape. Exhausted, he climbs into a hollow log where he rests secure for some little time. His face might be seen at one end of the log, when a more civilized Indian of the tribe comes to the log and begins to cut it in two with an axe. Medicine Man awakens just as the axe is cutting through the spot where the seat of his trousers is resting in the hollow log. As Indian is about to carve a chunk out of Medicine Man, he stops, spits on his hands. He is about to start on with his axe when the Medicine Man screams a protest: "Woodman, spare this tree!" A lengthy explanatory subtitle here: Save from death for torture! He is brought before the Indian chief. The Indians who are very noble have not touched the bag which he has been carrying. It is brought before him. Shorty also has been captured and is brought before the Indian trial. The Indians tell of the incident in Indian jargon, describing the checked suit - and this is the same man. All the hatred they bear to the entire white race - to every individual and state in the Union, is concentrated now upon the Medicine Man. An interpreter gives particulars of how it is faring with the Medicine Man. It seems the Chief is willing to give to give him the benefit of the doubt. The interpreter speaks a little English, when the Medicine Man protests: While doubtless he should be executed (being a white man), he is not guilty of the crime charged against him. The particularly villainous-looking Medicine Man keeps making a gesture, takes a coal from the fire, indicates a stake. The interpreter nonchallantly informs him that death is the only revenge to be considered. The Chieftain hesitates. Each counselor is asked for his opinion. Each one repeats the same business. Interpreter translates. Terror on Medicine Man's face grows deeper as all vote the death punishment.

The next day: They have him run the gauntlet, they throw tomahawks at him, and spears. A fat squaw and the medicine man pursue him with pins, or whatever can be substituted if the Indians did not use pins at that period. After marathoning along until it ceases to be funny, if it ever began to be funny, he is finally brought before a stake. The Indians joyfully bringing fagots and wood, the medicine man is informed that that is how he is to end his days. The medicine man protests vehemently to the chieftain. He has a strong objection to fire, particularly in such large quantities. In his gesticulations, his hand falls on his knapsack. He has a large black bottle, marked "medicine". Revert back, showing him emptying a half gallon of Belle of Nelson Bourbon Whiskey into the medicine bottle. He raises this as a toast of death to the chieftain. The chieftain gets the small of this - the poor chieftain had never had anything but bootleg, as the selling of it was forbidden them. The medicine man gives him his first drink of real liquor. The Indian takes to it genially. The Indian conjurer, as a part of this ceremony of death, is performing some hokus-pokus feats of conjury and magic before the chieftain. The medicine man has a bright idea. He does juggling acts, protesting his guiltlessness to the Indian chief between each act. Revert back to the fagots growing bigger and bigger. Then the medicine man perform such feats of magic as the Indian conjurer had never dreamed of. But the magic liquor which the medicine man has given him is even more potent than the tricks of magic. Alcoholic outbursts of brotherly love strike the chieftain's heart. It would be a shame to burn such a marvelous,great medicine man as this one, besides - destroying the only perfect bootlegger the chieftain has ever known. Just as they are about to tie him to the stak

where the fire is beginning to blaze up, the chieftain stops the ceremony. The conjurer rages with hatred and indignation, poking his villainous face closer to the medicine man's. The sub-chieftain also starts to protest when the medicine man slips him some of the liquor. He also becomes a deciple. The chieftain has his way. The medicine man gives him all his store of liquor, and by the time the rejoicing is at good height, they send him on his way with some very valuable furs as a token of Indian love and brotherly affection.

The Medicine Man soon comes to Red Gulch. Here he gets rid of his furs, and luck seems to smile upon him. A new hotel has just been built, of which the community is very proud. The Morning Clarion announces that the neighborhood is to be enlightened by civilization and influence. Mr. Will Killem has just brought his wife on from the East. She is the first married lady of any position to take up her domocile in benighted Red Gulch. Also to Red Gulch comes Susan, and gets a position in a restaurant. She takes up her residence in a little shack on the edge of the town. The Medicine Man escorts her to her shack. When he leaves, the love-light is shining in his eye. He returns to the hotel, stops down stairs in a room adjoining the bar, buys liquor for a few of the standers-on. He also indulges in his own liquor. The promiment citizen, Mr. Killem,, has just ushered his wife into their rooms. (On such a grand occasion they have <u>two</u>). He goes down to the next street to attend a political meeting. The Medicine Man leaves the barroom, goes up-stairs. The Hotel had not, as yet, got its room numbers to put on the doors. He confidently enters what he thinks to be his own room. It looks unusually cozy, but he feels cozy, so everything is all right. There is an old-fashioned bed with curtains in the corner.

He starts to undress before the fire. There is an alcove in the corner of the room. There is only a small space between the wall and the head of the bed in this alcove. As the medicine man starts to undress before the fireplace, the honorable and highly respected member of Red Dog society, being the wife of Mr. Will Killem,, enters the alcove and also starts to undress, - of course, neither one seeing the other. As the medicine man takes his coat to hang it upon the head of the bed, he nearly runs into the bed - but does not. As she starts to take off some of her apparel, she nearly runs into him - but does not. She is humming happily He is alcoholically smiling. He finally is nearly undressed. She has her hair in curl papers. The Medicine Man climbs into the bed. She also comes around and gets into the other side of the bed. The Medicine Man turns over. They look at each other, both in tremendous horror. The lady gets out of bed and runs to the door to scream for help. The medicine man, knowing this to be fatal to him, seizes her and pulls her away from the door. He is very pompous and dignified, and tries to assure her of his honorable intentions. She will not be assured. He gets enough of his clothes on to be respectable. He holds the others in his arms - his silk hat on his head, but only a union-suit underneath. He bows and protests. She starts screaming out the window. He runs. Seeing someone coming up one flight of steps, he dashes into a room. There are several gentlemen playing poker. He sees them and dashes out. An old negro comes up the steps. Fields thinks he sees an apparition, and retreats again. The fat lady cook of the hotel is preparing to go to bed. Futilely trying to find a hiding place, he goes into her room. More consternation. He goes back into hall, but the indignant citizen of Red Dog, by now has heard this terrible story

of his monstrous crime and has formed a vigilantic committee which is hot on his trail. So he dashes again into the cooks room. All doubt as to his evil intentions when he first entered her apartment are dispelled to the winds. She tries to fight him off, btt he gets to a window and climbs out. The vigilantes enter her room, she tells her story. He could have meant no good. The way he was undressed showed that. He sees a horse beneath him, leans down and undoes the bridle, turns and faces toward the rear, as the horse gallops off. Rather a short pursuit here, as I do not think Mr. Fields cares for horse-back exercise. He is thrown from the horse. The pursuers follow his trail but lose it. He comes to Susan. Susan horrified at his clothesless appearance. He drapes himself as best he can, getting behind a box or barrel, can tell story while dressing. The following part should be played by Susan in a slightly melodramatic manner. "There is no escape for you this side of the Rockies! They will hunt you down!" The medicine man protests, "Don't you believe me?" Susan is somewhat in doubt at first, - having had two husbands, she has had experience in their ways - but finally, after an impassioned scene, she gives him the benefit of the doubt. They stop, hearing the approach of horses. More consternation. Looking out the window, they see the men surrounding the house. The wise sheriff has guessed the old truth: This kind of man always runs to a woman. Revert inside: More consternation. Consternation growing stronger of the "rat in the trap" situation of the medicine man. "My God! You're a loss", says Susan. "It's Jack Hardface, the most stubborn blood-hound in the whole West." The sheriff himself, Jack Hardface, had had a tender heart for Susan, having met her once in the restaurant. The Medicine Man says: "He'll believe anything you tell him - he loves you!" Susan opines that "he do, but he ain't very trusting in his disposition". Susan looks up. She points, pulls the table to center ofroom, jumps up on it, looses a trap door in ceiling. He gets chair, places on table

She helps him up. He has nearly pulled himself up into the loft when they hear knocking at the door. She takes the chair away from the table. The medicine man's grip weakens slightly. He is swinging in the air. More knocking at the door. She turns to open door. Medicine man protests wildly. His position is one of a target - not of safety. She sees the situation, takes a broom and pushes it under his trousers, and he manages to get into the loft, and closes the trap door. Sheriff Hardface enters, looks around the room. Susan pretends to have been asleep. The posse come in also. They angrily demand what she has done with the medicine man. They search the room, under the bed, various places, but find him not. Hardface sees her in all her night-gownish beauty, and other ideas come into his head. He dismisses the posse. "Do you swear to me, Susan, that you have not concealed this man and that you do not know where he is?" "I do," says Susan, truly, womanly. "I believe you, Susan, - you know why - because I love you!" I wouldn't have the sheriff believe too quickly. Give him a chance to do some acting. Then he believes with true Bill Hart impressiveness. In the meantime, the medicine man has been in one cramped position, peering down through a small crack in the boards. Hardface says, "You know what has passed between us." Medicine man grieved and surprised above. "Nothing but hot air," says Susan, "has passed between us." She is a little troubled as to what the medicine man would think of this conversation. "Kiss me, my beautiful wild-flower!" The two parts must be played deadly seriously. Susan refuses. The sheriff says, "I stay here 'til I get my kiss," and sits down with his gun in his hand. "When I say 'kiss' I mean 'kiss'. When I kisses 'em, gal, they stay kissed. "You're ruining my reputation," says Susan. "You mustn't stay in this house - you must leave!" "I will when I get my desires." There is a pack of cards on the table. Susan's eye goes to them. (We mean this figuratively - of course,

her beautiful eyes stay in her head.) "You're a sport, Jack Hardface," she says. "I am," says Jack. "I'll cut for them. Done!" says the sheriff. Great anxiety of the medicine man, looking down. The sheriff lays a tremendous revolver on the table, touches another one in his holder. "I am saving this one for that medicine man. I always thought he was a skunk - and I'll grill him sure!" Pained surprise from the medicine man. "I'm surprised you take up with the vermin. Why, even the squaws ain't safe with him." They cut the cards. He gets the first high. Again they cut, and she wins. She triumphs and retains her kiss. The medicine man heaves a sigh of relief, moves from his strained position and sits on a nail. He stifles the ejaculation, and his hand goes to the injured part. But the sheriff does not hear. He is holding the cards in his hand. He holds them out to her to drop them on the table. There is a terrible stillness for Susan. As the sheriff's eye very slowly goes to his hand - there is a drop of blood upon it - another drop.

As the sheriff's eye goes from the drop of blood upon his hand, Medicine Man perceives, looking down, that he has discovered him. The Sheriff's eye goes slowly to ceiling, he draws gun, "Come down out of there!" As there is no answer from Medicine Man, sheriff shoots upward at direction from whence the blood came. Medicine Man has perceived window - small window at end of room. He goes out precipitously. (Might have small window effect around house). He falls into cart. Possible to have cart sitting on side of hill. The impetus of the fall starts the cart off - and we could use storm scene of Fields which the audience seem to think uproarously funny, including incident of falling in lake, being rescued by the crate of geese - they carry him to shore.

His safety is short-lived, as he is seized by the vigilantes - court-martialed the next morning. Shorty on-looking. Susan, a distracted witness. Medicine Man pleads his case of innocence so well that they are about to give him the benefit of the doubt, when a gent rides in from Yellow Dog and opines that Red Gulch is losing its reputation - as they have had three hangings in Yellow Dog in two days, whereas Red Gulch has not had one for two weeks. This practical evidence is too much for the vigilantes, and they decide to hang him at sunset. Shorty confers with Susan. Susan gets a horse with a gallon demijohn of liquor strapped across the saddle, a gallon on each side - real bourbon - and starts to visit the great chieftain. Shorty mournfully begins to dig a grave on the side of the mountain. Medicine Man doleful in the rough and ready jail, playing solitaire. The pack seems full of ace of spades.

Girl on way to Indian reservation. Shorty digging. Shorty discovers a terrific vein of gold. His joy is subdued by the thought it won't do them any good, - the Medicine Man is going to be hanged. Covers it up. Digs in another place, strikes the same vein again where it converges into one of silver. Sorrowfully and hopelessly he stakes the claim, despite his grief. Medicine Man taken from cell, dragged along the street in front of jeering mob. Girl has arrived at reservation, told her story, distributed the alcohol, promised the chieftain a barrel of the same liquor if they will rescue the great white medicine man who is wrongly accused of a crime. Sub-chieftain opines "Gals was his only weakness." The alcohol works strong - the promise of more works stronger. They mount their horses and gallop off.

Revert back: Medicine Man going to scaffold. Indians galloping desperately with Susan in the lead, and Shorty crying as he sits on the mountain of silver and gold. Medicine Man, noose around neck. Rope is put around tree limb. As they are pulling him up the limb breaks. They try another limb, getting one half way up, the rope breaks. The party favorable to his living, take this as an omen. The meaning is innocence. The other party, determined not to miss the fun of a good hanging say: "If he is too tough to hang, we will shoot him!" This hanging is proceeding to a successful and highly gratifying conclusion to everyone when, at the proper moment, the unexpected onslaught of the Indians breaks upon the scene, before the astounded whites can recover themselves, they have stolen the Medicine Man away. There is no blood-shed, merely a surprise party of overwhelming numbers. Shorty manages to escape to the Indian reservation with his samples of gold. The villainous sheriff, having drawn his gun in a peaceful altercation with another gent too late is now replaced by a more benevolent disposition in the shape of a new sheriff.

Shorty gives them a hint that he knows of a new gold district. On the promise of disclosing its whereabouts if the medicine man is declared innocent. A delegation of promiment citizens, with justice in one eye and a yearning glint for gold in the other, declare the Medicine Man a free and honorable citizen of the community. Shorty divides his claim. Another gold rush is on, and they all live rich and happy for ever after.

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"OLD MUZZLE-LOADER"

Synopsis

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Synopsis of

"OLD MUZZLE-LOADER"

An American Comedy

By

LeRoy Clemens

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"OLD MUZZLE-LOADER"

The Prologue

The Scene represents a section of the side veranda of a SOLDIERS' HOME which is located somewhere in the Middle-west. A mass of twining morning-glories at the extreme R. marks the beginning of the veranda, which extends to across stage L. and beyond,-- its slanting roof mounting to the upper section of the building. There are two doors at the back, one at R. opening into the main section of the home, and the other L. opening into the kitchen. Between these two doors, there are two large, many-paned casement windows, curtained with cheap muslin. Below each of these windows, on the veranda side, there is a "flower-box" (the handiwork of "OLD MUZZLE-LOADER") thickly laden with geraniums in bloom. Several ancient but comfortable lounging-chairs are arranged upon the veranda, below which a narrow strip of green lawn is visible, being broken in the center by a wooden step, which mounts to the veranda. The scene presented, typifies comfort, and, as we shall presently see, a semblance of masculine domesticity.

The HOME is now housing VETERANS who have defended the Stars and Stripes in three wars - the CIVIL WAR, the SPANISH-AMERICAN WAR, and the WORLD WAR. Thus, we find what practically amounts to three generations of disabled Yankee war-veterans, - sons, fathers and grandfathers, one might say, who have become members of one large, governmental household - there to pass their remaining days.

Dominating this motley array of colorful war-veterans is an ancient relic of the Civil War, upon whom the junior members of the home have bestowed the title of "OLD MUZZLE LOADER". This hardy old warrior has been for more than thirty years an inmate of the home. Despite his great age (he is over eighty) he is extremely active, extremely talkative, and possessed of a keen sense of humor. "OLD MUZZLE LOADER" is notorious for the wierd tales he loves to tell, regarding his remarkable exploits as "General Grant's right-hand-man" in the Civil War. Obviously these reminiscences defy credence, as with the passing years, they increase in number and vary in their inconsistency. He has come to be regarded by all who know him, as a harmless, egotistical but extremely generous and lovable old liar.

"Old Muzzle-Loader" considers himself to be the unofficial general manager of The Home. He takes it upon himself to manage the affairs of everybody with whom he comes in contact. In this delf-delegated capacity he writes many lengthy upbraiding letters to various Government officials and other dignitaries regarding events of national importance,

etc. The fact that rarely, if ever, does he receive a reply to any of these communications does not discourage this irrepressible old "vet." He is keenly interested in politics and it affords him considerable pleasure to send congratulatory wires to successful (if unappreciative) politicial candidates, Presidents included.

Among the world-war veterans (whom Old Muzzle-Loader disparagingly refers to as "Them Boy Scouts") who are inmates of The Home is Tom Pendleton, a personable youth of twenty four, who has been born and steeped in the traditions of The Old South--"The South That Never Surrendered". Having "done his bit" for his country, receipt of which has been acknowledged by a leg-full of German shrapnel, Young Pendleton has narrowly escaped losing the shattered limb. For this he is indebted to "Old Muzzle-Loader" who protested so strenuously against amputation; even to the extent of taking the matter "higher up" -- that a needless operation was prevented and the scion of a famous Old Southern family became eternally beholden to this one-time invader of his sacred Southland.

Having partially recovered the use of his crippled leg, Young Pendleton is pronounced fit to be discharged from The Home. Before returning to his family, and to the little Southern girl who has been waiting for him, Tom expresses the deep gratitude and affection which he feels for "Old Muzzle-Loader" from whom he extracts a promise to visit The Pendeltons of "Pendleton Hall" in Georgia (little dreaming that the invitation will be accepted and without reckoning the serious complications which may eventuate should the Old "Yank" appear in this heart of the locale of Sherman's famous and destructive March Through Georgia).

End of the Prologue

ACT I

Scene:

Living-room at "PENDLETON HALL". It is a large, square room, with high walls, and hand-carved ceiling-- the ghost of a by-gone splendour. A door at upper R, leads to the right wing of the mansion. A door at upper L, and another door at lower L, lead to the mansion's left wing. Three large French doors are set at regular intervals at the back. These doors are hung with inexpensively attractive light-blue curtains. Through them is visible a section of the spacious veranda, with its imposing old-colonial, white pillars, while beyond, the green lawn, with its back-ground of Magnolia trees, in bloom, lends an atmosphere of Southern charm. Between the doors at upper and lower L, a large, open fire-place, with its massive, time-stained white-marble overmantel dominates the room. Above the mantel hangs a portrait of General ROBERT E. LEE, over whose likeness hangs suspended two crossed-swords; relics of the Confederacy. A smaller and less imposing portrait of JEFFERSON DAVIS is suspended on the wall below the door at R.

The furnishings are conspicuous for their antiquity and one-time elegance. A large mahogany table sets near the center of the room. A "Tail-boy" is staioned in the corner at upper R. An enormous Hepplewaite easy-chair is placed near the fire-place; while two or three smaller, straight-back "Hepplewaites" are also in evidence. Several old vases, laden with cut flowers, roses predominating, add to the picture, which, taken as a whole, typifies, the old south, "The south that never surrendered".

The time is morning of a summer's day. A month later.

At Rise: MAJOR STANLEY PENDLETON, and his sister HOPE PENDLETON are discovered. "THE MAJOR" is an distinguished-looking old aristocrat, about 80. He is seated in the large Hepplewaite, before the fire-place down R. In honor of "Confederate's Day", he is attired in a faded uniform of a Major of the Confederate army. HOPE PENDLETON is a spinster, slightly younger than her brother, but still retaining in her manner and bearing, the haughty pride of the Pendletons. She is seated near the table, engaged in darning a pair of socks. As she sits thus, attired in an old-fashioned, lace-trimmed gown, she might easily be likened to a "Queen Victoria", minus her crown.

The sound of a lawn-mower is heard off, in the direction of the lawn; then a slim and extremely attractive girl is seen to pass the veranda at back, pushing the machine.

The Major

(Looking up from his paper, and employing a pronounced southern accent)
Is that Virginia mowing the lawn?

Hope Pendelton
Yes, Stanley. I begged her not to.

The Major
(Rises with annoyed dignity, crosses to door lower L - calls off)
Jeff!

Jeff
(Off L)
Yas suh, marse Pendleton.
(He appears through door L. He is an aged, decrepit negro, very feeble, but all smiles - a typical faithful-servitor of the pre-war south)

The Major
Tell Miss Virginia to drop that lawn-mower instantly.

Jeff
Yas suh.
(He crosses up, and exits to the lawn)

The Major

(Bitterly)

I never thought I'd live to see the day, when a Pendleton lady had to push a lawn-mower.

Hope Pendleton

(Pauses at her darning-- gazes sadly into space for a moment)

Neither did I, Stanley.

(She sighs and resumes her darning)

The Major

(Returns to his chair)

Where's Tom?

Hope Pendleton

He went over to town. He hopes to see Mr. Burridge.

The Major

He's wasting his time, if he counts on pulling that miserable damned Yankee's heart-strings.

Hope Pendleton

Tom has done "his bit" in the war. Surely Mr. Burridge will keep his promise. It's only justice.

The Major

One doesn't expect justice from these mercenary, cold-blooded "Yanks." -- The very next time I meet this scoundrel Burridge, I intend to lay my cane across his back.

****

It quickly develops that the affairs of "the last of the Pendletons" are in a very bad way indeed. The Pendleton fortune (even to the family silver) having been sacrificed to the Confederate cause, and practically all of the estate having later been absorbed by unscrupulous "Carpet-Baggers", the surviving members of the family (consisting of the Old Major, his sister Hope, and the Major's grandchildren, Tom and Virginia Pendleton) have since struggled bravely to exist-- never losing the family pride, nor their hatred for "Yanks". Pendleton Hall, with its beloved antique treasures has been mortgaged to the limit.

When Tom Pendleton enlisted for the world-war, he had only recently graduated from a Southern University and had secured a fairly lucrative position in the cotton-manufacturing plant (owned by Mr Burridge, a hated "Yank") which had been established upon property which at one time had been a part of the Pendleton Estate.

When Tom returns home from town, it is to inform the family that owing to his injured leg, he is not considered capable of performing his former duties at the plant and in consequence has been rejected by Mr Burridge -- an ultimatum which adds fresh fuel to the fires of hatred of "Yanks" kept ever burning in the hearts of the Pendeltons.

As an aftermath of this bitter blow Tom feels that it would be unfair, both to DOROTHY and to those dependent upon him, to go through with the marriage; even though DOROTHY is willing to share his poverty, along with his love.

These are the prevailing conditions at the opening of ACT I. The action of which occurs on "CONFEDERATE'S DAY".

MAJOR PENDLETON is to be in command of the parade of Confederate "VETS", who are to assemble for the parade at "PENDLETON HALL". A "camera-man" is on hand to "shoot" the Parade.

Finally, these few feeble remaining survivors of a lost cause are assembled. Through the large French doors at the back, we see them being lined-up in marching formation, by the MAJOR, and his adjutants. The "camera-man" is now "shooting".

Then, abruptly, and with disconcerting unexpectedness, into this martial scene of Southern war-time memory; proud and erect in his uniform of blue, steps "OLD MUZZLE-LOADER".

A near-riot is narrowly averted--principally owing to the efforts of VIRGINIA PENDLETON, who manages to rescue the indiscreet old Yankee"VET" from his ancient, gray-clad enemies, and to get him into the house. The "camera-man" shoots the works", so to speak.

Far from being frightened, or resentful regarding his recent rough-handling at the hands of the "Rebels", "OLD MUZZLE-LOADER" when he has recovered his breath, promptly proceeds to criticize the manner in which the parade of the Confederate "VETS" is being lined-up. He volunteers personally to correct this tactical error. His offer is, of course, violently and indignantly rejected, and its sponsor warned to make himself scarce. The infuriated old MAJOR then orders the over-delayed parade in motion, and the outraged "Rebel VETS" march feebly and angrily out of the picture, to the tune of "DIXIE"-- leaving "OLD MUZZLE-LOADER" to explain his presence at "PENDLETON HALL".

The appearance of Tom Pendleton simplifies matters. Tom is at once delighted and dismayed at seeing his old benefactor, particularly when he learns of the recent hostilities. Much against their will, and considerably to their discomfiture, the Pendletons feel obliged to extend their hospitality to their Northern guest, to whom after all they realize their indebtedness. Therefore, in the face of pronounced family and community opposition, Tom bids "Old Muzzle-Loader" "Welcome To Pendleton Hall!" wondering what in God's name will eventuate.

"Old Muzzle-Loader", true to form, proceeds at once to take full charge of the precarious affairs of the Pendletons: optimistically assuring his resentful and sicouraged new proteges that everything is going to be all right, now that he is on hand to cope with the situation.

The "Camera-Man" who has "shot" the recent "mix-up", interviews the garrulous old "Yankee Vet." He declares the dramatic situation which he has just "shot" to be "great stuff", which the movie public throughout the country will "eat up." Thus we see the Old Yankee "VET'S" strenuous reception at Pendleton Hall is destined to receive nation-wide publicity.

In view of his recent rough-handling and the long trip he has made, "Old Muzzle-Loader" with true Southern courtesy is escorted to his room by Jeff; it being expected that the old veteran is in need of rest. At the conclusion of the scene, however, the noise of the lawn-mower is heard off, which presently comes into view being vigorously propelled by the irrepressible Old Yankee warhorse.

End of Act I

ACT II

Scene: Same as Act I.

At the opening of Act II, we find "PENDLETON HALL" shrouded in gloom. The impending loss of their beloved home weighs heavily upon the Pendletons. It is obvious, that after the mortgage has been cancelled, very little money will accrue to them, from the sale of the estate.

In his new and hostile environment, "OLD MUZZLE-LOADER" finds it extremely difficult to secure a willing "audience" for his self-aggrandizing war tales. He is delighted eventually to discover that in JEFF and CAROLINE, he has an audience of two credulous "listeners." He finds it daily more necessary to employ considerable strategy, in order to avoid adding to the resentment of his hosts. For instance, he has a habit of unconsciously whistling; "While we go marching thru Georgia".

Old Muzzle-Loader

(Whistles)
"Ring the good old bugle boys, we'll sing another song,
"Sing it with a spirit that--
(One of the PENDLETONS' appears, whereupon the old "VET" switches into:
"Farewell, Farewell, my own true love,
"Farewell, Farewell--
(The PENDLETON individual exits, and "OLD MUZZLE-LOADER" triumphantly completes his whistling-solo with:)
"While we go Marching thru Georgia".

(Shortly after the opening of Act Two, an event of considerable interest and importance occurs at Pendelton Hall.

J. WARREN HOLT, a wealthy young Boston attorney arrives at the HALL, and announces that he is a grand nephew of "OLD MUZZLE-LOADER". Young Holt has discovered the whereabouts of his long-lost grand-uncle through having witnesses a screen reproduction of the Old Yanke's hostile reception at the hands of the Confederate "Vets". The personable and

highly successful young attorney had hastened South to urge his aged relative to come and live with him.

The appearance in their midst of another detested "Yank" does not contribute to soothe matters at Pendleton Hall; particularly when it is discovered that young Holt has fallen desperately in love with Virginia Pendleton. The Old Major denounces this as a "Damnable Yankee Impertinence" and orders the infatuated youth off the premises; whereupon Virginia discloses that she is not indifferent to the attentions of her charming, energetic Yankee wooer. In their dilemma the lovers carry their troubles to "Old Muzzle-Loader" who readily undertakes to "smooth things over". In this self-appointed task, however, the Old Boy is not eminently successful. On the contrary the "Yankee" methods he employs as a "love-promoter" merely succeed in further arousing the united ire of the Pendletons, and eventually result in near-tragedy.

Among the ever-growing army who resent "Old Muzzle-Loader's" self-styled "Second Invasion of the South" is "Crazy" Tolliver, a Confederate veteran whose lengthy sojourn in a Yankee prison, together with injuries he had received in the war has resulted in a mental condition which justifies his nick-name. A victim of the obsession that the Civil War is still on, and that it is his duty ~~to~~ as a soldier of the Confederacy to exterminate the hated "Yank" whenever possible; "Crazy" ambushes "Old Muzzle-Loader" from the laurel grove of the Pendleton lawn.

This occurs almost immediately following the elopement of Virginia and Young Holt, which had been successfully manipulated through the connivance of "Old Muzzle-Loader". The Major, having learned of this instance of "Yankee Treachery" is in the midst of issuing orders for the pursuit of the lovers, and is vowing vengeance on the author of the scheme, when "Old Muzzle-Loader" is carried into the house, unconscious and bleeding. His chivalry aroused at the sight of his prostrate foeman, the Old Major first summons a physician; and then, assisted by his sister and Tom, he endeavours to render first aid to the apparently dying Old Yankee.

At length "Old Muzzle-Loader" revives sufficiently to triumphantly declare: "THEM DARNED REBELS NEVER COULD SHOOT STRAIGHT!"

End of Act II

Act III

Scene: The Same.

At the opening of Act III we find "Old Muzzle-Loader well on the road to recovery from his attempted- extermination and once more dispensing advice and optimistic assurances to the worried Pendletons. During the past twenty-four hours no word has been received from the youthful elopers. Also Pendleton Hall has been sold under the hammer, and a family conference is in progress to consider the problems which now confront the destitute and homeless, but still proud and courageous remnant of one of the "First Families in Georgia." To add to their bitter lot it develops that the new owner of Pendleton Hall is a "Yank." who has made the purchase through an Agent.

This distressing news is supplied by "Old Muzzle-Loader", who despite his wounded state has journeyed to town to urge leniency on the part of the mortgagees. Notwithstanding the fact that the Estate has been sold, the Old Veteran advises the Pendletons not to lose hope and above all not to vacate their stronghold, his contention being that "possession is nine tenths of the law," and "that a position should never be vacated until rendered untenable by the guns of the enemy."

The Old Yank has refused to prosecute his attempted assassin, on the grounds that "Crazy" was ignorant of the fact that Lee had surrendered and all being fair in love and war. In the midst of the Pendleton's hectic preparations for departure (to a destination as yet vague) "Old Muzzle-Loader receives a visit from "Crazy" Tolliver who is now deeply repentant of his rash act and desirous of obtaining the forgiveness of his intended victim. Far from holding resentment against his one-time enemy, "Old Muzzle-Loader" readily absolves the pathetic Old Rebel "VET" from all blame and promises to finance a ridiculous invention of "Crazy's" for "turning niggers into whites."

Then the elopers return-- as man and wife. It quickly develops that Young Holt is the Yankee purchaser of Pendleton Hall. Having purchased the property at the suggestion of "Old Muzzle-Loader" for the express purpose of restoring it unencumbered to the Pendletons. This generous act of course obliterates all the traditional hostility which the Pendletons have hitherto entertained towards "Yanks." And the Old Major grandiloquently extends forgivness and blessing to the happy couple.

Both Young Holt and his charming little Southern bride urge "Old Muzzle-Loader" to make his future home with them; while the Pendletons unite in requesting him to prolong his visit. But the hardy old Veteran, his mission successfully accomplished, declines these offers; explaining that without his guiding presence, THE SOLDIERS' HOME would surely go to pot, whence he is preparing to return, as the

FINAL CURTAIN FALLS.

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THE OUTCASTS OF POKER FLAT

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We are just trying to tell the story written by and concerning the story of the Outcasts of Poker Flats. This being the story of the outcast who was so different from everybody he met, being certain gamblers, wrestlers, business men and others -- who was so different from the regular human being that we can hardly talk about him. Among them there were certain gamblers and people we don't even dare talk about in these beautiful perfect human days of now, who had to go out of the camp as being outcasts. Of course, we have no outcasts now because now in our United States of America everybody is perfect. We just don't have any outcasts. We have nobody that's wrong. Everybody is simply perfect.

In those days of our beginnings in America we had some few people that were a little wrong, but thank God there doesn't happen to be anybody like that now. But these outcasts just had no perfections at all. And so they were driven out of the camp and went on their own way.

It happened that a snow storm came down after the outcasts had gotten far up in these mountains, and a blizzard surrounded the outcasts of Poker Flats. There was an old cabin into which they went for rest, and the blizzard surrounded them, and the snow and ice surrounded them, so that they became the outcasts of Poker Flats. And the outcasts surrounded walked around and talked about their worries and troubles, knowing it

wouldn't be long before their tide was washed out. And among them were many who had faced death before. They knew this was the end and they should face death no more.

While they were driving it happened that a prostitute met a young girl who was just to be married and together they stayed in the cabin. They shared each other's food. The Duchess gave all that she had to Piney, being the name of the little bride who was to be married. They held on to each other closely. The Duchess gave the last of her food to Piney. The wind outside whispered -- outside was the snow. Colder and colder became the inside of the cabin and the Duchess knew that death was drawing close to her. And she held Piney closely, closely, and fed her the last of her food. But the cold thing of death was remorseless and it was said later when the two were lying close together and were cold, very cold, in death, no one should know who looked upon their cold faces which was the whorse and which was the virgin.

It happened that after they had built all the rest of their fire and had looked down the valley and knew there was no rescue, there was one famous as a gambler who had gambled all his stakes away many a time before. He took out the black Ace of Spades and he nailed it to a cracked tree, knowing death was there. He wrote: "Here lies the last monument of Jack Oakhurst who cashed in his checks on the 28th of December, 1854. And he took a black Ace of Spades and tacked it above the written cashier. He said: "Here I cash in the last chips of Spades in the year of 1854.

And so those who came to the rescue in the bitter wintertime found the outcasts of Poker Flats!

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SCENE II. Capulet's Orchard.

Enter ROMEO

Rom. He jests at scars that never felt a wound.

(Juliet appears above at a window.

But, soft! what light through yonder window breaks?
It is the east, and Juliet is the sun.
Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon.
Who is already sick and pale with grief,
That thou her maid art far more fair than she:
Be not her maid, since she is envious;
Her vestal livery is but sick and green
And none but fools do wear it; cast it off.
It is my lady, O, it is my love!
O, that she knew she were!
She speaks, yet she says nothing: what of that?
Her eye discourses; I will answer it.
I am too bold, 'tis not to me she speaks:
Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,
Having some business, do entreat her eyes
To twinkle in their spheres till they return.
What if her eyes were there, they in her head?
The brightness of her cheek would shame those stars,
As daylight doth a lamp; her eyes in heaven
Would through the airy region stream so bright
That birds would sing and think it were not night.
See, how she leans her cheek upon her hand!
O, that I were a glove upon that hand,
That I might touch that cheek!

Jul. Ay me!

Rom. She speaks:
O, speak again, bright angel! for thou art
As glorious to this night, being o'er my head,
As is a winged messenger of heaven
Unto the white-upturned wondering eyes
Of mortals that fall back to gaze on him
When he bestrides the lazy-pacing clouds
And sails upon the bosom of the air.

Jul. O Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art thou Romeo?
Deny thy father and refuse they name,
Or, if thou wilt not, be nut sworn my love,
And I'll no longer be a Capulet.

Rom. (Aside) Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at this?

Jul. 'Tis but thy name that is my enemy;
Thou art thyself, though not a Montague.
What's Montague? it is nor hand, nor foot,
Nor arm, nor face, nor any other part
Belonging to a man. O, be some other name.
What's in a name; that which we call a rose
By any other name would smell as sweet;
So Romeo would, were he not Romeo call'd,
Retain they dear perfection which he owes
Without that title. Romeo, doff thy name,
And for that name which is no part of thee
Take all myself.

Rom. I take thee at thy word:
Call me but love, and I'll be new baptized;
Henceforth I never will be Romeo.

Jul. What man art thou that thus bescreen'd in night
So stumblest on my counsel?

Rom. By a name
I know not how to tell thee who I am:
My name,dear saint, is hateful to myself,
Because it is an enemy to thee;
Had I it written, I would tear the word.

Jul. My ears have not yet drunk a hundred words,
Of that tongue's utterance, yet I know the sound:
Art thou not Romeo and a Montague?

Rom. Neither, fair saint, if either thee dislike.

Jul. How camest thou hither, tell me, and wherefore?
The orchard walls are high and hard to climb,
And the place death, considering who thou art,
If any of my kinsmen find me here.

Rom. With love's light wings did I o'erperch these walls;
For stony limits cannot hold love out,
And what love can do that dares love attempt;
Therefore, thy kinsmen are no let to me.

Jul. If they do see thee, they will murder thee.

Rom. Alack, there lies more peril in thine eye
Than twenty of their swords: Look thou but sweet,
And I am proof against their enmity.

Jul. I would not for the world they saw thee here.

Rom. I have night's cloak to hide me from their sight;

Rom. (con't.)

And thou but love me, let them find me here:
My life were better ended by their hate,
Than death prorogued, wanting of thy love.

Jul. By whose direction found'st thou out this place?

Rom. By love, who first did prompt me to inquire;
He lent me counsel and I lent him eyes.
I am no pilot; yet, wert thou as far
As that vast shore wash'd with the farthest sea,
I could adventure for such merchandise.

Jul. Thou know'st the mask of night is on my face,
Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek
For that which thou hast heard me speak tonight.
Fain would I dwell on form, fain, fain deny
What I have spoke: but farewell compliment!
Dost thou love me? I know thou wilt say "Ay".
And I will take thy word: yet, if thou swear'st
Thou mayst prove false; at lovers' perjuries,
They say, Jove laughs. O gentle Romeo,
If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully:
Or if thou think'st I am too quickly won,
I'll frown and be perverse and say thee nay,
So thou wilt woo; but else, not for the world.
In truth fair Montague, I am too fond,
And therefore thou mayst think my 'haviour light:
But trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true
Than those that have mor cunning to be strange.
I should have been more strange, I must confess,
But that thou overheard'st, ere I was ware,
My true love's passion: therefore pardon me,
And not impute this yielding to light love,
Which the dark night hath so discovered.

Rom. Lady, by yonder blessed moon I swear
That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops ---

Jul. O, swear not by the moon, the inconstant moon,
That monthly changes in her circled orb,
Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.

Rom. What shall I swear by?

Jul. Do not swear at all;
Or, if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self,
Which is the god of my idolatry,
And I'll believe thee.

Rom. If my heart's dear love ---

Jul. Well, do not swear; although I joy in thee,
I have no joy of this contract to-night:
It is too rash, too unadvised, too sudden;
Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be
Ere one can say 'It lightens.' Sweet, good night!
This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath,
May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet.
Good night, good night! as sweet repose and rest
Come to thy heart as that within my breast!

Rom. O, wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied?

Jul. What satisfaction canst thou have to-night?

Rom. The exchange of thy love's faithful vow for mine.

Jul. I gave thee mine before thou didst request it:
And yet I would it were to give again.

Rom. Wouldst thou withdraw it? for what purpose, love?

Jul. But to befrank, and give it thee again.
And yet I wish but for the thing I have:
My bounty is as boundless as the sea:
My love as deep; the more I igve thee,
The more I have, for both are infinite.
(Nurse calls within.
I hear some noise within; dear love, adieu!
Anon, good nurse! Sweet Montague, be true.
Stay but a little, I will come again.
(Exit, above.

Rom. O blessed, blessed night! I am afeard.
Being in night, all this is but a dream,
Too flattering-sweet to be substantial.

Re-enter JULIET, above.

Jul. Three words, dear Romeo, and good night indeed.
If that thy bent of love be honourable,
Thy purpose marriage, send me word tomorrow,
By one that I'll procure to come to thee,
Where and what time thou wilt perform the rite;
And all my fortunes at thy foot I'll lay
And follow thee my lord throughout the world.

Nurse. (Within) Madam!

Jul. I come, anon. --- But if thou mean'st not well,
I do beseech thee ---

Norse. (Within) Madam!

Jul. Byand by, I come: ---
To cease thy suit, and leave me to my grief:
To-morrow will I send.

Rom. So thrive my soul ---

Jul. A thousand times good night!

(Exit, above.

Rom. A thousand times the worse, to want thy light.
Love goes toward love, as schoolboys from their books,
But love from love, toward school with heavy looks.

(Retiring.

Re-enter JULIET, above.

Jul. Hist! Romeo, hist! O, for a falconer's voice.
To lure this tassel-gentle back again!
Bondage is hoarse, and may not speak aloud;
Else would I tear the cave where Echo lies,
And make her airy tongue more hoarse than mine,
With repetition of my Romeo's name.

Rom. It is my soul that calls upon my name:
How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues by night,
Like softest music to attending ears!

Jul. Romeo!

Rom. My dear?

Jul. At what o'clock tomorrow
Shall I send to thee?

Rom. At the hour of nine.

Jul. I will not fail: 'tis twenty years till then.
I have forgot why I did call thee back.

Rom. Let me stand here till thou remember it.

Jul. I shall forget, to have thee still stand there.
Remembering how I love thy company.

Rom. And I'll still stay, to have thee still forget,
Forgetting any other home but this.

Jul. 'Tis almost morning: I would have thee gone:
And yet no further thana wanton's bird;
Who lets it hop a little from her hand,
Like a poor prisoner in his twisted gyves,
And with a silk thread plucks it back again,
So loving-jealous of his liberty.

Rom. I would I were thy bird.

Jul. Sweet, so would I:
Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing.
Good night, good night! parting is such sweet sorrow,
That I shall say good-night till it be tomorrow.

(Exit, above.

Rom. Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy breast!
Would I were sleep and peace, so sweet to rest!
Hence will I to my ghostly father's cell.
His help to crave, and my dear hap to tell.

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THE SINLESS SIN

(Adapted from a serial story published in The Woman's World by WILLIAM DUDLEY PELLEY.)

Adaptation by Dana V. Rush.

Micah Blodgett, president of the leading bank of Paris Vermont is a typical God-fearing New Englander, who follows the teaching sof the scriptures to the letter----but without mercy ! He rules all within his power with a hand of iron.

Joe Plunkett, the assistant teller of the bank, has worked for Micah since his father's death. The elder Plunkett's death was caused from over-work and underpay in the damp, dingy offices of the First National. Joe has endeavordd to fill his father's place as the support of his mother and to pay off the mortgage which Micah holds on the little cottage where they liv e, but the salary of twelve dollars a week which Micah pays him is scarely enough to live on and at the opening of the story Joe ha s not been able to meet the quarterly interest.

Micah rules his wife and daughter as he does his employees, and the big, grey stone house where they live has come to be known a s the Sepulchre---for Micah doesnot permit his wife and daughter to mihgle with the townspeople. In fact, Dorothy, the wistful-eyed, pale girl of eighteen has no social life, her only approved diversions being attendance at church services.

A church supper is being giving by the Ladies Auxiliary and the kind hearted Mrs Plunkett, knowing that Dorothy will not be allowed to attend, suggests to her son, Joe, that he brave Micah's wrath and invite the girl.

Mrs Blodgett is a good enough woman in her way, but being completely under the dominance of her husband , is unable to

brighten the girl's life. But---on the day of the church party, Micah a nnouces that he must go to Boston on a business trip, so Mrs Blodgett consents to Dorothy's going, hoping that Micah will not know.

A happy afternoon follows as both the woman get ready the white organdie graduation dress for the evening party. At seven-thirty Joe is ushered into the sitting room of the Sepulchre and stands waiting in the sombre room for Dorothy when Micah enters, his business trip having been postponed. Joe, ever middful of the unpaid interest, begins stammering excuses to Micah, when Dorothy enters. The girl, seeing her father, stands pale and frightened in the doorway. Micah demands to know what is the occasion of Dorothy's party frock, and Dorothy with faltering sentences tells him that she is going to the church party with Joe.

Micah, white with rage, orders the boy from the house and then vents his rage on Dorothy. Dorothy backs away from him, her head coming against the picture of Hoffman's Christ, which hangs on the wall. Micah strikes the girl and she falls to her knees---he raises his hand to strike her again, when he sees the face of Christ, it seems to be looking at him, the face lighting with anger. Micah drops his hand and turns away.

Once a year the church of which Micah is the leading Deacon, has a revivalist meeting which takes place in the neighboring county. Micah takes his wife and daughter with him. Near the meeting house is the fashionable Wa shington Hotel. The week of the meeting, the hotel patrons are impressed by the ostentatious display of wealth of Senora Rodriquez and her son, Rodolfo, reputed to be multi-multi-millionaires from the Argentine. Mrs Carriman's string of pearls have outrivaled all others until the senora came---It was a matter of dispute whether the Senora's, which were equally as large, were not more valuable.

Dorothy walking through the woods near the hotel, slips on a rock and falls unconscious to the roadside below. The handsome Argentinian passing in his smart roadster finds her, and carries her to a spring to revive her. While he is bathing her forehead, he looks down into her pretty face and cannot resist kissing her. Dorothy had been vaguely troubled because she had never felt the religious hysteria of the other meeting house people, and when in her semi-conscious condition, she experiences the sensation of soft lips on her own and strong arms about her, she thinks this thing that has moved others to wild demonstrations has come to her, and she murmurs the religious ejaculation, "Hallelula ! "I've seen the Light !" Rodolfo, who was about to enclose her in a rougher embrace, releases his hold on her. The simplicity and sweetness of the girl intrigue him to the extent that he asks her to ride with him the next afternoon. Dorothy doesnot consent to go, but she likes the handsome young man, and when she returns home, she cannot keep him out of her mind.

Micah, visiting guest of Washington House, hears of the fabulous wealth of the Argentinians and is duly impressed---next day a business trip calls him to Boston---and Dorothy, again accidentally meeting Rodolfo, consents to go for a ride, when he puts a fanciful interpretation on the trip, telling her he is the Prince of the Land of Beyond and that he will take her to his Kingdom. He calls her "Angel Face". They have tea at a romantic looking place and are on their way home, when the car goes over an enbankment. Neither is hurt, but the car is diabled and it is sixteen miles back to the meeting house. Rodolfo goes for assistance, and Dorothy, frightened at staying out so late, insanely starts back on foot.

Missing the girl and fearing an accident, Mrs Blodgett tells the minister of her absence. Zeke Taylor, the local gossip of

the church gathering, tells the gathered congregation that he has seen Dorothy riding with "one of them foreigners stopping at Washington House". Micah returns and finds the meeting folks discussing his daughter's absence. About two o'clock, while the meeting folks are still gathered, (because of her absence) Dorothy comes in, her skirts torn and bedraggled.

Micah, dramatically demands the name of the "man who has ruined ye". Dorothy, in vain, protests that she has not been ruined and not knowing Rodolfo's name, cannot give it, though her father beats her unmercifully. When Zeke tells Micah it is a South American from Washington House, Micah, remembering the story of his wealth, assumes an attitude of righteous indignation and demands that Dorothy marry him.--- Dorothy, humiliated at the thought of her father approaching the young man with such a demand, refuses---Micah driven to an insane fury by her opposition says that she must leave his house.

The Senora has been worried over the absence of her son and had paced the lobby of the hotel anxiously awaiting news of him. Rodolfo's valet entering the Senora's suite, finds the wall safe open--- the string of pearls hanging from its drawer. He puts them in his pocket, and sandpapering his fingertips, makes his way down the hall to Mrs. Carriman's suite. Entering,he opens the safe and is about to take the pearls, when Mrs Carriman enters, he manages to hide in a closet . Mrs Carriman goes to the safe, and puts on her pearls. After her departure, the valet goes back to the Rodriquez suite. Kitty, the senora's maid, and the chauffeur, are gathered there and are settled comfortably in an evening's chat, when the white-haired Senora enters. In the privacy of her suite, the Senora doses her Spanish accent and makes herself comfortable by pulling off the white wig which has given her such a dignified appearance.

They are a gang of crooks stopping at Washington House to get the famous Carriman pearls. The valet has succeeded in substituting the Senora's imitation pearls for Mrs Carriman's real pearls, and when Rodolfo comes in, they decide to make a hasty departure before the theft is discovered.

That morning at seven o'clock, as Dorothy, carrying a battered suitcase, steps off the roadway to let the smart limousine pass, she recognizes Rodolfo---but the boy doesnot see her. She had awakened his betterself, but caught by circumstances, he is forced to accompany the theives, and believing that he could only bring sorrow to the girl, he leaves without trying to get word to her.

Micah, after visiting Washington House, in an endeavor to find the Argentinian, and having learned of his hurried departure, takes his wife back to Paris, where he in his rage begins destroying little things that belonged to his daughter, telling his weeping wife that they no longer had a daughter. The last thing was a photograph of Dorothy in a plush frame, which had been made the day of her graduation. Micah ordered his wife to destroy this by putting it in the big base burner in the sitting room, In vain, did Mrs Blodgett plead to keep this one thing of her daughter---and in the end was forced to put the plush frame, face downward in the oblitering coals.

Dorothy, with but little money, takes the cheapest room she can find in Boston, and doesnot realize that the nighborhood was near if not in the slums. Rodolfo and the gang of theives seek refuge abov e McGovern's saloon, a rendevouz for crooks---and as the theft is discovered and the police on their trail, are forced to stay there in hiding.

Dorothy, unable to find work, is staggering home onenight, dizzy from hunger, when she comes to McGovern's saloon. A man beckons her to enter---and blind from her fatigue, she staggers in.

Doubtlessly, Rodolfo would have forgotten his ride with Angel Face but the enforced inactivity of his stay at McGovern's gives him time to think, and the girl's memory hangsover him like a sweet perfume. He is playing a game of Double Canfield, this particular afternoon when Dorothy crosses the threshold of McGovern's, and weary of the solitude of the upstairs rooms, he gets up, telling Spanish Mame that he is going below---Spanish Mame holds him back.

Down stairs, Dorothy recovers, and looking about her realizes the character of the place she is in and before he4 companion can stop her runs out of the place and falls into the arms of a Salvation Army captain. He takes her to the Salvation Headquareters and without word of God gives her a bowl of soup--Dorothy revives, and finding among the Salvationists the spirit of a merciful God she becomes a member of their fold.

News comes to Police Headquarters that Spanish Mame and her gang are in hiding at McGovern's and the police plan a raid of the place. That evening, Dorothy stands before the saloon with other members of the Salvation Army , holding a religious meeting. Rodolfo, upstairs hears her voice singing the song of the Salvationists, "Glory, Glory, Hallelula, I've seen the Light !"He runs to the window, pulling at the heavy shade, but again Spanish Mame interferes and Rodolfo sinks back into his chair.

An hour later the police surround the saloon and Rodolfo, though wounded manages to make his escape. Running along a dark street he sees a girl approaching in the Salvation uniform--he leans against the balustrade leading to a house, waiting Her coming, deciding to throw himself upon her mercy, and ask for refuge. The street is dark, and a heavy rain has washed away the blood stains from his wound. The girl comes up and when he tells her that he is wounded and has been assulted by thugs,

not seeing anyone in sight, she assists him up the steps of the house.

Beneath the flickering hall gaslight they recognize each other---Dorothy takes him to her room ,which is on the first floor, and when he tells her that his whereabouts must not become known as he has enemies, she consents to let him remain there. She bathes his wound through the night, and the next day prepares food for him on the gas burner. Sleeping on the foot of the bed, the girl hears him talk in his delirium of such strange things as , ---"Pearls, Police---Spanish Mame".

The second day he has recovered enough so that she can leav e him to visit the Salvation Headquarters to explain her absence. Entering the meeting house, she sees a newspaper, whose blazing headlines, read, "SPANISH MAME DIES AT POLICE HEADQUARETERS, THE HEAD OF THE GANG OF THEIVES WHO STOLE THE CARRIMAN PEARLS AT WASHINGTON HOUSE". Th date of the robbery and the circumstances force themself upon her, so that she runs from the meeting house.

Entering her room, the paper drops from her numbed fingers. Rodolfo looks down and reads the headlines, he murmurs, "My God, Mame dead !" The girl lurches forward, they lookedinto each other's eyes and his fall in guilt before her condemnation. He didnot attempt to deny it, but fell on his knees, kissing the hem of her skirt and telling her that he had not drifted into the life---but had been bred in it: His mother, Spanish Mame had become a crook after his father had been sentenced to prison for a crime of which he was not guilty. Dorothy was the first thing in his life to awaken a desire for something better. Because he was not perfect she lov ed him more deeply, but when he began talking of selling the pearls and taking her away with him, she stopped him, telling him that now that he knew better he must begin to live honestly, The pearls must be returned and if after a year of honest liv elihood he would return to

her, she would consent to marry him. Rodolfo pleads with her to go with him and Dorothy in his arms tells him of her deep love.

It was then that Sister Barbara of the Salvationists held back her hand from knocking---she had been sent by the Captain to enquire the cause of Dorothy's absence. Stooping to the keyhole on hearing a man's voice, she sees Dorothy in Rodolfo's arms and goes back to the Headquarters to report what she has seen to the Captain.

Rodolfo's quick ears heard Sister Barbara's steps from the door, and fearing the police have learned of his hiding place he bids Dorothy a hasty goodbye, promising to write her when he reaches a destination. Dorothy has taken the name of Dorothy Black and she gives him this name, unable to explain anything more about herself.

Returning to the meetinghouse she is met with Sister Brabara's story, and when the Captain asks her for an explanation, she refuses, fearing to endanger Rodolfo's escape. She stands before them silent and as in the meetinghouse, condemned by those who have known her to have led a blameless life----but the Captain, senses that the girl has commited no wrong, and so says if she will say that she has not sinned, they will not pass judgment. Dorothy says, "No, as she believes in her Creator". But the incident has made it uncomfortable for Dorothy and the Captain next day transfer her to another station.

Rodolfo escapes from Boston on a freight train and coming to Paris, crawls out from the car to stretch his limbs, walking down the village street he sees a sign in the local garage, "Man Wanted". This seems to answer his problem a sto how to earn a living in an honest way and the next day he makes application and is accepted.

Joe Plunkett, suffering from weak lungs, has been forced to give up his work in the bank--and Mrs Plunkett welcomes the opportunity to take in a boarder to help pay expenses.

Six months pass and Rodolfo as Charles Allen has prospered. In the Spring he had induced the garage owner to take oyer the agency for the Ford car---then he ha d sold it throughout the countryside. His commission due in a few weeks amounted to eight hundred dollars. He has grown to love the sweet-faced Mrs Plunkett and her invalid son, and though he ha s never heard from Dorothy, his letters to Dorothy Black, having been returned, he ha d faith, and believed that some day he would see her and that she still loved him.

Returning home one evening he found the mother in tears. He had seen the tall, gaunt figure of Micah B lodgett leaving the house and knew of his reputation as being a merciless money lender. When Mrs Plunkett told him of the five hundred dollars payment due on the mortgage in three dgys and of Micah's threat to foreclose, he sothed her by telling her that he would raise the money. The next two days he endeavored to borrow the money but was unsuccessful. He had seen the old fashioned equipment of the First National and laughed as he thought of how easy it would be to break into it. Unable to get the money, and with tomorrow's foreclosure staring him in the face, Rodolfo, compromised with his conscience--his promise to Dorothy, by telling himself that to rob the old miserly Micah of money that he had taken from the sick son, and old father would be but just retribution.

Taking his case of tools and covering his face with an improvised cambric mask, he left the house. in passing the Sepulchre, it appealed to his sense of irony to break into the house and take the keys from Mica h, letting him suffer during his robbing of the money, as he even now, was making Mrs Plunkett suffer.

Old Micah had fallen asleep before the dyeing embers of the fire in the coal burner. The bulls eye of light fell on his face

and awakened him--he gave a hoarse cry and sprang to his feet. Upon old Micah, the intruder threw himself without a moment's hesitation--and the two went down together.

The noise awakened Mrs Blodgett--she dabbed a match to the hand lamp with a flimsy green card-board shade, which was beside her bed, and came fearfully down the stairs. Reaching the sitting room she saw her husband securely bound to one of the old walnut chairs--the next instant, she, too was made a prisoner. The hand lamp was placed on the mantel, its dim light, lighting the room ghostily---like a candle in a vault.

Then the intruder turned on Micah and told him that he had come for the keys of his bank---that he intended robbing him of the money that he had taken from widows and orphans."Never" roared Micah when the truth broke upon him---Rodolfo began going through his pockets for the keys---then Micah gave a savage scream, as he saw the fellow prepare to depart for his beloved bank, and fright sent him into an insane fury. He fought to loosen his bonds with the strength of a dozen men--he writhed and tore and bit and clawed like a lunatic--and the chair to which he was tied flattened under him and loosened his ropes. In an instant he was up and fighting, a burly human cataclysm--he caught up the back of the chair and in his blidn rage hurled it. The masked man dodged--the chair-back struck the wall behind him with a crash of broken glass, the shade of the lamp wobbled sideways and focused on the picture of Hoffman's Christ !

The two men met in a deadly lock---the picture of Christ buldged in the middle, then fell to the floor--and in the place where Christ had been, was------Dorothy Blodgett ! !

The masked man glanced upward, He beheld ! Recognition followed, he uttered a sharp short cry and fell back ashen.

His hold on Micah's throat was released--Micah turned and he, too, beheld the apparation of the sweet girlish figure in white organdie. "Who's that girl ?" the boy asked. Micah spoke from semiconsciousness--his voice strained as a dead man might speak, "It----it's my daughter".

Then he fell back unconscious. Rodolfo got to his feet and untieing the woman helped her get Micah upstairs to bed---then telephoned for the Doctor. Returning home as empty-handed as when he came.

The next day at her father's request Dorothy arrived from Boston and when the girl knelt by his bedside he asked her forgiveness.

Months dragged into Spring and Micah recovered. The miracle of the picture had been explained by his wife---She had taken the picture from the frame before burning it---and then had it enlarged. Not knowing where to hide it, she had noticed that it was the same size of the print of Christ, placing it behind the picture until the time would come when she could hang it openly.

Micah was a changed man, and though he never learned who his assailant was that night, he had come to a new philosophy of life, and endeavored to temper his religion with mercy a nd charity. Dorothy didmot return to Boston and a year from the time when Rodolfo had left Boston there was a wedding in the Bludgett house, now gayly festive with flowers and no lohger looking like a Sepulchre. Dorothy gave the bridegroom as a wedding gift the confession of Spanish Mame----he was not her son, but a boy whom she had found in the Argentine. The groom's gift to the bride was a record of a year's honest living--but for one black spot, which she said was a sinless sin, as it had brought about her father's redemption.

THE END.

THE SQUARE PEG

D. W. GRIFFITH COLLECTION
MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY

by

CHARLES MARVER AND FORREST HALSEY.

#22

Isn't it time for us Americans to adjust our social standards to the new values of the age in which we live? Shouldn't we discard the false pride, the vanity of caste that is based upon the cultural traditions of a time that knew nothing of our triumphant industrialism? Shouldn't the dignity of labor become more than the catchword of demagogues?

Something of the kind is actually taking place.

The youth who would rather starve as a "professional man" than succeed as an artisan, is an enemy of society. Society is coming to recognize this fact, and some day it will ostracize the inefficient in the white collar who could be the efficient in overalls.

-o-

Jim Day is the college bred, dissipated outcast of a good family. In college he fell under the influence of a professor who taught Socialism. Since leaving college he has squandered the small fortune left him by his father and drifted down in the world. Having a small literary gift he has at first tried to make his living at writing for the better magazines, but they all have returned his stuff. Finally his early Socialistic training and his need for a job have gotten him a place on a Socialistic daily. Jim is a sincere and convinced Socialist, honestly believing that under "the system" a man

has no chance. When he ponders upon his own lack of success he is convinced that a man has no chance whatever.

NOTE. To more precisely sketch the character, Jay is by aptitude mechanical, but the class to which he was born,(his father was a noted historian) has prevented him, though of course he does not realize it, from being trained for the only thing in life of which he could have made a success. He has a brilliant but shallow gift for words, and the stuff he does write shows this. This gift has deceived him in his youth into thinking himself a writer and thinker, whem, as the story should develope he has the qualifications of a worker and doer.

At the time the play opens, Jim is a special writer and reporter on one of the minor Socialist sheets. His face and manner are marked with reckless and dissipated life. In collefe he was athletic, quite a boxer, but now his stores of youthful strength are about used up. He cares no longer for appearances, wears any old thing as long as decency permits. He is bitter and disillusioned.

Jim belongs to a group which gathers at a small coffee house on the East Side to discuss Socialism, the coming revolution, to rail at the system and sympathize with "the wage slave." None of the group are hand laborers. They are "intellectuals." Some are employed as bookkeepers, others are connected with the radical press. The leading woman of the group is Vera Nikolef,- beautiful, lawless, fiery.

From the coffee house the group generally adjourns and finishes the night at her flat, which is very popular because Jim has very cleverly made her a still. (For the sake of the color, the play can open in the coffee house, whowing the late hour types, the "snow-birds" and the "sleigh-bell" boys, the late laborers and prostitutes and introducing Vera and Olga who shares the flat with her.)

The group gathers. One of them is a big, powerful Russian, Nerodny, a cynical, thorough-going anarchist with no patience with half measures. Jim is the last to arrive and whows Vera an article on "The Wage Slave"which he has just had published in his paper. Vera thinks it is very good and is about to read it to the group, when Jim suggests that they adjourn to the flat, coffee at this hour does not appeal to him. His suggestion is received with acclaim and the crowd goes to the flat. There should be some suggestion in the first scene of Jim's passion for Vera- and also that she encourages him. This can be done openly before all the crowd, as in this crowd all the little secrecies of love and desire are considered "bourgeoise."

In the flat the liquor is produced. Vera reads Jim's article to the applause of the bunch- except Nerodny- who sits silent and cynical. Jim, half drunk, resents this- a quarrel is about to flare out between the men- when Olga rushes in with the news that the water pipes in the bathroom have burst. Jim volunteers to do what he can and goes in to wrestle with the pipes.

"From his literary style I am sure that he is a born mechanic," says the big Russian.

While Jim works the big Russian makes up to Vera. Jim conquers the leak sufficiently to last until the plumber can get there and dirty and wet returns. He finds an excited argument. Nerodny has been saying that his article is all right from the point of view of imagination but that all Jim's work lacks is real knowledge of the life of the man who works with his hands.

"Your hands don't look to me as if they had any knowledge of work," says Jim angrily, pointing to the big, soft, ringed hands of the Russian. The Russian grins, "Real work- real hot hard work got me those rings. They were looted from the palace of the Princess of my class." Jim flares again at this.

"Robbing a helpless woman does not hit me as the hardest kind of work," sneers Jim. Here the Russian bristles and holds out his hands- "Well, these hands labored in the convict mines of Siberia. That was work. What have yours ever done like it?" He now taunts him with knowing nothing of the class he writes about, of the bitter lot of the toiler, the wage slave. He adds that if he did, his work might ring true, but as it is now, it is all a pale reflection of the horrors of which the writer knows nothing. Jim sneers at this but as Vera agrees with Nerodny, flares up. Nerodny adds, that of course it would be hard for Jim to go down into the darkness of the underworld of work- but if he did dare to go, his art and the cause would gain.

NOTE: It should be suggested that this whole thing is a plant between Vera and the Russian to get Jim out of the way. Vera is tired of him and also a bit scared, as in liquor his temper is rather violent.

Vera now breaks in and apparently taking Jim's part, declares that she knows he is not afraid- that for the sake of his art and the cause he will go down among the workers. Jim takes fire from her apparent championship of his cause. He declares he will go; he will write an article on the wage slave and go down into the slave market to do it. He drunkenly says he will go to morrow to one of the steel cities of the middle west and go to work until his series of articles is finished.

He then turns to Vera and asks her if, when he comes back, she will be his "comrade." She agrees. As she does so, the big Russian slips his hand under the table and takes hers. There is now a wild revel to celebrate Jim's departure.

Next morning Jim, with an awful head curses the idea of work but haggard, exhausted, limp, takes the train for the west. Vera and his friends meet him at the station to see him off. "Remember, what she has promised," says Jim to the group. "We'll remember," they assure him. Jim gets on the train. It moves out. The big Russian looks at Vera and smiles. She gives a shrug of relief.

On the train Jim begins his first article.

"I shall live in the slums, in one of the fetid dens to which the exhausted slaves drag their weary bodies--- after the round of labor is over for the day."

Jim arrives at the town where the big works are. He asks for a workman's boarding house. He is sent to Mrs. Minks. Mrs. Mins, a large worried lady, just does happen to have a room. She hopes he won't mind the pounding next to him because she is having another bath room put in. "It sure is a shame to waste that good room that would rent so easy... but my people is particular..." This is not Jim's idea of a boarding house for a wage slave- but he

is too worn out to look further so he takes the room. He tries to go on with his article but falls asleep over it.

While he sleeps we introduce our heavy- Packy McGan- champion bruiser of the machine works. Packy is a literal heavy, six feet, two hundred pounds of solid bone and muscle- with a wallop that can send an iron puddler to paradise. Packy is sullen and dull but the hero to all the kids of the factory. He is shown with a crowd of them giving them instructions and taking their reports.

Packy has selected miss Mae Burney for his own. The fact that Mae, pretty and highspirited, furiously resents this taking- is nothing to Packy. She's his. But as miss Mae refuses to admit this, and is very pretty and full of life, Packy has had to develop a system to see it that she remains "his". Packy's process has made him a hero with the small boys. Several kids are to report to Packy, if in spite of the orders the champion has issued to all the young men, any of them dares to make the least advance to Mae. The kids report "Say Packy, she tried to get Billy Watson to walk a way wit her.. but he seen me an' beat it." Packy nods grimly. "Say, Packy, listen, she ast Tommy Meeker to take her to the dance- but he said he'd broke his toe an'-"

Here there is a scuffle, three kids push forward a sullen lowering young man of thirteen or fourteen who is evidently afraid of Packy yet whose Irish spunk is working hard0 it is Shorty Ryan. Shorty is a youthful wonder when it comes to the knowledge of boxing and training... he could give points to a veteran of forty. He has been a great admirer of Packy, knows his work like a book,

but something has happened... The kids yell the information as to what happened at Packy. "He says he ain't goin't to tell you if he does see her wit a feller".. Here Shorty gathers his courage and nods. A kid yells..."She 's ast him to promise not to.. She give him a rose.. Ah! Shorty's stuck on your girl, Packy..." This is greeted with a yell, Shorty, crimson and stuttering, writhes in Packy's grasp yelling "I ain't no spy.. an' she ain't your girl" Here he writhes again trying to get free and with his Irish up- screams.. "She says your a big simp.. She says she hates you. She says she's going' to get some feller that ain't a coward.. She says..." but here Shorty is thrown over Packy's lap and amid the delirious joy of his friends, soundly spanked.

"I'll git you fer this-- you big brute. See if I don't," he sobs in his rage.

In these scenes it should be made clear that the huge Packy, while dull, is cunning enough to use his influence over the kids to do what he cannot do otherwise, watch May and any young man who dares to think of defying Packy'd edict- that the girl belongs to him alone.

, Now the girl is very pretty, and very highspirited. She hates Packy, principally because he dares to try and make up her mind for her. She is exasperated and lonely. For unless she goes out with Packy she goes alone. No young man dares cross the chump knowing the fate of several who have tried it. Now May loves parties, dances, the movies- and likes the companionship of the other sex- other than Packy. She is rebellious and desperate. Besides her own power of will is no one cylinder affair and she has made up her mind to show Packy where he gets off.

The scene now goes to the boarding house dining parlor. It is full of young people, chaffing at each other and abusing Mrs. Minks, because she is late with the dinner and everybody has to dress for the dance. The dance is to be given in the recreation room of the factory. Mae enters. Young men fall away as if she had the scarlet fever. Mae sits sadly down in a corner. She is asked if she is going to the dance. She shakes her head. One of the young fellows is touched. He comes over and begins to talk to her. She brightens up-- suddenly pleads with him to take her to the dance. She is so pretty and appealing that he, in spite of his fear of Packy, is about to yield, when his chum comes over and whispers to him that he (the chum) has seen a kid peeking in the window. The smitten young fellow beats a hurried retreat from the dangerous vicinity of the lady belonging to Packy McCan.

Dinner is announced and all rush in. The seat beside Mae is the only empty one. The kid outside moves around from the parlor window to that of the dining room to renew his watch of "Packy's girl". Mae eats slowly, brooding. The others hurry through their meal. One of the young men says: "Sat, Miss Burney, Packy told me to tell you he'd be round by eight to take you to the dance." "I've told him I'm not going to the dance," retorts the girl.

Just then Jim Day enters. Mrs. Minks shows him to the seat beside Mae. Mae instantly perks up. Here is a stranger. The table hold their breaths as after Mrs. Minks introduces him they see Mae very cordial and warm. Jim tells her he has come to look for work. She tells him he could not have come to a better place. The factory, where she is a bookkeeper, needs men. Come there tomorrow and she will introduce him to the superintendent.

Jim grows interested- here is a chance to study a working girl at first hand. The others notice his interest. One of the

young men remarks to his chum- "She's got him going. Well, it'll last until Packy hears of it." Mae says that there is going to be a dance in the recreation hall of the factory that night and asks Jim if he would like to go. Jim thinks this is a good chance to study the "Hell-fare" work of the capitalist. He says he would be delighted. "Sombbody ought to wise him up. He's too young to die," whispers a young fellow to his chum.

The kid detective outside hears Jim accept. Like a good sleuth the kid has raised the window a bit so he can hear. He now turns to carry the news to Packy. But suddenly a wiry little catamount springs upon him. It is Shorty, already busy with his plans to get even for that spanking. He beats the fear of himself into the kid so thoroughly that the kid promises if he lets him up he will not tell Packy that a new fellow is cooping his girl.

Now in the boarding house dining room Jim is left alone while Mae goes up to dress. He is making a few notes for his article, on a pad which he always carries... when the windows behind him is raised, and he sees the freckled face of a small boy (Shorty) and hears the mysterious whisper. "Go to it kid.. I'm wit yer." Jim's surprise is not recovered from until the boy vanishes and Mae enters. She is very pretty in her simple party dress and Jim is man enough to see and feel it.

Just as they leave the house she glances anxiously around. Her expression is so alarmed that Jim questions her. The girl will not say of what she is afraid. Jim presses her. Finally she says-

"Oh, I don't think I ought to take you to the dance... I have no right to put you in danger."

What mysterious conspiracy is this- thinks Jim. He questions her. Falteringly she explains, about Packy-- that he beats up any man who goes with her.. because he has marked her out-

for "his girl". Her eyes fill with tears as she says no man dare look at her. This arouses Jim.. that sort of stuff is out of date- a woman should be as free as air. He grows hot about it--demands why she submits. She a grily answers that she does not submit- it's the men. This touches Him's masculine ego and Jim retorts that there is one man ho won't submit- "That's what they all tell me-- at first but.." sight Miss Burney, from the depths of past disillusions. Jim now gets hotter. There is no harm in his going to the dance with her- no harm at all.. as they have just met they can have no feeling for each other- besides .." Mis Burney agrees that they can have no feeling for each other but is curious about what he meant by that "besides."

Jim does not explain.l Somehow to this sweet, normal girl it would, he realizes, take too long to explain vera. He gives Miss Burney his arm and these two young people, who agree that at a first meeting it would be impossible for them to have any feeling for each other, go to the dance. Their entrance creates a sensation. Seeing this Him's dramatic sense is touched and he says mischievously; "Miss Burnet, wouldn't it be effective if we showed our freedom by seeming to a flirt a little.. of course as we have just met, it will mean nothing to us.." Miss Burney agrees.. so they dance and sit together.

And three of those kids who always look intthe windows at a dance speed away to tell Packy.

Packy, who does not shine at dances, has been content enough that Mae refused to go with him. He don't care if she goes and looks on. He knows nobody will dare dance with her. A friend is with him and to that friend he confides that he means to get married soon; he's stood Mae's foolishness long enough. He shows the friend the plans of the house he has picked out - and is going to have the company architect build for him. He is to borrow the money from the company paying it back in instalments. Just as he finishes, a couple of kids from the dance race in and tell him that his girl is there with a strange fellow and she is going on with him like anything.

Amid a hush of awe the hugh Packy arrives at the dance, thrusts his way through the dancers (the dance stops) and gives Jim his warning: "That's my girl. Beat it." Jim has pluck enough and laughs at him. Packy knocks him down. Jim springs to his feet and fights the best he can. But he cannot do much against Packy. He is in danger of being licked out of his life when the police come. Shorty has summoned them. Mae is in a rage and demands from one of the older men who ran the dance that something be done to Packy. The police sergeant, touched by the girl's distress promises to see that Packy is bound over to keep the peace for three months, which he does.

The next day, Jim, with a black eye, goes to work. He is unskilled and the work is hard (throwing rivets). By night he is worn out and still stiff from his beating. He begins a fiery article about the overdriven wage slaves. Just then Mae comes into the parlor. She is in tears. Jim asks her why and she repeats to him a threat she has heard from Packy, which is that as soon as his three months are up - if Jim is still there, he will

beat him to death. She begs him to leave. He asks her why she does not leave. With flashing eyes she tells him she is not going to be driven away by Packy McGan. "Well, neither am I", says Jim. Mae admires his bravery. They go for a walk. Packy broods upon them in a distance.

Next day Shorty cultivates Jim. Jim is his admiration since hehhas defied Packy. But Shorty sadly looks over Jim's physique and tells him he's rotten - he'll never stand a minute against Packy. The contempt of the boy stings the young man.

Jim tells Shorty that in college he could box any man in the class. Shorty sees a gleam of hope, but informs Jim that "Awh, that's what all the has-beens say. But, listen, if you want a chance of your life wit Packy you gotta get back into condition - even then he'll kill you ... But you'll be longer dying." Shorty then tells Jim of the gymnasium the company runs for the men. With Shorty Jim goes to the gym. Here we introduce as a sparring partner one of the young fellows that Packy has beaten up because he would not keep away from Mae. Shorty gets him to help train Jim which the youth does with pleasure saying, "Of course, he'll whale you - but if I can just learn you to land him a few I'll be satisfied." Jim works hard at the gym - at night and at day he is at work in the factory. Packy bound over not to touch him can still make his life a burden, which he does by sneering at his awkwardness at work. This puts Jim on his mettle and he works hard, winning the approbation of his foreman - who keeps an eye on the young fellow who shows such eagerness to learn.

Saturday comes and with it money, real money ... Shorty meets Jim as he is going home and begs him for the love of heaven to get a new suit. Jim explains that he does not want to catch

Packy

Packy's girl. Shorty with vast contempt accuses him of already weakening. Jim retorts that he is not weakening, but Jim gets the new suit. The psychological effect of the new clothes takes Jim back to the old college days, and the hopes of his boyhood. The effect upon Mae is also marked. That night when Jim begins to write his article he finds excuses for the industrial system creeping into it. He actually says that a man's chance today depends somewhat on himself. When he reads this, he knows it will never go and tears it up - starts to write again - breaks off to go out with Mae to a movie.

Mae, purely as a friend - (both agree that they cannot care for each other - they are only teaching Packy his place) so purely as a friend Mae enquires about his life. He tells her what a wreck he has made of it - and she gives him the common sense advice to take advantage of his chances. Jim hotly argues that the system under which the working man lives he has no chance. Mae says she knows nothing about the system but she does know that there is a chance for good money in the factory and anybody can take it or leave it. She tells him he ought to be ashamed ~~of~~ to be broke with nothing behind him - suppose he wanted to marry some day - what right has he got to ask a girl to share his life. Jim thinks about this. If he and Vera are to be married (already he is using the word "marriage" in place of comrade) he ought to have some money ahead. So he begins to go after money .... there are bonuses - stock issued on installments .... He goes in for all of them. The hard work and the exercise in the gym and the open air transforms him. He also begins to find a delight in his work and is advanced. Pack lounges over to sneer at him as usual, and

Jim tells him (this is on the day that he fir t assumes his position as boss of a small gang) not to bother him as he must give his attention to "his men". Packy is dumbstruck, almost assaults Jim. He cannot believe that "the simp" is a boss - until the foreman comes up and orders him away.

Money in the bank, work he enjoys, good blood in his veins, transforms Jim. He laughs at Packy's threats of what the bully will do to him when his three months' observance of the peace are up. Jim knows his articles will be done at the end of three months and he himself will be gone. His views of socialism have not changed he is too busy to think about them - occasionally he writes on his articles - when he does so he mentally pictures how they will floor the sneering Moroney. Jim feels his muscles as he thinks of that last scene in the flat and wonders how he let the Russian get away with it.

The factory dramatic club, hearing through Mae that he knows Shakespeare, call him in to help. Mae wants to act Rosalind, and, as she is very strong willed about it, the Club gives in to her - but the young mechanic who is the leading male actor of the club does not see himself in the leading role - he sees what Packy may do to him. Packy has issued orders when he heard about the play that the club shall not do it ... "He ain't goin' to have his girl come out in pants before a crowd." Mae has heard of this and decides that she will act Rosalind or leave the Club. To prevent a breakup of the club, and to worry Packy, Jim consents to play the lover. Packy hears of this and broods upon a plan. He has seen a rehearsal - the day of the performance he takes aside the young blacksmith who is to play Charles the wrestler, and gives him his choice of dying then and there or giving Packy his part in the show and his tights.

The blacksmith saves his own life, surrenders his costume and beats it. The performance is to take place in the woods belonging to one of the owners of the factory. The play goes beautifully until the wrestling scene - then there is a wait for the wrestler - anxiety grows for him to come and grows keener when he does come. It is Packy in the tights of the original Charles .. (which he has burst in places) Rosalind's terror is real as she sees the contest begin. Jim tackles Packy and cannot throw him. The crowd roars.... Packy stands grinning - then as a finale turns and wipes the ground with Jim (not hitting him - that would break the pace - just wiping the ground with hi .

Jim is nearly mad with shame and rage, and when Packy lets up tries to get at him. He is restrained. "Do you want to commit suicide?" his friends ask him... "Ah, it's a bluff ... He knows I can't kill him for a month yet. " grins Packy. Jim now screams a challenge at him to fight when the month is up. Everybody laughs.

Jim finds Mae in tears - the play is spoiled - and she sobs as she says that she knows she can never go around and have a good time like other girls with fellows because of that hateful Packy. Jim swears he will free her - he will fix it so she can have as many fellows as she wants. Mae sadly shakes her head - it's nice of him, but he forgets Packy. Jim passionately says he does not forget Packy.

He now seriously and in dead earnest decides to fight Packy. He wallows in training, showing more and more of his old form. Shorty is encouraged. He bids Jim's friends keep the improvement a secret. Shorty is Jim's adviser in these matters.

The whole works grows interested in the coming battle. When Mae hears of it she is in terror for Jim - she begs him to go away, then breaks down and says she is going away herself. Before Jim realizes it he has her in his arms, and makes her promise to stay. When she has promised and told him she loves him - he suddenly remembers Vera. His sudden stricken face makes Mae question him. The boy stammers. "I ought'nt to have done it... but you see you took me by surprise ....I ...I..." Mae at those words, "you took me by surprise" goes up into the air... What does he mean .. she took him by surprise .... he tries to explain. "I'm ... well, you might call it engaged to somebody else." At this Mae cries out that men are too much .... Here's Packy engaging himself to her with no right - and here's Jim doing the same. She tells Jim she hates him and all men and drives him from the room. She publicly announces that she is done with him - she hates him.

But this does not stop the coming fight - for the sneering Packy tells Jim that he believes it is a device both of them (Mae and Jim) have worked out to save his hide. Jim is in a fury over this, and miserable about Mae. Jim thinks he has no chance against Packy anyway, and now that Mae hates him he is rather glad to die. He can't escape the fight - as his friends have a bet on it - but he dreads it. He takes a long chance with the fiery Vera and writes asking her to release him. While waiting for the answer he trains with Shorty, but so hopelessly and lifelessly that Shorty is in despair. "Say, listen, get some pep or he'll eat you alive."

NOTE: Much comedy can be made of Jim's attitude toward the fight. At times, when angry he wants to get at Packy; at other times his common sense warns him he will have no chance, and as he is not a regular hero, but only a normal young man, he dreads the fight.

and visions what will happen to him. As his friends bet on him he becomes more nervous ... those friends can be a small group - the defeated lovers of Mae - who pray to their God for Packy's defeat.

On the day before the fight comes a letter from New York. Sonia, Vera's room-mate sends Jim back his unopened letter and a line to say that Vera has gone off with the Russian leaving no address.

Jim is overjoyed and runs down to the parlor, to see Mae. Mae has not spoken to him for weeks, has sat beside him at meals like a statue of ice. Jim tells Mae that he is free. "Oh," cries the girl, joy in her face . - "you have broken your engagement?" "No, - she ran off with another man," cries Jim joyfully. But his joy ends suddenly for Mae freezes. So he did not break his engagement - eh ... so, he only comes to her when the other girl has thrown him off. Miss Burney lets him understand that she is taking nobody else's castoffs, thank you. Nor can Jim change her. In a passion of tears she says she hates all men - him above the others - that she hopes Packy will kill him. She runs from the room.

Shorty, who is always at Jim's heels to see he does not break training, hears this. He also sees from the lifeless dejection of Jim that something must be done - otherwise his man is licked before he enters the ring. And up to now his man has had a chance - for Shorty has been working a system on Packy. His system is to jar Packy out of his sullen coolness and make him so mad he can hardly see when he enters the ring.

He makes it a practice to follow Packy at a safe distance and yell at him what Mae has said to him ... "Hey, she says you're a boob ... she says you're brains in your Adam's apple.. etc."

He als calls him on the telephone and gives him choice bits he ought to know. Packy is murderous.

"Gee" says Shorty to himself, "If I could only git that skirt to the ringside. I bet my man would fight then. He'd never let her see the other fell w lick him."

Suddenly he has an idea.

The day of the fight dawns. Jim, with some of the young fellows that Packy has driven away from Mae (his seconds) goes as a lamb to the slaughter. Shorty with an air of throwing up the sponge says, "Go in in and git your beatin' you big stiff. She's told Packy that she'll marry him tomorrow, if he gives it to you strong enough."

Jim spunks up angrily - questions Shorty. "Yes, I heard her, and she said if she could manage it she'd lip in and see him do it," lies Shorty gleefully as he sees his man's blood rise. The fight begins. Packy is like a mad bull, but some of his habitual caution remains. Jim is cold and alert. He has determined that if Mae marries Packy tomorrow, though he himself may be beaten up - her husband shall wear some of his marks on his wedding night. Shorty at the ringside is taunting Packy, who makes the mistake of looking at the imp of Satan to cuss him. That gives Jim his chance and he plants a star gatherer. The round ends as Packy recovers. But more men now bet on Jim. Shorty is wild with delight. Jim rushes too much and gets a few. The bell saves him from a knockout.

Meanwhile shorty has phoned to miss Burney and gasped out "Packy has killed Jim. He's dying now and asks you to come." Mae gives a ~~more an~~ scream and flies to Jim.

She arrives at the building in which the fight is held. Jim is in his corner, he has far from recovered from the blows at

the end of the last round. Packy is exultant. Suddenly Shorty springs to the ropes and whispers in Jim's ear. "There she is now - come to see you trimmed." He points to the doorway where Mae is frantically arguing with the doorman to let her in. Jim rises, she sees him ... gives a cry of relief. The bell rings. Jim thinking that the girl has come to see him get a beating is determined she shall see a beating - but not his. Even the weakest of men have reserves of strength to be tapped only in a crisis like that of insanity. Jim's life has built up his muscle - but he has been no match for Packy. But he is now. All his reserves are in action. He is insane from insult and jealousy. He scarcely feels Packy's blows. And his face like that of an insane man daunts Packy. The round is a whirlwind. We cut to Mae hearing the shouts and trying to get in. The conventional man will not let her in. But the round gets so intense that the doorkeeper abandons the door to see it. Mae enters.

Jim knocks out Packy and stands above him, until Packy is counted out. Then Jim faints across Packy's body. Mae when she is recognized as Jim's girl is ushered to the ring. Jim comes to and looks up to see her above him. Shorty whispers to him .. "That was all a lie I told yer she said. But it won the fight for you."

Still prone, Jim looks up at Mae. "Will you marry me?" he asks.

"Yes, if you'll promise me never to fight again."

"I'll never fight again," says Jim ... then adds to himself. "I don't see how it happens that I'm alive now."

Shorty smiles. His system has worked.

Mac and Jim are looking over the plans of company houses that night, when a telegram is brought to Jim. It is from the socialist paper. They can't wait any longer for his article. Jim rummages out the article, smiles at it dubiously, tears it up, then writes an answering telegram which says they must get somebody else to finish the articles on the wrongs of the wage slaves as he is too busy making money.

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New York City.

Ashland 5337

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#23

THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER.

Moving picture scenario
based on a novel to be written
by

Coningsby Dawson.

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The picture opens on Christmas Eve. The place a fashionable shopping street in Kiev, Russia. The time nightfall. The period the old régime of Czaristic splendor and class-privilege which preceded the wholesale levelling, caused by war and revolution. Between the daffodil-tinted glare which falls across the snow from shop-windows, pass drotskies drawn by prancing horses, driven by coachmen muffled in costly furs. Little children alight with their mothers and hurry excitedly into the emporiums for toys. Up and down the pavements saunter crowds of lovers, newly married, etc., happily absorbed and gazing into the fairy-land of luxury from which glass-panes alone divide them. The scene is that of the Fifth Avenue of Kiev en fête.

The scene switches to another quarter of Kiev - the ghetto. Christmas Eve, which brings so much of dreaming and gentleness to the Christians, brings nothing but fear to their Jewish fellow-citizens. On Christmas Eve anti-Jewish feeling runs high and it is then that of all nights a pogram is most likely to start. Hence in the ghetto all lights are darkened, all windows shuttered, all doors barred. The inhabitants are hidden inside the houses, huddled and listening. There is no sign of life.

Again the street of fashion. Down its gilded length come riding three oriental kings on camels. Their presence is unsuspected by any of the characters in the picture. They wind ghost-like through the traffic as men feeling their way and nearing the end of their journey. Their appearance is appropriate, if unrecognized, for the Russian Christmas is known as the Fête of The Three

Kings. On that night, according to legend, the three wise men of the east come riding back in search of little children as much in need of their gifts as was the divine pauper who was born in Bethlehem.

Turning away from the privileged throng, they enter into the guarded ghetto and stop before a hovel where a child is about to be brought into the world. Beyond the door before which they pause an oldish man and his young wife are waiting for the miracle of life's renewal to happen. The interior is lowly in the extreme, its poverty apparent, scarcely more than a cellar. The hour has arrived when, at whatever risk, a doctor must be summoned. The old husband withdraws the bolts and goes forth to send a neighbor for medical assistance. Unseen by him the Three Kings in their gorgeous robes enter and group themselves, kneeling about the woman. There we leave them to follow the aged husband, moving stealthily through the dark, see him knock at a neighbor's house, deliver his message and the neighbor after consultation set forth.

It is evident at once that the neighbor knows his danger. He picks his path warily and, when he comes to the Christian quarter with which we are already acquainted, strives to muffle his features to conceal his race. The slightest offence from him may light the bon-fire of fanaticism. By accident he jostles a Christian loaded with packages. In excusing himself he discloses his features. A quarrel springs up. The crowd turns upon him, strikes him. In attempting to defend himself he has delivered blows in return. The provocation is sufficient. As in the twinkling of an eye the Fifth Avenue of Kiev is deserted. The Christian mob is surging toward the ghetto. Doors are battered. Loads of holly, hay, whatever is inflammable, piled against the windows. Burn them out like rats. The pogram has started.

In the hovel-home underground the child has been born. The three ghostly kings kneel about him, presenting their unseen gifts. The Jewish husband, blind to their visitation, is barricading the entrances, but the young mother, transfigured beyond all peril, smiles above her first-born.

A week later, when the frenzy has died down, they creep out into the daylight to find the ghetto devastated as a town that has been sacked. To all appearance they three, of all the families who have lived there, are the only ones to have been spared. Gathering together the possessions they can carry, they escape, shaking off the dust of Russia forever and going in quest of America - the land of promise.

Arrived there, they drift perforce into New York's version of the ghetto, where people of their race are walled in by ignorance of the language spoken in the country of their adoption. There, owing to the defencelessness caused by their alienism, they find themselves as much the prey of human rapacity as in Russia. The old husband, striving to earn bread for his young wife and child, finds only the sweatshop open to him, where his strength is exploited. He becomes a piece-worker, taking garments home to stitch in his garret, where his young wife more and more becomes his helper. The land of promise seems to have failed him. But his wife refuses to lose faith. The chance which they have been unable to seize, will be inherited by their little son. As she toils long hours and sews her life into the thread, she dreams long dreams of his emancipation and grandeur. She reads significance into his baby acts where others see nothing but a child's dawning intelligence. She treasures all his sayings. Her great pride is that he is beginning to speak American, which she and her husband are unable to master. He becomes for her the window through which she gazes out on a new and entrancing

world. And she seems justified in her visions, for the child of youth and old age grows daily more beautiful like a strange, glad flower, unsubdued by the squalor of his surroundings.

The child, according to Jewish law, comes of age on his seventh birthday. His father, weighed down with care and toil, has allowed the day to pass unremembered. A pile of garments have to be finished and delivered before morning. The task seems interminable. He sews on beyond midnight. When he falls asleep, needle in hand, his wife takes up his work. The child wakens, sees her and says, "Mother, let me. Today I am a man." A scene between mother and son follows in which she tries to convey to him that he will not be as other men. There was something mystic about his birth. She had seemed to see three kings from the east kneeling before him, etc. In sheer weariness, she falls to sleep as she is telling him. The child arises and goes over to the window beneath which the great illumined city glows like a perfumed garden. He, too, has dreamed his dreams. What does the future hold for him? As he stretches his arms abroad, the shadow of a cross falls across the garret floor. Unconscious of it, he turns back to his sleeping parents and sits down cross-legged as a tailor, stitching. "Surely I am a man!"

After this in swift snap-shots follow incidents which illustrate the child's growing up to manhood. His extraordinary grace and beauty, which no contacts with harsh environments seem able to dull. His reputation for gentleness and wisdom which impress even the Rabbis. His Americanization through attending school. All of which developments his mother broodingly watches; they seem to bear out her dreams and to confirm her hopes. The most astonishing quality the boy possesses is his shining sense of truth, which expresses itself in his happy, normal purity. He knows all the street-gangs and

is not of them. He can be friends with the most violent and disreputable characters - thieves, goal-birds, women not above reproach - but in his presence they seem to reflect his own goodness and to be strangely innocent and childlike. His father is too bowed by labor to notice anything that happens - the mother notices, wonders, even doubts at times, but rarely interferes.

We come to the main incident, which focuses this period. The boy is fifteen. For the first time he wanders out of his habitual setting, far beyond the confines of the ghetto and discovers Fifth Avenue. It is a spring day, when the sun shines palely and flowers are coming into bloom. That such a leisurely world exists comes as a revelation - the contrast and, up to a point, the injustice that his world and this should exist side by side impresses him. He sees a girl of his own age step from an automobile. As she touches the pavement, she evidently changed her mind and turns to cross the avenue. Attracted by the bird-like gaiety of her motions, his eyes follow her. He sees her become dazed by the traffic, bewildered, struck down. In the confusion of sharply halted vehicles, she tries to rise. The boy at imminent risk to himself dashes to her rescue and drags her out from under the wheels. When he brings her back to the pavement a crowd gathers. She lies white and still. Her mother, rushing wildly from her car, falls to weeping believing the girl is dead. A doctor, who has been passing, tries to discover the girl's heart beating, listens, feels her pulse and shakes his head ominously. It is then that the Jewish boy, growing out of himself with an air of strange authority, pushes them all aside. Bending over her he takes her hands in his own, breathes upon her mouth and calls to her. Slowly her eyes open and gaze upon him with rapt attention. She rises to her feet with his assistance and seems completely cured. It is as though a miracle had happened. Her mother, all ec-

stacy and selfishness now, hurries the girl back into the car to be rid of the publicity. But the girl's eyes are fastened on the face of her rescuer as though she sees only the face and nothing of his ragged clothes. The car drives off and the crowd disperses.

When the boy arrives home he finds his mother has been anxious. He's never been absent so long before; moreover there's a pile of finished garments to be delivered at the sweaters.

While the boy is gone, one of his many friends, the policeman O'Reilly, comes in search of him, bearing in his hand the evening paper. The paper contains the full story of the adventure - the daughter of Mr. Jairus, one of the richest bankers in America; how she'd been struck down and run over on Fifth Avenue; the spectator's story; the doctor's testimony - the girl's heart had stopped beating - she had been really dead. Then followed the account of an interview with the girl herself and how all she could talk about was that wonderful face gazing down on her when she awoke. The only identification of the rescuer's personality was that he was Jewish. The happening was being embroidered to the dimensions of a seven day's wonder - a miracle. O'Reilly declares that the description tallies with only one boy - and then he points to the reward of $5000 that Mr. Jairus has offered.

The boy comes back from the sweat-shop to find commotion and excitement in his home. Neighbors have crowded in. Even the old husband has wakened out of his torpor and, though he still stitches as though his life depends upon it, listens intently. Everyone is prophesying. With five thousand dollars a store can be purchased - even a sweat-shop.

The boy to their amazement acknowledges that he is the rescuer for whom the banker is searching, but he refuses to make himself known and pledges them all to keep his secret. Such is his strange authority that

they promise.

The story then switches to the Jairus mansion and how when all clues are abandoned, the girl herself comes searching. She finds her way to the ghetto - startling contrast! Her Rolls Royce wending its way between the hucksters' barrows! She gets out and inquires - goes on foot alone. Comes to the dingy tenement, climbs the stairs to the garret and finds the boy's mother. Coming back from school with his books under his arm, the boy discovers these two women snatched from the opposite poles of society.

The further developement of this part of the story is the trustful, unsexual friendship which springs up between the boy and the girl. Her lack of interest in suitors, because of the standard the Jewish boy has offered her of manhood. Her worldly parents' waning enthusiasm for him and at last their positive hostility to him. He is upsetting all the plans for their daughter's fashionable progress.

During this period as a further irritant comes the war. Mr. Jairus, as a banker, is making money out of it while flattering himself that he is a patriot. His daughter seems to him luke-warm over the conflict, almost a pacifist; he attributes her clear-sighted criticisms to her undesirable Jewish friend. The cure seems to get her married. The man picked out for her is a young Captain of Infantry - the most ardent of her previous suitors.

While the war has brought profit to the Mr. Jairuses of the world, it has brought consternation to the ghetto. Its mixed nationalities discuss issues endlessly and frequently come to blows. Whereas to Americans born the struggle is as yet remote, to the Jew it is imminent and personal. Their relations are citizens of both enemy and allied countries. It is as though no Atlantic divided. Any day, during those first years before America's

entrance,into the struggle, one might see street-orators haranguing in the ghetto, preaching internationalism, every shade of pacifism and liberal philosophy. Amongst those who are heard with most reverence is the tailor's son, now a young man. He speaks without bitterness, always about love and brotherhood - man's duty to forgive his enemies. Suddenly the ghetto is panic-stricken by the news that America is in on the side of the Allies. As the tailor's son is urging a street audience to pacifism, he is arrested and hustled into the patrol - wagon. When he is brought before the magistrate for traitorous utterances, he is found to be of military age and fitness, and is conscripted into a company of which the suitor of Miss Jairus is the captain. He finds himself in a division composed entirely of Christians. Because he is a Jew, He is resented. His mildness and difference commend him for persecution. He is remarkable at once for his refusal to strike back when attacked and by his abstinence from the wildness in which the other soldiers indulge. All his talk of peace and loving your enemies is treated as a jest until the division arrives in France. "Enemies! Why you hin't got no friends," they jeer at him.

In the trenches, however, the attitude of his companions changes. To speak of loving one's enemy when under enemy shell-fire recommends him neither with his fellow-privates nor with his officers. He begins to find himself distrusted. It has been noticed in a bayonet charge that he made no attempt to kill - that the enemy lowered their bayonets at his approach and seemed to love him. While others were wounded, he passed through scatheless. The suspicion against him in enhanced by the discovery that he has the habit of succoring wounded Germans. He slips out into No-Man's-Land at night, risking his life to crawl in with them to safety. It is determined that he is a spy and will bear

watching. Actually there is a spy in his company, the captain in love with Jairus's daughter, whose activities have passed unnoticed. This man makes friends with the tailor's son and soon realizes that his comings and goings have no other motive than mercy. He is quick to see, however, that if he can fix suspicion on him it may one day serve as a cloak of loyalty for himself. It will also rid him of the obstacle to his marriage.

The division is withdrawn to billets behind the line in a shelled village. Only a few of the original French inhabitants remain - pariahs who prey upon the appetites and passions of the soldiers. One of them is a girl called Mary, a light-of-love. She becomes disturbed by the accusing eye of the Jewish soldier, though he never accuses her in words. In the estaminet where they dance, she sometimes halts in her wildness to glance at him with trouble. On the last night before they go up for an attack, she throws herself at his feet, begging his forgiveness. The soldiers who have been her companions in debauch, try to drag her back, offering kisses and wine to cheer her. The tailor's son, laying hands on her loosened hair, nearly gets himself arrested by his blasphemy, "Neither do I dondemn thee."

The attack in the front line is over. The tailor's son has once more been out in No-Man's-Land, bringing mercy to the fallen of the enemy. It is night. Suddenly, as he goes about his task, he hears a whispering in a neighboring shell-hole. It is the Captain of the company, the spy, conferring with a German officer who has crept out into No-Man's-Land to meet him. Suddenly they become aware of the tailor's son looking down on them and at the same time that they are surrounded by an American patrol. The Captain slips his incriminating papers into the Jewish soldier's tunic and goes through

the gestures of having been the first to arrest him. The result is a summary court-martial at the back of the lines in the village where the French girl, Mary, dwells. The chief witness against the Jew is his captain, with the result that he is condemned to be shot. Mary alone of the human beings who surround him, shows him pity. She struggles to approach him, but is turned back. At sunrise he is taken out and placed against a wall to meet the firing squad. As he falls, the German counter-attack starts, the enemy sweep through the village, areconquering everything. Mary, left alone both by friend and enemy, digs a grave for the Jew and puts above his grave a cross, upon which is scrawled "Unknown American Soldier."

From here we pass on to the end of the war. Both enemy and Allied countries have prayed frenziedly through four years for victory. "God give us victory" - both appealing to the same God. Throughout the picture there have been thrown on the screen vision pictures of kneeling throngs in St. Paul's, Notre Dame, village churches of Germany, and St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York. Above all the throngs has been seen standing the figure of the Jewish soldier, but dressed in the uniform of all the contesting nations.

To the village where the traitor has been shot comes an American Commission in search of an unknown American soldier who shall be buried in Washington as the symbol of the nation's heroic dead. They come to the grave where the bullet-riddled body of the tailor's son has been buried by Mary, and the cross "Unknown American Soldier" has been placed at the head. They decide that this is the unknown soldier who shall commemorate their fallen. It is a spring day and they are surprised to find the grave covered with freshly plucked flowers. Mary, seeing what they are about, comes out from the ruins and begs to know where they are taking him. "To

America" they tell her. When they have departed, taking the body with them, she remains weeping. Then we see her running up the road, following the retreating gun-carriage.

The last scene is in Washington, picturing faithfully the burial of the Unknown Soldier. The pomp, the military spectacle, the bombast. The Captain who had murdered him is one of the mourners. At the same time it must be symbolically indicated that the same Unknown Soldier is being buried by both enemy countries and the Allies, the world over, some calling him an Englishman, some a Frenchman, some a German, while all the time he is the eternal Pacifist. Now that victory has come, the Churches are empty. Contrary to what had been expected, both victors and defeated have lost their faith. Without guessing the truth, in following their Unknown Soldier to his grave, they are burying the God whom they have murdered.

Cut back to the scene in Washington. The crowds have departed, all in silence and moonlight. Nothing is seen but the white mass of flowers which have been sent to honor the Unknown Soldier from all the world. We see the French girl come out from the shadows and bow herself down by the newly-made grave. Suddenly, as she bows, the mountain of blossoms falls apart. Out of the grave rises the tailor's son, still clothed in the uniform of the American soldier, bearing the stigmata on his bosom where the bullets had pierced his heart. He bends over Mary - touches her. She stares up at him in adoration and astonishment. Gradually he fades and she alone remains kneeling. Onto the screen are thrown the words, "He was crucified, dead and buried: the third day he rose again from the dead and sitteth on the right hand of the Father."

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The attached Scenario embraces a story pf the next great War of the FUTURE ---- THE WAR OF COMMERCE.
A story of the world in the years 1999 and 2000AD.
The War of Industry and Commerce fought only with these weapons - and by their controllers.

AFTER INDIVIDUAL AND UNITED STRUGGLE OF TRUST DESPOTISM, ALL THE PRODUCTS AND INDUSTRIES OF THE WORLD COME TO BE CONTROLLED BY INDIVIDUAL TRUST -----THERE ARE THIRTEEN MEN IN THE WORLD WHO AT THIS TIME CONTROL THE MONOPOLY OF THE VARIOUS COMMODITIES ------THE MOST POWERFUL MAN (CALLED MAGNUS POWER) IN THE STORY -----CONTROLS ALL THE FOOD OF THE EARTH AND SYNDICATES ALL LABOUR ------ tHROUGH THIS MEANS IS HE THE MOST POWERFUL ---- AND BECOMING GREEEDY FOR UNIVERSAL POWER HE EFFORTS TO GAIN CONTROL OF THE OTHER TRUSTS AND WHEN THEY FIGHT HIM HE WITHHOLDS ALL THE FOOD FROM THEM -----THEN STARTS IN THE FIGHT OF THE TRUSTSM---------AND THE WAR OF COMMERCE.

Each character in the story typifies a virtue or vice for instance
HIS WIFE IS FASHION
HIS DAUGHTER INNOCENSE
HIS SON IS EASE
The Vampire is pleasure
THE LABOURER IS MAN

Churches are almost like concert halls and it becomes a world of disbeliefs a modern tower of Babel -------
but the great truths still live on and Humanity can never go beyond its own very humaness -----and the same goodness liesin all men and women as from the beginning ----- and although God comes to be forgotten in progressions blinded strength ---------
yet when ever He is acalled upon in prayer God answers those who still turm to him and to a blinded world He comes and speaks once more to mankind ----------

It is my idea to add to this a story of man's physicial and mental struggle for Freedom and Democracy ------- the Film to be called Democracy ------ and to show man's fight to gain it --- giving an accurate and historical account pf the different races struggle through all Times for this freedom ------the policies of this great War for Trade supremacy ------- coming into its results Tomorrow up to the TRADE WAR -------- in the future ------
and the Morality play using characters typical of vice or virtue typical of men and women --- as in the old morality play EVERYMAN --------

Mary Murillo
Algonquin Hotel
59 West 44 th Street.

Merton Lyon Wrote a magazine Story of Christ Speaking a sermon on Xmas but to the richest man on earth— I have added the next great Trade War Morality Story to this Sermon of Christ— M. M.

C H A R A C T E R S

JOSEPHA	THE MESSENGER
MAGNUS POWER	THE WEALTHIEST AND MOST POWERFUL MAN IN THE WORLD OF THE FUTURE. He controls all food products and syndicates the labour of men.
HIS WIFE	FASHION
HIS SON	EASE, Who lives upon the sweat of others and takes and takes.
HIS DAUGHTER	INNOCENSE, Upon whom LABOUR tries to wreck its vengeance.
MAGDALEN	THE WOMAN OF PLEASURE, Who spurs men on.
THE MAN	Who represents all LABOUR, and realizing the world's condition urges LABOUR to rise.
CAPTAIN BRACKARD of the City Guard	Who represents FORCE and is the man who doubted.
POWER'S STENOGRAPHER	The GIRL who believed.
MEYER ABRAMS	A carpenter of the Ghetto.
MOB	To represent LABOUR.
MOB	To represent the WEALTHY CLASSES.
TWELVE MEN to represent the	TRUSTS, For in the FUTURE all the gifts of God to man have come to be owned individually by TRUSTS.
THE POVERTY STRICKEN GHETTO	Of men, women and children.
THE BREAD LINE	
SERVANTS	Of the wealthy.

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"THE 2000-TH CHRISTMAS"

-BY-

HARRIS MERTON LYON

ADAPTED BY

MARY MURILLO

****

FADE IN TITLE

THAT I SPENT THAT I HAD;
THAT I GAVE, THAT I HAVE;
THAT I LEFT, THAT I LOST.

FADE OUT TITLE

SCENE 1.

FADE IN SMOKE EFFECT to represent the passing of time - the screen is filled with clouds of smoke - ceaselessly moving - the smoke gradually becomes thicker, curling upwards always - then the smoke parts until it reveals to view a dense moving multiude of people - seen through haze of thin smoke - their costumes are varied and represent every age and epoch of time since the world began - way before Ptolemy reigned over the Egyptians -

EVERY PERIOD OF TIME AND PEOPLES REPRESENTED.

The multitude moves through the haze of smoke and are ascending - their heads and hands upraised to represent their ceaseless effort which means life - their eyes are always upwards raised - for we all look beyond ourselves - our capacities - even the worst of us - for perfection is the ultimate law -

Again the smoke becomes thicker until the peoples are hidden from view and the screen is filled with moving clouds of smoke - FADE IN TITLE

ANNO DOMINI 2000.

FADE OUT TITLE

SCENE 2.

SCENE 2.

FADE IN THE GHETTO ON THE EAST SIDE

A scene of crowded misery - dense with people - squalor and poverty supreme - miserable women stand in the doorways - they are weeping - others stony-eyed - their children clutching to their skirts - crying of their hunger or quarreling with each other in the gutters - the men are standing in dull silent angry groups - all of them represent viciousness accentuated by want - This can be drawn to the extreme as if is the FUTURE and none can contradict with reason -

PANORAMA SCENE

SCENE 3.

CLOSE UP IN DOORWAY.

A mother shivering with the cold - despair in her eyes as she looks down at her children of different graduation ages to represent the years of her labour - they are crying to her their hunger - half naked - two of them are quarreling over a crust one has found - her husband, the father stands near - watching silently - he is too crushed to speak and just turns his eyes away from the sight - as he clutches his fists impotently - a look of animal ferocity comes into his eyes -

SCENE 4.

CLOSE UP ON SOME STEPS

A young mother with her first-born - feeding at her breast - she falls back dead - the baby crying -

CLOSE UP the baby still trying to feed from its dead mother -

SCENE 5.

CLOSE UP TENEMENT STEPS

A father as his two children, a boy and girl are asking him for food - he can give them none - and he turns away from them - putting his hands to his ears to shut out their pleas - as he turns his eyes towards the domes of the city - a look of bestial ferocity comes into his eyes -

SCENE 6.

SHORT FLASH OF GHETTO showing its poverty - its want -

SCENE 7.

CLOSE UP COFFEE CART

The hungry poor clustered round in desultory groups - few of them have the sufficient amount to pay for a cup of coffee and slink away - or stand in dumb stricken groups -

SCENE 8.

SUB TITLE A MAN

FADE IN CLOSE UP of the Man standing - leaning against door - looking out towards coffee cart - he is a great burly - splendid physical type suggestive of LABOUR - full of the strength and vitality of living - but crushed down by the mechanism of POWER UNDER CONTROL - he looks out towards coffee cart - and slowly advances to

SCENE 9.

BACK TO SCENE 7 ----- COFFEE CART

The hungry poor - round cart - in dumb pathetic listless groups - the man comes slowly into view - watches them - a very old man approaches the cart - asks for food - he has no money - the man demands coin first - old man registers he has none and is starving - the man turns the old man away - a younger man sees this - and approaching the cart, clinches with vendor - soon all men have joined in - the cart is demolished - its owner beaten up as the men gather up the scraps of food and eat - grovelling in the dirt for food - the man watches -

SCENE 10.

CLOSE UP THE MAN WATCHING

He clenches his fists impotently as he looks out at

SCENE 11.

FLASH BACK TO 9.

Men beating up vendor and others grovelling in dirt for scraps of food fallen from cart -

SCENE 12.

FLASH BACK TO 10.

The man watching - he turns away from sight - looks out towards -

SCENE 13.

PANORAMA

Distant view of the domes of the great city - high buildings of commerce and habitation -

SCENE 14.

PANORAMA SHORT FLASH CLOSE UP COMMERCE BUILDING.

during the rush hour -

SCENE 15.

PANORAMA EXTERIOR STREET OF FIFTH AVENUE HOMES.

Carriages and cars awaiting owners - flunkeys in attendance - some freak cars among others - owners entering some of cars -

SCENE 16.

BACK TO SCENE 12. CLOSE UP THE MAN

As he realizes the difference - he clenches his fist - then stops a moment as he thinks and realizes - some looking back at -

SCENE 17.

PANORAMA GHETTO

Showing its poverty and its want -

SCENE 18.

CLOSE UP THE MAN

He turns back and looks forward as he realizes with truth enforced -

FADE OUT

SUB TITLE THE GIFT OF GOD TO MEN.

SCENE 19.

FADE IN EXTERIOR WHEAT FIELDS.

The sowers sowing the wheat - FADE OUT

SCENE 20.

FADE IN COAL FIELDS.

Miners bringing up the coal from the earth - FADE OUT

SCENE 21.

FADE IN COTTON FIELDS.

The cotton pickers at work - FADE OUT

SCENE 22.

FADE IN LUSCIOUS FRUIT VINEYARDS.

The gathering of the fruits - FADE OUT

SCENE 23.

FADE IN EXTERIOR COUNTRY ROAD.

Cattle led to slaughter - FADE OUT

SCENE 24.

SUB TITLE LABOUR.

FADE IN INTERIOR WHEAT MILL.

Men at work - FADE OUT

SCENE 25.

FADE IN INSIDE COAL MINES.

Great men at work in the mines - sweating with labour -

SCENE 26.

FADE IN SWEAT SHOP

Women and children at work - FADE OUT

SCENE 27.

FADE IN INTERIOR FACTORY.

Showing women at labour under bad conditions - FADE OUT

SCENE 28.

FADE IN INTERIOR FACTORY.

Showing children at labour - two of them are playing as the foreman comes into view - angrily orders them to work - they obey - one of them sighs wearily - then continues work - FADE OUT

SCENE 29.

FADE IN INTERIOR SMALL SWEAT SHOP (Of the meanest kind)

Women and children huddled together in crowded space - working against time - foreman watches them - FADE OUT

SCENE 30.

INTERIOR HOVEL.

A thin work woman with her little girls working away sewing very delicate flimsy lacey boudoir trifles - a little boy of five is threading the needles so that no time will be lost as the are working against time - one of the girls almost fainst - but works on - FADE OUT

SCENE 31.

FADE IN ANOTHER HOVEL.

Shirts of sweating labour piled on table - ready to be taken to the store - the woman is dying - her little son of eight is crouched by her side - cuddling protectingly his younger brothers of six and three - the woman dies - FADE OUT

SCENE 32.

SUB TITLE AND THE GIFT OF GOD,
THE SWEATED LABOUR OF MEN
IS GAMBLED SWAY TO SATISFY
THE GREED OF MAN.

FADE IN STOCK EXCHANGE SCENE

During bull and bear fight -

CLOSE UP OF FACES OF CROWD

As they shout out calls - their hats and coats off - torn from their backs - collars loose - FADE OUT

SCENE 33.

SUBTITLE SURFEIT.

FADE IN BANQUET OF THE RICH.

INTERIOR LARGE ROOM - luxurious table laid for sumptour banquet - men and woman in dazzling bazzare costumes - they are half reclining - half sitting on individual couches - somewhat on the mines of the ROMAN reclinging chair - but these have modernized touches - are suggestive that present luxury is following the lines of the decadency of the Roman days after Surfeit - footmen are serving them - musicians play to them - FADE OUT

SCENE 34.

FADE IN PANORAMA GHETTO.

Showing its need -

SCENE 35.

CLOSE UP THE MAN

As he realizes facts - he moves forward - thinking as he looks out at

SCENE 36.

THE BREAD LINE - All types in weary ~~xx~~ abject waiting - there is not enough for all - despair in the eyes of those for whom there is not sufficient -
CLOSE UP different types - also the look of satisfaction in the eyes of one who has been given food as he hungrily eats food -

SCENE 36.
CON'T

then CLOSE UP the despair of those who did not get food -

SCENE 37.

BACK TO SCENE 35. CLOSE UP THE MAN.

As he watches scene - then thinking - realizes as he gets idea and advances forward with decision -

SCENE 38.

SUB TITLE MEYER ABRAMS, A CARPENTER.

INTERIOR CARPENTER'S SHOP

Abrams at work -

SCENE 39.

EXTERIOR GHETTO.

Men in desultory groups - the man comes into view - calling to the men to listen to him - some of them look towards him at first silently doggedly - gradually they surround him -

CLOSE UP Different groups as they hear his call - and they advance towards him - then CLOSE UP the man calling to the men -

SCENE 40.

FLASH BACK TO 38.

SHORT FLASH OF ABRAMS AT WORK.

SCENE 41.

EXTERIOR GHETTO AS 39.

The man surrounded by unemployed - who draw closer to hear what he has to say - his arms are outstretched towards them as he calls out his message to them -

CLOSE UP THE MAN as he calls to the men to listen to him -

SCENE 42.

ABRAM'S SHOP

Abrams at work - he hears the noise of the meeting - looks up from his work - approaches door -

CLOSE UP DOORWAY Abrams looking down street - sees

SCENE 43.

BACK TO SCENE 41.

The man speaking to the men - who are gathered round him - others joining crowd - as the man seeks to strike up the crowd to rebellion against oppression -

CLOSE UP MAN as he says

SPOKEN TITLE " ----- AND THE PRODUCE OF THE EARTH IS FOR YOU AND YOU AND YOU -----"

FULL VIEW the man speaking to the crowd which is gradually increasing -

CLOSE UP THE MAN as he continues -

SPOKEN TITLE "---- FOR YOU CAN SEE AND HEAR AND TASTE AS WELL AS THEY ------"

CLOSE UP THE MAN speaking with fervor - DISSOLVE INTO

SCENE 44.

DOUBLE EXPOSURE

FACE OF THE MAN as he speaks and pictures to them visions of

INTERIOR HOVEL poverty stricken - a father sitting in silent dumb ferocity as his wife registers there is nothing to eat - the children are asking for food - the old grandparents crouched in corner by empty fireplace - look up mutely - DISSOLVE INTO

A HOME OF PLENTY

A well filled table - a prosperous father and mother seated round with their children - DISSOLVE INTO

SCENE 45.

CLOSE UP THE FACES OF THE MEN OF THE CROWD.

As they realize the difference - anger and resentment burn in their eyes - as they listen tensly eager - and become menacing -

SCENE 46.

CLOSE UP THE MAN speaking -

SPOKEN TITLE

"YOUR BODIES BRUISED WITH LABOUR
ARE AS SOFT AS THEIR WHO LIVE
IN EASE BECAUSE YOU HAVE
SWEATED AND YOU CHILDREN STARVED ----- "

CLOSE UP THE MAN speaking -

SCENE 47.

CLOSE UP DOORWAY OF ABRAM'S SHOP

As Abrams listening to the man - he turns towards his shop - shaking his old head -

SCENE 48.

BACK TO SCENE 47.

The man stirring up the crowd - who are fast becoming menacing as they agree with him - the sins and wrongs of all their lives are brought hom to them and dead and silent flames are stirred to being - as the man urges them on - crowd thickens -

CLOSE UP THE MAN inciting the men -

SPOKEN TITLE

"THEY TELL ME THERE IS A GOD ----
A GOD OF JUSTICE AND TRUTH -----
WELL THEN, IF THAT BE SO, LET HIM
GIVE IT TO ME NOW ----"

CLOSE UP THE MAN His arms outstretched - his eyes upraised -

FULL VIEW OF THE CROWD as they listen to him -

SCENE 49.

ABRAM'S SHOP

Abrams standing in his doorway - registers he has heard this last demand of the man - he looks up towards the heavens and falls upon his knees as if in prayer - his arms outstretched -

SCENE 50.

SHORT FLASH BACK TO 48.

The man urging the crowd -

CLOSE UP THE MAN speaking -

SPOKEN TITLE "COME MEN --- SINCE NONE WILL GIVE US JUSTICE LET US TAKE WHAT IS OURS -------- MEN ---------"

CLOSE UP THE MAN Calling to the man as he rushes forward -

FULL VIEW OF THE CROWD as they follow the man - a hungry - angry mob -

SCENE 51.

ABRAMS'SHOP

Abrams upon his knees - his arms outstretched - praying to GOD to help HIS people -

SCENE 52.

EXTERIOR GHETTO

PANORAMS as the mob - a howling mass rush along - gathering up their weapons as they go - they take up any weapon that comes to their hand - the man before them - calling to them - urging them on -

SCENE 53.

ABRAMS' SHOP

FLASH BACK TO SCENE 51.

Abrams on his knees - hears cries and curses of the men - he rises quickly - advances to door - starts back as he sees -

SCENE 54.

EXTERIOR GHETTO

LONG SHOT of howling menacing mob as they brandish weapons they have picked up - the men always urging them on -

SCENE 55.

FLASH BACK TO SCENE 53.

Abrams watching the mob - passing his shop-he pauses -

SCENE 56.

GHETTO

The howling mob - some of the women rushing from their homes trying to prevent the men from trouble making - the men push them away and follow the others - women crouch away -

SCENE 57.

CLOSE UP SOME WOMEN

crouching together in doorways - with their children as the men rush by them - branishing their weapons -

SCENE 58.

FLASH

The mob hurling down upon the city - brandishing their weapons -

SCENE 59.

CLOSE UP ANOTHER DOOR TENEMENT STEPS.

Women trying to hold back the men - they are roughly or gently pushed away - and crouch together as they enter their homes with their children - a women in foreground clasps her hands in prayer and makes her child pray -

SCENE 60.

CLOSE UP THE WOMAN AND CHILD.

The women making the child pray for its father -

SUB TITLE AND THE PRAYERS OF WOMEN AND CHILDREN, WITH THE CURSES OF MEN ROSE UP TO HEAVEN ------

SCENE 61.

FLASH OF THE MOB.

Mob bearing down towards camera - their faces distorted as they shout curses - brandishing their weapons -

SCENE 62.

CLOSE UP Another mother praying - FADE OUT

SCENE 63.

The screen black - then gradually a light appears - until it slowly fills the whole screen - and then through the light appears the face of Josephson - just looking out in tender pity - the light disappears until the tall figure is seen - and slowly - very slowly Josephson comes towards the camera - his hand slightly raised - suggestive of blessing -

SCENE 64.

EXTERIOR TENEMENT.

Women and children huddled in doorways - as Josephson, unnoticed by them comes into view -

SCENE 65.

CLOSE UP A DOG

The animal gets up - and approaches towards Josephson -

SCENE 66.

BACK TO SCENE 64. Dog approaches Josephson who is looking with with pity towards the women and children -

SCENE 66.
CON'T.

A child approaches Josephson - he picks her up - looks at her with tenderness - then the child smiles at him with complete trust just as the dog gets closer up to him - other children without exactly knowing why gradually gather round Josephson - until in a little white there are many children and dogs round him - the children watch him with trust - and wonder as he talks tenderly to them - he puts his hand as if in blessing upon a crippled child -

SCENE 67.

EXTERIOR ANOTHER PART OF TENEMENTS.

The howling mob menacing as they advance - urged on by the man - as other men join them -

SCENE 68.

SUB TITLE THE RICHEST MAN IN THE WORLD.

MAGNUS POWER ---- WHO SYNDICATES
THE LABOUR OF MEN AND CONTROLS
ALL FOOD COMMODITIES -------

FADE IN INTERIOR POWER'S PRIVATE OFFICE ADVANCED DECORATION

CLOSE UP AT DESK OF MAGNUS POWER

looking down at data which tells him of his power over man - he smiles with satisfaction -

SCENE 69.

SUB TITLE HIS WIFE ..... FASHION

FADE IN INTERIOR BOUDOIR

Luxurious - divans of silk - finery - Fashion being prepared for the day by three maids -

SCENE 70.

SUB TITLE HIS SON.

EASE .....FOR HE LIVED TO TAKE AND TAKE AND TAKE.

SCENE 70.
CON'T.

FADE IN CLOSE UP OF EASE

A pampered youth - lying back in luxurious fitted up for comfort car - his eyes half closed - indolent -

SCENE 71.

SUB TITLE THE WOMAN WHO SINNED ------ -

FADE IN BOUDOIR AND BEDROOM

Luxurious - pleasure and comfort - suggestive - the Magdalen in chemise - her hair loose - lying back among cushions on couch -

SCENE 72.

SUB TITLE THE GIRL WHO BELIEVED.

INTERIOR POWER'S PRIVATE OFFICE.

Power at his desk - looking over papers just as door opens and FAITH, the girl enters with note book in hand - she is Power's stenographer - she is seated - takes dictation -

SCENE 73.

SUB TITLE THE MAN WHO DOUBTED.

JOHN BROCKARD, AN AGNOSTIC,
CAPTAIN OF THE CITY GUARD.

FADE IN CLOSE UP BROCKARD IN UNIFORM SEATED AT HIS DESK.

SCENE 74.

BACK TO SCENE 661 TENEMENTS

Josephson surrounded by children - he looks upon them tenderly - some of them return to play but the little cripple and the animals cling to stay with him - as he leaves them the cripple looks after him with longing eyes -

SCENE 75.

SCENE 75.

INTERIOR HOVEL

A mother and er three children - also a grandmother - the children asking for food - the mother registers there is none -

SCENE 76.

EXTERIOR HOVEL DOOR

Josephson passing hovel - pauses - tender ~~pity~~ pity in his face -

SCENE 77.

FLASH BACK TO SCENE 75.

The mother, to make the children realize, approaches cupboard and opens the tin, saying "SEE THERE IS NONE." as she opens wide the lid showing them - then she starts back as loaf of bread is in tin - she says -

SPOKEN TITLE "HOW CAME IT THAT I FORGOT THIS?"

The woman thinking - wondering as children hungrily take the bread from her -

SCENE 78.

EXTERIOR HOVEL AS 76.

Josephson looking towards the h vel - tenderness in his face - he passes on -

SCENE 79.

EXTERIOR STREET.

The mob hurl towards the city - the man their leader -

SCENE 80.

EXTERIOR MEAT MARKETS AND FOOD STORES.

The mob hurl down on markets - brandishing weapons -

SCENE 81.

INTERIOR STORE.

Employees in fear as they hear mob - rush this way and that -

SCENE 82.

EXTERIOR STORES.

The mob seizing foods - by force - employees trying to save produce - beaten up by mob -

SCENE 83.

NEARBY

Mounted Police seeing trouble - ride that way -

SCENE 84.

INTERIOR STORE

CLOSE UP AT PHONE (with different arrangement to present day)

Employee 'phoning -

DOUBLE EXPOSURE OFFICE OF POWER (MAIN OFFICE)

Clerk takes up 'phone -

FADE IN TITLE BELOW SCENE SPOKEN OVER 'PHONE.

"THE STORES HAVE BEEN SEIZED BY THE MOB."

Clerk puts down received - gets message and giving first hand instructions to employees and clerks - calls to someone out of scene and then rushes that way -

SCENE 85.

PRIVATE OFFICE OF MAGNUS POWER.

Power dictating to Faith as clerk enters in panic - tells of mob seizing stores -

SCENE 86.

EXTERIOR STORES

Mbo have practically taken possession of food stores - are throwing out foods to men who wait with great sacks - officers trying to fight the mob back -

SCENE 87.

BACK TO 85 POWER'S OFFICE

Clerk telling Power - Power angry - but relies on Force - he takes up 'phone - speaks -

DOUBLE EXPOSURE

Brockard speaking to Power over 'phone - on his desk - he hears of trouble - Power speaking - then puts down receiver as does Brockard -

SCENE 88.

EXTERIOR STORES

T he Police struggling with mob - fight tense - store products, especially food being thrown about - SHORT FLASH.

SCENE 89.

INTERIOR POLICE DEPARTMENT.

Superintendant, (wearing uniform on regimental lines) ordering police to go out after mob - police line up - leave - exiting -

SCENE 90.

FLASH BACK TO 88. STORE.

The mob fighting police - other police come to rescue - fight mob - big fight - tense - police get the upper hand - some escapes and arrests of mob -

SCENE 91.

POWER'S PRIVATE OFFICE

SCENE 91.
CON'T.

Back to 87.

Power smiling compacently - satisfied - Faith with her note book has just risen - she is watching him - wondering - she seems to be thinking out the question of Justice -

SCENE 92.

EXTERIOR STORE FLASH BACK TO 90.

The police fighting the mob - some make get-a-way others are arrested - the police get the better of the mob - stores thrown about - some of the men arrested led away -

SCENE 93.

NEARBY STORES

The man with others of mob making their get-a-way - the man has stiff fight with policeman - who comes upon him suddenly - man gets the better of officer - makes get-a-way over wall - others of mob tackled by police -

SCENE 94.

OTHER SIDE OF WALL.

CLOSE UP THE MAN looking back - then he turns and gets along - keeping close to wall -

SCENE 95.

EXTERIOR STORES

FLASH BACK TO 92. The police have the upper hand - mob either arrested or have made their get-a-way - the scene desolate - with that after a storm look, contents of the store thrown about - lie in street - prisoners being taken away -

SCENE 96.

PRISONER CELLS.

Prisoners being led to cells -

SCENE 97.

EXTERIOR TENEMENTS.

Some of mob who have made get-a-way slinking back to their homes - look ng back furtively -

SCENE 98.

CLOSE UP TENEMENT HOMES.

Women - wives and mothers looking out for their men - some of the men come into view - as they recognise them - the women rush to meet them - questioning - and hurry towards their homes -

SCENE 99.

GHETTO

CLOSE UP JOSEPHUS watching SCENE 98 - he turns and sees

SCENE 100.

GHETTO CLOSE UP THE MAN

In angry rage at his failure - he clenches his fists - then sees mark on his arm from fight - he looks down at

CLOSE UP UGLY GASH ON MAN'S ARM

BACKKTO SCENE The man looks down at gash - his jaw clinches - as he looks out to camera as if promishng that this is not the end of the rebellion - he looks back towards the city and says to himself -

SPOKEN TITLE "MEN SHALL YET HAVE THEIR DUE."

CLOSE UP THE MAN swearing promise -

SCENE 101.

CLOSE UP JOSEPHUS watching the man with tenderness - he turns his head the other way - looking out towards

SCENE 102.

PANORAMA TENEMENTS OF GHETTO

Men returning to their homes - crushed - suggestive of failure - the women of these men who have been arrested are questioning the men who have returned and hearing of the arrest of the men, they weep or turn with despair to their homes - others look way down street as if still watching out for the men -

SCENE 103.

FLASH BACK TO 101.

CLOSE UP JOSEPHUS watching the people - he turns away in pity - raises his hand as if in blessing - then turns his hand still raised to bless as he looks towards

SCENE 104.

CLOSE UP THE MAN

His hand rises as he swears his promise to the people of the earth - then he turns away - starts to exit with the others -

SCENE 105.

FLASH BACK TO 103.

CLOSE UP JOSEPHUS his hand raised in blessing - pity for man in his eyes - FADE OUT

SCENE 106.

SUB TITLE SURFEIT.

FADE IN POWER DINING ROOM LUXURIOUS

A long table piled with silver, glass and rich foods - on either side sit Power and his wife, Fashion - dressed to the ultra of bizarre fashion - they are dingin - served by several flunkeys - their son's chair is up at table - place conspicuously vacant -

SCENE 107.

SCENE 107.

INTERIOR BOUDOIR OF MAGDALEN

Magdalen wearing georgeous gown - seated on great divan - her eyes towards door -

SCENE 108.

CLOSE UP DOOR TO MAGDALEN'S APRRTMENT.

Ease fumbling lathckey in door - he opens door -

SCENE 109.

FULL VIEW OF MAGDALEN'S APARTMENT AS 107.

Magdalen watching door which opens - Ease enters - approaches her - smorously - she draws him down to her side -

SCENE 110.

CLOSE UP

STATUE OF LIBERTY NIGHT EFFECT - statue lit up as if from reflection of lights of the city of freedom - and licentiousness -

SCENE 111.

PANORAMA NEW YORK CITY AT NIGHT SEEN FROM HARBOUR.

SCENE 112.

CLOSE UP ON BRIDGE AT NIGHT

Josephus approaching the city - looks down up it in anger -

SCENE 113.

NEW YORK CITY - THE TIMES SQUARE OF TOMORROW - YEAR 2000.
NIGHT TIME - LIT UP BY LIGHTS.
Take this from minature model with part of present Times Square - only new building and some of present ones changed - also different adds -

SCENE 114.

INTERIOR PALACE OF PLEASURE

Tables arranged for eating - stage upon which play is being enacted by actors and actresses in progress as people eat their dinner - dresses very ultra georgeous - many servants in attendance - women much more dominent than to-day -

CLOSE UP ORCHESTRA OF WOMEN

CLOSE UP STAGE

FULL VIEW SCENE RIOTIOUS - parties passing in and out -

SCENE 115.

ROOF OF THE PALACE OF PLEASURE NIGHT.

Flying machines with hife slots same as taxis to-day - depositing parties on roof - flunkeys same as porters of to-day in attendance - some flying machines much larger than others - and more embellished - register they are private vehicles - they have livered drivers - Brockard is deposited from private machine - passes down steps -

SCENE 116.

BACK TO 114 INTERIOR PALACE OF PLEASURE

Parties from flying machines - among them Brockard enter - pass on to tables - Magdalen with Ease enter from other way - Brockard stops a moment as he registers his admiration for her - he stops a moment watching her -

SCENE 117.

CLOSE UP BROKARD WATCHING MAGDALEN

SCENE 118.

CLOSE UP MAGDALEN on the arm of Ease as they advance towards room - Magdalen registers she feels the gaze of Brokard - she slowly turns - sees

SCENE 119.

BACK TO 117 CLOSE UP BROKARD WATCHING MAGDALEN WITH ADMIRATION.

SCENE 120.

BACK TO SCENE 118.

Magdalen looking towards Brockard - Ease does not notice - Magdalen half closes her eyes - giving look of challenge towards Brockard - then she droops her eyes - and passes onwith Ease -

SCENE 121.

BACKTO 119. CLOSE UP BROCKARD

As he takes challenge of Magdalen and smiling cynically advances towards room -

SCENE 122.

FULL VIEW OF ROOM AS 116.

Magdalen with Ease passes on to table - Brockard follows - takes table near them - watches Magdalen - she turns - sees him - looks immediately away and leans over towards Ease - snake like -

SCENE 123.

BACK TO 112

CLOSE UP JOSEPHUS looking in anger towards the city - he advances - passes towards camera, through scene -

SCENE 124.

EXTERIOR BLEAK SIDE STREET NIGHT

Ragged men and women huddled together in doorways - trying to get a comfortable sleep for the night -

SCENE 125.

ANOTHER SIDE STREET NIGHT

Ragged men and women trying to shelter in doorways -

SCENE 126.

EXTERIOR BAKER'S SHOP NIGHT

SCENE 126.
CON'T.

Ragged men and women - miserables fighting for the refuse thrown from the doors -

SCENE 127.

CLOSE UP JOSEPHUS watching -

SCENE 128.

FLASH BACK TO 126. BAKER'S SHOP

Men and women miserables fighting for the refuse -

SCENE 129.

FLASH BACK TO 127.

CLOSE UP JOSEPHUS watching - he rises his hand as if to bless -

SCENE 130.

INTERIOR BAKER'S SHOP

Two men are throwing out refuse - a little girl catches sight of the poor - she makes gesture of pity and ruuning to doorway, she sees -

SCENE 131.

BACK TO 128 EXTERIOR BAKER'S SHOP

Men and women grovelling for refuse food - the little girl stands in the doorway -

SCENE 132.

INTERIOR BAKER'S SHOP

CLOSE UP AT DOOR The little girl registers pity - she turns back into shop -

SCENE 133.

FULL VIEW OF BAKER'S SHOP

The two men are numbering the fresh loaves for the next day - the little girl asks them to give some food to the people outside - the men refuse - exit to other room - she thinks - then gets idea and quietxly slips out some loaves and throws them out to the people -

SCENE 134.

EXTERIOR BAKER'S SHOP

The men and women fight for the bread -

SCENE 135.

INTERIOR BAKER'S SHOP

As the child is throwing out food, her father and mother enter - see her - the father is angry - but the child tells him the people seemed so hungry - then the mother intercedes as she gives look from window and the fathers does not scold any more - but sighs as he looks at the number the child threw out - the child runs up to him and takes his hand - smiling up into his face -

SCENE 136.

BACK TO 129.

CLOSE UP JOSEPHUS his hand raised to bless - he turns and slowly walks away - FADE OUT

SCENE 137.

SUB TITLE DESPOTISM

After individual and united struggle - all the riches and products of the earth have come to be controlled under individual trusts - Magnus Power controlling all foods, becomes the most powerful of all the individual trusts. Greed for universaly control urges him to seek to gain ownership of the other trusts -

FADE IN LONG ROOM OF MARBLE

SCENE 137.
CON'T.

Power in centre - all the other trusts represented by individual owners - when discussion has been in progress a while,

FADE IN OVER EACH MAN THE PARTICULAR PRODUCT OR RICHES HE OWNS.

Precious stones over another - minerals of the earth over another, and so on -

FADE IN THE TITLES AT FIRST SEPARATELY OVER THE HEAD OF THE REPRESENTATIVE, THEN THE LATTER ONES AT THE SAME TIME -
FADE OUT TITLES.

SCENE 138.

CLOSE UP POWER looking round at the other controlists and making up his mind to gain complete control -

SCENE 139.

FULL VIEW OF MARBLE HALL

The meeting - Power assumes his attitude of usual beneficense - meeting over - men rise - merge into groups - FADE OUT

SCENE 140.

SUB TITLE THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE

FADE IN CLOSE UP OF THE MAN standing on cart - looking down at the crowd -

FULL VIEW In Ghetto street at night - showing some of the mob who assulted the stores - and were not imprisoned - listening to the man -

SCENE 141.

CLOSE UP THE MAN speaking -

SPOKEN TITLE "WE FAILED TO-DAY, BUT FOR OUR CHILDREN'S SAKE WE MUST FIGHT ON AND ON UNTILWE WIN -------"

CLOSE UP The man speaking -

SCENE 142.

CLOSE UP THE MOB listening to him - some assenting - some afraid - women who are gathering round try to make their men desist from fighting - but some of the menlisten to the man - who speaks to them with conviction -

SCENE 143.

CLOSE UP The man speaking -

SCENE 144.

THE MOB LISTENING - the women trying to draw the men away -

SCENE 145.

CLOSE UP JOSEPHUS watching - he approached towards the mob -

SCENE 146.

INTERIOR PALACE OF PLEASURE

Magdalen and Ease rise - Magdalen passes table of Brockard -

SCENE 147.

CLOSE UP BROCKARD'S TABLE

As Magdalen passes Brockard's table, she gives him side looks - he looks at her - and after she has passed on, he picks up ivory tablet - reads -

CLOSE UP IVORY TABLET on it written in pencil -

19 WEST 80th STREET

BACK TO SCENE Brockard looks up from tablet - towards

SCENE 148.

FULL VIEW OF PALACE OF PLEASURE Magdalen exiting with Ease - Brockard watching her - she turns and looks back at him but makes no sigh as she passes out - FADE OUT

SCENE 149.

FADE IN GHETTO SAME AS 144.

The man speaking to the mob - Josephus approaches in foreground - to the edge of the mob - FADE OUT

SCENE 150.

SUB TITLE INNOCENSE, THE DAUGHTER OF POWER RETURNS FROM THE ACADEMY.

FADE IN LIBRARY OF POWER HOME.

Power stands in foreground - waiting - he turns as he sees with emotion -

SCENE 151.

CLOSE UP LIBRARY DOOR

Innocense - typical of the name - rushes into view - looking towards her father - she calls his name -

SCENE 152.

FULL VIEW LIBRARY

Power waits as his daughter Innocense rushes to meet him - she throws her arms about his neck - hugs him - he registers his love for her - she is the only thing in the world he loves, except POWER - she asks him a thousand questions - school-girl fashion - runs about the room - looking at new things he has bought -

SCENE 153.

EXTERIOR MAGDALEN'S HOUSE

Brockard alights from luxurious car - approaches door -

SCENE 154.

INTERIOR MAGDALEN'S APARTMENT (BOUDOIR)

Magdalen standing in centre of room - thinking - she throws back her head - satisfied as she realizes some of her power -

SCENE 154.
CON'T.

She approaches small bureau - unlocks it -
CLOSE UP AT BUREAU
Magdalen opens secret drawer which reveals necklaces - rings - braclets - unset stones - she takes some of them in her hand - balances them as if weighing them mentally - then smiles and turns away - thinking - she puts them back and approaches room -

FULL VIEW ROOM Magdalen comes from bureau - smiling as door opens and flunkey announces Brockard - he enters - bows ofer the hand of Magdalen - looks at her amorously - she laughs at him - motions him to sit in chair opposite her - after a while he comes and sits on couch by her - she frowns - then smiles - looks at him quizzically - he takes case from his pocket - puts it before her - she casually opens it - revealing jewel of great size - she assumes indifference - looks at it - puts it in her hair - looks at him for result - he looks right into her eyes and leans towards her -

SCENE 155.

POWER LIBRARY

Power seated in chair talking to Innocense - Fashion enters - greets her daughter coldly - Power watches her with love - he rises - kisses her and exits - Innocense waves to him - then exits with Fashion -

SCENE 156.

INTERIOR CARPENTER'S SHOP AS IN SCENE 38 (Abrams)

Sign reads - ASSISTANT WANTED.

Abrams at work - Josephus stands in doorway - asks for work - Abrams looks him over then gives him a chance to show what he can do Josephus does small piece of work - Abrams engages him - puts him to work -

SCENE 157.

CLOSE UP JOSEPHUS AT WORK his hand touches the plane lovingly -

SCENE 158.

FULL VIEW OF CARPENTER'S SHOP

Ahrams watches Josephus at work -

SCENE 159.

INTERIOR BEDROOM OF INNOCENSE

Fashion trying to make Innocense get interested in clothes - three maids are showing hats and gowns, etc. Fashion tries them against the girl, but Innocense is not interested in them -

SCENE 160.

PRIVATE OFFICE OF POWER

Power enters - approaches his desk - thinking out plan for gaining completw control - Faith enters - he gives her dictation - she watches him closely -

SCENE 161.

ABRAMS CARPENTER SHOP

Josephus takes up great pile of wood and carries it to -

SCENE 162.

OUTSIDE CARPENTER'S SHOP

Josephus carrying piles of wood - comes from shop - puts down wood - and looks out at -

SCENE 163.

GHETTO

The man with about half a dozen of men from mob are going from house to house - at each house he calls to man inside -

SCENE 164.

CLOSE UP DOORWAY OF HOVEL

Man calls to father of a family as he appears - man says to him -

SPOKEN TITLE "CAN WE COUNT ON YOU BROTHER?"

BACK TO SCENE Man speaks - father promises - man passes on - Father turns as two of his children run to him - he puts his hand on their heads -

SCENE 166.

PANORAMA GHETTO

The man going from house to house in the same way -

SCENE 167.

Back to SCENE 163.

Josephus watching the man - he turns and return into the carpenter's shop -

SCENE 168.

INTERIOR CARPENTER'S SHOP

Josephus returns to his work - Abrams busy -

SCENE 169.

EXTERIOR ANOTHER PART OF THE GHETTO.

The man going from door to door - as before -

SCENE 170.

BACK TO 160; INTERIOR CARPENTER'S SHOP

Josephus and Abrams at work as some of the men enter - tells of the Man soliciting his army of rebellion from oppression - Abrams interested - Josephus watches the men even as he works -

SCENE 171.

PANORAMA TENEMENTS

The man going from door to door as before -

SCENE 172.

BACK TO 170.
Abrams and the men discussing the plan of rebellion - Josephus listening as he works -

SCENE 173.

MAGDALEN'S BOUDOIR.

Magdalen alone - seated on great divan of tigerskins - thinking - Medusa like -

SCENE 174.

BROCKARD'S ROOMS

Brockard stands in centre of room - leaning against table - smoking - thinking of Magdalen -

SCENE 175.

FLASH BACK TO SCENE 173.

Magdalen smiling Medusa like -

SCENE 176.

BACK TO SCENE 174.

Brockard thinking of Magdalen - he smiles - satisfied - believing he possesses her - FADE OUT

SCENE 177.

INTERIOR POWER LIBRARY.

FADE IN SOCIAL RECEPTION

Fashion introduces Innocense, her daughter to her friends - Innocense looks at them - cowers back - shrinking from them - scandal discussed - Innocense draws apart from the gossip - looks at the scandal mongers with wonder - and distrust -

SCENE 178.

POWER'S PRIVATE OFFICE

Faith taking dictation - Power dismisses her - then rises - take up his hat and exits -

SCENE 179.

INTERIOR MAGDALEN'S BOUDOUR

Magdalen dressed in wonderful furs - sweeps from room -

SCENE 180.

EXTERIOR MAGDALEN'S APARTMENT

Car awaits - Magdalen comes from house - enters car which drives off scene -

SCENE 181.

POWER LIBRARY

The social gathering - Innocense a bit apart - watching the gossipers - scandal mongers -

SCENE 182.

CLOSE UP CAR OF POWER

As he whirls along - he is seated back in car - the picture of comfort -

SCENE 183.

GHETTO

PANORAMA THE MAN GOING FROM DOOR TO DOOR -

SCENE 184.

EXTERIOR CENTRAL PARK

The car of Magdalen as she drives along -

SCENE 185.

THE CAR OF POWER

As he drives along - suddenly he leans forward as he sees -

SCENE 186.

CLOSE UP THE FACE OF MAGDALEN

Then she turns and meets the gaze of

SCENE 187.

CLOSE UP POWER

As he gazes with interest at Magdalen -

SCENE 188.

CLOSE UP THE TWO CARS OF POWER AND MAGDALEN

As they pass in the park - each looking at the other -

SCENE 189.

CLOSE UP POWER

As he looks towards Magdelen - then out to front - registers decision - calls orders to chaufferer who changes direction -

SCENE 190.

CLOSE UP MAGDALEN

Who registers she realizes Power is following in his car - she smiles -

SCENE 191.

INTERIOR ABRAM'S SHOP

Josephus at work - looks up - the men talking to Abrams - rise and leave - Josephus turns back to his work -

SCENE 192.

EXTERIOR MAGDALEN'S HOUSE

Car of Magdalen drives up - stops - she alights and enters as car of Power passes - he notes where she lives but drives on -

SCENE 193.

POWER LIBRARY

Guests leaving - Innocense watches them as they chatter away - she seems so different to them all - as if she was trying very hard to make them out - her mother tries to draw her into conversation - and seems impatient aat her lack of interest in Society - guests leaving -

SCENE 194.

INTERIOR MAGDALEN'S APARTMENT BOUDOIR

Magdalen in her furs - enters her boudoir - her maid approaches - takes off her furs - Magdalen smiles as she thinks of Power - she goes over to window -

SCENE 195.

CLOSE UP AT WINDOW

Magdalen opens window - looks down at

SCENE 196.

INSIDE CAR OF POWER

He looks up as he drives by -

SCENE 197.

BACK TO 195.

CLOSE UP MAGDALEN

She considers a second - then takes rose from vase and throws it down to

SCENE 198.

BACK TO 196.

CAR OF POWER

He looks at her as rose falls on his knee - he looks up towards the window and smiles -

SCENE 199.

BACK TO 197.

CLOSE UP MAGDALEN

She closes window - turns back into room - smiling subtly -

SCENE 200.

FULL VIEW OF ROOM

Magdalen comes from window - maid approaches to take off her things - FADE OUT

SCENE 201.

FADE IN GREAT JEWEL

CAMERA TAKES IN VIEW OF CLOSE UP OF POWER AND JEWELLER

Power pays for jewel - gives directions for it to be sent - then exits -

SCENE 202.

BROCKARD'S ROOMS

Brockard restless - he decides to 'phone to Magdalen - he takes up 'phone - speaks -

SCENE 203.

MAGDALEN'S BOUDOIR.

Magdalen approaching 'phone just as maid enters with parcel - just as Magdalen sits at 'phone - maid begins to undo parcel -

SCENE 204.

BACK TO 202.

Brockard 'phoning - then registers he hears voice of Magdalen - asks if he may come to see her -

SCENE 205.

BACK TO 202.

Magdalen 'phoning - she is smiling - when she turns and sees the wonderful jewel in the case which the maid has opened - she starts and immediately registers her interest in Brockard has gone - her manner changes for her eyes are on the jewel of Power -

SCENE 206.

BACK TO 204.

Brockard registers that he realizes Magdalen does not want to see him -

SCENE 207.

FLASH BACK TO 206.

Magdalen interested in the jewel - she bids good-bye to Brockard and clutches the jewel of Power lovingly - greedily -

SCENE 208.

BACK TO 206.

Brockard - his hand still on the receiver - registers his disappointment -

SCENE 209.

BACK TO 207.

MAGDALEN'S BOUDOIR

She clutches the jewel - looks down upon it - smiles - then raises her head so that her eyes are out to camera FADE OUT

SCENE 210.

INSIDE CELLAR

The man surrounded by labouring men of unemployed class - he is making stirring speech to them - they register agreement with him -

SCENE 211.

EXTERIOR CELLAR GHETTO

Men approaching cellar - secretly entering - separately -

SCENE 212.

NEARBY

CLOSE UP Josephus watching -

SCENE 213.

FLASH BACK TO 211.

Men entering the cellar secretly - looking back furtively -

SCENE 214.

CLOSE UP JOSEPHUS watching - he turns away -

SCENE 215.

INTERIOR CELLAR

Man making speech to mob as other men join them -

SCENE 216

BACK TO 214.

CLOSE UP JOSEPHUS

Turning towards other way than cellar - he exits slowly - his face registers pity - tenderness -

SCENE 217.

INTERIOR CELLAR

The man making speech to men who are stirred with the depth of emotion as he tells them there are rights for their wrongs -

SCENE 218.

INTERIOR MAGDALEN'S BOUDOIR.

Magdalen waits - lying full length on couch - eating grapes -

SCENE 219.

OUTSIDE HER DOOR.

Power approaches - Magdalen's maid ushering -

SCENE 220.

BACK TO 218.

Magdalen waits - her eyes wander towards door as she hears steps - she smiles - assumes pose - closes her eyes -

SCENE 221.

CLOSE UP OUTSIDE DOOR

Maid knocks - Power behind her - as if hearing call to enter - she opens door - Power starts back as he sees Magdalen on couch - she does not look round as if she thought it was her maid only - he enters -

SCENE 222.

AS 220 BOUDOIR

Magdalen lies on couch - Power crosses room - maid closes door - Magdalen looks up - meets the admiring gaze of Power - gives start - half rises - he taking her hands in his - puts her lying back - sitting on edge of couch - bending close to her - speaks quickly -

SCENE 223.

INTERIOR CELLAR.

The man stirring up the unemployed and needy -

SCENE 224.

SCENE 224.

INTERIOR ULTRA CLUB

Every possible contrivance for comfort and laziness - Ease lounging there with pals - smoking - thinks of Magdalen - he rises - goes to 'phone - exiting -

SCENE 225.

CLOSE UP CLUB 'PHONE

Ease speaks to Magdalen -

SCENE 226.

MAGDALEN'S APARTMENT BOUDOIR AS 222.

Magdalen with Power - she takes up 'phone - speaks to party - very reticent - evidenly she is not pleased to talk with him - Power slightly jealous - wonders who it is -

SCENE 227.

INTERIOR CLOSE UP CLUB 'PHONE

Ease speaking - registers suspicion - (short flash)

SCENE 228.

BOUDOIR

Magdalen speaking on 'phone - Power jealous - watches her - she smiles over at him - puts down receiver - he asks her who it is - registers his passion jealousy - Magdalen smiles at him alluring and says to him -

SPOKEN TITLE "WHY, THAT WAS ONLY A VERY SILLY BOY ....."

Magdalen speaks - Power jealous - as she smiles he forgets fear and becomes allured by her - taking her hands in his - be hends closer to her -

SCENE 229.

SCENE 229.

CLOSE UP CLUB 'PHONE

Ease with his hand still on 'phone - registering he has just put receiver down - is standing - looking out to camera - registers his suspicion and realizes that he loves Magdalen - he straightens up - thinking - exits - slowly -

SCENE 230.

INTERIOR CLUB AS 224.

Pals talking scandal as Ease returns from 'phone - he stands a moment thinking - registers he has had set back - thinking - suspicious of Magdalen -

SCENE 231.

MAGDALEN'S BOUDOIR

Magdalen and Power - he bends over her hand - kisses it - then exits - registers his passion for her - she watches him go - then sists down on divan - thinking - FADE OUT

SCENE 232.

SUB TITLE THE TEMPLE OF GOD.

EXTERIOR LARGE FASHIONABLE CHURCH

Ultra fashionable people entering - looking at each other with disdain or pretended friendship - chatting and talking as if going to a ball -

SCENE 233.

CLOSE UP FREAK CARS AND FLYING MACHINES -

Power with Fashion and Innocense alight from luxurious car - approach church with tremendous air of uprighteousness -

SCENE 234.

AS 231 CHURCH DOORS
Scandal mongers and gossipers enter - among them Power with Fashion and Innocense -

SCENE 234.

CLOSE UP BY CHURCH WALL

Alone Josephus enters scene - looks out angrily at

SCENE 235.

LOBBY OF CHURCH

Gossipers and scandal mongers pass into church - deposit on gold trays bills for large amounts - they drop money for all to see - wardens and vergers show great respect for Power and other men of like standing - bowing them down to seats -

SCENE 236.

BACK TO 234.

CLOSE UP JOSEPHUS as he approaches in anger -

SCENE 237.

CHURCH DOORS

Josephus approaches - looks into the church in anger as he sees -

SCENE 238.

SUB TITLE HYPOCRICY.

PANORAMA CHURCH showing it usurped by wealthy and over-dressed - who take up large amount of space and gaze around - some even nodding to each other - none of them have prayer books and if any have, they do not look at them but at each other - the women looking at hats -

SCENE 239.

SUB TITLE FREE SEATS.

A tiny corner right in the back of the church - just say three pews without kneeling boards -

The poor are huddled together and are kneeling on bare flags - great pillars hide from their view the altar of God - they are cranning their necks to see beyond - but all are praying with fervour - lips moving - eyes on altar - contrast to wealthy -

SCENE 240.

CLOSE UP THE ALTAR

The altar is remarkably small and has not the oramentation that the church where the wealthy pray has -

SCENE 241.

PANORAMA CHURCH

The wealthy are getting restless -

CLOSE UP ANNOUNCEMENT ON WALL IN CHURCH.

AT SECOND SERVICE

MADAME VON DARWISS OF THE GRAND OPERA COMPANY
OF PARIS WILL SING THE SOLO.
MONSIEUR VAUDRAY OF THE METROPOLITAN WILL SING SOLO.
MADAME LAUMANN OF THE METROPOLITAN WILL SING SOLO.
MONSIEUR GAROWITZ WILL ASSIST WITH HIS VIOLIN.

----o----

SCENE 242.

CLOSE UP CHOIR OF CHURCH

Madame Von Darwiss, Monsieur Vaudray, Madame Laumann and Monsieur Garowitz in front pew of choir - all jealousy - trying to get first plac and looking from one to the other just as if it were a concert where they had to fight for their reputations - the chorus in background are giggling and chatting - organist begins - Madame Von Darwiss with much pride sings -

SCENE 243.

PANORAMA CHURCH

The congregation sitting down - all get interested and stop chatting and distractions as they get interested in music - just as they do at concert - they sit back enjoying same - Power and Fashion in foreground to camera - set faces for expression of satisfaction -

SCENE 244.

CLOSE UP THE FREE SEATS

THE POOR ARE KNEELING AND PRAYING WITH FERVOUR -

SCENE 245.

CLOSE UP IN DOORWAY

Josephus in anger - stands there watching on at scene -

SCENE 246.

CLOSE UP FAITH

The girl who believes among congregation - she is looking towards altar - her eyes wrapt in attention - at her side is her sweetheart - he is watching her - and registers his awe at the spiritual in her - he then also looks towards altar as if trying to see what she sees - those around them are only listening to the music - some are asleep -

SCENE 247.

BACK TO 245 DOORWAY

Josephus in anger - he turns away -

SCENE 248.

INSIDE CHURCH

The service over - there is suddenly a general scramble - amost as if a fire panic had started - as everyone makes dash to get out of church - Faith and her sweetheart stay in seat - also a few old ladies - who fear being jostled - all the others make dash for doors in great hurry -

SCENE 249.

INTERIOR CELLAR

The man enters - followed by larger number of men than before - showing the growth of mob - he rises on top of barrel and talks to men - some weapons for rude fight are piled up in heaps on sides - he points to them - then he tells the men how they are progressing-

SCENE 250

SCENE 250.

EXTERIOR CHURCH

The church-goers coming out of church - meeting and greeting each other - all seem relieved to get out - Power, Fashion, and Innocense who look round in wonder pass out - many eyes are turned enviously their way - Power sweeps majestically towards car -

SCENE 251.

CLOSE UP FREAK CARS

Among owners, Power enters car with Fashion and Innocense - they drive homewards -

SCENE 252.

BEDROOM OF EASE

He lies back in bed - valet serving his breakfast on small table - Ease thinks of Magdalen -

SCENE 253.

DRESSING ROOM OF MAGDALEN SUMPTUOUS

Many toilet appliances - Magdalen with two maids - being prepared for day - she is irritable -

SCENE 254.

ROOMS OF BRACKARD

He paces up and down restlessly -

SCENE 255.

INTERIOR CELLAR

The man making speech to men - more are coming and more showing the steadyily growing increase of the men in numbers -

SCENE 256.

BOUDOIR OF MAGDALEN

She approaches Power who enters - she takes his hands - looks at him alluringly - draws him to divan -

SCENE 257.

CELLAR

The man making speech to men - (short flash)

SCENE 258.

BACK TO 256 BOUDOIR

CLOSE UP ON DIVAN

Power leans over towards Magdalen - registers his passion for her - looks at her long - she speaks to him - then he says -

SPOKEN TITLE "I AM THE MOST POWERFUL MAN IN THE WORLD AND SOON I SHALL CONTROL THE WHOLE EARTH FOR I SHALL OWN ALL PRODUCTS AND COMMERCE

CLOSE UP POWER SPEAKING

SCENE 259.

CLOSE UP MAGDALEN

She is listening - she looks towards Power -

SCENE 260.

CLOSE UP POWER

Looking at Magdalen - he leans towards her - says -

SPOKEN TITLE " ..... AND I SHALL MAKE YOU THE MOST ENVIED OF WOMEN."

CLOSE UP POWER SPEAKING

SCENE 261.

CLOSE UP MAGDALEN

Her eyes grow large as she visions future power - she leans towards Power - looking full at him - as he leaning towards her comes into view - his passion in his eyes - she slowly - langorously puts her arms about him - alluring - as he bending lower stoops till his lips meet hers -

SCENE 262.

CELLAR

The meeting over - the man giving directions to men to help him take the weapons to place of safety - they put weapons in great sacks and start to pile them up -

SCENE 263.

BOUDOIR BACK TO 261.

CLOSE UP MAGDALEN AND POWER

He leans over her - looking deep into her eyes -

SCENE 264.

WORKSHOP OF ABRAMS

Josephus at work - also Abrams - Josephus looks out beyond door as if seeing -

SCENE 265.

EXTERIOR ABRAM'S SHOP GHETTO

A van, advertising furniture moving stops near shop - four men approach carrying sacks of weapons - the man with them -

SCENE 266.

BACK TO 264. INTERIOR SHOP

Josephus watches as men approach - the man comes first - calls from door to Abrams who seeing him, quickly rises - Man enters - speaks hurriedly to Abrams - looking towards Josephus - Abrams nods he is alright and can be trusted -

SCENE 266.
CON'T.

The man motions to the men to carry in sacks - a trap door is opened and the sacks are carried down into the cellar -

SCENE 267.

CELLAR OF ABRAM'S SHOP

The men are carrying the weapons to the cellar - they pile them up -

SCENE 268.

BOUDOIR AS 263.

Power and Magdalen - her arms about him -

SCENE 269.

ABRAM'S SHOP

Men come up from cellar - close trap - Josephus watches - the man talking confidentially to Abrams - then when men are ready he exits with them - Abrams watches him go - then comes back to work smiling - as if the man had told him good news regarding progress of the united army of revolt -

SCENE 270.

INTERIOR PRIVATE OFFICE OF POWER

Power enters - puts down hat - thinking - sits at his desk - ponders over his plan to control the world - he smiles to himself -

DOUBLE EXPOSURE IN BACKGROUND BEHIND POWER

As he does not imagine any of these visions, they being purely people who have planned to gain all and then lost -

FADEIN VISION OF THE TOWER OF BABEL FADE OUT
TOWER BEING BUILT THEN DESTRUCTION -

FADE IN VISION OF CESAER [redacted]

IN TRIUMPTH THEN DISSOLVE INTO HIS DEATH SCENE

FADE IN VISION OF ATTILA FADE OUT

IN TRIUMPTH THEN DISSOLVE INTO HIS DEATH SCENE.

CONT. SCENE 270.

FADE IN VISION OF NAPOLEON

IN TRIUMPTH THEN DISSOLVE IN HIM STANDING ON THE SHORES OF ST. HELENA FADE OUT

FADE IN THE EMPEROR WILHELM DISSOLVE IN THE FIGURES OF WOMEN AND CHILDREN IN RAGS CLAMOURING SUPPLICATION TO HIM - THEN IN THEIR PLACE DISSOLVE IN IN BUILDINGS BURNED AND SHELLED DOWN UNTIL ALL IS WASTE - THEN THE WHOLE SCENE IS COVERED WITH A PALL OF BLACK - THE FACE OF EMPEROR WILLIAM DISSOLVES THROUGH THE PALL REGISTERS BEATEN - CRUSHED - HOPELESS - FADE OUT

IN FOREGROUND POWER STILL SITS AT HIS DESK

Smiling with triumpth as he plans to control the world - he rings bell - Faith enters - he gives her some dictation - smiling - rises - looks over some papers -

SCENE 271.

OUTSIDE MAGDALEN'S APARTMENT

EASE jealous - approaches - ushered by maid -

SCENE 272.

BOUDOIR

Magdalen sitting forward - her chin in her two hands - as she visions her future power - maid announces Ease - she is annoyed - he enters - he notes she is not glad to see him - questions her - takes her hands in his own forcibly - Magdalen seeing his jealousy laughs at him - he grows angry - and she showing fear tries to calm him - she puts her hand on his arm and looking up at him tries to lure him to her - he believing in her again - sinks by her side and leans over towards her - tells her of his love, etc., etc. - she runs her hand through his hair - smiling at him -

SCENE 273.

POWER'S OFFICE

Power planning his campaign of power control - he puts on his hat - exits - Faith enters with papers for him - wonders at his elation - watches him a moment - as he exits -

SCENE 274.

BOUDOIR Magdalen puts her hand on the head of Ease - looks into his eyes as if trying to make him believe in her -

SCENE 275.

SUB TITLE — THE OTHER TRUSTS REFUSE POWER'S DEMAND THEY SELL OUT TO HIM.

INTERIOR MARBLE HALL

THE MEETING OF THE TRUSTS -
All represented as before - Power in the centre - he is standing - talking to them - all refuse to seel to him - Power grows angry - says to them -

SPOKEN TITLE — "REALIZE I CONTROL BOTH FOOD AND LABOUR ----- UNLESS YOU SELL TO ME, I SHALL WITHHOLD BOTH FROM YOU ------ UNTIL YOU DO."

CLOSE UP OWER SPEAKING

SCENE 276.

FULL VIEW

The other trusts refuse to sell to Power - he threatens to force them to his wish - he makes final threat - all rise - he looks round upon them all - then laughing as he realizes his power - he exits - the others watch him - hold situation till he exits -

SCENE 277.

SUB TITLE — POWER AND FORCE.

FADE IN PRIVATE OFFICE OF POWER - HE TAKES UP 'PHONE - He speaks to -

FADE IN DOUBLE EXPOSURE
BRACKARD WHO TYPIFIES FORCE - BRACKARD ANSWERS POWER OVER 'PHONE - PROMISES TO HELP POWER WITH FORCE - PUTS DOWN THE RECEIVER - FADE OUT VISION

Power puuting down receiver - he comes into foreground - thinking - smiles satisfied - FADE OUT

SCENE 278.

SUB TITLE — THE COMMERCIAL WAR OF THE YEAR 2000.

CON'T.

SCENE 278.

FADE IN EXTERIOR FOOD STORES

Closed up and fastened up with great iron barricades - on guard before Labour force -

SCENE 279.

OTHER FOOD STORES (ALL WITH THE NAME MAGNUS POWER ABOVE) they are alos barricaded and guarded with Labour force -

SCENE 280.

EXTERIOR NEAR STORES

The people of the city - all well dressed approaching towards the guarded stores -

SCENE 281.

EXTERIOR OTHER FOOD STORES

Barricaded and guarded with Labour force of Power -

SCENE 282.

BACK TO 280.

The people looking towards the barricaded food -

SCENE 283.

INTERIOR MARBLE HALL

The other trusts seated there - none speak - as if they had been arguing for hours -

SCENE 284.

CLOSE UP AT OFFICE WINDOW

Magnus Power looks down - smilingly satisfied at -

SCENE 285.

EXTERIOR FOOD STORES

Barricaded and guarded -

SCENE 286.

The people threatening but realizing how powerless they are against Power -

SCENE 287.

BACK TO 284.

CLOSE UP POWER

Smiling satisfied - he comes from window - clenches his fists - satisfied - comes into room - towards camera -

SCENE 288.

FULL VIEW OF PRIVATE OFFICE

Power comes into his office - smiling satisfied -

SCENE 289.

EXTERIOR FOOD STORES IN GHETTO

Closed and barricaded - the poor approach to get food - and find they cannot even buy it - their numbers grow larger and they become menacing - the men make a dash to break the guard but are soon repulsed - some of them shot -

SCENE 290.

POWER'S OFFICE

He stands there against his desk - to his full height -

SCENE 291.

EXTERIOR FOOD STORES IN WEALTHY QUARTER AS 281.
The wealthy people approaching - offering money to guard, etc. but they are pushed back -

SCENE 292.

EXTERIOR FOOD STORES IN POOR QUARTERS AS 289.

The people trying to break guard - are beaten back or shot down -

SCENE 293.

INTERIOR MARBLE HALL

The trusts sit there - some one enters - tells them of the people demanding food - they listen but refuse to give in to power -

SCENE 294.

SUB TITLE

AND POWER HELD THE MONOPOLY
OF THE LABOUR FORCE THROUGH HIS
CONTROL OF FOOD ----- FOR IN ALL THE
PEOPLE THEY ALONE DID EAT.

Tbles spread with food as Labour force from guard enter to eat.

SCENE 295.

EXTERIOR FOOD STORES

The labour force changes quard - those who have watched now march away to eat -

SCENE 296.

BACK TO 294 INTERIOR ROOM

The guard entering to eat - those who have finished as they come to door again - they are searched -

CUT IN TITLE

AND AS THEY LEAVE THEY ARE
SEARCHED SO THAT THEY MAY
NOT TAKE FOOD OUT TO THE
PEOPLE ------

Guard being searched as they exit -

SCENE 297.

POWER OFFICE

Power stands there - he approaches window -

SCENE 298.

INTERIOR MARBLE HALL

The trusts tense - refuse to give in - they are tired and weary -

SCENE 299.

INTERIOR POWER DINING ROOM

Footman serving - as Power enters with Fashion and Innocense and Ease - they sit down to eat -

SCENE 300.

EXTERIOR POWER HOUSE

LABOUR GUARD ON DUTY
Some of the people are approaching but guard keep them back -

SCENE 301.

FOOD STORES IN GHETTO

The poor trying to break guard - are cowed back -

SCENE 302.

EXTERIOR TENEMENTS.

The news of the Food War carried along from home to home - men and women come from doors - hear news -

SCENE 303.

CLOSE UP DOORWAY

New of the Food War carried along - as people, old and young come to doors -

SCENE 304.

TENEMENT STEPS

News of the Food war carried along - discussed - look down towards -

SCENE 305;

EXTERIOR FOOD STORES OF GHETTO

The poor cowed back - looking at guard - they curse the name of Power -

SCENE 306.

BACK TO 304 TENEMENT STEPS

The poor looking down upon the scene as the man comes into view he too hears the news and looking down sees -

SCENE 307.

FLASH BACK TO 305 GHETTO FOOD STORES

The crowd menacing the guard - a few poor starving men try to break the guard and are ruthlessly shot at -

SCENE 308.

CLOSE UP THE MAN WATCHING

Horror in his face as he sees -

SCENE 309.

FLASH BACK TO 307.

The men who tried to break the guard fall dead - the rest of the crowd cowered - fall back -

SCENE 310.

CLOSE UP THE MAN

Tthe man clenches his fists - anger in his eyes -

SCENE 311.

CLOSE UP JOSEPHUS

Watching the man - then out as if at stores -

SCENE 312.

FLASH BACK TO 309.

The wives of the dead men approach their bodies and weeping, bending over their dead - the crowd cowered back -

SCENE 313.

CLOSE UP THE MAN

As he clenches his fists - in anger -

SCENE 314.

CLOSE UP JOSEPHUS

Looking upwards as if waiting for the word -

SCENE 315.

FLASH BACK TO 313.

CLOSE UP THE MAN

As he clenches his fists in anger - and lunges forward - taking great strides decisive - he speaks -

SPOKEN TITLE "MEN ..... FOR YOUR CHILDREN'S SAKES YOU MUST FIGHT THE OPPRESSION OF POWER."

CLOSE UP THE MAN

Calling ut to the people - his arms out - he call to them -

SCENE 316.

PANORAMA THE CROWD RUSHING TO AND FRO -

They stop as they hear the call of the man - as he comes through scene - his arms outstretched - speaking to them - they stop and listen - he points towards the Food Stores - as the people crowd around him -

SCENE 317.

FURTHER ON

Other poor and hungry register they her the call of the man and approach to -

SCENE 318.

BACK TO 316.

PANORAMA THE MAN TALKING DOWN TO THE CROWD AS IT GATHERS ROUND HIM - OTHERS JOINING EDGE OF CROWD -

SCENE 319.

INTERIOR MAGDALEN'S APARTMENT

She approaches as Labour men approach with great baxes of food - sent to her by Power - she instructs men to carry them to other room -

SCENE 320.

EXTERIOR FOOD STORES WEALTHY AS 295.

The people menacing guard - but repulsed - they scatter away in desultory groups -

SCENE 321.

EXTERIOR GHETTO SQUARE

The man talking to the growd - urging them to resist - the opporession of Power - the crowd around him becomes thicker -

SCENE 322.

CLOSE UP THE MAN TALKING TO THE PEOPLE

SCENE 323.

PANORAMA THE CROWD OF POVERTY STRICKEN PEOPLE

Listening to him - registering their belief in him -

SCENE 324.

MAGDALEN'S BOUDOIR

Magdalen stands waiting as Ease enters - he looks at the table upon which remains of meal are - and seeing the food, he wonders - how she got it - he questions her - she smiles evasively - Ease is suspicious - but Magdalen putting her arms about him seeks to make him forget - as she draws him down to couch - he looks at her - putting her back from him and looking well into her eyes - she tries to allure him - but Ease registers suspicion and just when she believes he has forgotten, he again questions her - she is annoyed and turns away from him - Ease looks over towards the table - then back at Magdalen - he puts his hand on her arm -

SCENE 325.

POWER LIBRARY

Power stands there as footman helps him on with hat and coat - (something after loose cloak like affair)- he exits -

SCENE 326.

GHETTO AS 321.

The man talking to the mob - SHORT FLASH -

SCENE 327.

MAGDALEN'S BOUDOIR

Ease suspicious - turns - taking the hand of Magdalen - she seeing he is about to leave her - looks at him - shrugs her shoulder - Ease looks about the room then turning to her - questions her again and again - Magdalen refuses to m tell how she got the food - and angered at his presumption - she bis him leave her - imperiously - Ease hurt at her manner - impulsivly turns and exits in anger - Magdalen turns and watches him go -

SCENE 328.

SHORTFLASH BACK TO 326. THE MOB INCREASING -

SCENE 329.

EXTERIOR MAGDALEN'S HOME

Ease exits from house - turns down street -

SCENE 330.

SHORT FLASH BACK TO 328 MOB INCREASING

SCENE 331.

CLOSEUP JOSEPHUS

Josephus watching the mob - he turns to -

SCENE 332.

INTERIOR SHOP OF ABRAMS

Abrams at work - looks up as Josephus enters - looking back as if at mob in street - Abrams speaks - Josephus nods -

SCENE 333.

MAGDALEN'S BOUDOIR

Magdalen sits in crouched attitude as door opens and Power enters - approaches swiftly to her - takes her in his arms - she surrenders to him -

SCENE 334.

GHETTO AS 330.

The man talking to the mob which is increasing -

SCENE 335.

FLASH BACK TO 333 BOUDOIR

Magdalen and Power - she is in his arms - she looks into his eyes -

SCENE 336.

FLASH BACK TO 334.

The mob increasing - the man denouncing Power and his rule -

SCENE 337.

CLOSE UP THE MAN

Talking down to the people - spme of the heads of the crowd in view - showing all various rough types -

SCENE 338.

PANORAMA THE HEADS AND FACES OF THE CROWD

Showing types of brutality and ferocity -

SCENE 339.

CLOSE UP THE MAN

Speaking to them -

SCENE 340.

BACK TO 338.

CLOSE UP THE FACES OF THE CROWD -

Showing the looks of realization of their wrongs and decision to fight for their rights - faces contorted like animals after they have been wounder or hurt - almost bestil in their expressions of ferocity -

SCENE 341.

BOUDOIR OF MAGDALEN

Short flash of Magdalen and Power - he says to her-

SPOKEN TITLE "THEY CANNOT HOLD OUT MUCH LONGER, FOR THE PEOPLE ARE DEMANDING FOOD ----------"

CLOSE UP POWER speaking - satisfied -

SPOKEN TITLE "SOON, VERY SOON, NOW THE TRUSTS MUST YIELD TO ME ----- THEY CANNOT CONTINUE WITHOUT LABOUR --------"

CLOSE UP POWER SPEAKING - satisfied - glorying in his power -

SCENE 342.

CLOSE UP MAGDALEN

As she looks at Power - her eyes full upon him -

SCENE 343.

CLOSE UP POWER SPEAKING

SPOKEN TITLE "AND AT YOUR FEET I WILL LAY ALL MY POWER."

CLOSE UPPOWER SPEAKING

SCENE 344.

CLOSE UP MAGDALEN

As she leans towards him - her eyes shine in triumpth -

SCENE 345.

INTERIOR MARBLE HALL

The trusts - in silent desultory group - weary as if they were tired out - show signs of weakening - two of them go to window - registers they see -

SCENE 346.

EXTERIOR WEALTHY FOOD STORE

The Labour Guard - the people clamouring up towards the stores - some of them turning towards marble hall - register they realize cause of their distress - they shout out - threats and convulge that way - a great body -

SCENE 347.

EXTERIOR STREET

CLOSE UP EASE

Suspicious of Magdalen - he makes as if to turn back to her apartment - thinking -

SCENE 348.

BOUDOIR

Magdalen and Power - she is lying on great courch - covered with tigerskins - smoking - he is sitting by her -

SCENE 349.

STREET

The boy Ease decides to go back to Magdalen - to make her tell him the truth - he exits with decision -

SCENE 350.

GHETTO

The man talking to the mob which has grown to tremendous size - he points out at -

SCENE 351.

CLOSE UP IN GUTTER

Dead bodies of those who have starved to death -

SCENE 352.

FLASH BACK TO 350.

The man talking to the crowd -

SCENE 353.

EXTERIOR THE BREAD LINES

A silent body - for there is even no refuse for them now - Placard announcing that

LACK OF FOODFORCES THE
DISCONTINUENCE OF BREAD
DISTRUBUTION.
---o---

The men turn away in silent despair -

SCENE 354.

FLASH BACK TO 352.

The man telling the crowd - they become menacing -

SCENE 355.

INTERIOR HOVEL

Some little children huddled together - shivering and starving -

SCENE 356.

FLASH BACK TO 354.

The man talking to the crowd - they become menacing - shaking their fists -

SCENE 357.

ENTERIOR MAGDALEN'S BOUDOIR

Magdalen and Power - she is in his arms -

SCENE 358.

GHETTO BACK TO 356.

The man speaks to the people -

SCENE 359.

CLOSE UP THE MAN

SPOKEN TITLE " ..... AND UNITED MAN ALONE CAN STAND."

CLOSE UP THE MAN speaking - his right arm raised -

SCENE 360.

PANORAMA CROWD

They cheer him as he speaks - the man gets down from his platform and calls the mob to follow him -

SCENE 361.

INTERIOR ABRAM'S SHOP

Abrams at work -n Josephus also - he raises his head - Abrams questions what is the noise -

SCENE 362.

GHETTO LONG SHOT

Crowd following man as their leader -

SCENE 363.

BACK TO 361. INTERIOR ABRAM'S SHOP

Josephus stands motionless - Abrams rises - approaches to door as Man bursts into door - followed by some of mob - as they dash down to cellar for weapons -

SCENE 364.

ABRAMS'S CELLAR

Man and men of mob get sacks of weapons and mount steps with them -

SCENE 365.

ABRAMS'S SHOP

Men come up from cellar with sacks of weapons - rush out to street - the only calm one is Josephus who slowly exits towards window - looking out at

SCENE 366.

EXTERIOR ABRAMS' SHOP

Man and men come from shop with sacks of weapons which they open and distribute to crowd -

SCENE 367.

CLOSE UP JOSEPHUS WATCHING - HE RAISES HIS EYES TO HEAVEN

SCENE 368.

BACK TO 366. EXTERIOR SHOP

The weapons thrown to mob - as they dash off up the street towards the city - the man at their head - as leader -

SCENE 369.

CLOSE UP AT WINDOW

BACK TO 367.

Josephus - his eyes raissd to heaven - he advances slowly forward -

SCENE 370.

GHETTO

The men leading the mob - calling to men in homes to join -

SCENE 371.

INTERIOR TENEMENT

Men and women grouped - they hear the mob - rush to windows - the men recognise their leader and dash out to follow - the women stay behind -

SCENE 372.

GHETTO

The man leading the mob - other men join mob which dashes on -

SCENE 373.

INTERIOR ANOTHER TENEMENT

Men and women and children - they also hear the mob - dash to windows - men dash out - kissing the children good-bye - exit -

SCENE 374.

EXTERIOR STREET

SCENE 374.

EXTERIOR STREET

Man dash along - their weapons brandished - the man, their leader - calling and urging them on as men from houses join -

SCENE 375.

INTERIOR OF A HOME

A father hears the call - the wife fearing - goes to window - sees it is the mob - she tries to prevent her husband from leaving her - but he kisses the children - then herself as he tears himself from her - she falls upon her knees -

SCENE 376.

GHETTO

The man leads the mob - the father from 375 with other men join mob - women and children in doorways - either urging the men on or weeping that they have left -

SCENE 377.

EXTERIOR MAGDALEN'S HOUSE

Ease approaches - enters -

SCENE 378.

MAGDALEN'S BOUDOIR

CLOSE UP AT WINDOW

Magdalen near window - registers by expression of fear that she has seen Ease - Power approaches her - she tries to seem indifferent - as she exits towards -

SCENE 379.

FULL VIEW BOUDOIR

Magdalen approaches door - Power does not notice her nervousness -

SCENE 380.

OUTSIDE MAGDALEN'S BOUDOIR

Ease with latchkey in his hand - approaches door - puts key in his pocket -

SCENE 381.

INSIDE BOUDOIR

Magdalen with her back to door - laughing excuse to Power -

CLOSE UP BOUDOIR DOOR

SCENE 382.

CLOSE UP BOUDOIR DOOR

Magdalen with her back to door - locks door - smiling to -

SCENE 383.

CLOSE UP POWER questioning her -

SCENE 384.

CLOSE UP MAGDLANE

Smiling back at him - putting him off -

SCENE 385.

OUTSIDE BOUDOIR DOOR

Ease with his hand on the door - registers he realizes it has been locked - he immediately registers suspicion - tries handle -

SCENE 386.

BACK TO 384.

CLOSE UP MAGDALEN

Her hand on door which Ease is trying to force - she laughs nervously at Power - who comes into view - suspicions as he questions her -

SCENE 386.
CON'T.

Gripping her hand with force - and she laughs at him - tries to allay suspicion - he approaches close to her - looking down at her and with effort of force drags her away from door - she clings to him as she realizes he is about to open the door - she takes key from lock and rushes to other side of room -

SCENE 387.

FULL VIEW BOUDOIR

Magdalen dashes from door with key - Power suspicious-after her - seeking to get possession of key -

SCENE 388.

OUTSIDE BOUDOIR DOOR

Ease waits - tense - suspicious - listening attitude - he tries door again -

SCENE 389.

BOUDOIR BACK TO 387

Magdalen tries to get away from hold of Power who tries to force key from her -

SCENE 390.

BACK TO 388.

CLOSE UP EASE listening - suspicious -

SCENE 391.

BACK TO 389.

Power struggling with Magdalen to get key -

SCENE 392.

BACK TO 390
CLOSE UP EASE MAKES UP HIS MIND TO BREAK THE DOOR - BURSTS AT DOOR -

SCENE 393.

CLOSE UP MAGDALEN AND POWER

As they hear Ease breaking in door - Magdalen registers fear -

SCENE 394.

BACK TO 392. EASE BREAKING IN DOOR -

SCENE 395.

BACK TO 393. CLOSE UP MAGDALEN AND POWER

The woan in fear - Power suspicious w wafches her -

SCENE 396.

BACK TO 394. EASE HAS ALMOST BROKEN IN THE DOOR -

SCENE 397.

CLOSE UP MAGDALEN AND POWER

She looks towards door - then at him - cowers away from him - Power looks at her - trying to understand - he take sher hands in his - tries to force her to answer his questions - she looks away from him -

SCENE 398.

BACK TO 396.

Ease breaks in the door - which falls to splinters - he starts as he sees within - then dashes in -

SCENE 399.

FULL VIEW BOUDOIR

Magdalen struggling in the arms of Power - as Ease stands in framework of the splintered door - looking at Magdalen, his mistress in the arms of hss father - stands tense - then dashes on to Magdalen as Power looks from one to the other p realizes the perfidy of the woman -

SCENE 400.

CLOSE UP THE FACE OF MAGDALEN IN FEAR - LDOKING AT

SCENE 401.

CLOSE UP THE FACE OF EASE LOOKING AT HER IN JUDGMENT

SCENE 402.

CLOSE UP MAGDALEN MEETING HIS GAZE - SHE TURNS TO

- SCENE 403.

CLOSE UP THE FACE OF POWER IN JUDGMENT AND BITTERNESS

SCENE 404.

FULL VIEW BOUDOIR

Magdalen between the father and son - she looks from one to the other - for one moment situation held - then Ease with the anger of Yought dashes forward and taking Magdalen in his grasp, forces her back from him against table - his hands at her throat -

SCENE 405.

CLOSE UP EASE AND MAGDALEN

As he grips his hands at her throat to kill - her hair falls down - and her eyes gaze up at him in fear -

SCENE 406.

CLOSE UP POWER

Watching in anger - he makes as if to let the woman meeet her fate - then turns -

SCENE 407.

CLOSE UP EASE AND MAGDALEN

As Power comes into view and takes the grasp of Ease from the throat of Magdalen - the two men clinch - as Magdalen half rises - her hands at her throat - struggle between Power and Ease - Power refuses to fight with his son and with terrible strength, he forces Ease back from him - looks at him long - as if forcing him to realize what he would do -

SCENE 408.

CLOSE UP POWER AND EASE

Power holds the boy back - as if forcing him to realize he would commit the sin of Fratricide - Ease realizes, and turning away dashes off -

SCENE 409.

FULL VIEW BOUDOIR

Ease dashes away without looking back at Power - Power watches him - Magdalen trying to rise from floor - also looks after him - then in fear of Power as she meets his eyes in anger -

SCENE 410.

STREET BEYOND GHETTO

The man leading the mob which has grown to great dimensions - brandishing their weapons as he urges them on -

SCENE 411.

EXTERIOR WEALTHY FOOD STORES LABOUR GUARD

The wealthy people in crowd becoming mad - menacing - threaten Guard -

SCENE 412.

BOUDOIR

Magdalen grovelling at the feet of Power - he turns from her -

SCENE 412.
CON'T.

she pleads - forcing his hands to her mouth - as she kisses them, he draws them away but she clings to him -

SCENE 413.

HALL OF MAGDALEN'S HOUSE

Ease staggers from boudoir - then he turns back as he gets an idea - makes up his mind - and turning, looks back in direction of boudoir -

SCENE 414.

BOUDOIR

Magdalen grovelling at feet of Power - he is about to weaken -

SCENE 415.

BACK TO 413 HALL

Ease makes up his mind - takes revolver from his pocket - slowly - deliberately - (revolver very small)

SCENE 416.

BOUDOIR

Magdalen and Power - she is grovelling at his feet - he about to weaken - when he starts as he hears -

SCENE 417.

HALL BACK TO 415

Ease lies dead - revolver in his hand -

SCENE 418.

BOUDOIR

Magdalen and Power tense as they hear shot - Power thrusts Magdalen from him and dashes out to -

SCENE 419.

HALL

Ease dead - Power dashes from Boudoir - sees his son dead - kneels at his side -

SCENE 420.

BOUDOIR

Magdalen rises from ground - puts back her hair as she slowly exits to

SCENE 421.

HALL.

Power and Ease, his dead son - Ease in his arms - half raised from ground - a maddened thing - in silent stricken grief - Magdalen comes into view in background - sees Ease dead - she covers her face with her hair -

SCENE 422.

CLOSE UP POWER with his dead son Ease in his arms.-

SCENE 423.

EXTERIOR STREETS

The man leading the mob - dashing on - brandishing weapons -

SCENE 424.

INTERIOR MARBLE HALLS

The trusts arguing - some of them rush to window - see

SCENE 425.

STREET

Panorama the frenzied mob dashing on - the man at their head -

SCENE 426.

MARBLE HALL

The trusts in fear - rush to look the doors - in panic -

SCENE 427.

HALL OF MAGDALEN'S HOME

Power looking down at his dead son - Magdalen in background - silently weeping -

SCENE 428.

EXTERIOR STREETS

The man leading on the mob which grows and grows -

SCENE 429.

NEAR WEALTHY FOOD STORES

The wealthy people see the approaching mob -

SCENE 430.

CLOSE UP THE FRENZIED MOB

The man leading - calling on all to join -

SCENE 431.

BACK TO 429.

THE WEALTHY LISTENING - start to join the mob -

SCENE 432.

LONG SHOT

Man leading - shouting - as wealthy join mob who are brandishing their weapons - as they dash on -

SCENE 433.

BRACKARD'S ROOMS

Brackard pacing up and down - approaches window - sees -

SCENE 434.

PANORAMA STREET

The wealthy and the mob - dashing up street - in fury -

SCENE 435.

BACK TO 433

CLOSE UP BRACKARD

Registers wonder and fear -

SCENE 436.

INTERIOR POWER LIBRARY

Fashion in centre of room as Innocense in fear dashes to her for protection - servants running from all quarters in fear -

SCENE 437.

STAIRS AND CORRIDOR

Servants in panic - dashing to library -

SCENE 438.

LIBRARY

Fashion with Innocense as servants dash in fear - keeping away from the windows -

SCENE 439.

EXTERIOR POWER HOME

The mob with lighted torches surrounding house - mob frenzied - the man leading - they prepare to set fire to the house -

SCENE 440.

POWER LIBRARY

Fashion in fear dashes away from library - seeking safety - Innocense in wonder as all servants dash this way and that to make escape in panic - old servants take her with them -

SCENE 441.

EXTERIOR POWER MANSION

The frenzied mob - house starting in blaze - as other part of mob bring refuse in order to help fire -

SCENE 442.

BRACKARD'S ROOMS

Brackard dashes out - in haste -

SCENE 443.

EXTERIOR POWER HOUSE

Part of it in flames -

SCENE 444.

CELLAR OF POWER HOUSE

Servants, among them the old one with Innocense rush through to make escape as smoke fills place -

SCENE 445.

STAIRCASE

Fashion with some of servants trying to make escape -

SCENE 446.

EXTERIOR POWER HOUSE IN FLAMES

SCENE 447.

EXTERIOR IN BACK OF HOUSE

Old alley entrance open - servant with Innocense make escape -

SCENE 448.

BACK TO 446

SHORT FLASH OF POWER HOUSE IN FLAMES (Mair Portion)

SCENE 449.

HALL OF MAGDALEN'S HOME

Scene dark till it lights up red - showing Power putting his son back on ground - Magdalen looks at red light - dashes to window - calls as Power also goes to window - sees his home in flames -

SCENE 450.

SHORT FLASH OF MAID PART OF PWER HOME IN FLAMES

SCENE 451.

BACK TO 449.

CLOSE UP AT WINDOW

Power as he turns away - dashes from scene - as Magdalen comes into view - watching him go -

SCENE 452.

EXTERIOR POWER HOME

SHORT FLASH OF HOUSE IN FLAMES - showing the mob around - frenzied -

SCENE 453.

CLOSE UP JOSEPHUS looking out to distance

SCENE 454.

SHORT FLASH POWER HOME IN FLAMES

SCENE 455.

PART OF DEMOLISHED STAIRCASE IN POWER HOME

Fashion lies dead - part of stairs crumble - smoke -

SCENE 456.

EXTERIOR CITY HALL - MUNICIPAL BUILDING

CLOSE UP DOOR AND STEPS

Brackard about to enter and Power dashes up steps after him - they meet - Power points back to the work of the mob - says to him -

SPOKEN TITLE "WE MUST USE FORCE .....
CALL OUT THE CITY GUARD
AND FIRE UPON THE MOB ..... "

CLOSE UP POWER AND BRACKARD

Power speaks - Brackard looks out to distance - also Power - he continues -

SPOKEN TITLE "IT IS AS WORLD DECIDING
AS THE GREAT WAR OF 1910 ..... "

CLOSE UP BRACKARD AND POWER

Power speaks - Brackard promises and dashes into building - Power exits -

SCENE 457.

EXTERIOR POWER HOME

Part of it falls to ground - demolished by flames which leap higher on other part -

SCENE 458.

PANORAMA THE MOB

As they dash away - led by the man -

SCENE 459.

CLOSE UP POWER

FURIOUS AS HE SEES THE CHALLENGE OF THE PEOPLE TO HIS POWER -

SCENE 460.

EXTERIOR MUNICIPAL BUILDING - GREAT GATES

The city guard marches out -

SCENE 461.

CLOSE UP BRACKARD WATCHING

SCENE 462.

FLASH BACK TO CITY GUARD ON WAY TO QUELL MOB

SCENE 463.

CLOSE UP POWER

As he sees its approach and gains courage -

SCENE 464.

FLASH

The city guard as they gallop towards -

SCENE 465.

EXTERIOR POWER HOME

The mob seeing approach of city guard - which begins to fire towards them - start to dash away to make escape from fire -

SCENE 466.

INTERIOR POWER OFFICE

Power enters - looks from window -

SCENE 467.

TERRIFIC CHARGE AND FIGHT BETWEEN CITY GUARD AND THE MOB -

SCENE 468.

CLOSE UP PART OF FIGHT BETWEEN CITY GUARD AND MOB -

SCENE 469.

CLOSE UP

Another part of fight between city guard and mob -

SCENE 470.

CLOSE UP

Another view of fight of guard and mob -

SCENE 471.

CLOSE UP THE MAN

Urging on the mob to resist -

SCENE 472.

FULL VIEW

Fight between city guard and mob -

SCENE 473.

POWER OFFICE

Power stands there at the window -

SCENE 474.

FULL VIEW OF FIGHT BETWEEN CITY GUARD AND MOB -

Many dying and dead -

SCENE 475.

EDGE OF MOB

Fighting - the old servant with Innocense comes into view - the old servant killed - Innocense makes escape -

SCENE 476.

CLOSE UP BEHIND WALL

Innocense hides from fighting -

SCENE 477.

PANORAMA FIGHT BETWEEN MOB AND CITY GUARD

Many dead -

SCENE 478.

PART OF STREET

Showing huddled dead bodies -

SCENE 479.

SHORT FLASH of fight between mob and guard -

SCENE 480.

HALL

Magdalen looking down at the dead body of Ease - then towards the window - lit up red by firing -

SCENE 481.

SHORT FLASH OF FIGHTING - frenzied -

SCENE 482.

CLOSE UP THE FACE OF JOSEPHUS LOOKING OUT IN PITY - advances to

SCENE 483.

RAILING

Josephus comes into view - passes along on way -

SCENE 484.

SHORT FLASH of fighting -

SCENE 485.

HALL OF MAGDALEN

She puts on long cloak and exits -

SCENE 486.

SHORT FLASH OF FIGHTING

SCENE 487.

POWER'S OFFICE

Power stands there relentless -

SCENE 488.

CLOSE UP BY WALL

Brackard approaching - suddenly starts as he sees -

SCENE 489.

CLOSE UP

Magdalen in cloak as she approaches office of Power -

SCENE 490.

BACK TO 488.

CLOSE UP BRACKARD jealous as he follows -

SCENE 491.

FULL VIEW EXTERIOR OFFICE OF POWER

Magdalen about to enter - Brackard following - jealous -

SCENE 492.

CLOSE UP BY WALL

Innocense - wide eyed approaching - looking back at fight -

SCENE 493.

POWER PRIVATE OFFICE

Power stands there as door opens and Magdalen stands in doorway - Power turning, sees her - he is angry - she pleads with him - trying to force him to her embrace -

SCENE 494.

OUTSIDE PRIVATE OFFICE

Brackard approaches -

SCENE 495.

BACK TO 493.

Magdalen trying to regain love of Power - she takes his hand in hers - kisses it - looking up at Power -

SCENE 496.

CLOSE UP BRACKARD

Jealous - he makes as if to enter and kill them both - then turning, he faces -

SCENE 497.

CLOSE UP IN OUTER DOORWAY

Innocense, the child of Power stands there - believes she has found safety - does not know it is her father's office -

SCENE 498.

CLOSE UP

Brackard looking at the child - he gets idea of dastardly vengeance and looking back towards the private office - he smiles cynically -

SCENE 499.

OUTER OFFICE FULL VIEW

Brackard approaches Innocense with charming manner of trust - she looks up at him -

SCENE 500.

POWER PRIVATE OFFICE

Magdalen at the feet of Power - she clings to him - he looks away from her - then back again - down at her -

SCENE 501.

OUTER OFFICE

Brackard looks down at Innocense - then back towards door of private office -

SCENE 502.

BACK TO 500 PRIVATE OFFICE OF POWER

Magdalen clinging to Power - her arms about him - wildly - desperately she sees him try to put her from him -

SCENE 503.

BACK TO 501 OUTER OFFICE

Brackard looking towards door of private office - registers jealousy - then with decision, he takes up the child Innocense in his arms and carries her away -

SCENE 504.

OUTSIDE POWER OFFICE

SCENE 504.
CON'T.

Brackard comes from office carrying Innocense - carries her down stairs -

SCENE 505.

private office

Power weakens - as he turns to the embrace of Magdalen -

SCENE 506.

OFFICE STAIRS

Brackard comes down stairs carrying Innocense -

SCENE 507.

PRIVATE OFFICE

Power in the arms of Magdalen - for one moment he gives way to his passion - then suddenly realizing all - he looks at her with hatred and flings her from him -

SCENE 508.

CLOSE UP MAGDALEN

As she looks back at Power from the ground -

SCENE 509.

CLOSE UP POWER

As he looks with hatred upon Magdalen -

SCENE 510.

CLOSE UP MAGDALEN

As she puts out her arms to Power - crawling towards him -

SCENE 511.

FULL VIEW OFFICE

Magdalen crawls to Power - he turns away from her - flinging her from him -

SCENE 512.

EXTERIOR OFFICE

Brackard carring Innocense - hastens away - keeping close to wall - she questioning - he trying to quiet her -

SCENE 513.

BACK TO 511 PRIVATE OFFICE

Magdalen clings to Power - he hurls her from him - and looking upon her with loathing - he dashes from room - she puts out her arms after him - as if to draw him back -

SCENE 514.

OUTER OFFICE

CLOSE UP AT PRIVATE DOOR

Power as he bangs door - throws back his head - then forward -

SCENE 515.

FULL VIEW

Power exits from office -

SCENE 516.

PRIVATE OFFICE

Magdalen staring at door Power exited by - asshe realizes he has gone - dumb with realization - her arms sink to her sides -

SCENE 517.

STREET
Brackard hurrying along with Innocense -

SCENE 518.

NEAR POWER HOME

The guard fighting the mob - the streets strewn with dead -

SCENE 519.

CLOSE UP PART OF FIGHT

SCENE 520.

ANOTHER VIEW OF FIGHT

SCENE 521.

SOME OF MOB RIDDEN DOWN BY GUARD -

SCENE 522.

STREET

Dead and dying - Some of mob overtaken by guard - ruthlessly shot down -

SCENE 523.

CLOSE UP BY WALL

Josephus looking out towards scene of destruction - his hands clasped -

SCENE 524.

SHORT FLASH

Street of dying and dead -

SCENE 525.

CLOSE UP JOSEPHUS BACK TO 523

As he looks on - in anger -

SCENE 526.

SHORT FLASH OF FIGHT

Some of the mob running away from the onslaught of the Guard -

SCENE 527.

EXTERIOR WEALTHY FOOD STORES

The stores being attacked by mob who are being repulsed by Labour Force and Guard -

SCENE 528.

EXTERIOR GHETTO FOOD STORES

The food stores being attacked by Poor mob - guard resist attack - fight keen -

SCENE 529.

EXTERIOR STREET

CLOSE UP

Power looking on at scene - he starts back as he sees -

SCENE 530.

EXTERIOR MARBLE HALL

The mob attacking hall - guard trying to defend it -

SCENE 531.

INTERIOR MARBLE HALL

The trusts frenzied - trying to resist attack as doors are being forced -

SCENE 532.

EXTERIOR MARBLE HALL

The mob attacking - the guard defending -

SCENE 533.

INTERIOR MARBLE HALL BACK TO 531.

The trusts frenzied - trying to resist attack - barricading -

SCENE 534.

CLOSE UP DOOR

Trust trying to resist attack -

SCENE 535.

CLOSE UP WINDOWS

Trust trying to resist entrance of mob -

SCENE 536.

STREET BELOW

Mob scaling walls of building -

SCENE 537.

CLOSE UP POWER AS 529 WATCHING -

SCENE 538.

BACK TO 536.

Mob scaling walls -

SCENE 539.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Part of guard trying to fight back mob -

SCENE 540.

INTERIOR MARBLE HALL
Trusts trying to force back doors against approaching mob -

SCENE 541.

POWER PRIVATE OFFICE

Magdalen approaches window - starts back as she sees with horror -

SCENE 542.

EXTERIOR MARBLE HALL

Mob trying to scale walls - almost at windows - some already there - beaten back from inside -

SCENE 543.

BACK TO 541.

CLOSE UP OFFICE WINDOW

Magdalen turns away from scene - in horror -

SCENE 544.

EXTERIOR MARBLE HALL

The mob frenzied at their approaching success - lose all control - and become almost as beasts -

SCENE 545.

CLOSE UP THE MAN

Urging on the mob - frenzied attack -

SCENE 546.

INSIDE MARBLE HALL

The trusts almost giving way as doors are breaking in -

SCENE 547.

CLOSE UP DOORS

Trusts trying to resist attack - doors giving way -

SCENE 548.

OTHER SIDE OF DOOR

Mob bursting in doors - give united effort - door gives -

SCENE 549.

CLOSE UP JOSEPHUS

Looking up as if getting message - from above - he turns towards -

SCENE 550.

FULL VIEW

Mob breaking in doors to Marble Hall -

SCENE 551.

CLOSE UP BRACKARD

Approaching - carrying the child, Innocense - he calls out to mob -

SCENE 552.

PANORAMA MOB

Frenzied - brusting in doors of Marble Hall - some turn towards Brackard -

SCENE 553.

CLOSE UP BRACKARD

Holding child Innocense to Mob - he cries

SPOKEN TITLE "YOU WOULD WRECK YOUR VENGEANCE UPON MAGNUS POWER WHO HAS WRONGED YOU ALL ..... HERE IS HIS CHILD, INNOCENSE ..... "

CLOSE UP BRACKARD

Holding out Innocense to the mob -

SCENE 554.

CLOSE UP

The ferocious faces of men of mob - bestial - all looking hungrily towards Innocenne -

SCENE 555.

SCENE 556.

CLOSE UP POWER

Leaning forward as he sees situation - he dashes forward - clenches his fists -

SCENE 557.

The mob, a frenzied crowd - all about Brackard as they take Innocense the child from him and lift her on high - jeering at her - the child frightened looks down at them -

SCENE 558.

CLOSE UP

Innocense terrified as she looks down at

SCENE 559.

CLOSE UP

A sea of bestile faces of mob - jeering up hungrily at

SCENE 560.

CLOSE UP INNOCENSE

In fear as she looks down at

SCENE 561.

CLOSE UP

The bestial faces of the mob -

SCENE 562.

CLOSE UP POWER

In horror as he clutches forward desperately - like a maddened thing -

SCENE 563.

The mob dash from scene forward - as they drag Innocense down among them -

SCENE 564.

CLOSE UP POWER

In anguish - in desperation he looks up to heaven - throws out his arms in abandon - cries with all his soul -

SPOKEN TITLE "GOD OF MERCY ..... "

CLOSE UP POWER

Desperate - his arms outstretched to heaven - his eyes upwards - in prayer -

SCENE 565.

FLASH MOB

Beating down upon Innocense the child - her face in fear - looking up at them -

SCENE 566.

CLOSE UP JOSEPHUS

As he approaches forward to

SCENE 567.

FULL VIEW

The mob beating down upon Innocense as Josephus comes slowly - serenly into view and rising above them all - (a few steps will do this) - he puts out his hand in authority - putting aside part of mob as he approaches - Innocense and mob - putting his hand upon her head - as she looks up - the astonished mob for one moment taken abcak - just as he cries to them -

SPOKEN TITLE "MEN ..... MADE AFTER THE IMAGE OF GOD ..... IT IS FOR SUCH AS THIS LITTLE ONE YE ARE FIGHTING TO-DAY .....

CLOSE UP JOSEPHUS

Speaking - Innocense looks up at him - full of trust - clings to him -

SCENE 568.

CLOSE UP

Faces of mob - listening - looking from one to the other - not knowing what to do -

SCENE 569.

CLOSE UP JOSEPHUS

His hand upon the head of Innocense -

SCENE 570.

CLOSE UP POWER

Listening with wrapt wonder -

SCENE 571.

PANORAMA THE MOB

Josephus, a bit above them - his hand at the head of Innocense -

SCENE 572.

STREET

Guards and Mob - listening to Josephus -

SCENE 573.

CLOSE UP JOSEPHUS

His hand upon the head of Innocense as he looks upon the mob -

SCENE 574.

CLOSE UP THE MAN

Reverence in his eyes -

SCENE 575.

CLOSE UP JOSEPHUS

His hand on the child Innocense - as he points out to -

SCENE 576.

CLOSE UP POWER

Advancing as if compelled against his will -

SCENE 577.

FULL VIEW

Josephus raised above the mob - his hand on head of child Innocense - as Power advances through the mob - who seeing him, make as if to rush at him - but the hand of Josephus is raised and he speaks to Power - the man and Faith also Brackard seen among the crowd -

SCENE 578.

CLOSE UP JOSEPHUS

His hand upon the head of Innocense as Power comes slowly into view - Josephus speaks to him -

SCENE 578.
CON'T.

SPOKEN TITLE — "WHEN STREAMS AND RUNNING STREAMS AND LITTLE SEEDS THINK, ... IT IS TIME FOR YOU ALSO TO THINK ..... BUT I WILL TELL YOU, YOU MUST THINK..... AS THEY DO .... CHARITABLY AND GENEROUSLY TO ALL THE EARTH."

CLOSE UP JOSEPHUS AND POWER - JOSEPHUS CONTINUES -

SPOKEN TITLE — "BEHOLD! YOU ARE THE RICHEST MAN IN THE WORLD. YOU OWN RUNNING WATERS, TRANSPORTATIONS, HARVESTS. YOU OWN EVERYTHING INSIDE AND OUTSIDE THE LAW. ALL THAT MAND DOES EAT, THAT HE LIVES BY, EVEN HIS LABOUR ..... AND MEN ARE STARVING .....

SCENE 579.

CLOSE UP JOSEPHUS SPEAKING

SCENE 580.

CLOSE UP POWER

He is listening - he speaks -

SCENE 581.

CLOSE UP JOSEPHUS

As he answers -

SPOKEN TITLE — "MAGNUS POWER ..... YOU TALK OF POWER ..... THEN HEAR THAT GALE OUT THERE AND SPEAK .....

CLOSE UP JOSEPHUS

Speaking and pointing towards -

SCENE 582.

PANORAMA WIND EFFECT - TREES OR BUILDING TORN UP BY THE ROOTS - EFFECT OF WIND -

SCENE 583.

CLOSE UP JOSEPHUS AND POWER

Josephus continues -

SPOKEN TITLE "THE WIND COULD MANIFOLD ITSELF AND BREAK YOUR BONES ....."

CLOSE UP JOSEPHUS SPEAKING -

SCENE 584.

SHORT FLASH OF 582.

Wind effect DISSOLVES INTO rainstorm of terrific fury -

SCENE 585.

CLOSE UP JOSEPHUS SPEAKING AS HE SAYS -

SPOKEN TITLE "YOU HEAR THAT RAIN? THAT RAIN COULD RISE AND DROWN YOU .... AND YOU COULD NOT FLEE ....."

SCENE 586.

SHORT FLASH RAIN EFFECT TERRIFIC -

SCENE 587.

CLOSE UP JOSEPHUS AND POWER

Josephus says -

SPOKEN TITLE "DO NOT TALK TO ME OF POWER, FOR YOU ARE A MAN AMONG MEN."

CLOSE UP JOSEPHUS AND POWER

Josephus speaking - says -

SPOKEN TITLE "CAN YOU GIVE BACK LIFE TO YOUR WIFE .... YOUR SON ....?....

CLOSE UP JOSEPHUS SPEAKING -

SCENE 588.

SCENE 589.

CLOSE UP POWER

As he looks back upon the death of his son - all the emotion of his soul registered in his face as he looks upon Josephus -

SCENE 590.

CLOSE UP JOSEPHUS WATCHING HIM -

SCENE 591.

CLOSE UP POWER

Tears coursing down his cheeks - hunger for his lost ones in his face -

SCENE 592.

CLOSE UP JOSEPHUS AS HE SAYS -

SPOKEN TITLE — "HOW AFTER ALL ..... A GREAT MAN IS ONLY A MAN, HOW AFTER ALL, HE CAN BE STRIPPED AND SHOWN AS LITTLE AND SICK, OR OLD AND BROKEN HEARTED .....

SCENE 593.

CLOSE UP JOSEPHUS AND POWER

Josephus's hand upon the shoulder of Power - in tenderness - he contines -

SPOKEN TITLE — "HE CREEPS OVER THE GROUND, WITH HIS TWO LEGS, A CREATURE OF BOWELS, BRAIN AND HEART, ... AND WE CALL HIM GREAT! THOUGH HE SICKENS AND DIES ... BEHOLD! HIS VERY MONUMENTS ACCLAIM HIM GREAT!

CLOSE UP JOSEPHUS AND POWER

SCENE 594.

PANORAMA THE FACES OF THE CROWD

Hushed and cowed in wonder - Faith and Brackard and the man there -

SCENE 595.

STREET

Magdalen slowly approaches - looking with wonder at scene beyond -

SCENE 596.

CLOSE UP JOSEPHUS AND POWER

Power looks upon Josephus in wonder - Josephus continues -

SPOKEN TITLE

"I KNOW, I KNOW EVERYTHING
ALWAYS ..... TO ME THIS
EARTH IS BUT A MERE SIGN
IN THE SKY; AND YET I
CAN WEEP OVER ONE POOR
STARVING MAN. ALIVE, HE
SENDS ME MESSAGES, AS DEAD,
HE SENDS ME MESSAGES. MY EAR
IS BENT, AND READY FOR THESE
THINGS .....
AND I HEAR HIM."

SCENE 597.

CLOSE UP JOSEPHUS SPEAKING

SPOKEN TITLE

"YOU ARE ONE OF THE GREAT MEN
OF THE EARTH AND THEREFORE
IT IS YOUR PROVINCE TO GIVE;
THAT IS YOUR TASK, YOUR DUTY ....
TO GIVE EVERYTHING. MORE SHALL
COME TO YOU IN RETURN BUT YOU SHALL
NOT GET BACK THAT WHICH YOU GAVE."

CLOSE UP JOSEPHUS SPEAKING

SCENE 598.

CLOSE UP POWER LISTENING - WRAPT -

SCENE 599.

CLOSE UP JOSEPHUS SPEAKING -

SPOKEN TITLE — "AND THIS IS REAL CHARITY ..... HAD YOU BUT A DOLLAR AND KNEW YOU SHOULD NEVER AGAIN BE ABLE TO GET ANOTHER, YOU SHOULD GIVE THIS DOLLAR TO THE POOR."

CLOSE UP JOSEPHUS SPEAKING

SCENE 600.

CLOSE UP POWER LISTENING

SCENE 601.

CLOSE UP JOSEPHUS SPEAKING

SPOKEN TITLE — "ALL THAT YOU HAVE, YOU MUST GIVE ..... THERE IS A WISE WAY TO BE CHARITABLE, A PRACTICAL WAY ..... TAKE EVERY YOUTH YOU WILL COME TO YOU AND PREPARE HIM FOR LIFE ..... MAKE OPPORTUNITY FOR HIM ..... ALL CANNOT MAKE IT AS YOU DID FOR THE DAY OF OPPORTUNITY IS DONE."

CLOSE UP JOSEPHUS SPEAKING

SCENE 602.

CLOSE UP

Faces of Youths of crowd registering Hope -

SCENE 603.

CLOSE UP JOSEPHUS SPEAKING

SPOKEN TITLE — "GIVE TO THE POOR, SCHOOLS WHERE THEY MAY LEARN THEIR TRADE ..... GIVE TO THE POOR WORK AND INSTRUCTION IN THEIR WORK."

CLOSE UP JOSEPHUS SPEAKING

SCENE 604.

FACES OF LINE OF UNEMPLOYED MEN EAGER TO WORK -

SCENE 605.

CLOSE UP JOSEPHUS SPEAKING -

SPOKEN TITLE "DO YOU NOT THINK THAT A A STARVING MAN WILL WORK, IF YOU GIVE HIM WORK?.....

CLOSE UP JOSEPHUS SPEAKING -

SCENE 606.

PANORAMA FACES OF STARVING MEN AND WOMEN -

SCENE 607.

CLOSE UP JOSEPHUS SPEAKING -

SPOKEN TITLE "YOU MUST GIVE HEED TO THE CHILDREN OF THE KINGDON OF MEN, FOR IN THEM LIES YOUR HOPE, AND NEVER CAN YOUR CHILD COME BACK TO YOU, SHOULD YOU DAMN THE UNBORN AND THE BORN."

CLOSE UP JOSEPHUS SPEAKING FADE OUT

SCENE 608.

DISSOLVE INTO

Starving childrenin rags - huddled in miserty -

DISSOLVE INTO

SCENE 609.

KINGDOM OF THE UNBORN

Children in swaddling clothes or naked being taken away across the sea of darkness in the boat - Women veiled approaching - dim figures - FADE OUT

SCENE 610.

FADE BACK TO 607;

CLOSE UP JOSEPHUS SPEAKING -

SPOKEN TITLE

"CONCEIVE THEIR SUFFERING, BORN IN THE BLACKNESS OF LIFE ..... AND REMEMBER THE WAILING OF CHILDREN IN FILTH AND BLINDNESS .... RAISE THEM UP FROM WHERE THEY LIE ..... CAST AMONG THE SHADOWS OF IGNORANCE AND DRUNKENNESS, LICENTIOUSNESS AND DESPAIR. BY YOUR SCHOOLS YOU SHALL COME TO KNOW THEM..... THROUGH ALL TIME MEN SHALL LOVE YOU, FOR IN YOUR TIME YOU HAVE LOVED THE CHILDREN."

CLOSE UP JOSEPHUS SPEAKING -

SCENE 611.

CLOSE UP POWER LISTENING -

SCENE 612.

CLOSE UP JOSEPHUS SPEAKING -

SPOKEN TITLE

"THINK OF THE ROARING MILLIONS OF MEN IN THE CENTURIES TO COME ..... YOU HAVE BUT TO LIFT YOUR FINGER NOW AND SHAPE A BILLION OPPORTUNITIES IN THOSE UNDREAMED OF YEARS ....."

CLOSE UP JOSEPHUS SPEAKING -

SCENE 613.

CLOSE UP A STAR THAT DAZZLES IN THE HEAVENS -

SCENE 614.

FULL VIEW EXTERIOR MARBLE HALL OF TRUSTS.

SCENE 614.
CON'T.

Night - lit up by the dazzling brilliance of the star which lights up the face of Josephus - his hand on the head of the child, Innocense - Power near him - the mob and guard a dumb multitud - spelbound - listening - a living sea of faces -

SCENE 615.

CLOSE UP FACE OF JOSEPHUS -

Lit up from light of star as he speaks -

SPOKEN TITLE — "LET THE PAST BARGAIN WITH THE PAST ..... FOR THE FUTURE IS YOURS."

CLOSE UP JOSEPHUS

SCENE 616.

CLOSE UP POWER

Uncertain - his mind in doubt -

SCENE 617.

CLOSE UP JOSEPHUS SPEAKING

SPOKEN TITLE — "THEN SHALL YE CONQUER DEATH AND LIVE IN MEN UNTIL THE DAY OF DOOM .... FOR GOLD PROPERLY PUT MY BE KN THE HAPPIEST THING ON EARTH."

CLOSE UP JOSEPHUS SPEAKING

SCENE 618.

CLOSE UP POWER

SCENE 619.

CLOSE UP JOSEPHUS SPEAKING -

SPOKEN TITLE — "DO YOU DIE AND WANT ALL MEN MISERABLE? OR DO YOU LIVE AND WANT ALL MEN HAPPY?"

CLOSE UP JOSEPHUS

SCENE 620.

CLOSE UP MAGDALEN LISTENING

Her hands outstretched - towards Josephus in faith -

SCENE 621.

CLOSE UP JOSEPHUS SPEAKING -

SCENE 622.

CLOSE UP POWER

Registering the power of God is on him - he leans forward - his arms outstretched as he cries -

SPOKEN TITLE — "I UNDERSTAND ..... UNITED LABOUR ..... FOR THE COMMON GOOD."

POWER speaking -

SPOKEN TITLE — "I COULD TRAIN LABOUR THAT WAY AND ALWAYS BE SURE OF COMPETENT WORKMEN ..... IT WOULD PAY ....."

Power speaking -

SCENE 623.

CLOSE UP JOSEPHUS SPEAKING - says

SPOKEN TITLE — "DO YOU BELIEVE IN MERCY AND CHARITY? ..... YOU SEE THE STARS BECAUSE YOU BELIEVE, OTHERWISE THERE IS NO STAR. YOU MUST BELIEVE, BELIEVE ..... THESE ARE MY LAST WORDS TO YOU ..... YOUR STRENGTH AND WORK WORK OUT YOUR BELIEFS, BUT SEE TO IT THAT YOU BELIEVE IN A STRENGTHABOVE THAT STRENTH .....

CLOSE UP JOSEPHUS SPEAKING

SPOKEN TITLE — "THOUGH THE TONGUES OF MEN CLASH IN ANGRY DENIAL, I TELL YOU THIS WORLD IS A SEA OF SOULS ... THE SPIRIT RULES AND THE BODY ROTS AND THROUGH ALL TIME REMEMBER ---- WORK AND BELIEVE ....."

SCENE 623.
CON'T.

CLOSE UP JOSEPHUS SPEAKING

Drawing back towards the sea of faces - his hand in blessing -

SCENE 624.

PANORAMA THE SEA OF FACES

The expression of bestial hate and animal passions changed for peace and wonder and faith - there is a movement suggestive that Josephus has disappeared among them - all look this way and that -

SCENE 625.

FULL VIEW

The crowd, a dense moving mass - no sign of Josephus - all look for him - arms outstretched - suggestive he has left them - the Man brakes through the mob as if looking for Josephus - Power stands tense - rises above all - cries -

SCENE 626.

CLOSE UP POWER SPEAKING -

SPOKEN TITLE "THE FUTURE .....
PROGRESS FOUNDED ON UNITY ....."

CLOSE UP POWER SPEAKING TO THE MOB -

SCENE 627.

FULL VIEW MOB

Cheering - Power stands above them all - the star disappears from view as Power disappears among the crowd which becomes a great moving mass - all with back to camera going away - suggestive thay they are going to continue on with LIFE ..... to begin the building of the world again -

SCENE 628.

CLOSE UP MAGDALEN

Standing supreme - she takes her jewels with which she is loated and advances to -

SCENE 629.

CLOSE UP

Some ragged and hungry children - Magdalen approaches - gives them her jewels - as they stare after her - she dissapears from view -

SCENE 630.

FULL VIEW MOB

All backs to camera - suggestive of them going back to duties of LIFE - Magdalen joins the edge of the mob - which dissappears - a moving mass - FADE OUT

SCENE 631.

SUB TITLE THE 2000TH CHRISTMAS.

SCENE 632.

EXTERIOR

PARORAMA CITY UPON WHICH SNOW IS FALLING - (NIGHT)

SCENE 633.

INTERIOR LIBRARY OF POWER (DIFFERENT SET)

Rich but nothing of its former too luxuriantly splendour - it is the room of a wealthy man - but a worker -

NIGHT FADE IN

Power at work over papers - he seems satisfied - his little girl, Innocense runs into the room to say good night - he kisses her fondly - says to her as she points to papers he is always at work

SPOKEN TITLE "I MUST WORK AND EVER WORK SO THAT ALL THE LITTLE CHILDREN OF THE WORLD, JUST LIKE YOU WILL NEVER AGAIN BE HUNGRY OR IN NEED ..... AND THUS MAY DIE -------- S I N."

Power speaking to Innocent - she hardly understands - kisses him good night - exits - running to door - Power comes into foreground - return to papers - gets busy to work on them -
DOUBLE EXPOSURE

SCENE 633.
CON'T.

Josephus approaches - leans over should of Power as if directing his work - seems satisfied and vision FADE OUT as Power continues at work -

SCENE 634.

EXTERIOR

NIGHT ..... SNOW FALLING-

SCENE DISSOLVES INTO DAWN OF BRILLIANCE - A WHITE CHRISTMAS -

SCENE 635.

POWER LIBRARY AS 633.

Morning - Power still at work - piles of papers before him - (Aged) Valet enters - registers his master is always working - he says -

SPOKEN TITLE "A MERRY XMAS, SIR."

Valet speaks - Power wishes him the same - Valet says gradually -

SPOKEN TITLE "A ..... ER ..... MAN WAS FOUND DEAD, THIS MORNING, SIR. A STRANGE MAN ..... HEAD GROOM REPORTED IT, SIR."

Valet speaking - Power looks up - questions him - Valwt answers -

SPOKEN TITLE "THEY FOUND HIM DOWN AT THE STABLES, SIR."

Valet speaking- Power looks up - questions -

SPOKEN TITLE "DOWN AT THE STABLES! ..... WHERE DID THEY FIND HIM?"

Power speaking - Valet answers -

SPOKEN TITLE "IN ONE OF THE MANGERS, SIR."

Valet speaking - Power looks at him - stands tense a while - then looks instinctively down at papers - his work being accomplished - stands erect -

SCENE 636.

STABLE

MANGERS IN BACKGROUND

DISTANT VIEW SO THAT ONLY SUGGESTION IS GOTTEN -

FADE IN

Scene empty - save for light reflected on to manger - where lies the figure of Josephus - but the figure is not seen distinctly - it is known - FADE OUT ON DISTANT VIEW.

FADE IN TITLE

"PEACE ON EARTH TO MEN OF GOOD WILL."

FADE OUT TITLE.

END OF PICTURE

* ADAPTED BY *

MARY MURILLO

Mary Murillo.

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What is an American?

The first and only native Americans - a couple of Indians with two or three tepees - perhaps a scene where the first immigrants are coming in the Mayflower in 1620 seeking freedom from political and economical persecution; The 2nd immigrants in the 20th Century, most of them coming to America as the first, seeking freedom from political and economical persecution.

It would be well, perhaps, to put more body into the story - to give more suspense - if we have to see the gangsters in the way slightly indicated in the story - exert a fear and power over them. Or perhaps to the police might have come the report of the smuggling in of these jewels in the first part of the second immigrants - giving a description of them and to have a rough member or members (either a detective, if we use a suspense of the police) about to overtake them, or else the gangsters following them rather persistently through the story).

If in case of the police - have them move from behind and just about to overtake them. So for instance this detective with the description of the two - knowing nothing about their whereabouts - when they are picking rags - comes down one street just as they cross another - also when the girl is selling newspapers again nearly hits her. Might go by their house just as they have gone in, so that all through this story there is danger and suspense -- Of course this would not be needed after all the murder scene, but feel it would be well to put in something of this kind to strengthen the story - even had an idea, but didn't think it good as it is too similar to the last of making Prince of Portugal who had met Clark in Europe. Searching for the one woman hadhad loved clandestinely - years ago before he lost his throne. Discovering her i America. A still distracted woman who could find no peace knowing that she had put away her child. Thinking perhaps in this way murdering it, he pleads his love and life is nothing away from her.

She says: "Find my child - our baby, that you had put away when you were forced to leave me to save your family from disgrace." He, the Prince is on the ship when they are coming over - the immigrants. He and the figure of the woman whose heart is forever crying for her lost child and for the wrong she has ever done against herself - and drift slightly through the story. The baby had been given to the girl in her terrible moment of triumph to an art student traveling in Europe alone away from her family. The man who had taken the child had been a faithful servant of the Prince's when he was powerful - being called to a throne he desired to remain.

The end of our story - the Prince and the old immigrant meet face to face - the old immigrant bows in obeisance to his "Master". The Prince says "Rudolph". And again - "my child where is she?"

Of course the girl is the child and the Prince goes back to the lonely woman. With her conscience clear of her greatest sin

Into the place as in the old story come the refugees of different nations proving to Clark that after all the new immigrants may have as good qualities as the old, or good and bad so mixed who could discern the difference.

The End - young Clark loans him money to establish himself in a small business. The daughter goes to him and thanks him. They say good-bye. She opines that she has a hard task before her. She has to find a man just like him. He says "You mean the young man like I would be if I were young." She says "No, that's the trouble I want him just the same age and everything.

The Ending being not hard to guess we will omit.

****

White Shoulders -- by George Kibbe Turner.

(Story soon to appear as a serial in the Saturday Evening Post)

There arrive in a small Southern city a mother and daughter It is apparent to every woman in the town society that they are hunting a husband for the daughter who is a regally beautiful but silent girl. The mother gabbles so much and wears so much rouge they call her the cockatoo.

The girl soon captivates the most eligible young man in town. On account her beauty of body, she is to appear at some theatricals as "Victory", it being just after the war. Just before the show, some of the society cats find a theatening telegram addressed to the mother demanding that she come through with five hundred under threat of exposure.

In the middle of the amateur theatricals, the girl suddenly looks down at a fat greasy-looking stranger in the audience and cries, "I cant do it again: I cant go through it again" and faints with a clatter of her tin armor and tin shield.

Whereupon Cole Hawkins, a hot headed young Southern society man who drinks too much, promptly goes up to the stranger and orders him to leave town. The man defiently demands to know why. "Because", says Cole, "I dont like your face. There's a train at five oclock." The Jewish gent takes the train.

The whole town very quickly sees the point. The girl and her mother have ~~borrowed~~ obtained a gorgeous ward robe for the girl on credit from the Jew, frankly mortgaging the girl's matrimonial chances. If she grabs off a rich husband by means of the clothes, he is to be heavily paid

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Naturally this wrecks their matrimonial scheme and the eligible young man -Howard- throws her over -- cold. Cole Hawkins, however, without any special interest in the girl makes a great display of asking her to go automobile riding with him in order to throw defience in the face of the gossiping old hens of the town.

That night, the old judge(who tells the story) hears the girl sobbing in her room next to his; she begs her mother to stop the hunt and let her go to work. She becomes hysterical but finally quiets down. Later in the night, the judge wakes smelling gas and the mother beats on the door for help. The judge breaks through into their room to find that the girl has ~~xxxxx~~ turned on the gas and has attempted suicide.

The judge wants to call a doctor, but the mother frantically begs him not to let the affair become known and finally tells him their whole story.

She says she was one of the Virginia Fairburns and made a bad marriage. Her husband was of an old family but was worthless. She made a pathetic struggle to keep up appearances, but they sank lower and lower. Her husband left her with two children -- a boy and a girl. The girl was a rare beauty.

As the girl told the judge herself afterward, she was raised for the market exactly like a race horse, and her mother was especially proud of the fact that her beautiful body had not one blemish .

The most eligible man in that county was a rich but dissipated horsey old fellow with a terrible record with women. The mother -- perhaps only half with intention -- planned to so involve the old Colonel with her daughter that he would have to marry her.

Naturally this made a lot of rotten gossip. The fiery younger brother could not bear to hear his sister's name bandied around in this way : went straight to the old ruffian and shot him dead.

The case of course became the social sensation of the South. Special counsel was employed to assist the prosecution and it became like a battle between two old Southern clans.

The aim of the prosecution was to show that the boy had no justific -ation for the crime: that his sister, was in fact, guilty of all that gossip had accused her of.

------ "that head lawyer -- that big expensive man ", she said, and suddely put her gloved hands to her face, "I can see him now with that terrible hard harsh hateful voice -- his thin face and eyes that hated you -- and red hair and freckles -- and that great high snarling hateful voice. -- asking me those dreadful questions -- about things I never even heard of Judge. You believe me Judge. " she cried out, " I never heard of such things -- in my life".

Her brother was sent to State prison for a short term ; she was exonerated -- but socially ruined of course.

She and her mother changed their names to Fairburn -- her mother's maiden name. There was nothing left for them to do , after the staggering expense of the trial -- but to frankly to sell the daughter in marriage.

They started out to cities where they were not known. They went to a Jew in St Louis and got an elaborate ward robe on the strength of the girl's matrimonial chances. They found it was not quite so easy as they thought largely because of the girl's horror of the plan. The Jew became impatient for his money and threatened them with exposure if they didn't come through.

In their desperation, they changed their names again and ran away from him to another Southern city. He had found them again here just before the society theatricals and , as described, had planted himself in the audience.

The old Judge who tells the story took an oar in the game. He threatened the Jew with legal proceedings, but the women proudly ~~ex~~ refused his offers of loans. The mother however slipped away to St Louis and apparently made some sort of settlement with the Jew.

Meanwhile the young Cole Hawkins had really fallen wildly in love with the girl and had stopped drinking.

Just before he proposed marriage to the girl, the latter learned to her horror that her mother had secured more time from the Jew on the prospect that Cole was in love and would propose.

The girl was so heart broken that when Cole did propose she turned him down. He started to drinking again.

There is a charming little touch of comedy where both lovers confide in the old judge. The girl tells him she loves Cole too much to bring him into such a family -- that a wife must go to her husband clean of scandal and gossip, no matter how really innocent she may be. Cole, on the other hand, tells the judge that he is not worthy of the girl and understands quite well why she would not want to marry him.

In the midst of this situation something happens that turns Cole into a murderous young knight errant. One of the young men of the town had dug up the story of the girl's past -- the trial -- and so on and is making a social sensation with it. Cole promptly gets out the good old gun and goes hunting for the talkative young person.

The girl, wild with fear , hunts up the hot headed young Cole from whom she had parted forever. In spite of all she can say he is determined to go with the killing. She finally tells him that she loves him , but insists she cant marry him and tells him the whole story.

The boy gets so excited over the story of hwr wrongs that he keeps driving faster and faster in his car which he calls "The Hell Baby" Finally they bring up in a ditch. The car catches fire with the boy pinned underneath. The girl recovers consciousness and it tells how .....

"Calling the boy's name still White Shoulders slid down into the ditch. It was only six or eight feet high but striking the bottom in her fancy shoes she pitched forward on her hands and knees. Her hat fell and she snatched it off. Her wet masses of hair came down. Her dress -- her mortgaged dress -- was pl stered to her body by the rain. She flung her hair back out of her hair and eyes and leaning forward she saw the boy at last."

The car caught fire and she had to work desperately with bleeding hands and nails to get the boy of it. Finally the gasoline tank exploded and the two were found unconscious by the road side, burned and wounded.

Her finery torn to ribbons, she played the part of her fine heroic Southern ancestors and won.

"Judge", I said, "You know and I know that a good woman is capable of anything -- any sacrifice sir, reasonable or unreasonable for the man she loves. That what's makes them what they are sir -- the finest thing in this hard and desperate world."

The big kicks in the story are the murder of the old ~~xxxxx~~ sport by the girl's young brother -- the fainting of the girl at the theatricals when the Jew turns up -- the girl's attempt at suicide -- the refusal to marry Cole and Cole's hunt for the gossip with the gun... and the auto accident.

There is a very interesting love scene where the girl pleads with Cole not to kill the gossip and he demands to know why she is interest -ed in saving the gossip's life and she has to tell him that she loves him (Cole)

The characters are the mother -- a Southern woman of fine breeding forced by circumstances into this desperate gamble

The young brother with the chivralous gun

Cole Hawkins, the young aristocrat who ~~xxxxxx~~ drinks too much and is too handy with a gun

The Old Judge

The Jew dress maker.

THE FOLLOWING SCENARIO WAS NOT LISTED -

"TENEMENT STORY"

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On the East Side, a Jewish family by the name of Springer. Father, Mr. Springer; the oldest daughter, Hannah, the flapper daughter, Bee; Maxie, a boy about 18, and a youngster, Davie, about 6, and little Ida.

Mother has just died, and her dying request to little Ida was that she take care of the home and replace the Mother to this large family. Little Ida accepts the burden and begins mothering her older sisters and brothers, and little Davie.

Unconsciously mimicing the mannerisms and characteristics of her old Mother. The problems which face her are how to get a beaux for Hannah, who has money in the bank but no sense of humor; to make Bee settle down with Harry, a young cantor who lives next door and who is very much in love with Bee; to find a job for Maxie and see that Davie drinks enough milk, goes to school and grows up to be a good boy; rather a hard job.

First of all Bee has become acquainted with a Mr. Katz, who comes to the house with the intention of taking her to the mountains, presumably for a rest. When Ida hears of this she puts her foot down declaring that she will not leave Bee and go to the mountains with a man alone. She tries to prevail upon Hannah to go with her, but Hannah, realizing that she is not wanted, protests and little Ida, in desperation, decides to go alone. Having no clothes elegant enough for such fine people she puts on her Mother's old-fashioned cape and hat,

and presents a very comical picture at which Bee and her boy friend laughlingly commenct, "Gee, kid you look like a freak -- you look like a circus."

Mr. Springer, the easy-going Father, sends Bee off to the mountains with Mr. Katz and scolds Ida for butting in where she is not wanted, and repeats their mocking remarks, "Gee, kind you look like a freak -- you look like a circus."

Little Ida, remaining alone, looks pitifully at her Mother's picture and says, "If it was good enough for my Mother, it is good enough for me."

Meanwhile Maxie has gotten himself a taxi and through little Ida's persuasion has begun to court Fannie, Harry's sister. Harry has come to see Bee, but little Ida, feeling that Bee will be able to get another boy friend, tries to persuade Harry to marry Hannah, her older sister, because Hannah has money in the bank, and while Hannah and Harry are suffering through a very stilted conversation, Bee comes flying in with the news that she is about to marry Mr. Katz, and laughlingly declares that Hannah can have Harry, and tells little Ida to mind her own business when Ida tries to tell her that Mr. Katz does not mean well by her. Harry takes in the entire scene; sees how both girls misuse Ida, and begins to realize for the first time that this little kid - this little household drudge - is really a grown

up girl and deserving of a kinder lot than fate has doled out to her.

He offers to take her away and devote his life to her happiness, and Ida realizing what a thankless job hers is, decides to take the step, leaving the home and family and goes off with Harry.

The Springer family, left alone, does begin to realize what Ida was -- the house top on their shoulders, and they decide to bring Ida home again, so they send Mr. Katz to the country to persuade Ida to come back, and when Katz sees Ida in her new finery he begins flirting with her himself and Ida leads him on with the intention of proving to Bee that Katz is only a philanderer and not fit to be her husband. The whole Springer family arrive in the country and meekly one by one plead with Ida to return home.

The voice of her Mother pleading to take care of the home awakens again within Ida's mind and she goes back home with them, after proving to Bee that not Mr. Katz but Harry is the right boy for her. So Ida shoulders the burdens again and like a real mother, finds her happiness in serving her sisters and brothers who, to her, are her children.

A long shot scene - Monroe Street, in which there are no figures near the camera/ We pam quickly and come to the pushcart peddlers before a tenement house/ As we pam we come nearer the figures and the pushcart peddlers and the voices and sounds increase with the moving of the camera until we come near full-sized figure of pushcart peddler before the house which we expect to use as the center of our story/

"Shoes, dress goods, candlesticks, kitchenware, towels -- violets 5¢ a bunch, 5¢ -- carrots, cabbages, potatoes, onion - onions 5¢ a bunch - three for a dime/"

Some of the pushcarts are moving, with bells jangling, some of the peddlers are ringing hand bells, all a chattering commotion; the strident voice of life on an east-side street growing into intense and vivid volume/

Dissolve to Mollie leaning out of window/ She seems to hesitate a minute to figure the economy of buying three for ten rather than one for five/

"For ten cents three bunches of onions, and a cabbage how much? Make it snappy/"

Mollie taking the onions and handing some change to the peddler:

"Seven cents is all you get - the rest you get the first of the month/ Don't be so stingy/ Be reasonable/"

Following pushcart peddler marking the account on the side of the pushcart - "3¢ owing"

Mollie passes by mother sitting at window/ Drops onions at table, kids with mother who is ill/

"Such a fine dinner I am going to get you, mamma/"

Mollie goes to stove on which is the general pot of cabbage soup, another pot of boiled potatoes and a special pot for mother/ With a large spoon she raises up the mother's pot and says

"Mamma, chicken just for you/"

Dishes spoonful out of other pot, shows it is cabbage soup

"Cabbage soup is too good for the others, the loafers/"

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Cleaning the potatoes Mollie absent-mindedly makes the mistake of cutting a round hole through one of them, and looks through it , as through a monocle/

Father, who is sitting at side of room reading:

"And I am saying this - this is a good country, but not soo good/ If things was as they should be we would all have chicken soup every day three times chicken soup, instead of boiled potatoes and cabbage and the head of a herring/ I've eaten so many herring heads I can't look a fish in the face/ The working people must have their rights/"

He becomes quite oratorical --

"They must have their rights/"

Mollie:

"Not such a noise, papa, can't you see mamma's a sick woman/ Don't annoy her/ Perhaps if you did a little more work and a little less talking we could all have more chicken soup and less herring/"

The while she is talking she drops a potato into the boiling water, some of the water splashes up and scalds her/ She steps away from the stove and tosses the potatoes from a safe distance into the pot/

Dissolve to the family entering/

A knocking is heard at the door/ The father yawns and lets the knocking continue/ Mollie is busy with the potatotes/ The father says:

"Mollie, they're knocking - the door - open it"

Repeats

"Mollie, don't you hear - the door - open it"

Mollie goes and opens the door/ Selma, the older sister, enters/ Selma is not a pretty girl and always wears a sour expression/

"Three years you have to knock before you open the door/ I nearly broke my knuckles/ Is it a hot day - I am telling you in that shop so stifling/"

Then one after another enters all the family, coming in as through for dinner/ The door ha

(The door has been left open) A boy of six comes in complaining of his hunger, and a young man of nineteen, whose ambition is to be a taxi-cab driver, and last of all a flapper, short-skirted, peppy, must be pretty/ She is selfish, painted, but charming/ The flapper throws herself in a chair sideways before a small mirror in a sideboard/ She makes an alluring picture even making love to herself in the mirror, turning admiring eyes on herself, at the same time breaking the strings of a package she has brought in/ As she is taking out of it a dress Mollie is bringing the cabbage soup, a herring and the boiled potatoes to the table/ She turns back and sees the flapper sister unfolding the dress/ Flapper sister holds it up and says:

"$4/95, marked down from $7/50/"

Mollie looks at it and holds it up and indignantly insists she take it back because she could get it from the peddlers for $2/50/

"Such a business - such an extravagant girl - no brains/ You should take me with you when you go to buy things/"

The family gathers around the table, the father gets the head of the herring, the older boy reaches for a better part but the flapper takes it away from him/ When Mollie is finished serving the boiled potatoes and cabbage soup she shelps mother into her chair and gives her the special chicken soup/ By the time she gets to the table all that is left besides the boiled potatoes and black bread is the tail of the herring/

There is a general babble of conversation and through the open window we hear the Cantor, intoning the wailing of a Jewish melody/ The young Cantor next door is rehearsing/ There is silence at the table and Mollie looks up in ecstasy

"What a beautiful voice - what a singer"

The flapper opines

"It is the tune the old cow died of/ I wish he would stop it/ I

"If he practises once or twice isn't it enough - does it take him forever to learn it?"

The voice continues and the flapper indignantly goes to the window and slams it shut, and as she does of course she closes out the voice/

Dissolve --

There is a low bed and an afternoon light/ The window is open and through it we hear the noise of the pushcarts in the street/ The hawkers, as in the beginning -

"Shoes, clothes, violets 5¢ a bunch - a lily for you I have - carrots, green vegetables, cabbage,onions, onions 5¢ a bunch/"

Mollie has mother's special pot and is cooking chicken soup/ Father is asleep in the corner/ The light coming from the window illumines the bed where the mother is dying/ Mollie turns to the mother -

"Just in a minute - such nice soup - you have never known it"

The mother, with a sudden movement calls her

"Mollie, Mollie"

Mollie comes quickly to the mother, who tells her that she is the only one left and that she must hold the family together/ To Mollie's pleading how inefficient she would be in this capacity the mother tells her she is the only one she can trust and must take the burden on her shoulders/ The mother turns toward the cradle by the bedside where the baby is lying/ Mollie makes a movement as though to bring the baby to her, but in a barely audible whisper the mother says

"Don't bother - I wouldn't wake it up"

Dissolve - we pam by the window/ Theconfusion in the street grows louder/ There is a distant pealing of chimes/

Dissolve to the full room/ The father is standing by the bedside, the boy skates into the room/ Mollie holds up her hand and the boy stops suddenly/ Enter the oldest sister and the flapper/ They stop in the doorway, awed at the presence of death/ There is a candle burning on the sideboard/

We fade to a gray piece of film through which goes the chiming notes of life on the streets outside/

Scene on the roof - Mollie hanging up the laundry/ She is singing softly to herself as she does this/ Hears other singing and goes to the edge of the roof and looks longingly down to the Cantor's room from whence this comes/ Looks longingly over to shirt hanging on a line on the adjoining roof (we know this to the the Cantor's shirt), sighs comically and starts down to her own room/

We come to the family again coming home from work as Mollie comes in downstairs/ Perhaps two of them have already entered/ The boy, sprawling in a chair reading Police Gazette - flapper just entering carrying Graphic in her hand/ The boy gives Mollie as his part of supporting the household $6/00/ Mollie protests -

"Why $6/00 - you owe me from last week yet $4/00 and I have to do the washing, and now you are going to owe me $4/00 more from this week/ When will I get the money?"

The flapper is also shy on what she is supposed to put up as her contribution to the support of the family/ The argument goes on concerning the small amount they are paying and what a time Mollie is having trying to keep the family going/ While this argument is going on the six-year old boy comes in on his skates and asks Mollie for a dime to go to the moview/ After another argument of strong protestation from Mollie she says if he will drink a glass of milk to make him fat and healthy, he can go to the movies/

Mollie turns to Selma, the older sister and says

"Mr/Louie, the Cantor, is coming to see you today/ Now make yourself beautiful so you can get yourself a husband/ We can't get married until you do - it is a long time waiting/ Why your dress is so long - make it shorter - the knees should show/ Roll your eyes/"

Mollie gives an imitation of how the older sister is to lay the man-trap/ She sits down and pulls up her skirt to show how Selma should display her knees/ Mollie opens Selma's dress at the shoulder to make her as alluring as possible/ When Selma is arranging her dress her old-fashioned high shoes are visible and Mollie turns these down to look more fashionable/

There is knock at the door and the young Cantor comes in/ He is a very handsome and romantic type/ He inquires for the flapper/ Mollie whispers to him confidentially

"Why waste your time, Mr/Louie - such a fine girl as Selma/ She's got money in the bank, she's sensible, such a wife as she would make/ Gertie gets all the boys she wants - one today, another next week and she's not the girl for you, but Selma will make such a fine wife/"

While Mollie is talking to him he is holding his hat in his hand and his face is turned away/ We see Mollie forgetting for the moment that she is trying to put the sister over and her own love for Louie coming to the fore/ She catches herself in time and continues singing the praises of Selma/ A mother's attitude comes over her and she sees a button missing from his coat/

"Let me sew it on, Mr/ Louie"

The Jewish belief being that if a person is sewing something on another while the latter is not eating, their brains are being sewed together, Mollie gives him a piece of thread to chew on while she sews/ Louie looks down, Mollie takes the needle up and Louis has to put his head back to escape - comedy business/

Enter Selma awkwardly trying to follow out Mollie's instructions/ The Cantor seeing that he is not going to see Gertie makes the best of a bad bargain/ Mollie has rehearsed Selma to use a soft voice and a loverlike attitude - which she had seen pictured in a magazine -

so that she should catch the desirable Louie, but Selma forgets and says, very abruptly "Sit down"

The startled Louie seats himself and Selma does likewise/

Mollie is near the table with a cup and saucer in her hand and every time Selma departs from the lesson she had given her in proper behaviour, Mollie rattles the dishes and motions her/ Louie speaks very pleasantly but Selma says, in a very matter of fact, inquisitorial tone,

"Have you got a job - are you working?"

Louie says

"Now and then"

Selma

"Now and then is no good"

Meanwhile Mollie is rattling the dishes trying to get Selma's attention and correct her, but Selma goes on:

"Have you any money in the bank?"

Louie:

"Not yet"

Selma retorts:

"Not yet is no good"

With this Selma turns on the Cantor and says

"The kind of girl you are looking for is like Gertie, who spends your money and has a good time - neither one of you will ever have any money/"

At this point Gertie enters, and hearing her sister's last remark turns to Mollie, and starts to argue with her - and Selma, seeing that Gertie is in goes over and argues with Mollie too, and it develops into a family quarrel while the Cantor endeavors to quiet it or at any rate to protect Gertie/ He puts his arms around Gertie and tries to draw her out of the argument, Mollie seeing this takes his hands off her but he puts them back/

Selma hastily departs from the room and Gertie and Mollie are left with the Cantor/ Gertie says

"I am sick and tired of this house - good-bye"

Mollie demands

"Where are you going"

Gertie:

I am going to get married/

At this moment enters Sammy Katz, dapper, debonair - a cheap show-off/ He talks about his activities in Wall Street but in reality he lives on an allowance he gets from his father/ He takes possession of the house/

"Well, had a pretty good day yesterday - cleaned up a few thousand - nothing much/ What about that baby outside, eh?"

(Looking out the window and pointing to a roadster standing in front of the doorway)

"Pretty smart bus, eh?"

We see the children of the neighborhood gathering on the sidewalk and making much of the car/

He sits down and leans back in the chair/ Mollie shows her annoyance which she attempts to smile off -

"This is new furniture, be careful a little"

She busies herself at the other side of the room where the Cantor sits/ He also starts to rock back and foth but realizing it is new furniture he stops a little confusedly but Mollie says;

"Never mind, its all right - go on, go on"

Enters through sitting room Mrs. Levison. Mrs. L. speaks:

Good Shabbes everybody.

The father, Simon, enters from the other side:

Good Shabbes, Mrs. Levison. How are you. Come into the kitchen, we've got company in the parlor.

While Gertie, Katz, Selma and the Cantor remain in an awkward position hardly knowing what to say next, Mrs. Levison and Simon go into the kitchen followed by Mollie. Mrs. L. turns to Mollie:

I want to ask you something. Can you lend me an egg. The grocer is closed and my Bernice wants a fried egg.

Simon:

Mollie, an egg -- give Mrs. Levinson an egg.

Mollie exits as though to get the egg. We go into the next room.

Katz:

$3,000 yesterday did I make it.

The Cantor:

We know it by heart - $3,000 yesterday you made it.

Selma, looking at the Cantor:

And in the bank you have nothing.

We go to the kitchen. Mollie brings the egg for Mrs. L. Mrs. L.:

Thank you, dearie, tomorrow I return it sure. It is for my Bernice.

Mollie:

And a sweet girl she is. Have I told Bennie a thousand times he should make up to her. She is a girl.

We go to the sitting room and the two men, embarrassed with each other's presence are departing. Mollie comes in and attempts to manœuver so that Katz should leave and the Cantor remain, but is unsuccessful. After they leave we go back to the kitchen.

Sara (Mrs. L.) is speaking:

Oh, such troubles I have. The bringing up of children is hard, but when they do grow up with God's help we have joy.

Simon:

Well, look, I have, thank God, grown-up children but I wouldn't give a nickel for all the joy I have; always noisy, always on the run and not a thought about father.

Sara:

Well, you are unfortunate, the mother died.

Simon:

More reason why the father should be dearer, but not a chance in the world. Listen, Mrs. Levison, when the wife, God bless her soul, was alive, always sickly and wretched and, may she forgive me, not always so kind, at least by her I was something, but by the children zero I am.

Sara:

So you have discovered it, a wife is more than children? But talk to my husband - mmmm-mm - just talk to him. He will tell you that a wife is nix. He says but for the 'kinder' he would run away from me.

Simon, in great indignation:

That's what he says, yes?

Sara:

Of course, of course, he's not running yet, it's only talk. You tell him how it is without a wife.

Simon:

What good would it do if I tell him? Still, there is something, I have plenty to go yet to reach the 50's.

Sara, meditatively:

Of course, alone with five children. I don't blame you for thinking about marrying.

Simon:

Simon:

Marrying? It's a dangerous business. I don't want an old one and a young one would be scared - five children. If there is anybody that's good she belongs to someone else. You know what I mean - Look at but don't touch.

Sara:

Oh, Mr. Simon, you don't talk like an old man at all.

Simon:

Old man! Holy Moses!

Puts his arm around her and hugs her.

I am forty-eight years old and I have been three years wifeless so that takes off three years.

Sara:

Mr. Simon, Mr. Simon - warm, I feel it warm.

Simon:

I'm not feeling so cold myself.

Sara:

Mr. Simon, the egg - I have got it the egg.

Simon:

Oh, don't bother about the egg.

Knocking is heard at the door. Enters Sarah's husband.

Simon:

Good Shabbes, Mr. Mendel. I have not seen you for a long time. Are you working, busy? There will be plenty working for you, working overtime, Mendel, is that so?

Mendel:

I see my wife is working overtime. Went away for a minute and babbles an hour.

Simon:

She aint babbling, she's talking.

Mendel, scornfully:

She's talking, yes? What is she talking, King Solomon's wisecracks?

Sara:

Do you hear, Mr. Simon, the respect he gives his wife? It's none. Tell him, Mr. Simon, how it is to be without a wife.

Mendel; looking death at Simon:

So that's what you have been talking about. You must know it, you.

Sara:

I must not know it - I want you to know it.

Mendel:

Well go on, you. Your daughter is dying for an egg.

Sara:

There is fish, let her eat it.

Mendel:

She don't want it, she wants eggs. She works, doesn't she, I ask you, does she work? She does so she eats wahtever she wants.

Enters Bernice, Sara's daughter for whom the egg was to be procured.

Sara:

There are no eggs, only one egg - it's only one. You will have to eat fish.

Bernice:

Gee, this Shabbes business makes me sick.

Sara; with indignant inflection:

I should cook on Saturday for your sake!"

Simon; with an affectionate sigh:

A fine woman, a pious woman, I should live so.

Sara; looking at her husband:

Believe me it doesn't pay, he doesn't appreciate it.

Mendel; in a loud voice:

Appreciate - appreciate! Come on home, you.

Sara:

Come, come - come home - don't holler so, you aint in your own house.

Sara, turning, with a soft voice to Simon:

Mr. Simon, come in to see us sometimes.

Mendel; coldly:

Yes, make it Christmas or Washington's Birthday.

Sara:

Mendel dear, I think you are, what is it, a little bit jealous, maybe.

Mendel:

Shut your trap. Come, let us be home going.

As they exit Bennie comes in, the older folks go out but Bernice hesitates a minute and looks at Bennie. Bennie looks a little embarrassed.

Bernice:

I have not seen you for a long time, Bennie.

Bennie:

How busy I've been.

Bernice:

Busy and dumb. The time you were keeping company with me you weren't so dumb.

Bennie:

Well, everyone's entitled to change their mind.

Bernice:

Change your mind if you want to.

She exits and slams the door angrily.

We go to the street outside - the night life - there is a hurdy-gurdy, a hand organ playing an up-to-date lowe song. One or two lovers, arm in arm walking.

We come inside, to the sitting room of Mollie's home. The father is going to bed in a dark corner of the room, up-stage. Mollie takes three chairs, making a bed by the window. She lies on her improvised couch and looks out the window.

We go to Katz, waiting downstairs and Gertie with the hot, quick feet of adolescence coming to him. They snuggle close together and go off

down the street. We come again to Mollie looking wistfully at the world that is denied her. We hear from the window the Cantor's voice.

There is only one street, it is the love street. There is only one way and that's love.

Mollie has a pillow in her arms and with a lead pencil is drawing a crude picture of the Cantor's face. As she finishes it the music of the Cantor's love song is heard. She snuggles down, holding the pillow close, her face pressed against the image of the young singer.

Down the street come three bums with signboards on their backs."Big show tonight. Hawaiian dancers. Hot stuff. Mary Alder in imitations."

Mollie dries her eyes, throws off her depression and we dissolve to a stage, of Mollie's imagination, where she does her stuff. Musical comedy and perhaps imitations of moving picture folks and stage favorites.

Dissolve back to the sitting room, we come to the baby in the cradle crying, and to Mollie hastening to it with a bottle in her hand. She puts the nipple in the baby's mouth and sings.

Do you want to hear mama's song, the Lullaby, baby? Rock-a-bye baby on the tree-top ----

We come to the flapper at the foot of a pair of steps leading up to a house. There are few passersby. She and Katz are secluded. He has a flask in his hand and takes a good swig of it. He turns to Gertie,

Come on, sweetie, I am hot.

She takes a light swig at the flask and Katz says:

No, no - take a real one.

She takes another drink, but you see that she is fighting not to go too far.

Katz:

Come on upstairs and stay awhile

But Gertie fights him off

No not tonight. Some other time, yes maybe. Now I must go home. My father will break my neck if I stay out any later.

She breaks away from Katz and starts to go. Katz turns angrily:

Well, if you must be so tough, beat it.

Gertie turns:

Maybe some other night, yes, we start earlier? --- Aint you going home with me.

Katz:

Why should I go? I am cold enough now, should I be frozen some more? Beat it away until you get better sense.

Gertie:

Aw, honey, don't talk that way, you know I like you. Be reasonable. She gives him a kiss, breaks away and goes off quickly. Katz gives a disgusted grunt and goes on up to his apartment.

We come to Mollie who is walking the floor. Looks out the window. We see that she is impatiently and anxiously awaiting the return of her chil dren. As she walks, she changes from the young girl to the old mother; her attitude is of a mother waiting. Bennie comes in first. She looks at him with great relief but when he speaks to her she smells his breath.

Oh, Bennie, such a business, what have you been drinking. It smells like hooch.

Bennie turns away from her.

Aw, its all right, don't bother.

He staggers just a little, however, as he starts to his own sleeping place, which is out of sight of the camera. Mollie puts her arm about him to help him. From this angle the door is seen and as Mollie disappears Gertie comes in. S he pauses for a minute and tries to tiptoe by so as not to be seen by Mollie. Looks at the clock, knowing that she has been out very late, but Mollie comes in and catches her. Gertie starts to speak but Mollie makes a gesture of silence and whispers:

It's all right. Don't wake them up. Go on to bed but don't do it again.

Dissolve to next morning. This scene is played as a general family commotion.

Mollie is washing young Archie's face at the sink. At the same time he is yelling and protesting. She is crying out

Bennie, Bennie, get yourself quick up, hurry. Gertie, make it quicker.

We go to Gertie, yawning languidly before the mirror; to Bennie getting on his coat, and we hear the voice of Mollie in true motherly style bawling them all out.

It's late now. You'll all lose your jobs and we will all be starving to death in another month. Such loafers.

Back to Mollie with a glass of milk, and Archie.

Drink it. Take it down or I'll pour it down your neck.

Archie:

I won't do it.

She puts him over her knee and gives him a good hiding.

Sara comes in on this scene. She is wailing:

Such a business. Such a life. Why should I ever have got married. It's nothing but troubles.

Mollie is giving Archie money:

Here's ten cents, a dime you can have the ice cream at lunch time.

The dime is more important to Archie than the hiding. He turns to her:

Oh, Mollie, you are such a darling.

They embrace effusively. Mollie:

Don't run out in the gutter. Don't let the taxicabs make hash meat out of you. Come right home after school.

Archie replies that he surely will.

Sara:

Give him a thrashing and then send him away with a dime! Such a business.

Mollie:

He's a bad boy, but he has no mother. It hurts my hand the same as my heart when I have to spank him, but I have got to be a mother - aint it true?

Mollie - continues:

My mother left me a legacy - two grown-ups and two little ones, with a father thrown in for good measure.

Sara; standing with her hands across her stomach:

Oi, Oi - what a world, such troubles for those that has children.

Mollie assumes unconsciously the same attitude.

How should I say it. How's by you, Mrs. Levison?

Mrs. L.:

I'm sending my Bernice to the country. She's getting so thin yet.

Mollie, picking up great interest:

Good, good. Perhaps a nice boy in the country for her. Don't be ashamed. It's no shame when a mother wants to see her children happy. I wish I could get my children happiness.

All this time she is cleaning up the dishes.

Sara:

These love affairs, God be thanked, I never had one and why you think my Bernice is getting thinner from day to day?

Mollie:

She's a fool, a fool she is. She can get plenty bargains, good and better as my brother Bennie. Of course it's not so nice to speak of one's brother so, but we are both mothers, so why should we deceive each other? I always say to him Bernice is a fine girl, a good girl, but if he doesn't want her its better. I have no joy from him. Children and troubles. Oh, what now. Yes, the potatoes.

Sara:

Does your father at least appreciate what you do for him, for the house, for the children?

Mollie:

Who needs his appreciation? Do I ever lay eyes on him?

Sara:

Maybe it would be better if the old man got married. Where does

a young kid like you come to bear such a yoke?

Mollie:

Ssh! Don't talk, Mrs. Levison, darling, don't talk. After all they have a home. You remember how long it is that mama lay on her bed and looked at me and sighed and groaned, "the poor home, what will become of the poor home". What you think, Mrs. Levison, does mama know there some place (here Mollie sobs) what I am doing, that I am keeping up the home, does she know how hard (wipes tears) -

Sara:

Hush, child, don't cry.

Mollie:

Cry? Who has time to cry, when I have to prepare another dinner.

At this point there is a knock at the door and Mr. Katz and Gertie come in. Sara takes her leave.

Gertie declares to Mollie that she is going with Mr. Katz to his bungalow since this is her vacation of two weeks, for a rest. Mollie is very indignant.

Going with a man alone to the mountains for a rest? What sort of a rest is that?

Mr. Katz becomes embarrassed at this and Mollie declares it will be all right but she will go with them. Mr. Katz perceives that after all this may not be exactly what he wanted, but it is better than nothing and seems to think that after getting to the resort he willfind a way of getting what he is after, but Gertie, who does not want to be annoyed by taking her sister along says:

What clothes have you got, how are you going to dress?

Mollie goes off the scene, says:

Wait, I'll show you.

Katz turns to Gertie:

If it has to be, don't make a fuss. When we get her in the mountains we will lose her and have a good time.

At this Selma and Bennie enter. Then Mollie returns, dressed in her mother's old-fashioned cape and hat and presents a very comical picture. Gertie and Katz, as well as Selma and Bennie laugh uproariously at the picture Mollie presents. The father comes down from the back where he has been listening.

Mollie, such a business. Here is a rich gentlemans, who is in love with our Gertie, and you're butting in when she gets a good guy. Look, he has a car, monies and monies in the bank --- and an automobile. Could you go along dressed like that? You make a wreck of everything.

As the others regard her with amusement she looks up at the cheap picture on the wall and then looks down at her dress as she answers:

If it was good enough for mama, it's good enough for me, and it's good enough for all of you.